VOL. XI.

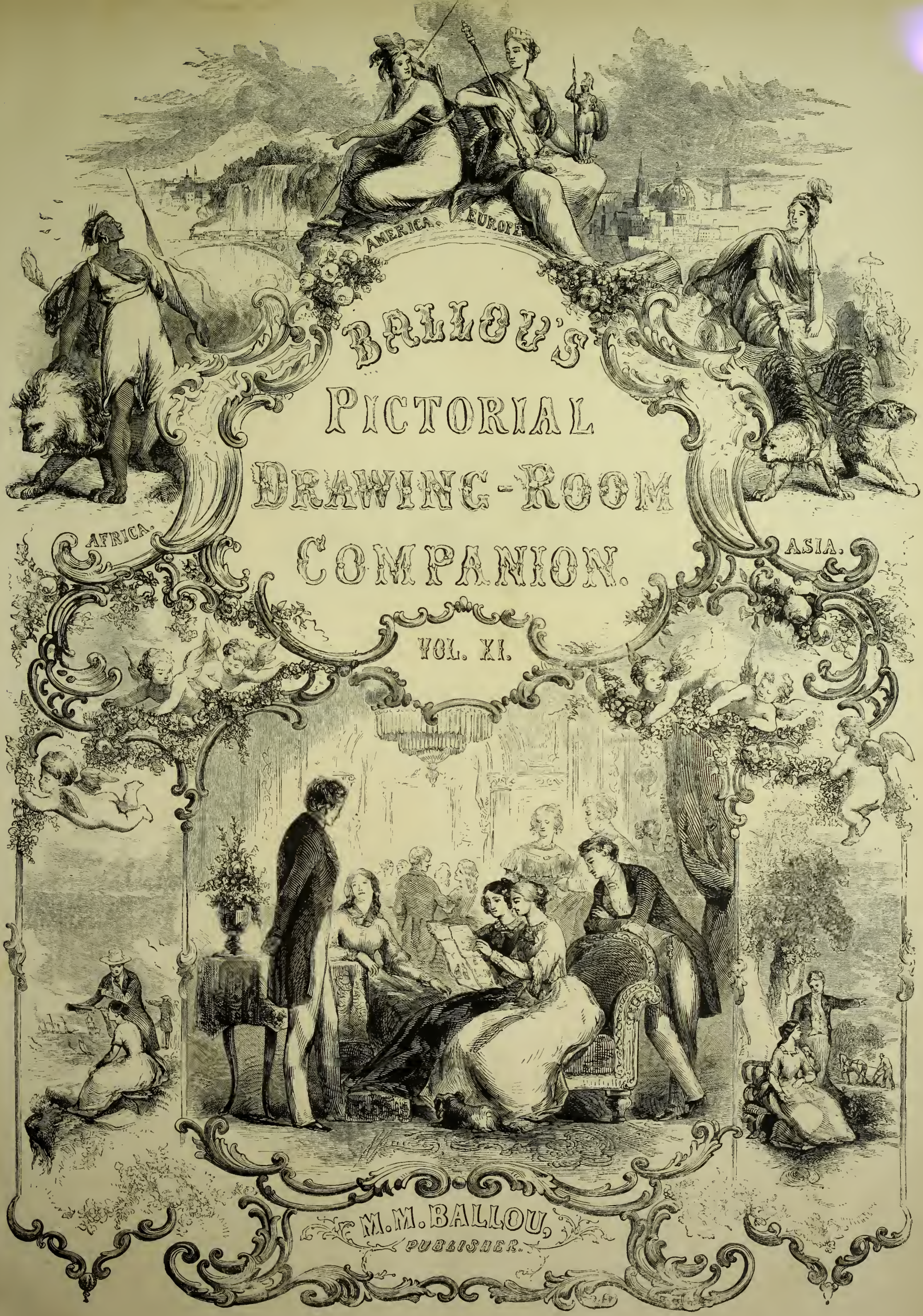
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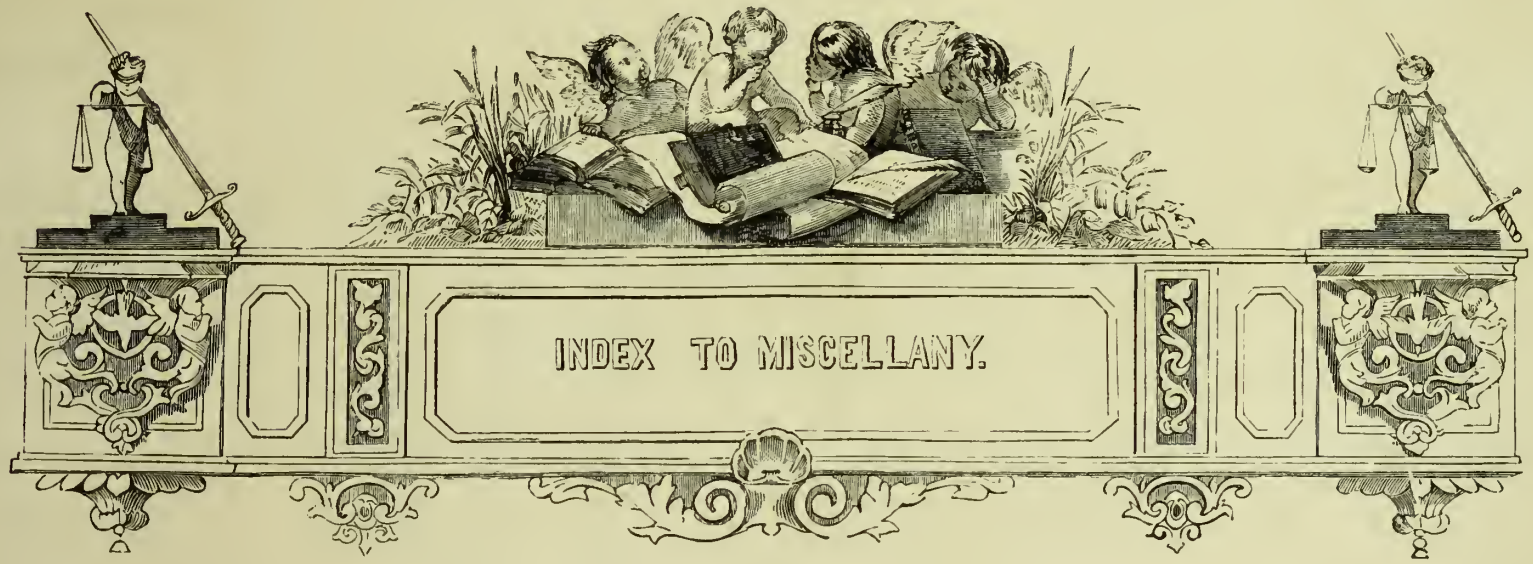
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M. M. BALLOU,
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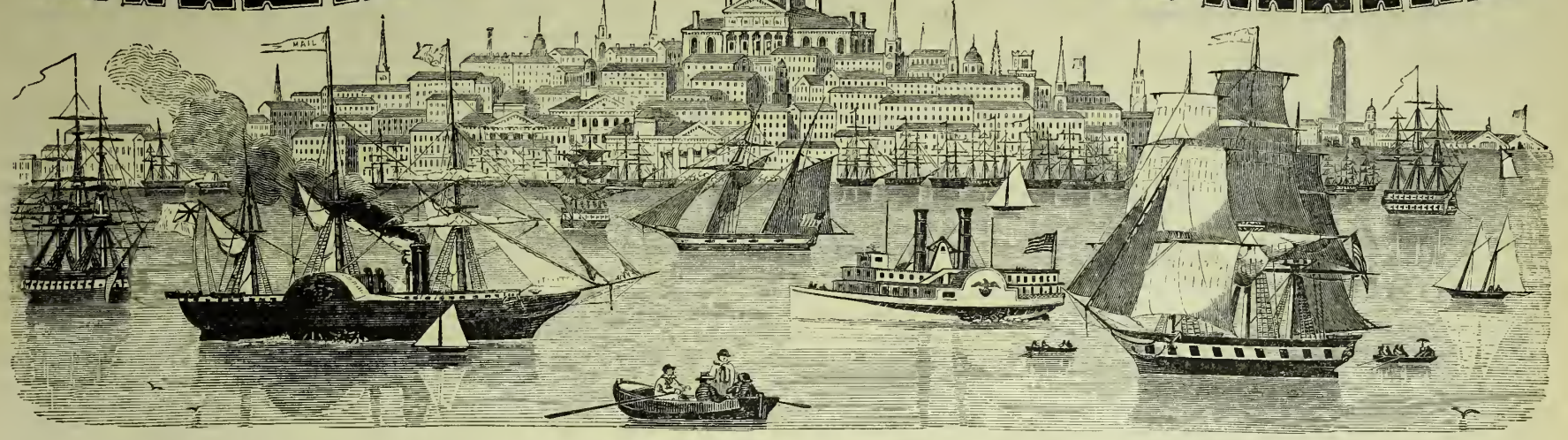
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STATE OF DELAWARE.

The beautiful design below is from the pencil of Billings, and drawn and engraved expressly for the Pictorial. The armorial bearings of the State display the wheat-sheaf, a ship, etc., typical of the avocations of the citizens, the supporters being a farmer and a hunter. The motto is "liberty and independence." Below we have a party in a boat among the reeds, shooting the famous "canvass back ducks" that abound in the waters of the Delaware and Chesapeake. These birds are pronounced unequalled by epicures, and large numbers of them are sent to the principal cities on the Atlantic coast. Delaware, the smallest State in the Union, with the exception of Rhode Island, was originally colonized at the suggestion of the renowned Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, although that monarch died ere the project was carried into effect. It was early in the year 1638 that the two vessels composing the expedition ascended Delaware Bay, and landing near the mouth of Christiana Creek, Peter Minuits, the governor, took formal possession. He named the creek, and a fort which he had immediately erected, after the young queen—Christiana. After some years, the colony fell into the hands of the Dutch, then of the English, then of the Pennsylvanians, and in 1775 it became an independent State. Gallant service did the Delaware troops, known as the "Blue Hen's Chickens," render in the Revolution. The population of Delaware is 91,532, of whom 2390 are slaves. The area of the State is 8,933,760 acres, of which 580,862 are improved. Yet there are 13,852 horses, 791 mules, 19,248 cows, 9797 working-oxen, 24,166 other cattle, 27,503 sheep, and 56,261 swine. The crops are proportionably large, for the farmers of Delaware thoroughly understand their vocation, and are blessed with a genial climate. Nor are their wives and daughters a whit the less active, their butter, made in 1850, amounting to 1,055,308 pounds, their cheese weighing 3187 pounds, and their honey and beeswax 41,248 pounds. Delaware contains 180 churches, of which 106 are Methodist, 26 Presbyterian, 21 Episcopal, and 12 Baptist. There is a college at Newark, founded in 1833, with a library of 5000 volumes. The amount expended for education in 1853 was $57 738, of which $33,829 is the income of a school fund. There are ten newspapers in Delaware—seven weekly and three semi-weekly, with an aggregate circulation of 421,000. Other States are larger, and richer, and more powerful, but Delaware, in many respects, has no equal. Traces of the old Scandinavian blood yet remain, and some of her sons occupy deservedly high positions in the national councils, the army and the navy. On page 11 will be found an interesting story illustrating the history of the State. For the year 1855, the State expenditures were $57,276 37; income from corporation taxes, dividends and interests on loans, licenses, forfeitures, etc., $53,697 06. The permanent resources of the State are, invested capital, $350,637 68; invested school fund, $435,505 83: total, $786,143 51. The common school system provides a free school within reach of every family. The districts are laid off, numbered and incorporated; 236 of them are organized. Each district entitles itself to a portion of the fund by establishing a school, and contributing towards its support not less than $25. But any district may lay any tax that may be deemed necessary for school purposes.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

CHAPTER I.

THE GIPSEY CAMP AND QUEEN.

It was nearing the close of a warm, bright day in merry England's sweet May-time—the English May, of soft skies, and pleasant airs, of waving woods, of singing birds, and opening forest blooms, when two persons might have been seen riding leisurely along the pathway skirting steep wooded banks that overhang the beautiful Wye, in the neighborhood of the magnificent forest of Dean.

One of these was a graceful maiden of, perhaps, some eighteen years, with a slight yet beautifully moulded figure, whose symmetry was charmingly set off by the admirably fitting habit of dark green; and a sparkling, *spiritelle* countenance, lighted up by a pair of fine dark eyes, as bright and bewitching as ever won the heart of either knight or squire. Lightly and well she rode her pretty milk-white steed, and with an ease, elegance and dignity perfectly captivating, while the handsome creature moved forward with arched neck and stately motion, as if proud of his fair rider.

She was very beautiful. Her face was of a lovely oval; the complexion of a soft, rich brunette; the features small, and though slightly irregular, so pretty, so piquant and enchanting in their animated and often arch expression, as to be a thousand times more winning than if they had been a model for the most faultless piece of sculpture that ever grew out of Grecian art. The hair, cut short, like that of a boy, was glossy, abundant, and of a rich brown, almost approaching black, and parted on one side, swept above the full brow in a shining curve, curling under, around the right temple, in splendid profusion. The careless and somewhat peculiar style of wearing her hair added much to the soft, sparkling beauty of her face; and with the exquisite vermilion tint on lip and cheek, and the dark brilliancy of her splendid eyes, hers was a countenance of rare fascination. Riding lightly forward, with the sable feather of her beaver floating to the breeze, she looked as lovely and as bright a thing as ever charmed the human gaze.

Her companion, who rode a powerful black horse, was a gentleman of some five-and-twenty years, elegant in person, studiously and fashionably attired, and possessing an air of graceful and courtly ease that marked the thorough-bred man of the world. He was eminently handsome, with fine and regular features, a somewhat dark but clear complexion, and curling hair and beard of a glossy black. An extreme refinement, that consummate discrimination saved him from being either foppish or effeminate, was everywhere visible in his personal appearance; in the white hand, fine, smooth and well-shaped, resting on the jetty neck of his horse, in the costly material and exquisite adjustment of his dress; in the studied yet apparently careless arrangement of the curling and luxuriant hair, so disposed as to set off a fine head and face to the utmost. A gay and gallant gentleman he was, truly, of graceful, plausible and fascinating exterior; a nature bold, daring, unscrupulous; a heart formed for anything but good; and strong passions, subject, in their outward manifestations, to a stronger will, so that they were hidden beneath the calm and glittering surface, seldom even ruffling it—seldom visible to the eyes of others.

Such was the difference between the seeming and the reality of Morley Briancourt, the lover of pretty Eleanor Ashby. For he was her lover—a suitor for her hand. You might have seen his passion in the glance with which he ever and anon regarded her, as they rode along. It was perceptible in the tenderness of the tone, to which, in addressing her, his rich voice was modulated. It showed itself in his manner towards her. No woman could have misunderstood or have been insensible to it, manifested as it was; but for all that Eleanor Ashby saw it plainly, she was not one whit the less gay, or careless, or merry-hearted, as she rode along by his side that afternoon; for her own heart was untouched, yet; though she knew he loved her, and that his father and her uncle and guardian, Sir Edward Ashby (for she had been an orphan since her infancy), had planned, years and years since, a marriage between herself and Morley. Until within these two months back, when he had come to visit at Ashby Place, she had not seen him since she was a mere child; and, in case of her eventually wedding him, she had yet to learn to love, though even now she was not at all averse to him, knowing nothing, as she did, of his real character, and seeing him only as he seemed. As yet, the subject of their marriage had not been touched upon since he came, and he had not yet declared to her ear the story of his love, further than his tender and passion-filled manner conveyed it; but it was not long to be deferred, as she was conscious; and that she would marry him, was not at present improbable, having been accustomed from childhood to the contemplation of the subject, and having formed no other attachment which might have the effect of rendering her opposed to the projected union with him.

Thus, and bearing these relations one to the other, the two rode on together, perhaps an hour, or it might be nearer two, before sunset, along the banks of the silver Wye. As we have said, Eleanor Ashby was chatting in a gay and light-hearted strain; and Morley Briancourt listened with a tender smile, and occasionally some gallant and courteous reply; and so they proceeded.

Suddenly, as they rounded an abrupt pathway, where the stream swept around a small wooded headland, they came upon an open green slope, carpeted with the richest turf, and descending with a very gradual inclination towards the river; and upon this slope they beheld an object so strange as to attract and perplex them both for a moment.

It was a small, strange, uncouth figure, tumbling and rolling about with the oddest and most fantastical movements upon the grass,—a queer, ungainly shape, the nature of which one might have been puzzled no little to determine at a short distance, so rapid and manifold were its evolutions.

"Why, Morley, what in the name of wonder have we here?" said Miss Ashby, with a laughing yet puzzled air, as she half reined in her horse. "What an odd creature! what grotesque motions!" Morley Briancourt smiled.

"An ape, I should say, fair Eleanor," he answered, "if I did not see a human face in the midst of those flying limbs. But it is certainly a frightful little object. See—it startles the horses!"

Both the beasts were eyeing the strange thing with wild eyes and erect ears; both swerved with fright, for it came tumbling along the pathway, under their very hoofs. Eleanor uttered an exclamation of alarm, lest it should be trampled on by them; and with a strong hand, forced Selim aside; while Morley's horse trembled and reared with terror, so suddenly as almost to unseat his rider. Setting his teeth hard, the young man with difficulty brought him down to his feet again, regardless of the safety of the creature still rolling about there below.

"Take care—take care, Morley!" uttered Eleanor, anxiously; "you will hurt it."

But he was slightly angered with the creature for causing the horses this unnecessary fright, and but half heeding her words, bent over, and gave it one or two sharp cuts with his riding-switch that elicited a shrill cry of pain from their object.

"Nay, Morley; do not—do not strike him!" cried Eleanor.

Biting his lip, the young man stayed his hand. The creature remained cowering down fearfully for a moment, as if half-expecting another blow; then sprang suddenly to its feet, displaying, as it did so, a form that drew from Eleanor an exclamation of surprise and compassion.

It was a queer little dwarf, scarce more than three feet high, with oddly misshapen limbs, its back and shoulders deformed, and its arms immensely long in proportion to its size. A well-formed head, however, was set between those ungainly shoulders,—a head covered with coal-black hair, flung about it in wild disorder, and half concealing the boy's features, but he tossed it back with a rapid movement, discovering to Eleanor's astonished gaze a countenance childish indeed, yet of a wild, dark, singular beauty and rare sweetness of expression; a complexion of a clear olive tint, and eyes that flashed like brilliants, fastened for an instant with a rapid, searching glance, upon Miss Ashby's face.

"Who are you?" she asked, with an expression of kindly interest. "Where do you belong?"

Instantly the dwarf darted forward, and snatching her hand, kissed it eagerly again and again, his bright, large eyes flashing with pleasure.

"Piquet will remember—Piquet will remember!" he uttered, in a sweet, strange voice. And turning, he sprang away, and disappeared among the underbrush that crowned the top of the slope.

Eleanor Ashby looked after him, silently, her usually gay countenance wearing an air of softened interest and perplexity.

"Poor boy!" she said, gently. "I wonder who he is? I never saw him before."

"Doubtless the child of some poor person in this neighborhood," answered Morley Briancourt, lightly. And then he added with a tender and deprecating glance: "I crave your pardon, fair Eleanor, for striking him, but I was really something irritated at the moment at his rashness, and not once dreamed of his being so terribly deformed. Forgive me for the pain I caused you."

"O, as to that," said Eleanor Ashby, "it is more necessary to seek his forgiveness than mine; but I do not think you meant to harm him seriously, and I am sure, as you say, that you would not have struck him for the world if you had known what he was. As regards me, you stand excused." And she frankly extended her hand. Morley Briancourt held it with a tender and passionate pressure in his own, during the single instant she allowed it to remain there; then she withdrew it, saying: "And now, shall we ride on? We have, I think, rather more than an hour to spare before sunset, and I have a strong desire to dispose of it in a visit to Penshurst Common."

"Penshurst Common?" echoed her lover, with a glance of interested inquiry, as if wondering at the nature of her errand thither.

"Yes—to see the gipseys encamped there," returned Miss Ashby. "Did you not know they were there? Lucy Elmore, my maid, tells me they came last night. She has seen them to-day, and tells me wonderful stories of a certain beautiful, stately, dark-eyed woman, the queen, apparently, of the gang, who revealed to her things which Lucy was not aware of having told to a single person, and which she declares are all marvellously true. So," she continued, gaily, "I am dying with curiosity to see these people, and their beautiful and wonderful queen, whom, I suspect from Lucy's account, to be something more than one meets with every day among these fortune-telling wanderers. Her name, I believe Lucy said, is Maida. A peculiar one, is it not?"

She had not seen, as she talked thus lightly and carelessly, the rapt and but half-concealed interest with which Morley Briancourt listened to her remarks. She did not see the slight and sudden start he gave as she uttered the last words, nor the quick, darkening shadow that overspread his face. But whatever was the emotion awakened within his breast, its every manifestation was concealed, when her glance was upraised to his, as she concluded.

He did not answer immediately. Thoughts, rapid and anxious, were thronging his mind. Then, however, he returned, carelessly:

"Is it not almost too late for the purpose you speak of? Penshurst is at some distance from here, and we should scarcely have time to return before sunset; should we, Eleanor?"

"O, we have ample time—we have ample time!" said Miss Ashby, in a light tone. "I do not wish to stay long. I think," she added, with a laughing glance, "you must have heard good Mrs. Millett warning me, before I left the hall door, against prolonging my ride till the dew-fall. But, indeed, I am not at all afraid of taking cold, and I know you are not one to fear the ill effects of the evening air for yourself."

"Nay—it is Eleanor's good that I think of," he answered, tenderly, bending upon her the soft light of his fine dark eyes. "And, indeed, I think we had better defer our visit until another time, when we can come earlier. Shall it not be so?" He laid his hand upon hers, as he spoke, with a slight pressure, and clasped it softly in his own, as he still regarded her.

Eleanor Ashby felt the blood rising to her cheek. But a spirit of perversity seized her.

"No; let me go now—this moment, Morley," she said, gaily. "I will not wait till to-morrow. Come!" She withdrew her hand from his; gave him a smile, and put Selim to a quicker pace.

Morley Briancourt ground his teeth hard.

"If it is Maida's gang!" he muttered, to himself. "What brought her into this neighborhood? The evil one himself led our steps this way to-night. O, that I had guarded against this! But it is too late now." And as he muttered the words, he gave the horse the rein, and rode on beside Eleanor.

The wilful girl looked laughingly up in his face.

"Forgive me if I am wicked, Morley, and will have my own way," she said; "for you know a woman is even inclined to abide by her own will, and I am like the rest of my perverse sisters."

In Morley Briancourt's heart, if one could have read deeper than the expression his countenance wore, it would have been seen that all was fear, uneasiness and apprehension. But Eleanor Ashby beheld no sign of this. To her, he wore the same demeanor as ever, and if there were moments when he grew moody and abstracted, she failed to observe it.

Some two miles or more they rode, and then struck into a path lying nearly at right angles with the course of the river, and leading towards a small village some three or four hundred yards distant. Just beyond this village, stretched a wide, bare common, to the very edge of the forest, where were pitched the tents of a gang of gipseys.

Morley Briancourt's face grew paler, as they met his gaze. His teeth were set; a shadow, black and direful, rested on his dark brow. Once he almost checked his horse with an involuntary motion. But the sudden desperation passed. "Pshaw!" he muttered; "what, after all, should I fear? And yet," and his brow grew black again, "what should I *not* fear if Maida is there and recognizes me? But it is too late—too late!"

They went on past the village and across the common, Eleanor still, ever and anon, making some gay remark, and Morley Briancourt replying with an ease and carelessness the very opposite of what were, probably, his real feelings; and so they neared the gipsey camp.

With a keen and uneasy glance he surveyed the scene that presented itself there. It was one of deep interest to any lover of the picturesque; of far deeper interest to *him*, though the cause appeared not yet. The tents were pitched just on the confines of the forest. Among them, several of the gipseys were gathered together about a large fire kindled on the ground, and engaged in preparing their evening repast. There was many a dusky urchin, too, gamboling on the green forest turf beyond the tents, joined here and there by some of the hardy village boys; and others of the gang, again, were scattered about, with many a gay youth and pretty maid, come to have their fortunes told.

"A merry scene—is it not, Morley?" said Eleanor Ashby, regarding it with smiling and curious interest, as they drew momentarily nearer,—"a merry scene—is it not? How like a picture I saw but the other day! Let us pause here a moment,—the figures show so finely just at this distance."

Willingly Morley Briancourt reined in his horse. "Well were it for me if she would ride no nearer!" he murmured. And while Eleanor sat silently regarding the gipseys, he, too, was scanning eagerly and anxiously, group after group, as if in search of some familiar face or form. But one after another was subjected to his scrutiny, and he seemed to miss the one he sought for. He breathed more freely; the shadow that ever and anon had hovered round his brow disappeared.

Suddenly, Eleanor cried:

"See, Morley! I am sure there is the queen, Maida, coming out from that tent. She answers Lucy's description exactly. There—you may see her in that group to the left, which she has just joined. I must have a nearer view of her."

Morley Briancourt started; his brow grew dark and anxious again, blackened into a heavy frown as his quick eye descried the figure of a tall, beautifully-formed gipsey woman, whom Eleanor had just pointed out. "Maida—Maida! yes—'tis she!" he hissed, between his clenched teeth. Then keeping down, with a violent effort, every sign of the agitation he experienced, he said, lightly:

"One moment, and I will join you, Eleanor. While you are taking a sketch of that beautiful gipsey dame for your portfolio, I have a fancy for trying the fortune-telling art of this little ragged, dark-skinned maiden approaching us."

"As you will—as you will," said Eleanor, smilingly. "And now I think of it," she added, with a playful air, "you may stay there, if you please, till I come back, for I cannot tell but that I may have my own fortune told, and you must not be by to listen."

A gay smile sparkled in her fine eyes, and dimpled her sweet mouth, as she rode off.

A look of relief flashed over Morley Briancourt's face. "A lucky artifice!" he murmured, looking after her, and throwing a hasty glance beyond to the place where stood the gipsey queen,—"a lucky artifice! It has saved me, if Maida sees me not, and I must take care to move out of sight. For eight years I have evaded her; the fiends are in it, that she should scent me out now. But she shall do no mischief, if I can help it." And concealing himself partly by means of the intervening trunk of a great oak, he beckoned to him the lank-looking gipsey girl who was coming up.

Meanwhile, Miss Ashby proceeded towards the spot where she could just discern the figure of the gipsey queen in the midst of the others. But she had not far to go. Though she knew it not, she had been watched for the last five minutes by the dark woman.

She was a handsome woman, this gipsey queen,—handsome, and dark, and tall, with a full, magnificent figure, and the carriage of royalty itself. As she stood surrounded by several of her people, her splendid eyes were fixed intently, from time to time, upon the approaching figure of Miss Ashby, as they had looked out upon her from the tent before she appeared. Suddenly, she extricated herself from the group that surrounded her, and advanced to meet Eleanor, encountering her about half way.

The young lady checked her horse, and the gipsey woman stood at her side, regarding her steadfastly with those dark, searching eyes.

"Why have you come hither?" she asked, quietly and briefly.

Eleanor was in some sort perplexed by this abrupt questioning.

"Indeed, I scarcely know myself," she answered, smiling, and with a slight blush at what she thought a very awkward confession, "unless it was from—"

"Well, finish it—from curiosity? That was what brought you hither," said the gipsey woman.

Miss Ashby looked at the magnificent woman before her, and thought curiosity an impertinence.

"I am glad you have come, however," continued the gipsey. "I have been looking for you all day."

"For me?" echoed Eleanor, with a countenance of perplexity.

"For you. You wonder how I should know anything concerning you—do you not?"

"Yes, since this is the first time, I think, that I have seen you," said the young lady.

"It is well. I wished to see you, and you have come. If you had not done so, I should have sought you. I would say to you things which may not please you, but which must be said. I would speak to you in regard to yourself—to your own fate—to those things which most deeply concern you."

Eleanor looked at the gipsey woman with a surprised and questioning air.

"How is it that you, a stranger, take an interest in me?" she asked; "and to what end is it?"

"I would serve you; I would gain your good-will, and save you from evil. Let that answer suffice now, for I would spare you, if I may, the direct knowledge of much that would pain and terrify you. But if you had not the warning I shall give you, then, ere long, *and, perhaps, when it is too late*, you will mourn most bitterly your rashness in braving me."

"A warning? What is it?" asked Eleanor Ashby, impressed by her earnestness, and yet half incredulous in this warmly expressed interest on the part of an utter stranger, and that stranger a gipsey.

The woman looked at her silently for a moment. Then her glance was directed to a spot at some five or six rods distant. It rested on the figure of Morley Briancourt. A burning light shone in her dark eyes one instant, and then was quenched beneath their silken lashes, as the drooping lids veiled them.

For a brief space she stood thus, with her beautifully-cut lips compressed above the firmly-shut teeth, her glance bent fixedly to the earth, her whole countenance wearing an expression of stern and sorrowful thought. Eleanor Ashby was puzzled by it; she could not comprehend what she saw; she waited in silence for her strange companion to speak.

The gipsey woman raised her head, presently, with a half-suppressed sigh, and drew her hand slowly across her brow.

"You are waiting," she said. "Let me say quickly, then, what I have to say. And remember my warning, or you will rue the hour in which you disregarded it. You are an orphan, Eleanor Ashby," she said, speaking more slowly. "Since your infancy, you have known nothing of the care, and protection, and guidance of parents, much as you have needed them all. But your need hitherto has not been so great as now. For I tell you that you are in danger. Within a twelvemonth—ay, and less—far less now—within even the summer that is nearing us, a bridal ring will be waiting for your hand, a wife's vows upon your lips. But touch not the ring, utter not the vow; shun him who would give the one and claim the other. O, Eleanor Ashby, be warned—be warned in time! Wed not, as you have a woman's hopes—a woman's dreams, to come to fruition, or to be dashed aside forever!"

Her earnest appeal, her undisguised knowledge of her listener's position and circumstances, the mystery of her words—all affected Miss Ashby, spite of herself, with uneasiness. Yet she wished for some idea more definite than that which she had gathered from Maida's words.

"Whom do you mean? Why should I not wed? Tell me, and tell me who he is against whom you warn me," she said. And she would not believe yet that it was Morley Briancourt.

"I cannot tell you *why* you should not wed him, further than because you would accomplish your own misery by so doing. Who is the one against whom you are warned? Look yonder—he stands there by the great oak. Listen to my words, remember, trust the voice of a true friend, and utter not to a living soul that of which I have told you." And without another word, she strode swiftly away in the direction of the tents.

For a single instant, Miss Ashby's impulse was to follow her, but she checked it, and turned her horse's head in the homeward path. She went to rejoin Morley Briancourt at the great oak. Her countenance wore a grave and more thoughtful expression than was its wont; but he did not observe it. He was not looking at her. His glance followed the form of the gipsey queen, as she passed swiftly back to the tents.

"She did not see me," he muttered. "It is well. If she *had*—" He started. The woman had stopped short in her walk, turned, and stood looking towards him. "The fiend!" he said, to himself, turning pale, "she knows me, after all, I believe."

She did know him. She came back again to the spot where she had been with Miss Ashby; she came nearer yet, and he could not move; he could not turn away, for Eleanor had not reached him. And while she came slowly along, the gipsey woman, beyond her, advanced too. She came near enough for him to see her features plainly, and then stopped. Eleanor did not see her, but he did.

He could not look away. Her dark, bright eyes fascinated his. She raised her arm; she pointed at him; a light, mocking, scornful laugh echoed from her red lips; she shook her finger with a menacing gesture. He was uneasy. He understood that menace. He could almost hear the clear, musical, triumphant voice that said, "I know you—*I know you!*"

CHAPTER II.

AN INTERVIEW, AND ITS RESULT.

It was evening, and Morley Briancourt paced the floor of the drawing-room at Ashby Hall, with folded arms, his head bent, and his usually smooth and smiling brow darkly contracted. It was two hours since he had returned, with Eleanor, from the visit to the gipsey camp. She had spoken scarcely a word during their ride home, and immediately on reaching there, had gone directly to her own apartment.

This, in part, was the cause of his disturbance to-night. "It is that accursed gipsey who has done it!" he muttered, vengefully. "She knew me; she must have seen and recognized me at once; and what tale of mischief, then, did she pour into Eleanor's ears? Her malice will ruin me! For none but she possesses the knowledge of—" He paused, and set his teeth hard, while his lips were compressed, and his hand tightly clenched.

A slow, measured tread was heard. Through the open doors at the extremity of the apartment, a middle-aged man entered. He was tall and spare, though large in frame. His face was crossed and furrowed with many wrinkles, and wore a stern, reserved look. A cold, forbidding light was in his dark gray eyes. His hair, which had been black, was abundantly sprinkled with gray. He was forty-five. He looked at least ten or twelve years older, even by the soft light from the sconces above his head. This was Sir Edward Ashby.

He came up the apartment, and paused at a table which was covered with books. While searching among them, he said, glancing, for the first time, towards Morley Briancourt:

"Where is Eleanor this evening? Why is she not here?"

"She has retired, sir, with a headache, I believe," answered the young man.

The baronet said nothing more, but finding the book for which he sought, left the room.

The young man laughed—a low, contemptuous laugh. "A headache!" he muttered. "Well, it serves the purpose; there is no need of telling him the real state of the case. It would only make him nervous; and it is not the first lie Morley Briancourt has coined."

He continued to pace the room to and fro. The dark scowl settled upon his brow again. He was thinking once more of Maida, the gipsey. She had not crossed his path before for eight years. They had known each other well in former times, and she had become possessed of the knowledge of certain deeds of his, which he trembled to have reach the ear of his future bride; for were Eleanor Ashby to know of them—and Maida the gipsey was the only one from whom he could fear betrayal,—his hopes and prospects in that direction were dashed aside. And if Maida knew that Eleanor Ashby was about to become his bride, she would tell her all. This was what he feared she had done, that afternoon.

His father and Sir Edward Ashby both knew well what the deeds were that were so carefully concealed, and they had helped to conceal them; for Victor Briancourt had his own motives in wedding his son with the future heiress of Ashby, and securing the title in his family; and Sir Edward Ashby, by some act of former years, had placed himself, his safety—his very life, even, in the power of Victor Briancourt, so that he was a mere tool in the hands of this man, to do whatsoever he willed. And the compact between the two men was this: that on certain considerations—which the reader will become acquainted with in due time—the son of Victor Briancourt should receive the hand of Eleanor, the niece of Sir Edward, and heiress presumptive of Ashby, on her eighteenth birthday.

Was the plan to fail now, almost at the eleventh hour? The long cherished prospects of years—were they to be destroyed now? This was what Morley Briancourt asked himself, with his mind in a state of tormenting anxiety and apprehension. His father had planned this match for him; but he, although averse to it at first, had entered into the project, afterwards, with all the ardor that father could have wished, tempted both by the golden prize held out to him, and by the piquant and charming beauty of Eleanor herself, which, attractive as it made her childhood, even, promised a future of rare fascination; and now, that his ambitious golden dreams had grown so dear, and his passion for his beautiful bride-elect so deep and strong, the contemplation of even the possibility of failure was not to be endured.

He paused in his walk by the great arched window at the end of the apartment, and leaning, with folded arms, against the stone shaft rising in the centre, stood there in deep thought, with the cool night-wind playing free over his flushed and heated brow, from which the heavy masses of dark hair were swept restlessly away; and his dark, troubled glance fixed upon the moonlight sward without, where the broad, smooth, dewy lawn lay bathed in the silver radiance of the night.

Suddenly, some object, small and white, fluttered through the air, and glittering in the moonbeams, fell at his feet. It caught his eye. Stooping, he picked it up. It was a scrap of white paper, upon which some words were written.

"Where did it come from?" was his involuntary thought, unconsciously half uttered aloud.

Carrying it beneath the light within the apartment, he examined the writing. In a moment, a fierce, half-suppressed exclamation burst from his lips. He read the words rapidly. They were as follows:

"MORLEY BRIANCOURT:—Meet me, an hour hence, at the edge of Penshurst Copse, above the river. Do not fail me, or I shall be forced to seek you out when it would scarcely be agreeable to you. I would not willingly expose you, if you are inclined to do what is right; but otherwise, you know my power—a power which I will exercise to its full extent for those whom you have wronged.

MAIDA."

A muttered curse sprang to his lips. He strode towards the great window again, and leaping quickly from the low stone sill, looked hastily about him. But no one was to be seen. And yet the hand from which that message came must have been near—very near.

He lingered a moment, and then went in again, closing the window after him. A single moment he stood motionless; then taking the paper to the light once more, slowly re-read it, lingering particularly on the words "I would not willingly expose you, if you are inclined to do what is right." "Then," he murmured, "she has not yet—" He broke off short, and seating himself at a table, leaned his head upon his hand, remaining for several moments plunged deep in thought. Finally he rose. "Yes—I will be there—by Penshurst Copse—I will be there!" he said. Crumpling the paper in his hand, with a hard grasp, he moved hastily away, and left the room.

It was, perhaps, some three hours before midnight, and the moon, that had risen clear and bright, was obscured ever and anon by heavy clouds that seemed to threaten a storm ere morning. Among the trees bending over the river, the wind swept at times with a fitful, wailing gust that died away in a low, faint moan, mournful enough to listen to.

There was a woman pacing the path above the river, moving to and fro continually, with folded arms, just in the shadow of a small wood that crowned the rocky bank. It was the gipsey woman Maida, and this was the place of rendezvous—Penshurst Copse. Yonder, in the flying moonlight, was Penshurst village, with its wide, bare common stretching away to the forest, where the gipsey camp had been. But the tents were not there now; every one had vanished. The gipseys were gone.

Maida only lingered, but it was because she had work to do here. She had sent her people away, knowing not when she might rejoin them, or where, but devoted to the purpose she had before her, and little caring how far she sacrificed her own convenience to it. And to-night she waited in the shadow of the wood for Morley Briancourt.

Moment after moment, the rapid glance of her large, clear eyes traversed the river-path, awaiting his appearance. The hour was passing; the last moment had almost come. But ere it fled, a dark form was visible in the distance, moving hastily along towards Penshurst, from the direction of Ashby. Scarcely one in a thousand could have recognized a familiar form at that distance in the fitful, cloudy gleaming of the moonlight; but the instant Maida's glance descried it, she paused in her measured walk, murmuring in a low tone, "Ay—that is he. I was not mistaken in the estimate of my power. He dared not fail me." And a slight triumph and smile curved her lip.

He came nearer and nearer, gradually slackening his pace as her figure became visible to him. She stood motionless, making not a step towards him, but waiting for him to come up. He reached the spot; he stood within a few feet of her.

"Well, Maida," he said, briefly.

"Well, Morley Briancourt," she returned, quietly. "You are punctual; I like that, for I have business with you."

"What is it?" he asked.

"I will tell you in a few moments, though I hardly think you are ignorant of it now. I dare say you are not over-pleased that I should make my appearance in your vicinity, especially at this particular time?"

She regarded him with a glance at once keen and careless, as she spoke the words in a significant tone.

"I do not know why you should entertain the supposition," he answered, with an appearance of unconcern, affecting not to perceive her meaning. "It is a matter of indifference to me."

"It is?" she returned. "And yet one would hardly think so from your anxiety to avoid me this afternoon."

She watched well the effect of her words. He started, and looked visibly annoyed.

"Do not think, Morley Briancourt," she said, with an accent of slight sternness, after a moment's silence,—"do not think that I do not read your actions and their motives. You flattered yourself that you would keep at a distance, when you found whom you

were approaching. You hoped to be safe, too, from recognition by remaining so far off. But I watched you from the first moment to the last, and knew the fear that prompted you to shun me. You feared to have me see you, in the first place; and next, you shrunk from appearing before me with so fair a maiden at your side; for you knew that I would at once possess myself of your position and prospects, and remembered a certain warning which I gave you, some five years ago."

His brow grew black and angry. Even by the clouded moonlight, the passionate working of his features could be observed.

"Woman, how dare you!" he cried, fiercely.

"O, I can dare a great many things, Morley Briancourt," she answered, with unruffled calmness,—"I can dare a great many things, when I have right on my side. I say, you were apprehensive of trouble if I should become acquainted with your plans and purposes; but I have been acquainted with them for some time."

"You have—you have?" he uttered, with ill-suppressed rage.

"I have; and that is why I have come hither."

"What do you know of my plans? It is false! You know nothing of them or of me."

"You know better, Morley Briancourt," said the woman, sternly,—"you know better; for you know that if I were ignorant of them, I could not speak as I do. Do not think to frighten me, or deceive me, with your blustering. I have kept you in sight, night and day, for five years. Ay, you may start, and look back, but your frowns come too late. For five years I have watched you; for do not think the warning I gave you so long ago was an idle one. I have been silent, invisible, all this time; for I did not wish to trouble you until you should be ready to transgress my injunction; but now that the time is so near, I come to repeat my warning. It were better for you to die than attempt to wed with Eleanor Ashby!"

He uttered not a word, but stood with his lips compressed, his brow contracted, and his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"You are silent, Morley Briancourt," she continued. "It is well; for you know you cannot dare me with impunity. You shall never, while I live, lead Eleanor Ashby to the altar, to take a wife's vows, and bind herself to everlasting misery and shame. I will prevent the evil you would do. The wrong you have already done is sufficient to brand you with a villain's mark forever, and all that restrains me from exposing it is the prayer of the injured, who would leave you unharmed by exposure, guilty as you are."

Morley Briancourt looked up.

"Is any one at Rycecroft aware—have you betrayed—any of these things which you have discovered?" he stammered.

"No," answered the gipsey woman.

"Will you swear it?" he said, eagerly.

"No—I will not swear it," said Maida, coldly. "My word is not so frail that it requires an oath to bind it. I have told you: let that be sufficient. I would not cause unnecessary pain, unless I am driven to extremities; and if that occur, be assured I shall have no further scruples. I have told you that I would not willingly expose you, if I can help it, for the sake of—" She paused an instant, and then went on: "And, therefore, I have called you hither to warn you in private to desist from this step which you contemplate. Are you prepared to do so?"

He did not speak directly. In a moment, however, he raised his eyes to her face, saying:

"You have not, then, told El—Miss Ashby anything that would—" He paused.

"I have not breathed to her a word," answered the gipsey woman, "that would give her the most remote idea of what your deeds have been heretofore; for I would wish to keep all as silent as may be. I have only put her on her guard."

"How?" He spoke fiercely—in a threatening tone.

But Maida answered quietly:

"I merely warned her not to wed you. That if she did, she would repent it."

"And was that all?"

"That was all."

"You give me your word that you breathed not the faintest hint of the secret of which you are possessed?"

"I have already done so. I repeat it, if you are not satisfied," she returned, coldly.

Morley Briancourt meditated a few moments. He stood with his eyes fixed upon the ground, his head bent, and one hand thrust in his bosom. In the cloudy moonlight, Maida could see that he was strangely agitated. But she could not see the horrible thought lurking in his heart. She believed his agitation to arise from his unhappiness in the prospect of losing Eleanor Ashby. Presently he looked up. His voice was strange and hoarse, as he spoke:

"Maida," he said, "there is, then, not one beside yourself to witness against me?"

She regarded him with an air of perplexity.

"There is not one, Morley Briancourt. Can you not comprehend me? And I tell you that if you choose to relinquish this shameful and wretched scheme of yours, I am silent on the subject; but if you persist in it, there is wanting but a single word from my lips to ruin you."

"*And that word shall never be spoken!*" uttered Morley Briancourt, hoarsely, as he sprang upon the gipsey, his left hand clutching her throat, his right raised high in the air. A knife glittered and flashed in the moon's dreary light; there was a struggle, a blow, a groan, and the form of the gipsey woman lay silent at the murderer's feet. Her threat was harmless now. One instant he gazed upon the motionless figure, then bent down and examined the stark, cold face, upturned to the night, with the white moonrays drifting over it. The heart, so lately beating with the fulness of life, was still; the breath had fled from those proud lips—the light from those glazing eyes!

"Safe—safe—safe!" muttered Morley Briancourt, with feverish tremulousness. "She is gone—the only stumbling-block in my way!" He paused not to look again, not even to draw the knife from his victim's breast. Indeed, with desperate energy, he lifted the corpse in his arms, dragged it down from the pathway to the edge of the rocky, precipitous bank, and released his hold. With a dull, sullen plash, it fell into the dark river. The waters parted to receive it, moaned and gurgled for a moment, and then closed silently over the form of Morley Briancourt's enemy.

CHAPTER III.

INMATES OF ASHBY PLACE.

Morning found Eleanor Ashby in a great degree recovered from the impressions of the preceding evening. The soothing quiet of the intervening hours of slumber had deprived them of their vividness, and nearly dissipated them entirely; so that, looking back, they seemed as a nightmare, which, as one starts from it in the deep midnight, seems sufficiently horrible, but whose terrors fade away with the dawn.

Her usual gaiety and animation were completely restored, and the careless, light-hearted Eleanor was herself once more; while her handmaiden, pretty Lucy Elmore, whose state of mind, like that of a great many others, was always colored by surrounding circumstances, was cheerful as a bird, in proportion to the cheerfulness of her mistress. Eleanor made a rapid, yet graceful toilet, thinking, as she beheld her own bright face in the dressing-glass, while Lucy was dressing her hair, that it was a very different one from that which the same mirror had reflected last evening when she came up to her chamber after the ride to Penshurst Common; and inwardly convinced that the gipsey woman had been merely trying the extent of her credulity, and that it was really a great piece of nonsense, after all, to believe a word she had said, resolved not to wear such a ridiculously sober countenance again for so trifling a cause.

"Lucy," she said, lightly, to her maid, "I saw your fine gipsey dame, Maida, last evening. She is very handsome. She would do gradly for an empress, Lucy; but I don't think much of her for doing her best to frighten people."

"To frighten people?" echoed the maid, wonderingly. "I did not know she did that. She told me nothing that was not pleasant—"

"Ay," joined in Eleanor Ashby, smilingly,—"she told you, I'll warrant me, that young Harry Longworth, the butler's son, had been whispering something in your ear down yonder under the hawthorn, and that you were to be wedded before another Christmas should come."

Lucy Elmore blushed scarlet, and her bright eyes fell bashfully. But then she said, modestly:

"It was that, or something very near it, that she told me, dear Miss Eleanor; though I am sure," and she smiled, "I do not know how you guessed it so easily."

Eleanor laughed.

"You forget that I have a woman's eyes, dear Lucy," she said, "and I guessed long ago that Harry liked you better than he dared to say. Well, he is an honest youth, and I know he will make you a good husband. Heigho! I only wish, Lucy, that Maida had given me as happy a fate; though, indeed, I do not credit a word she said."

"She said something to displease you, then?" asked Lucy, gently.

"Something that discomposed and annoyed me very much for a time," replied her mistress. "But I do not mean to let it trouble me, or make me treat other people with distrust. Lucy, have you seen Mr. Briancourt out yet, this morning? I dare say he is already on the lawn. I am something later than usual, I believe."

"No; I do not think he has left his room yet," said Lucy. "But I saw that saucy man of his, some fifteen minutes ago, in the great hall, and he was just going up to his master, he said; so I dare say Mr. Briancourt will be out first, now."

"You do not like Will Hamphries, Lucy, I see," said Miss Ashby.

No, indeed, dear Miss Eleanor. He is too impudent for me; and though, perhaps, I ought not to say such things, because he is young Mr. Briancourt's own man, Harry Longworth says he is sure Will Hamphries is a great knave, and bade me beware of him. But I would not say this to another than you, miss," she added, in a grave tone.

"No—it is best not—it is best not, Lucy," returned Miss Ashby, musingly. "Think what you will, so that you judge not too hastily; be as cautious as you will, but do not make unnecessary enemies. I would be civil to him, but no more. I do not like the man, I think, any better than you do; but then he is not of much consequence, and besides, he is not one of the family servants."

"And I hope he never will be," said Lucy, somewhat warmly.

Miss Ashby laughed.

"Why, dear Lucy," she responded, "that would be inevitable, if—" She bethought herself, paused and blushed.

"I hope, dear Miss Eleanor," said Lucy Elmore, seriously, catching the thought her mistress would not express,—"I hope you will not think of marrying this great while yet,—at least, not of marrying—"

"Whom, Lucy?" asked Eleanor, with a quiet smile.

"Mr. Briancourt, Miss Eleanor," answered the maid, hesitating at speaking so familiarly on the subject, yet obliged to finish what she had so impulsively began.

"Why, do you dislike the master as well as the man?" laughed Miss Ashby, good-humoredly. "Fie, Lucy! you should not judge hardly of everybody. But I do not think you ever liked Mr. Briancourt over-much, though I am sure I cannot guess why."

"I could not tell why myself, dear Miss Eleanor," answered Lucy, thoughtfully. "And, indeed, I know I have no right to utter a word concerning him or his business here, in the way of opinion, but I have been with you so many years that—" She paused and blushed, afraid to go on, lest she should seem impertinent. Eleanor comprehended her, however.

"Yes—yes; I know what you would say," she returned, kindly, "and you mean well. I do not resent it, dear Lucy, that you take an interest in my happiness, for I know you love me; yet I am better pleased that you do not speak too readily of these matters. But you must not cherish this feeling with regard to my marriage with Mr. Briancourt, which I am not at all certain will ever take place; for although you may not be conscious of it yourself, it may be very wrong to do so. Beware of unfounded prejudices, Lucy."

She tied on her sash, took up her pocket-handkerchief, and carolling a merry air, lightly descended the stairs leading to the great hall. No one but the housekeeper was visible below; and Morley Briancoart had not yet left his chamber, though he usually rose much earlier; and Sir Edward Ashby never made his appearance until the usual breakfast hour.

Throwing a light scarf about her neck, she ran out into the park to court the fresh morning air, that lent a brighter glance to her beautiful dark eyes, and a vivid bloom to her already glowing cheek. Then looking, in her fresh and snowy drapery, and the azure scarf floating over her dress, like the fairest of the graces, she went into the house again.

Breakfast was ready, and Sir Edward waiting in the hall. Morley Briancoart had not made his appearance. His valet reported that he had a slight headache—his excuse for not joining them. The repast was a silent one. Sir Edward Ashby was a dark, stern, reserved man. Eleanor seldom met him except at table, and then he spoke as seldom as possible. He had always been thus, as far as her remembrance went. He was her uncle, and her guardian, but he was, after all, a stranger to her. There was neither affection nor confidence between them.

He sat there, the master of Ashby Place, apart from all others. Eleanor wondered sometimes that this cold, harsh, uncommunicative man, almost a hermit in his own house, should have been the brother of her own father, who, in his lifetime, when *he* was master here, had been beloved by his equals, and almost adored by his dependents. But, after all, he had only been her father's half-brother. Eleanor had been afraid of him in her childhood. As she grew older, the feeling of awe with which she regarded him had changed into something like indifference. She treated him with respect, but distantly, still; for his presence always cast a restraint over her. The domestics, who were old retainers at Ashby, having served there during her father's time, from his childhood to his death, were not one of them attached to this master. The contrast between him and Sir James Ashby, whom everybody had loved for his noble heart, his beauty, his goodness and cheerful temper, who had a sunny smile, a pleasant word, and a warm greeting for every one, who was honest and open as the day, and of whom none could have spoken a word of evil,—that contrast was most unfavorable to Sir Edward. They would have refused to remain at Ashby, dear as it had grown to them, after his succession, had it not been for the little Eleanor, the only remaining child of their late beloved master and mistress.

Sir Edward Ashby mingled very seldom with his country neighbors, and rarely had visitors. The only one who ever visited him intimately was one who had been known to him from boyhood—Victor Briancoart, the father of Eleanor Ashby's lover. Eleanor often wondered at the intimacy between these two men; for as the one was dark, stern and forbidding, the other was graceful, affable, elegant in person and manners, of polished and courtly address, and of extreme personal beauty. Neither of these men could have been above forty-five years of age; and yet, while Mr. Briancoart looked ten years younger, Sir Edward Ashby seemed as much older than he really was.

But differ as they might, they were very intimate; and Victor Briancourt came to Ashby Place two or three times a year to enliven its gloom with his presence. He was quite at home there, and Eleanor was never sorry to see him, for he was one of those who make themselves agreeable everywhere and to every one.

Despite the seclusion in which Sir Edward kept himself, however, Eleanor was not debarred entirely from the pleasure of society abroad. Some five miles from Ashby Place, was Briarfield, a fine old estate, of considerable extent, with a well-wooded park, in the centre of which stood a handsome and substantial mansion, built of red brick, and called Briarfield Hall. It had been the property of an old and esteemed neighbor of Eleanor's late father; but he had died years agone, and his son possessed it now. Young Hugh Latimer and his sister, after their father's death, had been taken to the residence of their guardian in York; while their aunt, a maiden lady, the only sister of the late Mr. Latimer, remained at Briarfield, to take care of the old place during the minority of her nephew. Five years previous to the time of the events which this story details, Mary Latimer had come home to stay with her aunt, while Hugh was travelling with his guardian; and then commenced a friendship between herself and Miss Ashby, which had remained, like their intercourse, uninterrupted ever since.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The mind of man is formed to desire and to relish variety. The objects with which he is conversant are varied without end, to gratify that desire and to correspond with that relish. The glare of a perpetual sunshine and the fervid heat of a continual summer would speedily oppress and destroy mankind; but relieved by the tranquillity of darkness, the freshness of spring, the sedateness of autumn, and even the gloom of winter, they become no less grateful than they are beneficial.—*Manton.*



GOLD DIGGERS ON THE MARCH.



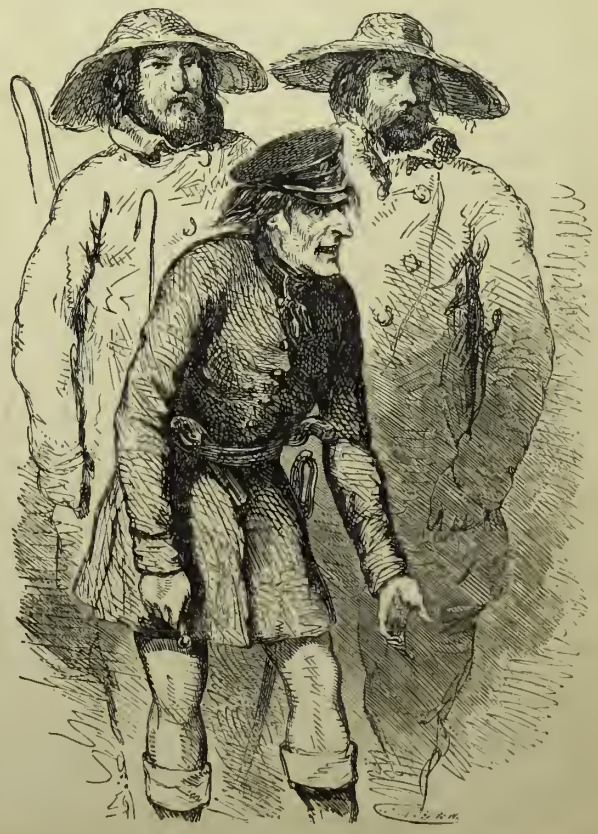
A STAMPEDE OF WILD CATTLE.

AUSTRALIAN SKETCHES.

We present on this page four spirited engravings, illustrating life in Australia, under the aspects it assumes since the discovery of the gold fields which have effected quite a social revolution. The first engraving delineates, in the foreground, a couple of "prospecters," as our Californians call them, on the march. Their rude costumes are adapted for service, not show. In the distance is a covered cart, drawn by two stout horses over the uneven ground, guided by a wagoner and preceded by another gold seeker, with his dog and gun. The second engraving shows also a highly characteristic scene. A couple of horsemen in the foreground have taken refuge from a *stampede* of wild cattle. In the middle distance the head of the drove is seen pouring furiously along in mad career. Woe to the horseman who finds himself in their path without an opening for escape. In five minutes horse and rider would be a shapeless mass of trampled jelly. The next engraving depicts a group of "prospecters." Their costume is true Californian —one which suits the latitude of Australia as well as it does that of San Francisco. The bearded faces, the slouched hat, the belted waist to wear arms, the huge boots—have become quite familiar to our eyes of late. The lad on the right appears to be inquiring his way, and his dog and that of the miners, are exchanging salutatory growls of rather an ominous character. But nothing unpleasant need be feared, as the diggers, beneath rude exteriors, conceal good hearts. Of a different character is the trio depicted in the last engraving. These are unmitigated rascals. Vice has indelibly stamped itself upon their features. The stooping figure in front, in a half military costume, with pistols, sword and riding boots, may be a London burglar, a voluntary or involuntary exile from the "fast-anchored isle." Low cunning distinguishes the taller rowdy on the left, and depravity and ferocity his companion. The three are specimens of the abandoned characters too frequently to be met with in Australia. The spirited sketches are taken from among the fine illustrations of a little work just published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields of this city, entitled "A Boy's Adventures in the Wilds of Australia: or, Herbert's Note Book. By William Howitt,"—a very interesting juvenile work, got up in beautiful style. Howitt is thoroughly posted up in Australian matters, having imbibed the gold fever, and engaged in gold mining with a portion of his family. His "Land, Labor and Gold," a work of two volumes, also published by Ticknor & Fields, embodies a large amount of valuable information, to which we have been accustomed to refer as authority with regard to the present condition of Australia. When the discovery of the gold mines took place in this quarter of the globe, there was a rush of immigration thither, similar to the exodus which carried so many thousands to California, and the history of the one under the influence of the gold fever is a counterpart of that of the other. Fortunes made by some—disappointment and sickness incurred by others —industry and vice fostered and developed—prices inflated in the wildest manner—speculation run mad—civilization resulting from the movement of life, and indicating clearly a providential design, these are points which arrest the attention in Australia as in California. During the height of the gold fever, the rage for land speculation in the vicinity of the settlements in Australia, was almost unparalleled. All who bought lands and houses when they were at reasonable rates made their fortunes, for real estate worth in England from five to ten thousand dollars, sometimes brought a hundred and even a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The increase of Melbourne has been prodigious. Under the stimulus of gold it rapidly increased from 30,000 to 80,000 inhabitants. Howitt, who was not very successful in his search for the root of all evil, speaks, as is natural under such circumstances, rather disparagingly of gold mining. He says, with respect to the gold fields, which are at the bottom of all the rush hither: "It is very important that they should be better understood at home; that the *fictitious* should be brushed from the *real* value; and that it should be well understood who are the people to whom they are an object of genuine attraction. It is not to gentlemen, but to the working classes. Fortunes, as gentlemen estimate them, are not to be made there by digging. We have seen the Ovens, and know that it is not to be made there. What we hear of other diggings is similar. Fortunes are not made by any one. There are now so many people come out to the diggings, that, even were they as profitable as they were at first represented, there is such a rush to any one promising point that the whole thing is torn to pieces. What then will it be when all have arrived whom we hear are leaving England? The fever is running its course at home, as the railway fever did, and nothing will check it till it has run its course through. It is in vain to cry out that nobody, with very rare exceptions, is getting more than navvies' wages for real navvies' work at the diggings. The people at home look at the great Ballarat nugget, and every man thinks he can just run over and pick up one like it. They look at the ten tons of gold by the 'Australian,' and at the aggregate amount of gold shipped monthly to England, and they are persuaded that coming hither and enormous riches are synonymous. Nothing will teach them the reality, but the stern reality itself." Digging gold in Australia is no child's play, as many an English gentleman—who, ruined by his turf speculations, has taken to mining to repair his shattered fortunes—has found out to his cost. As the mode of operation differs somewhat from that in California, with which our readers are so familiar, we subjoin a description of the method of conducting business at the "Ovens" diggings, compiled and condensed from "Land, Labor and Gold." The diggers seem to have two especial propensities, those of firing guns and felling trees. No sooner have they completed their day's work, than they commence felling trees, which you hear almost continually falling with a crash, on one side of you or the other. In fact, the stringy-bark tree is the most useful tree conceivable, for the diggers as well as squatters, it being useful for very many purposes. The gold field here consists of two fields, Spring Creek and Reid's Creek. Spring Creek runs into Reid's Creek some three or four miles below here. Altogether there are calculated to be nearly twenty thousand people on these diggings. The greater part of the gold is got out of the wet diggings; that is, out of the bed of the creek. No one, except he sees it, can possibly form any idea of what these wet diggings are. It requires from ten to fourteen men to work a claim, for the water pours in so fast as to require a good number of them constantly bailing it out; this is done both by buckets and pumps. You see long poles placed on posts, like those at old wells in Germany, the outer end of the pole being weighted so as to balance the bucket when full; this machine they call a wee-gee. Others use a Chinese pump, called a belt-pump, which the Chinese took to California, and which Californian diggers are using here. The belt-pump consists simply of a long wooden pipe or tunnel, about six inches square, at the upper end of which is a wheel turning a long band of canvass, the two ends of which are sowed together so that it forms a circle. On this band are fixed upright square pieces of board at regular distances; and, as the wheel is turned, these pieces of board move onward with the band, enter the lower end of the tunnel, and carrying the water with them, discharge it at the mouth. Many of these wet diggings are from ten to twenty feet deep; and not only are they thus flooded with fetid water, but the sides continually tumble in, and require to be cased with slabs or sheets of the stringy-bark. If this be neglected, most likely, at the moment that the diggers reach the gold, an enormous mass of earth falls in and buries it and them too, if they are not very lucky, many feet deep. They must be worked day and night, or they become filled with water to the brim. In these dismal and troublesome holes you see groups of men working under the broiling sun, streaming with perspiration, and yet up to the middle in water. Nothing can be more destructive to the constitution, yet the quantity of gold found in these wet holes being much larger than what is found in the dry ground, there is always a rush there. These deep and unshapely abysses are black with mud, in which lie beams and poles, and masses of stringy-bark; other holes worked out, or whence the people have been driven out by the overpowering force of water; and amidst all this sludge and filth and confusion, swarms of people, many of them gentlemen of birth and education, all laboring as for life! When you have seen this, you begin to have a truer notion of what gold digging is, than from the rose-water romancing of the Australian papers. Next come the dry diggings: these are far enough from the stream to be dug from its drainage. Every yard of ground is there dug up; the whole surface is honey-combed with holes, from ten to forty feet and more deep. These are far more tolerable than the wet holes; but working, even there, is no play. The strata through which they are cut, are often as hard as flint; and a noon sun darting perpendicularly into them, and not a breath of air being able to reach the worker, you may imagine something of the severity of this labor. In some places large square masses have been dug out solidly; and the excavations resemble the foundations of some ancient city, like Nineveh, laid open to the day. The amount of labor has been already enormous. Indeed, if any one at home asks you whether he shall go to the Australian diggings, advise him first to go and dig a coal pit; then work a month at a stone quarry; next sink a well in the wettest place he can find, of at least fifty feet deep; and, finally, clear out a space of sixteen feet square of a bog twenty feet deep; and if, after that, he still has a fancy for the gold fields, let him come; understanding, however, that all the time he lives on heavy, unleavened bread, on tea without milk, and on mutton or beef without vegetables, and as tough as India-rubber. This is not a very flattering picture, but it is certainly a truthful one, and while it costs so much labor to procure gold, there is no danger of its becoming a drug in the market.



A GROUP OF MINERS



A SPECIMEN OF THE BUSH RANGERS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JUNE.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

Tall spires of grass are bending,
Bright flowers their sweets are sending,
O'er meadow, hill and dell:
June, with her gorgeous treasures,
Wins my heart to share her pleasures,
And I own her magic spell
Around my heart is stealing,
Kindling every chord of feeling;
Why I weep I cannot tell!
Tender thoughts just tinged with sadness,
Some of joy and some of gladness,
Bringing smiles and tears together—
Would these thoughts might last forever!
One of June's sweet, fragrant blossoms
Is now drooping on my bosom;
How I've watched its fair charms perish,
Like the hopes my heart would cherish;
From my bosom I will tear it,
'Gainst my throbbing heart I'll wear it;
Other flowers not half so tender,
To the rude winds I'll surrender,
One I'll shrine—I'll yield it not—
'Tis the sweet forget-me-not!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MUTINY AT SPITHEAD:

—OR,—

JACK TAR AS A GENTLEMAN.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

Notwithstanding her enormous strength, and that for so long a period of years Great Britain has been able to bid proud defiance to the kings and princes of the world, it happened once upon a time, when England's naval force was at its strongest; when she was engaged in one of her most terrible and sanguinary wars; that the British lion, upon arousing itself one morning from its lair and shaking its mane from its eyes—found to its horrible surprise that it no longer possessed a ship, a gun, or a sailor; no, not so much as a cabin boy or a dingy.

Previous to the year 1797, the British naval service was regulated by laws differing materially from those now in force. Founded at a period when slavery was universally tolerated, and liberty comparatively unknown, there had been but few changes from the time of the seventh Henry up to the period above indicated; the brutal and irrational system of impressment supplied recruits, while the allowances of pay and provisions were of the most meagre and pitiful description.

It seems almost incredible that the British government could have expected men who had been suddenly torn from their homes by a brutal press-gang, for no other crime than poverty or friendlessness—to fight her battles without a murmur. But they did expect it, for they placed before the unfortunate men the alternative—either to behave well, fight the battles of their country, and to drudge unrepiningly through the severe privations which alone the navy had to offer, in which case they became valuable to their tyrants, and thus unwittingly rivetted around their own necks the chain of that servitude which was to gall them through life, or, on the other hand, should the natural feelings of manhood lead them to refuse or rebel, should they shrink from imbruing their hands in the blood of those who had never offended them, in a war which no good principle might perhaps be able to extenuate, they were tried by superiors who had no feelings in common with themselves, but a life of prejudices enlisted against them, and either scourged into madness by the application of personal torture to their backs, or ignominiously strung up at the yard-arms of those ships which they had been forced to enter. It is not to be supposed, however, that all who entered the service were impressed. The same causes that operate to fill our own navy, in our own day, were in force then; some to avoid the evil consequences of misdeeds, some because they were in debt without the means of payment, some because they could obtain a livelihood in no other way, and a few—a very few—because of their own free will they chose so to do.

But having to serve a tyrannical government against their will, was not the only hardship. The food and pay was on a par with the means of enlistment. The water at this time supplied, was, from the ill-constructed build of the ships, the large number of men and the length of the voyage, always doled out to them in limited and most insufficient quantities. Small as was the allowance, the quality was still worse; carried to sea in wooden casks, so that decomposition rapidly took place, and the liquid became revolting in odor and swarming with putrescent life. In evil fellowship with the water was the unwholesome bread which accompanied it. Baked by contractors, whose only virtue was that they cheated a bad government, it went to sea—as now—in the form of biscuits, with the addition of every species of adulteration, and a hardness somewhat less than that of flint. Transported from ship to ship and from station to station until it frequently acquired several years of age, it presented, upon being opened for use, a mass of rottenness and mould. To this were added beef and pork indurated by an excess of salt, supplied by contract, also; salted horse mingled in a large proportion with the beef, and was, perhaps, the only genuine article of provision that could be found on board. But even here roguery and rapacity conspired to make the friendless sailor still a victim.

The pound of meat per man, which the government allowed as a daily ration, rarely exceeded a third, or at most, a half, after being subjected to the conscience of contractors. But after the stores were fairly on board, another and a licensed thief made his appearance, in the shape of a purser, who was sent on board for the express purpose of plundering impartially the government and the sailor. Receiving no salary but that which could be *saved*, or more properly stolen from the rations, the purser's office was considered to be worth, in a line-of-battle ship, from five to six thousand dollars per annum. It is but justice to the government, however, to mention that in one article, the sailors were bountifully supplied. Rum was dealt out to them in ample quantities twice, and sometimes oftener each day.

But a change was coming; human intelligence had advanced while the British navy, or the laws regulating it, had stood still. England, while boasting of her gallant tars, her hearts of oak, was practically denying that her seamen—the prime defence of her shores and her wealth—were human beings. This state of things could not last. There were men at that time in the service who could not be trampled upon—men of education and talent, who were not disposed to brook the wrongs they suffered, and who knew, could a plain statement of their wrongs be placed before the country, a change for the better must inevitably ensue.

Among the foremost of the brave and dauntless spirits, was a young man by the name of Joyce, who had formerly been a tobacconist at Belfast, where he was shipped on board a tender, with many others, by the orders of Lord Corhampton, under a false accusation of treasonable conduct and seditious harangues.

Having thus unwillingly entered the service, he speedily discovered that there were many other bold and energetic men in a like predicament with himself, who would gladly seize upon any reasonable pretext for compelling the government to better their condition. To these men Joyce joined himself; they were few in number compared with the whole navy, but they were the leaven that was to ferment the entire mass.

It is true there was not a man in the royal navy who had not long groaned under his burthen, and who was not more than willing to shake off part of the load. But these men, although excellent sailors, were rough and uneducated; they did not understand the necessity for combination, for secrecy, for prompt and decisive action; in short they were the material for a gigantic and powerful body, but that body lacked a head, and they found a head in Joyce and his companions.

It must be understood that it was not the intention nor wish of these men to violently overthrow the system which they abhorred, on the contrary, their demands were extremely moderate; they simply asked that justice which a felon is not denied on shore.

It was in the Channel fleet of sixteen ships of war, under the command of Lord Bridport, that measures were first taken to compass the wished-for design. The greatest unanimity prevailed among the sailors. Two delegates from each ship were appointed to transact all business, and their decision was to be binding upon the whole. These delegates communicated from ship to ship, and nothing whatever was undertaken without the unanimous consent of the thirty-two representatives, and strange as it may appear, all this was done without the knowledge or suspicion of the officers. The difficulty of maintaining such secrecy may be estimated by those unacquainted with the details of the naval service, when they consider that in a man-of-war, with a crew ranging from three to nine hundred, every seventh man is an officer of some grade, and the greater part of them consequently sympathizing with those in command rather than with the sailors.

This fleet returned to Spithead in March, '97, after a short cruise, and lay there in daily expectation of orders to sail. Now, if ever, was the time to put their long-cherished plans in execution. Valentine Joyce, of the Royal George, William Senator, of the Marlborough, and John Saunders, of the Defiance, were appointed by their brother delegates to draw up a memorial to the Admiralty, setting forth their grievances, and pointing out the means of redress. This was done in the most proper and respectful manner, but no notice whatever was taken of it. Another and another was forwarded to the government, but the Admiralty could not be made to comprehend the extent of the danger. All their lives they had been accustomed to consider a sailor as little better than a dog, and why should they trouble themselves, when business of more importance demanded their attention?

This insulting neglect and indifference exasperated the sailors to such a degree that they settled down into a dogged determination that if nothing could be accomplished by peaceful measures, force must be employed. A hurried consultation was accordingly held, and preparations made with great secrecy, prudence and caution, to demonstrate by a striking exhibition of unanimity in word and action, that nothing would satisfy the fleet short of a prompt admission and removal of their grievances. As I have before stated, they were in daily expectation of orders to sail, for a squadron of the enemy was known to be in readiness to put to sea from the opposite coast of France, at any moment. Now, if ever, was the time to make their power felt. Now, they could make the government sensible of the importance of that body of men who had been so shamefully neglected and abused. The sailors resolved not to lift anchor until their demands had been complied with.

On Saturday, the fifteenth of April, the signal was made to weigh anchor. It was a moment of intense anxiety—the least faltering, the least hesitation, would ruin the whole scheme and consign the leaders to an ignominious death. But there was no cause for apprehension. No sooner did the signal flutter at the masthead than the crew of the flag-ship, as one man, sprang into the fore rigging and gave three cheers.

This was the signal. Another and another ship followed, until the rigging of every vessel in the fleet was alive with sailors, and a voice went up from ten thousand men, that compelled the noble lords of Admiralty to hearken, whether they would or no. The fleet no longer belonged to the government, but to the sailors. The officers were politely informed that although they might remain on board their ships, yet their services were for the present dispensed with.

The delegates—two from each ship—immediately assembled on board the Queen Charlotte, to take counsel and to determine upon what steps were most suitable to the emergency and best adapted for securing the object of their movement. The strictest order was preserved throughout the fleet. A captain among themselves was appointed on the forecastle of each ship, to keep watch and to enforce regularity and subordination to their orders. They carefully abstained from acts of rudeness and violence toward their officers, while, at the same time, the slightest breach of orders among themselves was punished with the most unrelenting severity. By their orders the marines were disarmed and the magazines seized. The boats also were taken possession of by the committee, and made use of to communicate from ship to ship at their pleasure. The officers were not allowed to go on shore, with the exception of some few who had rendered themselves obnoxious to their crews by harsh behaviour—these were sent away. A yard rope was reeved at every fore yard-arm, as a gentle hint of the fate which might be expected by any person who should be so hardy as to break through the regulations. All the men were sworn to be true to the cause, and so strict was the discipline, that if any one became intoxicated he was punished severely. One sailor, for bringing a pint of spirits on board, was tied up and flogged unmercifully with a thick cat. If symptoms of unwillingness to join the confederacy were observed on board any particular ship, she was made to cast anchor between two staunch adherents, with a threat of total destruction upon the least sign of disobedience.

The British flag floated as usual at the mizzen peak, but in addition, there was a sailor's flag, of blood red, duly hoisted at the main. So great was the unanimity and enthusiasm of the whole sailor world, that even the sick and wounded seamen in the Haslar Hospital hoisted a flag composed of handkerchiefs tacked together, and cheered morning and evening with the fleet.

In the mean time, a petition was forwarded to the proper authorities, setting forth that while the military, the marines, and other public bodies had, at various times received marks of the bounty of the government by allowances of *bread*, money, and other perquisites, the pay of the seamen had not been augmented. They therefore prayed for an increase of allowance, and expressed their firm resolve not to put to sea again until the prayer of their petition should have been answered—"unless, in the mean while, the enemy's fleet might happen to sail out of harbor;" in that case, they promised to "fight the battles of their country, defeat her foes, and then return into port to renew their complaints."

This respectful and moderate petition terminated with the following words:

"It is also unanimously agreed by the fleet, that from this day no grievance shall be received, in order to convince the nation at large that we know where to cease to ask as well as to begin; and that we ask nothing but what is moderate, and may be granted without detriment to the nation, or injury to the service."

Had an earthquake shaken England to its centre, it would not have created greater consternation and dismay than did the tidings of the mutiny at Spithead. The people were justly indignant at the Admiralty for the course they had pursued toward the sailors, in the matter of their first petitions, when a decent, reasonable attention to their remonstrances might have saved the nation from a calamity which no man could contemplate without the most gloomy forebodings.

With the government, all nerve and courage seemed to fail before an earnest desire to repair, at any risk, and at any concession, the disastrous effects of their own foolish and supine policy. A cabinet council was called, and after a long deliberation it was agreed for some half dozen lords and admirals to repair to Portsmouth that very evening, with the expectation of soothing the irritated sailors, and of restoring harmony by a timely conference. Immediately upon the arrival of the lords of the Admiralty at Portsmouth, negotiations were commenced. Difficulties existed in the way of reconciliation on either side; the Admiralty insisted upon the withdrawal of certain points, which they felt ought not to be conceded; on the other hand, the fleet refused to narrow their pretensions—the game, they fairly reasoned, was in their own hands; now was the time to unfold their grievances to the fullest extent, and upon this view of the subject, their proceedings were conducted with firmness, respect and a cool determination to obtain the end desired.

The lords commissioners were in a panic. They had supposed that their august presence so near the scene of disorder would quell all mutinous proceedings at once—but finding themselves mistaken, they determined to pay a visit to the fleet, with the hope of influencing the seamen by personal authority. Upon arriving on board the Royal George, they expostulated with the delegates for placing the country in a situation of extreme danger by the course they were pursuing; they also assured them that their request for an increase of pay should be granted; and, moreover, that the wrongs of which they complained should receive the consideration of the government; but they relied upon every man throughout the fleet instantly resuming his respective station.

One of the commissioners—Admiral Gardner—an impetuous, but zealous officer, expressed his sense of the proceedings to the crew of the Royal George with more sincerity than discretion. He went on the forecastle, and vehemently accused the sailors of being "skulking fellows, who knew the French were ready for sea, and yet were afraid to meet them; that their reasons for disobedience were mere pretence; that cowardice, and that alone, had given birth to the mutiny."

Such bold and unmeasured language, touching the feelings of

the crew in the tenderest point, excited a tumult of rage and violence, in which the gallant admiral was nearly thrown overboard; extricating himself, however, from the crowd, he jumped upon the hammock nettings, and, placing his neck within the noose of the yard rope near him, cried out to the men, and they were advancing with menaces toward him:

"If you will return to your duty, you may hang me at the yard-arm."

This sudden and novel exploit turned the tide in favor of the admiral, and he was cheered by the retreating crew as he once more resumed his situation upon the forecastle.

Still the lords commissioners found a respectful opposition to every attempt at conciliation, short of full compliance with the demands already set forth; a personal conference had effected nothing more than previous negotiations, except perhaps to render the resistance more obstinate, just in proportion as the embarrassment of the admiralty became more visible.

At this stage of the proceedings, government became most thoroughly and completely alarmed; courier after courier and post after post, hurried to and fro between London and Portsmouth, bearing statements and instructions. Every means which diplomacy could suggest was tried to circumvent the sailor delegates, and under a multiplicity of words to entrap them into agreeing to less than their original demands, but they found them to be equally as good diplomatists as themselves.

But this state of things could not last long; one or the other—the king of England of the sailors, must yield. The sailors were in no particular hurry, the king *was*—therefore the king yielded; orders were received to grant the mutineers what they demanded for themselves, and, of course, for the entire British navy, as all were bound to abide by the decision of the delegates. Immediately upon receipt of the orders, the commissioners repaired on board the Queen Charlotte, and announced to the delegates that their demands had been complied with. The intelligence was received with every demonstration of joy, and the delegates proceeded to deliberate upon the steps now to be taken. After mature deliberation of the whole affair, they signified to the commissioners that, inasmuch as all they had asked had been granted, they were so far satisfied and content, but—

The noble lords were aghast. Another difficulty? This was something they had not anticipated, this looked like open rebellion; what was that *but?*

The delegates coolly informed them that they were placed in a peculiar position; that their lives were not worth a moment's purchase did they resign their power—in short, that they had gone too far to recede, nor were they disposed to do so, unless they could obtain a free and unconditional pardon for all previous offences, under the king's sign manual. In reply, the lords declared their willingness to recommend his majesty to issue a proclamation and amnesty of all offences, but insisted upon the fleet trusting to their honor, and immediately putting to sea. But the delegates refused compliance, and were alike deaf to the voice of entreaty, menace or reason; they firmly and explicitly stated that nothing less than the king's proclamation and the sanction of parliament would justify them in attaching confidence to the fair words of the board; they would neither be entrapped nor intimidated. High words passed between the parties, and the commissioners returned to the shore.

Again the blood red flag went up on board the ships—again the invalid sailors' flag of handkerchiefs waved from the shore, and the fleet assumed a stern and threatening attitude. In all haste a courier was despatched to London with the tidings. At nine at night a cabinet council was hastily called, and at ten, a paper granting full pardon for all past offences, to the Spithead fleet, bearing the great seal of England and the august "George Rex," at the bottom—was in the hands of a courier riding for life and toward Portsmouth.

The king's pardon was received with delight, and the delegates requested permission to row in procession to St. Helen's, attended by bands of music, and there return Lord Howe—a venerable admiral who had exerted himself greatly in their behalf—public thanks for his services.

Upon arriving on shore, they were met by Lord and Lady Howe, Sir William and Lady Pitt and several of the nobility and officers of the garrison, and the whole party passed on to the governor's house. At the door, Joyce, of whom we have spoken before as one of the principal delegates, approached Lord Howe, and requested to know at what hour the next morning he would be pleased to embark. His lordship replied their time should be his; and seven o'clock was fixed, as the tide would serve at that hour. Joyce, next turning to Lady Howe, begged to know whether she would honor them with her company, assuring her ladyship of perfect safety and freedom of apprehension. She replied, nothing would give her greater pleasure than to accede to their request, which she did with the utmost confidence and satisfaction. Lord Howe invited Joyce and his companions into the governor's house to drink a glass of wine, which invitation was readily accepted with a manly freedom, unaccompanied by the least particle of familiarity or rudeness.

The firm and dignified deportment and cautious politeness of these men made a most favorable impression upon the writers of the day, and from that time, they became veritable sea lions.

The next day the delegates, with flying colors and bands of music, proceeded to the shore, where, after being feasted and toasted by the high mightinesses of the land, and having returned the compliment by a similar jollification on board their ships, they delivered up the fleet to the Admiralty and formally resigned their power into the hands of the proper authorities, having fully accomplished all for which they strove; and thus pleasantly ended the mutiny at Spithead.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPEAK KINDLY.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE

How can I thank thee, gentle boy,
For thy kindness unto me?
Life with thee is a pure, calm joy—
O, art thou happy with me?

Thou hast taught me a lesson, O artless boy,
A lesson deep to me;
That life is no dream—with all its alloy,
It is bliss to be comforting thee.

But how dost thou bear with my wilful pride?
With my wild and fitful ways?
O, where can I find on this earth so wide
Language to speak thy praise?

O keep these for landmarks, gentle boy,
Of my gratitude to thee;
And though life were not gold without alloy,
I am calmly happy with thee.

Keep these for souvenirs, gentle boy,
Of the love I bear to thee;
And if dark clouds shadow our pure, calm joy,
O still speak kindly to me!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HINTS IN HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Mrs. Timothy Butler found herself in just that jaded condition of body and mind that almost any kind of "help" would prove acceptable to her. For more than a year she had struggled on with a mere chore-girl, of whom, to quote her frequent remark, it might be said, "she made as much work as she did." Still this was not strictly applicable to Nellie; for she did tend the door, sweep the sidewalk, do a great deal of drudgery, and withal, she was very good-natured.

But too much remained for Mrs. Butler to do. With her ordinary family she might have accomplished it with considerable ease; but when the rich heiress, Miss Euphemia Jones, came to pass six weeks with her, and was brought up so delicately that she could not think of bringing the water to wash her own hands, and Susan, Mr. Butler's half-sister, came to consult with a doctor in regard to the removal of a cancer, and two little Butlers (brother's children) were sent by their fond parents to make a visit and recall the rare sights in a strange city, our Mrs. Butler became disheartened, and worn out with fatigue, she availed herself of the privileges of an intelligence office, where some fifty girls were waiting in anxious expectation of finding a place.

It would seem a puzzling matter to make a selection among this number, but as our friend was graduated in price to one dollar per week, of course she must select from such as rose to the inquiry—"who is willing to serve as maid of all work in a genteel private family?" Unquestionably the pleasant face and kindly manner of the applicant gave an impulse to many to offer their services; for no less than eight bale, buxom lasses, fresh from the Emerald Isle, responded. A broad-shouldered, sunny-faced, carrotty-haired Bridget was selected—the address and number of her new mistress's residence was furnished her, but as Biddy unfortunately could not read, some ill imposing lad wrongly directed her, and for the space of three full hours was the search continued, when Biddy found herself once more at the office whence she started. At the angry reproval of the superintendent for being "so green," a sister, well versed in the crooks and turns of our city, volunteered to show her the way.

The good-natured expression which Mrs. Butler's face wore in the office disappeared in the kitchen, before a roasting fire, when she assured Biddy that if she hired help she expected them to earn their money. However, the dinner was under way, and as Mrs. Butler remarked, the veriest dunce could finish cooking it. Biddy was left in her strange kitchen to do her strange work. Of course, without basting or turning, the joint of meat did not look very inviting when it was time to remove it. The rice, too, had a firm propensity to stick to the pan, and an unmistakable odor gave proof that it was none the more palatable from being badly burned. On the whole, Biddy's cooking was a failure—all of which was attributed to the fact that she was "cheap help." But perchance, she would learn, thought Mrs. Butler—the girl may prove valuable if she is easily taught; so she set herself about teaching in good earnest.

After many ludicrous mistakes and great efforts, which nearly doubled the labor and often spoiled the material, Biddy could be left to cook a plain dinner and was really getting to be of some service. Mrs. Butler grew more and more pleased, and relaxed no effort to teach her all the arts of housewifery, and more than once was she heard to repeat that by a little patience and care in teaching as good help could be procured for a dollar a week as for twice that amount.

But her boast was confined to a latitude where silence would have been wiser, for her neighbor's maid having caught the rumor from her mistress, who was paying double the amount which Mrs. Butler did, caused a back-door acquaintance, which so enlightened our green Biddy that she at once made a "strike," and as she contended that she was well worth "tin and sixpence" as prices were going. Mrs. Butler, in disgust, removed her at once, and it afterwards proved that Biddy was received into one of the families where Mrs. Butler had given her own recommendation.

Again, worn and dispirited, Mrs. Butler made her way to an intelligence office—one of a higher grade than the last—where only "professional cooks," "experienced chamber-maids" and "skilful seamstresses" are allowed to be registered as "wanting." Mrs. Butler selected one who was thoroughly recommended as having left her mistress for no fault but that she had gone abroad and closed her house. Maggie, to be sure, had never lived except with a man-servant who lighted the fires, cleaned the silver, sifted the ashes, set the table and tended it, and her place was never to labor out of the kitchen. Her compensation had been three dollars per week, besides many presents, and the privilege of going out when her work was finished without asking leave to do so. On both sides, therefore, new relations must subsist, and many meetings more than half way must ensue. Occasionally a domestic jar threatened a vacancy—but Maggie was on a month's trial, and plenty of places filled her eye, and as she began to feel lonely and sigh for companionship, she acquainted "Mike" of the fact, which avowal caused the generous Hibernian to proffer his hand and heart, well knowing as he did, that old Mr. McCarty the millionaire had advertised for a couple "jist sich as oursilves."

In less than a month, therefore, Mrs. Butler was again left in her lonely independence. She had resolved again, however, to pay less wages and find as good help. There was old Betty Johnson, who had kept house for Mr. Flanders, recently deceased, and she thought within herself, "for once good luck attends me—I will secure her at once, and thus get a woman well experienced, honest, faithful, who is no gossipper at the gate, has no company at night, but a thorough housekeeper who will lighten all my cares at once."

The plan worked well, and old Betty was inducted into office. But alas! it was "so unlike Mr. Flanders's house—there she had gas, and somebody to tend the door and wait on table, and do errands, and for her poor old limbs to wander up and down stairs, and attend to all the bells, summoning her first here, then there, and all this to wait upon the Misses Nobody, was quite too hard for one of her age, at any price," and in less than a week she told her mistress so, and obtained a discharge.

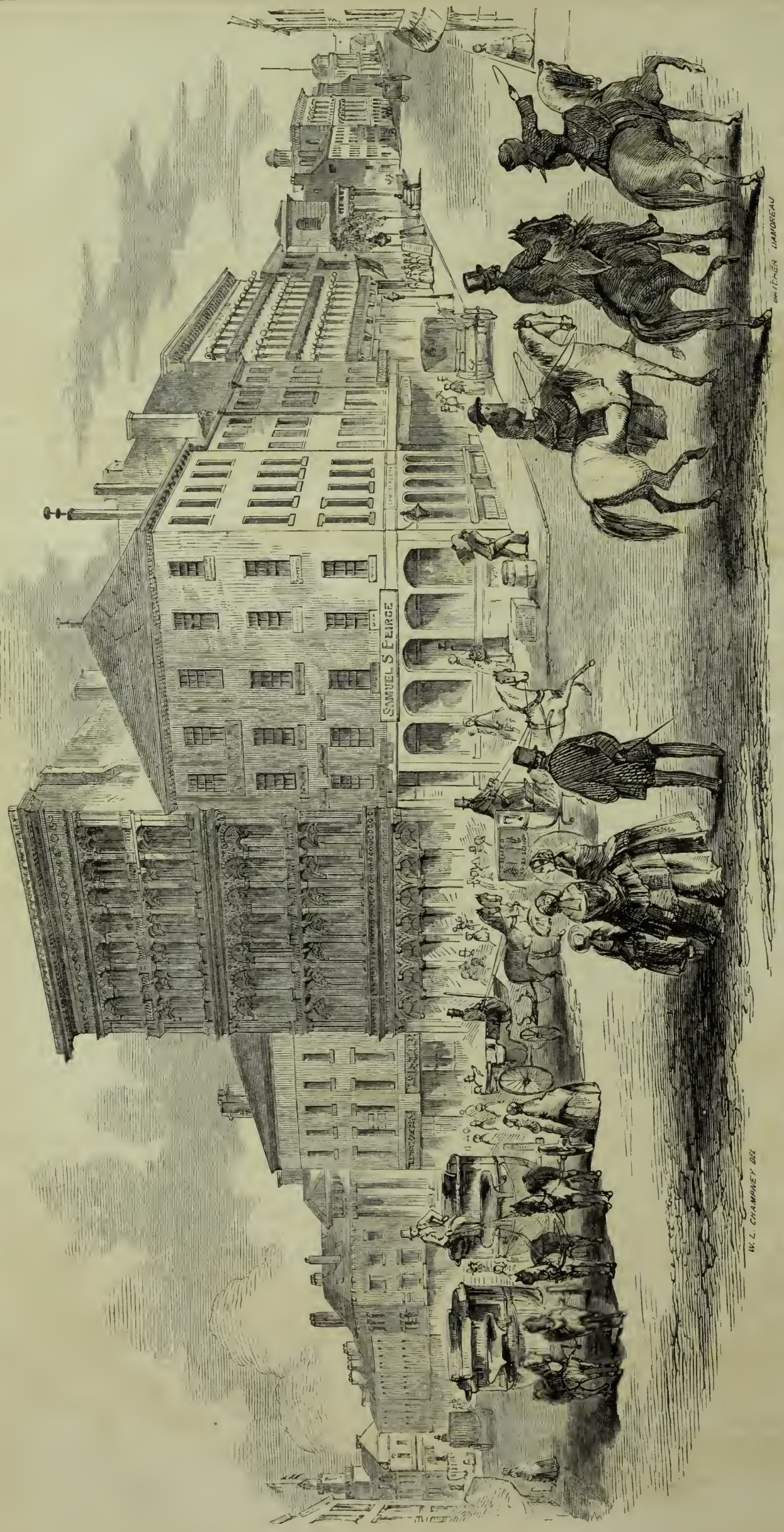
Mr. Butler often joked over incurable evils, and he had told his wife that he could select a domestic far better than herself, and now if she was disposed he should try his luck. A most gaily-dressed young Scotch woman was sent by him to try her skill, and Mrs. Butler viewed her with evident dissatisfaction, yet she forthwith conducted her to her room where she bade her make ready as soon as convenient, when she would show her her work for the day.

Mary Lee (for that was her name), in about an hour after appeared dressed in a black silk basque with a flaming bow at her waist, a pair of white cambric undersleeves, and two white skirts, the outside one being heavily wrought and not a little soiled by contact with a muddy pathway. Mrs. Butler made no comment, but inwardly hoped the price of Poland starch would not rise in our market. Mary did but little labor that day, and at night she asked to speak with her mistress, when she gravely informed her that the quality of her food, the size of her room and the want of modern conveniences about the house were such that she should not open her bandbox, but if she would pay her fifty cents for her day's work she would trouble her no longer, and certainly, Mrs. Butler felt as if a great burden was thus discharged; besides, she did not fail to rally her husband upon his rare discrimination of character.

Left alone with a house full of visitors, not one of whom felt any inclination to aid her, with sundry chambers in utter confusion, with drawing-rooms unswept and filled with dust, with divers calls at the gate where one rashly repulses the "soap and grease man," "old boots and India rubber, and broken glass men," "any rags to sell," and "please give me a piece of bread," to a stalwort loafer, while another summons to the front door in "dishabille" caused her an involuntary shock of the nerves, as she met an old fashionable friend, who looked with entire disgust upon female drudgery, and "just called to inquire the character of one Mary Lee, whom you recently discharged at a day's service," and added to this, while her cheeks are all aglow, to be inquired of by a saucy little urchin "when Mr. Butler could make it convenient to settle a bill," which had been presented half a dozen times within a month, all such irritating circumstances tended strongly to produce an unamiable frame of mind, which leads one solemnly to inveigh against the trials and vexations of housekeeping. Goaded on by such a state of disquietude, was it any wonder that Mrs. Butler resolutely declared her intention of boarding, as a means of escape?

A searching review of both sides of the question, however, soon prompted Mr. Butler to conclude that by a different course of conduct toward their "help," and a frank statement of the manner in which visitors may be made more agreeable, by showing themselves more helpful, and above all by adhering to a rigid system of keeping everything in place and doing everything at the right time, so lightened all labor and sweetened all toil, that housekeeping was made far easier, even with quite inefficient help, than before.

Mrs. Butler came to the conclusion that fair wages, too, was the most economical expenditure, even in hard times, since we cannot awaken a true interest in our own concerns unless we reciprocate the feeling towards our dependents; and by paying Hitty Clark nine shillings per week, and mutually regarding each other as benefited in turn, the desire for changing help or mistresses has ceased, and housekeeping in a small but independent mode has been established, and such has been the effect of example, that more than a dozen "genteel private families" are considering whether it is really necessary to keep three servants to do the work which one, under systematical labor, may accomplish—for it seems to be a substantiated fact among husbands that a wife gains rather than loses her dignity by superintending the minute details which tend to make a home really comfortable.



VIEW OF COURT AND TREMONT STREETS, BOSTON, WITH THE NEW IRON BUILDING.

COURT AND TREMONT STS., BOSTON.

The station-point from which Mr. Champney sketched the scene exhibited on this page for us, with daguerreotype-like fidelity, is near Scollay's buildings. The view is quite an extensive one, and embraces many fine buildings, and many points of interest. In nearly the centre of the picture is the building which forms the angle at the corner of Court and Tremont Streets. The corner store is the well known grocery of Samuel S. Pierce. The rest of the building is mostly occupied by lawyer's offices—for Court Street is the legal quarter of the city. Next, on the left, is the noble iron building erected on the site of the Brattle Street Church parsonage house, permission to sell which was obtained of the courts after learned arguments *pro* and *con* had been patiently listened to. It was certainly too noisy a place for the residence of a clergyman; on the other hand, it is a fine locality for business. The new building is of the Corinthian ornate, five stories in height. The pilasters are fluted, and the heltings and cornices are richly ornamented without being tawdry. The breadth of the windows is nicely proportioned to the height of the stories, and the whole façade strikes the spectator as graceful and harmonious. Further along, down the street, we catch a glimpse of the opening of Court Square and the Court House—that terror of evil-doers. Beyond and to the corner of Washington Street, the buildings, with the exception of the lower stories, are occupied with business and law offices. The view is closed in this direction by the tower of the Old State House—one of the very few venerable relics of antiquity which yet grace our city. There it stands, as it stood when State Street was King Street, and Court Street was Queen Street. All else is changed about it, but it is itself the same. British regiments no longer shake its windows with the roll of their drums; no more officers in scarlet uniforms and gold-laced hats, and powdered wigs, and spurred jack-boots, swagger at the door of the British coffee-house, threatening to "blow the rebel Yankees to perdition." But British merchants circulate on 'change among our people without the slightest danger of being seized, tarred and feathered, and carried to the Liberty Tree amidst the jeers of the populace. Still the red cross of St. George sometimes flaunts out from its flag-staff, but it is only to announce the arrival of the royal mail steamer, and then it floats peaceably beside the stars and stripes. It is a proud old building—proud in its golden legends of the past. When the storm of the Revolution had rolled away, it had the honor of receiving General Washington as the deliverer and father of his country. There may be some—*procul este, profani!*—who regard the old building with an evil eye, and ask, "Why cumbereth it the ground?" They have very good reasons for its demolition—good, hard, sensible, iron-fisted argument to batter it with. It stands there, dividing the channel of commercial travel with altogether too broad a bulk;—if it were swept away, it would open a noble vista, and afford generous scope for circulation. There is truth in this; but is there not, in such a monument, linking the present with the past, and constantly reminding the living of the glorious deeds and examples of a former generation, a value not to be estimated in dollars and cents? Loth should we be to chronicle the demolition of that venerable old building. We now turn to the other side of the picture, where we have also a long line of perspective. That handsome building, with its basement stores, its graceful galleries, and altogether elegant exterior, is the Boston Museum, a triumph of the enterprise and energy of Moses Kimball, its proprietor and manager. This locality is a favorite one for museums—the soil seems to be particularly adapted to their growth. Not far from where our artist stood in sketching his picture, was the old New England Museum—Greenwood's—a great place in its day—and the new museum stands nearly on the site of the old Columbian Museum—Doyle's—at one time almost the only place of public amusement, except the theatre, open in the city, or rather town, of Boston. But the modern museum, and particularly Kimball's, combines attractions that were unknown to the old establishments. A complete collection of natural history, arms of all nations, and a multitude of pictures and engravings, an extensive wax statuary gallery, a splendid exhibition room, with a noble stage, and admirable dramatic spectacles and performances, render the Boston Museum a favorite resort for citizens and strangers, and ensure its permanent prosperity. Further along we come to the King's Chapel, with its massive square tower, and walls built to last for ages. Further on, in the line of buildings, we have the solid Romanesque façade of the Tremont Temple, a decided improvement on the neat granite front of the old Tremont Temple, originally the Tremont Theatre, destroyed by fire a few years since. The Tremont Theatre was run up in 90 days, and opened under the management of the late Wm. Pelby. Many a distinguished performer, now no more, like the old manager, trod its classic boards. The perspective is closed by a sketch of our present office, occupying the space between Montgomery Place and Bromfield Street. We shall soon be in the more commodious building in Winter Street, erected and adapted expressly for our business.



THE LAND OF EDOM.

SCENES IN THE HOLY LAND.

The engravings on this page were sketched expressly for our paper from the Diorama of Jerusalem and the Holy Land, painted under the direction of Mr. W. Beverly, from W. H. Bartlett's original drawings made on the spot. The exhibition of this diorama has just closed in this city, after a highly prosperous season of many months. The views we have selected are among the many striking ones with which the diorama abounds. The first scene lies in the land of which the prophet said: "Also Edom shall be a desolation: every one that goeth by it shall be astonished, and shall hiss at all the plagues thereof." The distant range of mountains, so appropriately described in Scripture as a "nest in the rock," stern, craggy and arid, is here delineated stretching away as far as Petra. At its foot lies a broad, sandy plain, now called the "Arahah," which the Israelites crossed and re-crossed during their wanderings. The desolate appearance of the entire region fulfils the terrible prediction pronounced by the prophet. The long procession seen pouring over the sandy Arabah is the Mecca caravan. The contrast presented by this vast moving column to the silence and desolation which surrounds it, is singularly striking. Akabah, to which the caravan is tending, is one of the stations where a supply of water is obtained—deep wells having been sunk for that purpose, securing an adequate supply. In the foreground, armed and mounted, are the Bedouin guides, who, upon the payment of a tribute, are made responsible for the safety of the caravan across the desert. Behind is seen the mahmal, or sacred camel, which, after carrying a copy of the Koran to Mecca, is exempted from labor for the remainder of its life. The rest of the caravan stretches away in lengthened perspective towards Akabah. During their forty years' sojourn in the desert, the children of Israel must have been miraculously supplied with water. To those who are acquainted with this region and its resources, this supposition is absolutely indispensable to the understanding of the Bible narrative. The second engraving depicts a spot sacred in the eyes of every Christian. In the beautiful and retired valley that lies before us, passed the childhood and youth of the Saviour. "And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene."—Matthew 2: 23. There is no more doubt about the locality than in the case of Jerusalem or Bethlehem. The valley of Nazareth is surrounded and sheltered by hills of moderate elevation, on which large flocks of sheep and goats find abundant pasturage. The modern village probably occupies the same site as that which existed in the time of Jesus; and the cliff from which our view is taken, is supposed to be the identical one from which the infuriated populace sought to cast our Saviour headlong. The supposed site of the dwelling of Joseph and Mary is enclosed within the walls of the extensive Catholic convent seen at the entrance of the village. The distant plain or the Esdraelon is remarkable as being the most extensive within the limits of Palestine of which it may almost be termed the granary. Its broad expanse has been the scene of many ancient and modern battles. Here Josiah was defeated by Pharaoh Necho, king of Egypt; and here, General Kleber, afterwards assassinated at Cairo, with a handful of French soldiers, made good his position against a vastly superior Turkish force, inspired with all the fury of hatred and fanaticism, until Bonaparte hastened from Acre to his relief, and converted the desperate defence of the French into a splendid victory. The distant mountains, on the other side of the plain, are in the vicinity of Samaria. The scenes we have delineated are now visited annually by hundreds of European and American travellers. The dangers of the pilgrimage are diminished if not banished, and there is no quarter of the globe which can be explored with greater profit. Within a small compass are crowded together scenes associated with the most momentous occurrences in the history of man. We behold the mount where the Deity communed with his chosen servant, the leader and lawgiver of the race of Israel. We stand upon that mount where the Redeemer addressed his disciples in words that will never cease to echo in the human heart. At every step the believer finds confirmation strong of the truth of Scripture history; and he must be hardened, who, after here beholding the grand memorials of the past, still cherishes incredulity.



NAZARETH.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I'LL COME AGAIN TO THEE

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

I hear the ripples, low and sweet,
 Of proud Missouri's waves,
They strike upon the Indian's ear,
 And wash old Indian graves;
But mighty waves and mouldering graves
 Have little charm for me;
So weary not, and sorrow not,
 I'll come again to thee.

The buds have widened into leaves,
 On all the forest trees,
And proudly waves the sycamore,
 Before the evening breeze;
The clime is gentle as the sigh
 Thy bosom heaves for me;
But weary not, and sorrow not,
 I'll come again to thee.

The lordly bison crops the grass
 Of yonder prairie space—
You know how thrills my northern pulse
 To join the stirring chase—
But now unharmed the herd may roam,
 The bounding deer go free;
So weary not, and sorrow not,
 I'll come again to thee.

I love the prairie, broad and green,
 The forests, dark and old,
That lie in broad expanse beneath
 The sunset tints of gold—
But O, were they a thousand times
 More beautiful to me,
I'd leave them for my chosen one,
 And come again to thee.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LIFE SCENES LONG AGO.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"*London, Dec.* 25, 182–.—Spent the past night beside the death-bed of Madame de Merveillenx, and listened to her fearful history. Madame de M. died this morning at two o'clock."

The written record is faded and dim. Thirty years have paled the ink, have discolored the paper, and rendered the manuscript indistinct; yet twice thirty years would fail to blot from memory the recollection of that wretched woman and her sad history.

I met her at a quiet London boarding-house—one of those pleasant, secluded city homes, where the world-sick might spend a life-time unnoticed and unknown, though surrounded by millions of their fellow-creatures.

"She is a poor heart-broken lady," said my fat and talkative landlady, after informing me that her house contained one person I had not seen. "I know she has had some dreadful sorrow; but dear heart, she would feel a great deal better to tell it, and not keep all her troubles to herself so closely."

I smiled at Mrs. Brown's evident pique; the good woman was dying of curiosity to know the history of her mysterious boarder.

"She never comes to table, and scarcely ever leaves her room at all; but it is not poverty that makes her so shy, for money is plentiful with her, and I never had so liberal a boarder, nor one who was so little trouble to please—though for the matter of that, I would do anything in the world for the poor thing, if I could only bring a smile on her sad face."

Mrs. Brown left the room; and I must confess that I experienced some little curiosity to behold the individual who could cause the tear of sympathy to roll down the fat, crimson cheek of my jolly-looking hostess. Accident very soon granted my wish, and I no longer wondered at the interest she had excited, for Louise de Merveilleux was beautiful, surpassingly beautiful; and that, combined with her seclusion and sorrow, made her an object of the most heartfelt sympathy to myself. I know not what caused her to depart from her usual reserve with me, unless she read my feelings in my countenance. But certain it is, she took pleasure in my society, sought me constantly, and in my presence evidently found relief of her mysterious sorrow, whatever it was.

Our intimacy gradually increased as time passed on, and two months after my first introduction to the beautiful mourner, I loved her with the fondest sisterly affection, despite at times the conviction that would steal over me, that there was no small portion of remorse mingled with her feelings.

She had told me soon after our acquaintance commenced, that her husband, Captain de Merveilleux, had died on the field of Waterloo. I asked no questions, but still the idea would present itself again and again, that the death of this beloved object—and beloved he was, as I never doubted after seeing her gaze with looks of idolizing affection on his portrait—was not the foundation of those moments of agony, in which her mind seemed torn and distracted with some awful remembrance. I was young then, had parted for the first time with him in whom all my fondest hopes had centered, and it was a painful pleasure to converse with my new friend in the, to me, interesting subject of military life—a topic in which she was evidently quite at home; while I absolutely knew nothing of the profession of my husband, save that in my imagination it was fraught with all manner of dangers.

It was in October that I first met Madame de Merveilleux, and as winter drew near, I could perceive that her health and strength were rapidly failing; that she never could, in all probability, behold another spring. And I was also assured that she herself felt it to be so.

"It is a useless wish, my dear," she would answer to my often and warmly expressed hopes of her renewed health. "I am sinking, my child—rapidly sinking into the grave; nor do I regret the near approach of what will relieve me of all sorrow and regret. But you love me, my dear young friend," she added, seeing the tears I could not repress. "Come here; come close to me, and tell me you love me—that no matter what I may have done; how guilty I may have been; how black are my crimes, you love me. You will love me, and stay near me while I live, and not curse my memory when I am gone?"

And leaning over her pillow, I kissed the fair, beautiful brow. I pressed the transparent fingers in my own, and promised to be to her as a sister. From that hour Louise de Merveilleux grew calmer and happier, and I to the utmost of my ability strove to fulfil my pledge.

I will not linger on the incidents of the next two months; suffice it that she sunk rapidly, and day and night I scarcely left her bedside. She seldom thanked me; but I read gratitude in her eyes, and in the motive that prompted her to amuse me with stories connected with that career in which I felt so deep an interest, and all calculated to remove my unpleasant prejudices, and reconcile me to the "soldier's life." Many times in our pleasant conversation did I feel tempted to ask for her own history, but something always seemed to hold me back when about to make the request; and it was not until the night before her death that she herself alluded to it.

"You have never asked me any questions, my best friend; yet well I know you must feel some curiosity to learn the history of one so friendless and alone in the world as myself. Your patient and delicate forbearance shall be rewarded—if reward it is to reveal to you so wretched a history of crime and misery. Few and short are the hours I have to live, strong as I appear to-night; and ere the dawn of another day, I shall have departed from this world of woe and pain. In telling you my history, dear friend, I must not—dare not linger on the happy days of my childhood; for motherless though I was, my father was all and everything to me that both parents could have been. He loved me, idolized me, and never until his last hour did he thwart one wish of my heart. But on his deathbed, and with his dying breath, did my hitherto kind and indulgent parent crush out all my hopes of earthly happiness, and doom me to a fate than which death itself would have been preferable.

"From earliest infancy my favorite companion and playfellow had been the son of one of my father's brother lieutenants—a handsome boy a few years older than myself. Like me he was an only child and motherless, and our fathers, who were on peculiarly intimate terms, had early planned our union. But circumstances altered my destiny. A large fortune was bequeathed to my parent by a relation he had scarcely known in life. A captain's commission was another link broken; and the death of Lieutenant de Merveilleux completed the estrangement of the families.

"I was now sixteen, and very handsome. It needed not the voice of flattery to tell me this truth. I knew it, realized it, gloried in it, and all for the sake of one I loved better than life itself. My father also knew it, and the knowledge brought hopes of realizing his long-cherished ambition. Many sought my hand whose alliance would have been an honor. I turned coldly from their proffered addresses, and lavished fond thanks on my parent for acquiescing in my wishes. Alas! could I have known his thoughts—his intentions, how great would have been my horror and dismay!

"I was but little over sixteen when my father was taken suddenly ill, and his disease setting at defiance the skill of his physicians, they told him he must die. It is useless to try to make you understand what that shock was like, my dearest friend. Suffice it, that I was dead to the sense of any other misery in the awful certainty of that one great loss; that I stood at his bedside unmovable, hopeless, despairing, and with his cold, clammy hand in my own, I made a promise that in one instant doomed me to misery.

"Weeks of unconsciousness followed; but when strength and reason returned, my first impulse was to ask an interview with him whom my father's dying breath had blessed as my future husband. He came, and nerved by despair, I told him the agony, the wretchedness he would doom me to if compelled to be his wife. I implored, entreated—nay, I flung myself at his feet, and insanely wept and prayed that he would release me; but as well might I have sought mercy from a marble image. He was cold, passionless and determined; and answered my supplications, by cruelly reminding me of the curse my dying parent had invoked on my head should I disobey his wishes. I had exhausted my last resource, and with deadened, hopeless despair awaited the conclusion of my wretchedness.

"We were married, and Colonel Maberly, as if to atone for the cruelty of his previous conduct, lavished on me the fondest attentions and endearments; but I shrank with loathing from his caresses, and spurned his costly gifts with contempt. I knew that each day increased his love for the wife who hated him; but naught could banish the idea of his selfish cruelty in taking advantage of my parent's ambition and my own misery. My husband left the army soon after our marriage. I fancied he was jealous of the admiration bestowed on his young wife, and he hastened to remove me from the society of those he had hitherto been intimate with. We went to a magnificent country house, where all that wealth and taste could procure was combined to render me happy.

"I cannot look back to this period of my life without a shudder, and a bitter feeling of remorse. My husband would have loved me if I would have let him; but I repulsed him with scorn, and returned his kindness with the basest ingratitude. Once only after my marriage did I meet Eugene de Merveilleux. It was agony, and both felt that we dare not repeat the trial. We parted, solemnly pledged to be faithful to each other, and should I ever regain my freedom, to redeem the promise made in our childish years.

"Colonel Maberly, accustomed to gay society and the companionship of his brother officers and friends, suffered much from the loneliness of our magnificently dull home; and I, who might have made it a paradise for him, refused to render it more pleasant. The consequence was he sought to drown his care in wine; and outraged at his conduct when under its influence, I made use of expressions that served to widen the gulf between us. Thus passed six wretched months. My husband gradually grew more and more a slave to the debasing influence of his favorite beverage, and at the end of that time I was in a state bordering on insanity.

"One evening—one fatal evening—he came into my sitting-room more than half intoxicated. It had always been my habit to fly from his presence, but this night I sat still and pretended to be deeply engrossed with my book. Suddenly he ordered me to go to the dining-room and bring him some more wine; and the tone was one he would not have used to the humblest menial in our establishment. I cast one glance at his flushed and distorted countenance, and moved hastily from the room to obey his command. Would to heaven that I had perished in that hour, ere I had stained my soul with crime! I brought him wine; the choicest juice of the southern grape—but it was poisoned! Yes, start not; I say it was poisoned—and by my hand, too!

"He seemed touched at my ready obedience, and made an attempt to apologize for his conduct, thanking me for my kindness, and holding my hand in his own with something of the old tenderness, and I his murderess stood beside him and repented not. But when the glass was lifted to his lips, I covered my face with my hands and rushed from the room; and all that long night I lay on my chamber floor, and moaned and laughed alternately.

"I was free! The physicians came, and with tender tones and compassionate looks informed me that my husband had fallen from his chair in a state of intoxication, and had suffocated on the floor during the night. And I listened calmly, and feigned a sorrow suitable to the occasion; and when they went away, buried my face in the pillow and laughed a maniac laugh.

"I was free! And when at the expiration of a year Eugene came home, I could fling myself into his arms, and exclaim, 'My own! my own!' But the awful crime that I had committed was ever present to my imagination. It embittered all my joys; it turned his caresses into tortures, and his blessings into curses. He seemed surprised that I had become so changeable in my temper, alternately giving way to the wildest mirth, or sinking into fits of the darkest despair; but knowing what I had suffered, he imputed it to my early and cruel disappointment, and ceaselessly strove to banish unpleasant remembrances from my mind.

"Six months after his return we were married. I had hoped that change of scene would drive away the monster that was gnawing at my heart, and we travelled. Restlessly we moved from place to place; vainly I sought to get rid of my tormenting conscience. And at last wearied of change, I begged him to take me home again.

"If I had loved Eugene in my youth and girlhood, I worshipped him now, when the close contact of daily life unfolded the beauties of his character, the thousand endearing qualities of heart and mind, the purity and excellence of his exalted nature. And now a dreadful fear arose in my mind. What would become of me? What should I do, if he at any time should discover my terrible wickedness? The thought haunted me day and night. I knew that he believed me pure and innocent as an angel; that he gloried in the truth, the sincerity, and the spotless character of his wife; and I closed my eyes to shut out the fearful vision of what might be my fate, as imagination pictured the consequences of a discovery. My fears accelerated my doom.

"Sinking under such an accumulation of terrors my strength gave way, a violent fever was the consequence, and for several days I was raving in delirium. My first impression was astonishment at beholding the ghastly countenance of Eugene, as he bent over my pillow; and weak and languid as I was, an effort was made to learn the cause of the fearful change. He gave me a satisfactory explanation, imputing his wearied, haggard looks to anxiety for my safety, and I believed him. I did not dream that through all those weary days of my recovery he bore a secret in his breast that was eating his life away, and that nothing but the danger of giving me a relapse prevented his immediately disclosing it.

"But it came at last. He told me all I had said in my madness, and with wild adjurations implored me to say that my words were meaningless. I could not add another to my many sins; he heard the horrible confession with the calmness of despair, and I knew by the stern brow and unbending gaze that my doom was fixed. Vainly I implored his pity and compassion, vainly besought him to allow me still to dwell with him. He was deaf to my entreaty. My crime was a secret, he said, and a secret it should remain; but never more could he call me 'wife,' never more look on me save with loathing and horror.

"We parted—he to join the army on the continent, I to seek a home in the wilderness city.

"Eugene fell at Waterloo; I have dwelt for ten, long, weary years here in the midst of thousands of my fellow-creatures, unheeded and unknown. My immense fortune I have secretly bestowed on the deserving poor of this city, striving by acts of charity and heart-felt repentance to make some atonement for the crimes of my early days. My hours here are few and short, and I hail with delight the approach of the angel who shall summon me from this scene of my sorrows to a world where I believe my sins have been forgiven.

"To you, and to you alone, have I breathed the wretched story of my life, and if the tale is worth repeating, give it to the world; it will have fulfilled its mission if but one being be warned to shun a fate like mine."

To be singular in anything that is wise, worthy and excellent, is not a disparagement, but praise.—*Tillotson.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HUNTER'S MORNING SERENADE.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

Waken, lady mine, love,
Diamond glances shine—
I would gaze on thine;
Ere I go away, love,
I would say,
"Happy day to thee, love,
To-day!"

Hear the sounding horn, love,
By the breezes borne,
On this merry morn;
Calling me away, love:
"No delay—
Hunter, on thy way, move
Away!"

Hark the baying hounds, love,
On their merry round,
Beating forest ground,
Calling me away, love:
"No delay—
Hunter, on thy way, move
Away!"

List the echoing notes, love,
From their trumpet throats
Dulcet music floats;
Long I cannot stay, love;
Yet I say,
"Happy day to thee, love!
To-day!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BATTLE OF THE BRANDYWINE:

—OR,—

THE "BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS."

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

It was early in the autumn of 1777, yet a golden haze lay basking in peace over the fertile slopes and plains of Delaware. Every natural object was in repose. The rich harvests and the luscious fruits had been garnered, the gay parterres of the garden had been despoiled by rude winds of their variegated honors, and the first falling leaves, as they lay strewn along the pathways, crackled pleasantly beneath the passer's tread. The maples glowed in their gorgeous suits of ermine, the elms were drooping in light golden plumage, the sturdy oaks were stiffly arrayed in orange robes, and the pines shone brightly in their unchangeable green. All nature bore the imprint of that quiet perfection, peculiar to the season.

Yet never—either before or since—have the inhabitants of the State of Delaware been so sorely troubled, as they were in that month of September, 1777. At its commencement, a few of the most patriotic young men, under Cæsar Rodney, were with the army of Washington in New Jersey—others did not pretend to conceal their partiality for royalty over republicanism; but the larger portion of the citizens, although wishing well to the cause of independence, had not the courage to aid in obtaining it, so they remained neutral. All at once, couriers, in hot haste, began to traverse the State, and the royalists assumed a defiant position. It was soon known that the continentals, under Washington, were marching southward to Wilmington, and then it was learned that the British, under Howe, had ascended the Chesapeake. They insultingly proclaimed that they intended to march against and capture Philadelphia, and every Delawarian saw at once that his State, small as it was, must serve as a barrier to prevent this invasion. The irresolute no longer hesitated; and although a few maintained allegiance to King George, recruits were no longer wanting. The new companies were all ordered to Wilmington, and that city, usually so quiet, resounded with the beating of drums. Even the boys caught the martial spirit, and a stand of light French fuses was entrusted to a corps of lads from sixteen to eighteen years of age.

Theobald Delancy, the leader of this youthful band, was a tall, slender stripling, evidently not over eighteen years of age; yet his handsome features had that determined cast which usually accompanies great energy of character. Left an orphan in early youth, he had been adopted and reared by 'Squire Claxton, who was his majesty's receiver of customs until that office had a threatened accompaniment of tar and feathers. Just then, under pretext of a lack of employment, the 'squire unceremoniously gave Theobald "leave to withdraw," and the young man found himself cast adrift in the world, without a dollar and without an enemy. Well pleased with an opportunity to labor honestly, he at once apprenticed himself to a carpenter, and when the youthful phalanx was raised, the apprentice was unanimously elected commander by his comrades. This was but just. It was his eloquence that had fired their youthful patriotism, and he soon showed that he was one of the few who are "born to command."

Everybody in Wilmington knew when the young men were to make their first parade—everybody longed to see the young captain—and not a few wondered what 'Squire Claxton would say. Theobald himself only wondered if he would appear to advantage before Miss Anna Claxton, his old employer's only child. Though but seventeen, Anna Claxton had that half bloom beauty which, as in the rose, gives promise of a magnificent development. Her dreamy eyes were deep blue, her chestnut hair hung down her swan-like neck in flowing tresses, and—and she loved Theobald Delancy. How could she help it, when she had for years been certain that he worshipped her, as the patriarchs of old used to worship the angel guests with whom they were privileged to walk on earth. Even her stern father had at last perceived the growing attachment, and it had been the real cause of his sending his ward afloat into the world; for he expected that Anna's charms would win a baronet, if not an earl, with the wealth he could give her.

Meanwhile the hostile armies approached, and on the day appointed for the first parade of the young corps, the entire militia of Delaware was ordered to repair to Wilmington, where General Washington would arrive by noon. Theobald had his command out at an early hour, and marched them to the square before the court house, where they went through several manœuvres with great precision, to the delight of a crowd of spectators.

"Bravo!" exclaimed a man of lofty stature, who came pushing through the crowd, his gray eyes twinkling with indignation, and his heavy eyebrows frowning in defiance. "Bravo! You are smart little fellows; and if you thrash the king's troops, Georgy Washington should give each of you a horse-cake and a stick of candy! Let me inquire of you, Major-Corporal Delancy, is that ill-favored bluebird on your standard intended to represent a hen?"

A roar of laughter greeted the critic, who was the redoubtable 'Squire Claxton. The standard in question was of white silk, on which an eagle was embroidered in blue—the revolutionary color.

"Ax yer darter! She made the color," said a brawny blacksmith, who appeared quite indignant.

"What! Miss Claxton embroider a banner for rebel boys! Go to your anvil, Friend Macentyre, and beat out truth from its face."

"If truth was in brass, 'Squire Claxton, and I could hammer your tory face, I'd soon have it out. But you mustn't talk about rebels here—or deny that your darter worked that flag on one of yer own white Ingy hankerchers! Look at the mark in the upper corner next the staff!"

The wind just then blew out the ribbon folds, and all could see the well-known initials in the corner. The 'squire appeared infuriated at the discovery, and left, exclaiming:

"Follow your blue hen, like a parcel of silly chickens, but you will soon be plucked by the king's troops."

"Never mind, boys," shouted Macentyre, "you'll show the British yet, that the 'blue hen's chickens' are game, and can pick off redcoats, as a young pullet snaps at grasshoppers."

The sound of trumpets checked further discussion, and the young captain had just time to "present arms," as Washington rode up, escorted by his celebrated Life Guards, in blue and buff.

"Ah," he exclaimed, reining in his charger, and returning the salute with military courtesy, "here are the young recruits, whose roll was sent me yesterday. What is the name of your corps?"

"The 'Blue Hen's Chickens,'" shouted Macentyre the blacksmith. "And your excellency will find them as true as steel."

There was a roar of laughter from the bystanders, and even Washington smiled. "Young gentlemen," said he, "I am gratified by your soldierlike deportment, though I can but regret that those of your years should be forced to take up arms. You will report to General Maxwell, who will attach you to his brigade."

The general then rode off to his quarters, followed by huzzas.

A week passed, and disheartening were its results for the continental cause. The outposts fell back like sheep before the veteran troops of General Howe, and Washington did not dare venture an engagement. He accordingly retreated to Chad's Ford across the Brandywine, leaving General Maxwell to retard the progress of the invaders, and detaching General Sullivan to watch the upper fords. The "Blue Hen's Chickens," as they were called by the whole continental army, were of great assistance at this critical juncture, as each one of them was well acquainted with the cross-roads, and could give reliable information respecting the patriotism of the farmers, some of whom were rank tories.

The British approached nearer and nearer, until—it was the evening of the 10th of September—all felt certain of an engagement on the morrow. The sun had set in clouds, a veil of darkness suddenly succeeding, without that gradual merging of day into night, which is the charm of an autumnal twilight. Dark and heavy clouds rolled furiously over the face of heaven, as if prophetic of a fierce contest on earth; and soon the red artillery of the skies pealed forth after each rapidly succeeding flash, while the rain poured down in torrents. The tents comparatively sheltered the troops, though few even attempted to sleep. Those who did close their eyes evinced by many a convulsive start that the dangers of the morrow were floating before them, nor did their wakeful companions pay much attention to the warring elements. Theobald was one of the anxious watchers for daylight, his heart beating wildly with martial ambition; for he felt that he stood at last upon the threshold of the arena of life, ready to win fame in combating for the liberties of his native land.

"Is Captain Delancy here?" inquired an orderly, peeping through the canvass door of the tent.

"That's my name," replied Theobald.

"General Washington orders you to repair at once to headquarters. A man has been taken at the outposts, who says he has important intelligence, but will give it to no one but yourself."

In half an hour Theobald had reached the marquee, where he found General Washington in consultation with his superior officers. If ever painter or sculptor had desired to embody the ideal grandeur of a patriot, there stood his model. Calm, decided, and with more the manner of a successful farmer giving orders for the preservation of his crops than of a revolutionist seeking to save his country from a tyrant's yoke, he was issuing his instructions for the impending attack, when he noticed the young officer.

"Ah," he said, "here is Captain Delancy. Now bring in the prisoner, and let us examine him. Captain, be seated."

The guard soon entered, and in the disguise of a British drummer, securely tied, Theobald recognized his friend Macentyre.

"I don't blame 'em, Tho," he exclaimed. "But now, gineral, you see the captain of the 'Blue Hen's Chickens' vouches for me. Shall I tell my story—for there's no time to lose?"

It was evident from the man's earnest manner that he had something of importance to communicate, and as Washington nodded assent, all listened with eagerness.

"Ye see," said the blacksmith, "Gineral Howe put up with that old tory, 'Squire Claxton, who's got a bright-eyed darter that this young fellow thinks lots of. Well, to-night, just arter I went to bed, some one knocked, and when I went to the door, who should I see but Miss Anna Claxton! Cutting a long story short, she'd overhearn the Britishers have a council, and while some on 'ems a comin' this way, under old Knipperhousen, the main bulk on 'em, under old Cornwallis, is a stealin' in the storm up the Brandywine. They mean to cross up above Birmingham, and come down between you here and Philadelphy. That's all—now jist untie these ropes, and let me have something to wear instead of this red coat, consarn it."

A rapid cross questioning satisfied all that this important information was correct, and the plans for the morrow were at once changed, Theobald furnishing all necessary topographical information. The sun rose clear and bright, just as the order of battle had been finally arranged, and coffee was brought in by a black servant.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, "let us drink the health of Captain Delancy and his fair friend at Wilmington. May we all live to see these colonies free, and such young patriots happy!"

Theobald's face was covered with blushes; but he was soon relieved from his embarrassment by an order to accompany General Greene, who was to march to the support of General Sullivan. It was a pleasant day, and at noon the reinforcement had reached an eminence about two miles below the spot where the enemy was expected to cross. Sullivan's small force was on the alert, but nothing indicated the presence of a foe; and Theobald began to think that Anna might have been the victim of some deception, when the roar of a six pounder came booming down the Brandywine, and when its smoke had cleared away, the British dragoons were seen fording the stream. Forming as they reached the opposite bank, the air sparkled with the flashing steel that rose over their helmets, and they galloped to meet the foe. As they approached, the continentals fired, emptying scores of saddles; but the squadrons kept on, and soon had penetrated the American line. In vain did General Greene urge his reinforcement forward. They were soon met by the flying troops of Sullivan, and in their turn found it impossible to resist the English cavalry. Occasionally they would falter, like a strong ship when smitten by a heavy wave, but then rally, inspired by the calm courage of Greene, or by the impetuous young Lafayette, who nerved all around him with the valor that filled his spirit. All, however, was of no avail. The British won the day, and had it not been for the chivalrous manner in which General Greene's brigade covered the retreat, Washington's army never would have reached Chester. The next morning, the shattered fragments of the continental column arrived at Philadelphia, where it stopped to recruit. And in the first "orders" issued, especial mention was made of Captain Theobald Delancy.

We will not follow our young hero through the campaign of the Revolution. The "Blue Hen's Chickens" became the pride of the army, and shared in its battles, hardships and privations, until the victory of Yorktown elevated their hopes and invigorated their exertions. Soon independence was acknowledged by England's haughty king, and the silver-toned trumpet of peace was again heard in the land.

Theobald had often heard from Anna Claxton during the war; and on its conclusion, her father had not only become a thorough "Son of Liberty," but boasted of his daughter's engagement to Major Delancy. Nay, when the "Blue Hen's Chickens" returned to Wilmington, he presided at a public dinner given them, greatly to the annoyance of honest Macentyre the blacksmith, who had at first flatly refused to attend.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Theobald, "let bygones be bygones. You wore the British uniform once yourself; and had not the old 'squire entertained the British generals, you would not have had any news to bring. But we must have our godfather present, or the 'Blue Hen's Chickens' will have a stupid time."

"I'll come, major, on one condition."

"Granted—name it."

"I want to kiss Miss Anna when you marry her."

"You may." And he did!

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Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

JAMES T. FIELDS, ESQ.

The accompanying portrait of Mr. Fields, the popular poet and publisher, is from the pencil of Mr. Hill, and drawn and engraved expressly for our paper. In his twofold capacity of author and man of business, the subject of this sketch is extensively known at home and abroad, and a brief biographical notice of him cannot but prove acceptable to our readers. The time has long gone by when the reproach addressed to booksellers, that they were the only men engaged in trade who knew nothing of the wares in which they dealt, was in a measure just; and Mr. Fields is not the only gentleman of the "trade," who graces his profession by the culture of letters, and a familiar and thorough acquaintance with the inside and the true worth of books, as well as with their titles and market value. And if there be any benighted beings who still believe in the grim myth which represents publishers as a sort of ghoul, habitually quaffing blood from the skulls of immolated authors, they need but glance at the handsome and kindly features of our poet-publisher, to be converted from their credulity. James T. Fields is a native of New Hampshire, and was born at Portsmouth. His father, an enterprising shipmaster, died when James, who was his eldest son, was four years of age. Young Fields received his elementary training in the excellent public schools of his native town, and a little later won a proud position in the High School, by his proficiency in the classical languages and his facility in English composition. He was the winner of several prizes at this school, and graduated with distinguished honor. An English poem in blank verse, written when he was only thirteen years of age, drew the attention of Governor Woodbury to his talent, and he strongly advised the young poet to enter Harvard University. This course, which was also recommended by other friends, circumstances induced young Fields to forego; and he came to Boston, and commenced business as a clerk in that establishment in which he is now a partner. It is unnecessary to say that the firm of Ticknor & Fields ranks among the foremost of our American publishing houses. But although Mr. Fields did not enter college, he by no means relinquished study. On the contrary, he was and is a diligent student, and is noted for the extent and variety of his attainments. Well grounded in ancient and modern literature, his first extensive European tour, made a few years since, through England, Scotland, France and Germany, made him acquainted, not only with the most remarkable places of interest in the old world, but some of the most distinguished writers of the age. Of those whom he then met, Rogers, Moore, Talfourd and Mary Mitford are dead. The last named lady, in her "Reminiscences," speaks of him in her kindest tone, and in language unmistakably sincere. She says:—"That short interview (alluding to his first visit) has laid the foundation of a friendship which will, I think, last as long as my frail life, and of which the benefit is all on my side. He sends me charming letters, verses which are fast ripening into true poetry, excellent books, and this autumn he brought back himself, and came to pay me a second visit; and he must come again, for of all the kindnesses with which he loaded me, I liked his company best." The poetry of Mr. Fields is distinguished by ease, grace, simplicity and purity of sentiment. He has not written much, but he has written well; and he is equally felicitous in the pathetic, and in the humorous vein. A very happy specimen of his humor was the poem read by him at the Publishers' Festival, in New York, a little more than a year ago; with plenty of fun, it was just sufficiently dashed with satire to make it palatable. His poetical style is entirely untainted with the verbiage, the turgidity, the extravagant imagery, and the piled-up epithets which disfigure many of the productions of the modern English muse. Willis says of Mr. Fields's poems: "They are scholar-like in their structure, musical, genial-toned in feeling, effortless and pure-thoughted. He has a playful and delicate fancy, which he uses skilfully in his poems of sentiment; and a strongly perceptive observation, which he exercises finely in his hits at the times and didactic poetry." The productions thus alluded to have all been thrown off at intervals of leisure, and without serious effort; but the careful critic cannot fail to find in them evidences of a latent power, which deserves to be fully developed. Mr. Fields must not rest satisfied with developing that of others. And in this connection we may be permitted to remark, that Hawthorne's splendid romance, "The Scarlet Letter," owes its existence to the accuracy of Mr. Fields's literary judgment. It was originally but a brief sketch. Mr. Fields saw the capabilities of the material thus wasted, and it was at his urgent solicitations that the author wrought out the vein, the wealth of which he had not suspected. We have alluded to Mr. Fields's first European tour and its results. His second was undertaken in 1851. On revisiting England he was very warmly received, and the literary coteries and clubs of London gave him a hearty welcome. He was complimented publicly at a corporate dinner, and the speech he made in reply was received with unusual enthusiasm. Among the spectacles he witnessed in Europe were the terrible scenes in the streets of Paris consequent on Louis Napoleon's *coup d'etat*. In the collision between the troops and the people on that occasion, he came very near losing his life—the point from which he witnessed the tragedy being within the range of the cannon. Among the memorabilia of this tour were a winter in Rome, passed in the study of antiquities, and the acquisition of De Quincey's friendship. To have rambled over the most interesting scenes of Scotland with De Quincey is something which any man may well be proud to remember. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, it may be here remarked, have published the best, and indeed the only complete edition of De Quincey's works extant. The extent of the service they have thus rendered to literature, and the honorable character of their relations with the author, may be gathered from the following passage in a letter of the English opium eater to Mr. Fields, accompanying his autobiographical sketches:—"These papers I am anxious to put into your hands, and, so far as regards the United States, of your house exclusively; not with any view to future emoluments, but as an acknowledgment of the services which you have already rendered me—namely, first, in having brought together so widely scattered a collection—a difficulty which, in my own hands, by too painful an experience, I had found from nervous depression to be absolutely insurmountable; secondly, in having made me a participator in the pecuniary profit of the American edition without solicitation, or the shadow of any expectation on my part; without any legal claim that I could plead, or equitable warrant in established usage—solely and merely upon your own spontaneous motion." Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have recently received a similar and flattering testimonial from the poet Tennyson, who acknowledges with gratitude the remuneration he has received from the proceeds of their sale of his works republished by them. Mr. Fields made his debut as a lecturer some time since with complete success. His poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University was a brilliant performance; and that upon "Eloquence," one of his longest productions, has been read before numerous societies with unvarying applause. The subject of Mr. Fields's most popular lecture, "Preparations for Foreign Travel," is one on which he was abundantly qualified to write and speak. His views, as expressed in this lecture, are sound and sensible, and his advice exactly of the kind needed. Too many persons are in the habit of rushing abroad without due preparation—ignorant of the history of foreign countries, and not too familiar with their own. Before closing this outline sketch, we cannot forbear quoting an impromptu in verse, addressed to Mr. Fields by one of our most distinguished literary men, whose friendship is indeed an honor. This little complimentary tribute is written in a pleasant vein, and has unusual felicity for an occasional composition:



JAMES T. FIELDS.

"Dear Fields, it is a pleasant thing to find
My name upon a page with yours conjoined.
For us that launch upon a sea of ink
Our fools-cap argosies, to swim or sink,
No better flag than yours, to sail beneath,
Ere felt the sunbeam's kiss, the breeze's breath
The ogre publisher, whom poets paint,
That sucks the blood of authors till they faint,
The stern pacha of Paternoster Row,
Whose scowl portends 'the everlasting No,
Is a mere myth to us, who see in you
A heart still faithful to the morning dew.
Had I a draught of Hippocrene unstained,
'Tis to your health the goblet should be drained.
Large sales your ventures crown: and may your books
Reflect the cordial promise of your looks."

No one who knows Mr. Fields will accuse the writer of the above tribute of having been too unduly biased by friendship in his estimate of his character; and those who enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance will acknowledge the justice of our own remarks regarding him.



NEW CAPITOL OF KANSAS, AT LECOMPTON CITY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE CAPITOL OF KANSAS, LECOMPTON CITY.

The view of this fine building, now nearly completed, on page 12 of this number, was drawn expressly for us, partly on the site itself, and finished from the beautiful drawings of the architect. The building, which stands on a commanding eminence on Capitol Hill, is of stone, with a tin roof, surmounted with a beautiful observatory, and the whole is calculated to be done and finished in the most thorough and substantial manner. The extreme length is 137 feet, extreme width 93 feet. The body of the building is 109 1-2 feet long by 65 1-2 feet wide, and 62 1-2 feet in height to the apex, presenting four fronts, with a colonnade portico on each, 14 feet wide and 65 feet long. All the ornamental portions on the outside are of iron, and the capitals of the columns are of the Corinthian order, with full modillion cornice. The basement is five feet above ground, and eight feet in the clear, and will be occupied for the offices of the district attorney, marshal, etc. On the first floor above basement are the supreme court room, library, offices of the auditor, treasurer, librarian, clerk of the supreme court, and three committee rooms for the legislature. On the second floor are the senate chamber, hall of representatives, and offices of the governor and secretary. The senate chamber is 35 by 45 feet, and is to be finished in the Grecian style of architecture. The hall of representatives is 45 by 60 feet, with a gallery, and is to be of the Roman Corinthian order; the arch cornice over the speaker's seat is to be surmounted with three eagles, the coat of arms of the territory, with the territorial motto inscribed beneath them. The supreme court room is to be finished in the Doric style. The whole plan reflects great credit upon the skill of the designer and architect, Mr. Rumbold, of St. Louis, and the energy with which the work is being pressed forward by the authorities is highly praisoworthy.

LA FELA.—This is the novel title of a new and very elegant cigar store, lately opened at No. 206 Washington Street, Boston. The stock of the establishment has been especially selected in the Havana market by the proprietor personally, and none but the genuine weed is to be had at his counter. The curious will ask what does "*La Fela*" mean? In the West Indies, the merchant always chooses some pretty fancy title for his store, such as God-speed, Virtuo, the Sun, Buona Vista, and the like, never using his own name as a sign, and thus we find "*La Fela*," which is a soft and beautiful female name. Those who indulge in the weed will find it in its rarest excellence and delicacy here.

ENGLAND.—Lord Palmerston has rendered himself unpopular, by forbidding the military bands playing in the London parks on Sunday.

SPLINTERS.

.... The revised code of North Carolina prohibits duelling under very severe pains and penalties for fighting.

.... At the South they have had some very fine showers lately and the crops look very promising.

.... Ripe cherries are hanging on the trees now and strawberry beds glow with their luscious scarlet fruit.

.... Blackwood's Magazine says there are nearly 11,000 boats engaged in the Scotch fisheries.

.... Thirty-four guns of the line-of-battle ship North Carolina weigh 7300 pounds each.

.... The last words of the Emperor Severus were, "Let us work!" A good motto for the battle of life.

.... A man, for removing a rail from the New Albany and Salem Railroad (Ind.), has been sentenced to two years imprisonment.

.... The Emperor Faustin's subjects have rebelled against his august majesty. It has a dark look.

.... The ammoniacal waters of gas are said to be death to insects which infest fruit trees.

.... An experimental illumination by heat has been successfully tried in Dublin—*doublin'* the light.

.... Queen Victoria's steam yacht is as large as the Persia. Why don't she come over here?

.... They have been having an earthquake in Arkansas. Was it not the people shaking with chills?

.... The tribunal of Vienna have sentenced Dr. Goldmark to death as a rebel. He is laughing at them in New York.

.... The London Times is now printed on an American press—one of Hoe's lightning arangements.

.... People are beginning to crowd down to Nahant. The sail per steamer is highly refreshing.

.... Everybody persists in calling the Swedish nightingale Jenny Lind, in spite of Otto Goldschmidt.

.... Marshall P. Wilder, an "ancient and honorable" citizen, commands the "Ancient and Honorables," this year.

.... Soon after Mr. Thomas Barry's marriage to Miss Clara Biddles, he was serenaded by a band, T. Comer leading.

.... There was a splendid exhibition of horses at Vergennes lately—mostly Black Hawks and Morgans.

.... The men who set fire to ship George Washington at Talcuhuano, have to serve thirty years in the chain-gang.

.... During the present summer, many of our wholesale merchants will close their stores Saturday afternoons.

.... Great times these for Ike Partington! Squibs, pin wheels and crackers are prevalent.

.... Everybody is going to Europe this summer, and everybody else to Saratoga and Newport.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

As our journal goes to press a little in anticipation of its date, we are writing on the eve of the celebration of our great national jubilee. We are yet to hear the pealing of the bells, the roaring of the cannon, the reports of the fire-arms, the hiss of the soaring rockets, and the din of other popular demonstrations; we are yet to see floating from every staff and pinnacle, that glorious flag with its constellated stars and alternate rays of red and white, never seeming brighter and prouder than on the Fourth of July, hailed as emblematic of the union of the States.

We have some friends on the other side of the Atlantic, well-wishers among the liberals in Europe, who, with all their yearnings for free institutions, yet doubt their practicability,—timid men, who fear that this republic, as a confederacy of sovereign and independent States, will never see its centennial anniversary. Domestic broils and jangles, the threats of demagogues, political quarrels here and there, industriously circulated abroad by the janissaries of despotism to discourage the friends of freedom, have certainly inspired doubt of our political stability. But we only wish our good friends of the other hemisphere, or a representative of them—Lamartine, for instance, who, drawing near the close of his career, despondingly exclaims, "God help humanity, for man cannot!"—could be with us on this our national festival.

Here they would see the people in their strength, in their joyousness and their gratitude, going up to their altars to revive memories of the past, to hear again the lessons bequeathed to them by the immortal fathers of the republic, and to renew their vows of loyalty to the Union and the constitution. On this day of days, the spirits of Washington and his compeers are in our midst. Their words, repeated by the tongues of thousands of orators, are caught up by millions, whose responsive thunders of acclamation tell us that the fire of American patriotism burns as bright and pure as ever.

We wish that, on this day, every man in the republic, in addition to the Declaration of Independence, could read Washington's Farewell Address, a priceless legacy to his countrymen. Every sentence, every word in that address, was carefully weighed, and there is scarcely a line or letter in the document that any patriot would desire to see changed. Written on the eve of a presidential election, it is untainted by a shade of partizanship. Solemn and calm, it is undisfigured by a single appeal to passion, or a single effort at display. As an eulogy on the blessings of the Union, and an argument in behalf of its preservation, it has never been equalled.

The great principle of self-government, applied on a vast scale, which Washington pronounced "well worth a full and fair experiment," has stood the test of time. It has carried this country through many a momentous crisis,—through the fierce struggles of party, through the bloody test of foreign wars, and we are still a united people. Expansion of territory has not weakened the force of union. The young heart of California beats as warmly for the common weal as that of the "Old Thirteen," comrades in arms through the storm and strife of the Revolution. And if any still doubt the fraternal spirit of our people, let them wait till a foreign foe once more threaten us; then it will be seen that a family of thirty millions can be banded as closely in upholding the honor of their flag as a nation of three millions, and that the spirit of independence alone can fuse a vast diversity of local interests in one common mould. With all her energies concentrated for the holiest and highest purposes, America can stand against the world.

VOLUME ELEVEN.

With the number of Ballou's Pictorial in the hands of the reader, we come before the public with number one of our eleventh volume. It will be observed that we appear in a new dress throughout—new type, fresh heading, and bright in all departments. We cannot let this opportunity pass, without briefly thanking the hundred thousand regular patrons of this journal for their continued and unchanging support. Our paper has assumed a position that it will continue to maintain; fortunate from the outset, being the pioneer of all illustrated papers on this side the Atlantic, we have never circulated so largely as at the present writing, which shows that the public taste has increased for good, pleasing and instructive illustrations, coupled with refined and entertaining miscellany. Were it not for the egotism of the thing, we should be pleased to publish some of the friendly letters which we are constantly receiving from parents, acknowledging the excellent, moral and educational effect of our weekly visits to their home-circles, inculcating a taste for reading, a knowledge of men and manners all over the world, of localities, of natural history, and, in short, of a vast mine of intellectual wealth that young and old would else know not of. We shall still continue to exert ourself to the utmost to make Ballou's Pictorial a welcome visitor to all classes, and to all ages that gather about the hearthstone.

THE GREEK ADVENTURER: *or, The Soldier and the Spy.*—This admirable novelette, now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*, has met with a demand which has rendered it necessary for us to keep our presses running night and day. Lieutenant Murray, the author, is one of the most fascinating writers of the times.

EARNED HIS MONEY.—The British East India Company have granted a pension of £5000 sterling to the Marquis Dalhousie, during whose administration four kingdoms were annexed to their territory. John Bull don't like annexation when we practise it.

THE POISONER.—The most eminent English counsel are engaged on both sides in the trial of the notorious Palmer, whose doings we chronicled at length in the Flag some weeks since.

ITALY.—Things in Italy look squally. The European powers, in obedience to the spirit of the age, are determined to do something for the down-trodden Italians.

SCENES IN THE RING.

SPALDING & ROGERS'S RAILROAD CIRCUS.

The admirable performances exhibited at this splendid establishment were so brilliantly successful, recently, at the Public Garden in this city, and have given so much pleasure all over the country, that we devote, without hesitation, the whole of our last page to a representation of some of the most striking feats, delineated by our talented artist, Mr. Barry. On the upper part of the page, at the left and right, are grouped together the "American Brothers;" in the centre is the "Levater Lee Troupe," and below, the daring equestrian, James Robinson, in his unparalleled feats. The "American Brothers" are a band of six gymnasts from different portions of the United States,—Hercules Libby, Henry Omar, Charles Noyes, John Davenport, Frank Rentz and Joe Hazlitt, surpassing all of their kind in physical excellence, and have originated a series of gymnastic feats peculiarly novel, interesting and astonishing. The evolutions and combinations of corporeal pictures by Libby, Davenport, Omar and Rentz, on two tall, unsupported ladders, in which the eye scarcely keeps pace with the celerity of their movements, are beautiful and surprising. Libby, Davenport and Rentz—the two latter suspended in a variety of positions upon a pole thirty feet long raised in mid air by the former, transfix the spectator with wonder, not unmingled with fear for their safety; while the antipodean exercises of Omar, with a heavy globe, on the top of a slender perch, reaching almost to the apex of the pavilion, supported by Noyes, brought down the house with the enthusiastic applause they deserved. The "Levater Lee Troupe" consists of Levater Lee, and his children—Augusta, John and Steve. John is a young Adonis in beauty and grace, and Augusta a Terpsichorean paragon; but Steve, the pantomime clown of the troupe, is *par excellence* the star, though only eight years of age. He has the fun and nonchalance of a Grimaldi. John and Augusta were born in Paris, while Steve, who first saw light in London, presents many of the characteristics of John Bull. The Levater Lee Troupe have been especial court favorites in London and Paris; have several times contributed to the royal fetes by command of their majesties at St. James and St. Cloud; and Steve is especially proud of an episode in his young life, in which Queen Victoria, at the Drury Lane Theatre, in her enthusiasm, sent for him to the royal box, and kissed the little jester in the presence and to the delight of her subjects. This troupe is engaged for the new amphitheatre in New Orleans, the coming winter. James Robinson, the equestrian, differs from all other stars that have yet appeared in the equestrian firmament, in turning backward somersaults over canvass obstacles and through small hoops, on a *bareback horse*, at full speed,—a feat never accomplished by any other rider, and very rarely, even, by any equestrian on the broad surface of a two by eight foot pad. This, however, constitutes but a small portion of his superiority. The most startling effect is produced by his lightning quickness, the great speed of his horse, the certainty and apparent ease with which he retains difficult positions on his flying courser, defying the laws of gravity, and to sum up—the symmetry of his person, engaging features, and remarkable grace. All the most difficult feats which other riders are proud in executing on a pad, Robinson makes child's play of on his nude horse, while his *chef-d'œuvres* have never been dreamed of, much less attempted, by the most celebrated equestrians. Robinson is about twenty-two years old, was born in Charleston (his real name is Fitzgerald), is engaged by Messrs. Spalding & Rogers for their new amphitheatre in New Orleans, next winter, and at an enormous salary for an European tour, next summer.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Goddard, Mr. David Ayers to Miss Martha E. Huckins; by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. S. B. Simons to Miss Almira N. Mason; by Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. B. F. Welch to Miss Sarah M. Snow; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. Henry Flanders to Miss Delia P. Kingsley, of Jamaica Plain; by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Charles W. Badger to Miss Mary C. Fowler; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. George F. Alvord to Miss Margaret J. Murphy.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Alexander Stuart to Miss Fannie A. Learned.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Dr. Pryor, Mr. William B. Perry to Miss Susan L. Russell.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. James M. Sweetser to Miss Sarah S. Whiting, both of South Reading.—At Newtonville, by Rev. Mr. Pettee, Mr. Horace W. Barry to Miss Helen Carter.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Leeds, Mr. Noah Brooks, of Dixon, Ill., to Miss Caroline A. Fellows.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Dutton, Mr. Edward Snow to Miss Melintha Wright.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. George F. Raymond to Miss Jane R. Bradbury, of Livermore, Me.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Burt, Mr. Philip H. Wing, of North Fairhaven, to Miss Mary M. Martin.—At Springfield, by Rev. Dr. Ide, Mr. John Damon, of Chesterfield, to Miss Elizabeth A. Loomis, of Williamsburg.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. John Perkins, 60; Mrs. Sarah Cushing, 73; Mrs. Nancy, wife of Mr. Isaiah Knowles, 43; Winthrop Blanchard, 17.—At Charlestown, Hon. Timothy Thompson, 79; Mrs. Mary L. Waitt, 38; Widow Sarah G. Pillsbury, 78.—At West Roxbury, Mrs. Jane R. Sampson, 35.—At Auburndale, Miss Caroline E. Ware, 15.—At Malden, Miss Mary Smith, 22.—At Dedham, Mrs. Nancy D. Brayton.—At Lynn, Mr. Joseph Bickford, 39; Widow Lydia Brown, 66; Mr. Nathaniel B. Osborn, 42; Mr. Benjamin B. Oliver, 74.—At Salem, Mr. Charles M'Mahan, 72.—At Marblehead, Mr. Nehemiah Preble, 84; Widow Sarah Melzard, 72; Widow Eliza Wiuslow, 84.—At Wrentham, Capt. Robert P. Holmes, 34.—At Lowell, Mr. Thomas Dodge, 67.—At Abington, Mrs. Abigail W. Beal, 42.—At Fairhaven, Capt. Silas Allen, 78.—At North Fairhaven, Mr. Alfred Morse, 79.—At Dartmouth, Mr. Peleg Slocum, 92.—At New Bedford, Miss Sarah R. Bennett, 35.—At Hamilton, Mr. John Tuttle, 77.—At Spencer, Mr. Chales E. Denny, 40.—At Barre, Mrs. Rosina White, 46.—At Petersham, Mr. Jotham Peckham.—At Pelham, Widow Sarah Kingman, 78.—At Williamsburg, Widow Lucretia W. Bodman, 78.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOST

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

Gems of faith and truth!
The dew of life's morn has flown;
Vanished, the visions of youth,
Innocent childhood's gone!
Vanished, the hopes of life!
Vanished, the visions of time!
Heaviness, woe and strife
Pay for a sounding name.

Drearily over the wide world roaming,
Tremblingly peering through the gloaming—
Horrid shadows flitting by;
Visions of past wasted moments—
Life's bright gems in scattered fragments—
All around me lie;
Listening to the storm-king's thunder,
I, all weary-hearted, wonder
Why I may not die:
Die, and sleeping on forever—
Dream: the soul awaken—never!

"Lost!"
A seat near the blood of the feast,
A station near the throne;
"In the kingdom of heaven—the least"—
So much of life is gone!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ASMODEUS IN SAN FRANCISCO:

—OR,—

A NIGHT IN A GAMBLING HOUSE!

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

In the hard winter of '50, I was in San Francisco, nearly penniless and with no immediate prospect of obtaining a situation. My board bill was rapidly lengthening, while my exchequer was becoming beautifully less. These facts had been brought home to mind one evening with particular force, by a gentle hint from my worthy landlady at our evening meal; and as I sat over my small fire and fingered my last doubloon, I had almost resolved to rush to a monte table and either increase or lose it.

While musing the fire burned down, the light became dim, and I had lost all note of time, when a light tap came at the door. Supposing my landlady, who often dropped in on her way to bed to take a slight drop of whiskey punch, was speculating on the probability of my being awake, I at once responded, "Come in!" Straightway the latch was noiselessly turned, the hinges without the customary creak revolved, and slowly entered—not my bustling landlady—but a tall, pale, elderly man, dressed in black, with hat in hand, and that self-possession and tact of manner, that bespeak a man of the world, and can cloak the most thorough impudence of act with the semblance of polite and friendly attention. Drawing near the table at which I sat, the stranger bowed gracefully, and in a musical and insinuating voice observed:

"I have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Stanhope?"

"You have, sir," I replied, wondering where he got his information. "May I have the honor of knowing whom I address?"

"O, I am a very obscure individual," said he, with an odd sort of emphasis on the word "obscure,"—"my name is of little consequence."

"In the church, I presume?"

"Ahem! why—no, not exactly—though I have a warm interest in some of its affairs."

"Ah, in the law, perhaps?"

Thoughts of some unpaid bill made me finger my doubloon.

"No—I never *take*, though I have been accused of *giving* a retaining fee."

"Will you permit me to ask what *is* your profession?" I inquired tartly, nettled at his manner of avoiding my leading queries.

"I'm surveyor-general," said he, with a quiet smile.

"Well, please despatch what you may have with me, sir, as speedily as possible."

"Humph!—few people deal with me in haste, with their own will. You'll not be in so great a hurry when you know me."

"I say, stranger," I exclaimed, "I suppose you think it a good joke to walk into a gentleman's private room at this time of night, without saying who or what you are."

He leaned over the table and whispered in my ear—no matter what—it was sufficient.

Marine reader, you probably know what is expressed by the term "taken aback." I was in this position, on receiving this whispered communication; for some moments I sat—every nerve and sinew paralyzed, every artery beating like the hammer of a fulling mill, and "each particular hair" twisting like a young black snake with horror. The bland tones of the stranger's voice, however, soon reassured me, and I ventured to steal a look at his extremities, to see if his feet had any little peculiarities about them. The stranger laughed as he observed me, and tapping his boot with a long, flexible black cane, exclaimed:

"Pshaw! you'll see nothing of *that*. The boots are *Farr's* own, and *sans reproche*."

"That's a neat cane you have," said I, trying if my tongue could perform its office.

"Yes," he replied; "guess what it's made of," handing it to me.

"Whalebone?"

"No."

"Hippopotamus hide?"

"No."

"India rubber?"

"No."

"What *is* it then?"

"My *tail!*"

"Your t-t-ta-tail?" I stammered, hastily dropping the candality.

"Yes," said he, gravely. "I found it inconvenient in society, but unwilling to part with an old friend, I had it mounted with gold, and you see it makes a stylish rattan—but come, you were just thinking of trying your luck at a gaming table. Should you like to accept my arm as a cicerone?"

"I should like it of all things—but—that—is—are there any—"

"O, make yourself easy; there are no conditions, I assure you. I have no mercenary motives, but will show you what you might not otherwise see."

After a short walk, during which I observed my friend recognize many of our first men, as though they were "auld acquaintance," we reached the doors of the P—— saloon, one of the palatial gaming houses of San Francisco. Eschewing the lower and more public room, we passed directly up the stairs and knocking in a peculiar manner, were admitted to a room brilliantly lighted and fitted up with luxurious splendor, displaying tables loaded with fruit, wines, and other refreshments. Mirrors at either end reflected an apparently endless vista. The guests here were few, and seemed, by their jaded, haggard appearance, more like escaped maniacs than sane men; these were evidently the unfortunate wooers of the fickle dame, fortune; for otherwise they would not have lingered on the entrance to their elysium.

Declining all refreshment, we walked to the end of the apartment, and opening the door (a large mirror), which skilfully concealed the entrance to the adjoining room, we entered a smaller and less gaudy hall, containing one large centre table and two or three side tables. The crowd was at the long, oval, green-covered board, where was dealt rouge et noir; each end was divided into compartments, marked respectively red and black. In the centre of the table sat two men on raised seats, the groom porter and the croupier, before whom were the cards and the glittering pile of gold—the bait for fools. Lights overhead with shades threw all their power on the bank, while all beyond was in gloom.

A confusion of noises broke on my ear, together with the cry of the croupier: "Make your game!" "Game is made!" etc.

"A coup has just been dealt," said my companion, "and as this next is the last of the deal, we will observe; sit down."

"Game is made, gentlemen;" and the croupier began dealing.

"Twenty-five black," said he, as he laid down five or six cards.

Those whose money was on the red, where the largest stake lay, brightened, while their opponents became heavy; and one man, who had piled up his ounces to a large amount on the black, groaned and covered his eyes with his hands as if not to see the anticipated loss.

"Thirty! black wins!" said the dealer, as he laid out a second line of cards.

"Hurrah!" shouted the man of the ounces, laughing hysterically.

"Fury! it's not possible!" said a pale, anxious man, whose little all was on the red.

"Shall I count the cards again?" questioned the dealer.

"Lend me five hundred on that," said a showily dressed individual, as he passed a diamond ring to the banker.

"With pleasure, sir—here it is," was the soft reply.

"Can you let me have ten dollars?" asked a gentlemanly looking, but meanly clad, young man. "I have lost my last dollar!"

"What have you as security?" returned the harpy.

"Nothing but my word of honor that I will repay you; but you may trust me."

"That's not negotiable; game is made, gentlemen."

"O, do not trifle with me," said the applicant, his voice choking with emotion. "It is—it is to buy my wife and children bread! I have lost my whole quarter's salary to-night, and who will assist me—who will aid a gambler?"

"Can't help it," replied the first speaker; "you should have more prudence—we don't force gentlemen to play. There's a man has won a thousand of me to-night, and I don't ask *him* for a loan—all can't win."

"God help me!" said the unfortunate, as, dashing his hat over his eyes, he prepared to leave the room.

"Tell the porters not to admit that gentleman again, till further orders," said the banker to a servant; "which will be when he receives his next quarter's salary," he added, in a whisper.

"Now look behind you and see a more private peculation," said my friend.

At a small table, with many anxious lookers-on, was a person dealing the game of faro, while a single man seemed to be playing. I at once recognized him as Sam B——, a well-known millionaire, who had accumulated his fortune during the early excitement by land speculations, some of which were rather questionable.

"B—— has already lost five thousand dollars to-night; he is now about to bet ten thousand on a single card, having become excited; go and whisper in the ear of the dealer that he is a friend of yours, that you have observed his tricks, and will expose him."

Seeming to feel some mysterious impulse over my powers of volition, I obeyed. The dealer nodded, gave me a wink and slipped a dozen eagles into my hand, smiling meanwhile as if doing a meritorious action. The cards were pulled, and B—— lost.

"I cannot keep this money," said I.

"Why not? The dealer robbed his victim."

"To him then it belongs."

"Not at all—he cheated the Mormons, whose treasurer he was."

"Well, then it is their property."

"Why, yes—but as there are some hundred thousand to divide it among, you had better keep it, more especially as B—— will not pay his losses."

"Not pay! why has he not staked the amount?"

"O, no; he is well known, and his word is deemed good for any sum; however, you will hear to-morrow that he repudiates all gambling debts; thus you can test, if desired, the mooted question whether gambling is protected by law in the 'Gold State' or not."

"Make your game, gentlemen—last deal to-night—only cards for three coups more," vociferated the banker.

Two successful ones for the bank followed.

"Last turn, gentlemen."

Hoping to recover, or at least mitigate their losses, many of the players staked their remaining funds on the coming event, and every eye was bent with deep anxiety on the dealer.

"Thirty-one," said he; and the stakes were raked into a marked space where they were to remain for the decision of another coup

"Thirty-two black—thirty-three—red loses," said the croupier, dragging in with his long rake the heaps of money, and returning the trifling bets on black, since in a "*tiente un apres*" the winning bets are not paid.

As play was announced to be concluded, all left the apartment save the two dealers of a monte table and ourselves; and, just as we were on the point of going out, voices in apparent altercation were heard in the next room, and the door being thrown open, two athletic young men, apparently intoxicated, rushed in.

"Hillo, old boy!" exclaimed one of them, addressing one of the monte dealers, "not going to shut up yet, are you?"

"Finished for this evening, sir," he replied.

"O, you have already turned three hours of morning into evening; I don't think it will make odds if you add an extra one to the account. Come, wake up and look here;" and he pulled a long bag of gold dust from his pocket—"I mean to lose this or break your bank, before morning."

The sight of the money, and the apparent drunken state of the young man, was too much for the cupidity of the dealer; glancing knowingly at his partner, he seated himself at the table, and commenced his game.

"Well, gentlemen, I will accommodate you, though I assure you I have no desire to keep open longer."

"These young men," said my mentor, "are brothers, lately from the mines. They have been fleeced of large sums, and have feigned drunkenness to put these fellows off their guard, and have determined to have full revenge should they discover foul play. Keep your eye on the dealer—you will see sport anon."

Resolved to assist these men, if necessary, I sat silently watching the *denouement* of the affair. For sometime all went on well—the stakes were not large, and all seemed fair. The brothers generally bet on the same card, and I noticed that the ace and queen seemed favorites with them both; at last they increased the stakes and the dealer became anxious—glancing at his partner with peculiar significance, he gave him the cards, and arising, passed out of the room, saying he should return immediately.

"He is going to prepare a pack expressly for these men; in technical terms, he will '*wax the queens and aces;*' in fact, make a perfectly sure thing for himself."

The fellow soon came in, and, as he seated himself, slipped a pack of cards in the drawer where the spare ones were deposited.

"Now, sir," said he, "I will try you."

And taking this very pack, he threw out an ace and a knave. The brothers both placed a large sum on the ace, and the dealer began to draw; for a long time neither appeared, but at last the knave came up. In an instant a grasp like a vice was on the dealer's throat.

"Villain!" shouted the young man, shaking him as a dog would a rat. "I've caught you at last!"

The confederate who sat opposite, was seized by the other brother at the same moment, and thus stopped resistance or cry for succor.

"Scoundrel!" resumed the former speaker, "you thought us drunk, but here is an ace," and turning back the dealt cards he showed an ace stuck to the back of another card—"come, refund the money you robbed us of, or it will go ill with you! You will find the amount here." And he handed a piece of paper with his left hand, still keeping his hold of his throat.

"My—dear—sir," gasped the wretch, unwilling to part with his spoils, though shaking with terror, "my good sir—we have—lost so—much—immensely lately—"

"*Pay it*," said his antagonist, sternly, "or—"

The ominous click of a pistol filled up the pause.

"Allow me to go—and fetch it—from my—my bureau down stairs," stammered the rascal.

"What! and alarm your friends? No, no, my fine fellow; fork up, or take the contents of this."

And he pressed the cold muzzle of a pistol to his cheek. The argument was too cogent—the sum demanded was counted out, and quietly pocketed by the brothers, who, giving the swindlers a brace of hearty shakes, walked off in great glee.

* * * * * * *

"I will now bid you good night," said I to my companion as we stood again in the open air.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared he, in a tone that petrified me with horror, "do you think I part company with my acquaintances so easily?"

And seizing me by the arms, he dragged me forward with such rapidity that I could not even tell the direction we were taking. Suddenly he stopped. I turned to remonstrate with him. As I looked at him his countenance changed: it broadened—reddened—smiled!

"Eh! ah! what! Brown, is that you? Why, where is—O, I see;" opening my eyes to the full extent. "I've been dreaming!"

This fact was evident, for there stood Brown, who roomed beneath, and the bright light of day was streaming in at the window. That pitcher of punch, now empty, and the "Der Freischutz" of the night previous at the Adelphi, had caused strange dreams.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Miss Charlotte Cushman is engaged to appear in New Orleans next winter. —— One of the men of the celebrated freebooter Lafitte, named James Campbell, died at Virginia Point, Texas, lately, in the 70th year of his age. The Galveston Civilian says that Campbell was in the navy in 1812, attached to the frigate Constitution, and participated in her brilliant engagement with the Guerriere. He afterwards joined Lafitte, and was his favorite lieutenant. —— The hostile Indians in Florida are variously estimated at from two to five hundred warriors. —— Hon. John M. Niles, formerly senator in Congress from Connecticut, and Postmaster-General under Van Buren, died at Hartford, lately, in the 69th year of his age. His disease was cancer in the stomach. —— The best fire annihilator that has yet been invented is a cord of green hemlock bark. —— The New York Times, in alluding to the fact that the late gale blew off the roof of Burton's Theatre, remarks: "It is not the first time that a theatrical manager has suffered from an injudicious puff." —— Duncan Gray, a respectable farmer of Jasper county, Iowa, was accidentally shot dead by his son. —— Mr. George Benkert, an American composer of music, has been spending several years in the prosecution of his art in study under the best composers of Germany. His works have received flattering encominms from the musical periodicals of Germany. —— The clipper ship Snow Squall, Capt. Gerard, ran from New York to Rio Janeiro in thirty days—the quickest trip on record. —— The Medical Specialist says that one great error that we commit is, that we drink too much at our meals. —— In the address published by the Spanish minister Alcadia, to the people, in October, 1794, was the passage:—"I have given directions for a general fast throughout the kingdom, in order to implore the assistance of Almighty God. But, notwithstanding this, do not despair, or think your affairs irretrievable." —— The corner stone of the Maine State Seminary, a Freewill Baptist institution, was laid in Lewiston, lately, with appropriate ceremonies. —— A man in Orange county, New York, was found one night climbing an overshot wheel in a fulling mill. He was asked what he was doing. He said he was "trying to go up to bed, but somehow or other these stairs wont hold still." —— A line of powerful screw propellers is shortly to commence running between New York and Cork. A wag says that it is to be called the Cork-Screw Line. —— Santa Anna, the ex-dictator of Mexico, is living in great style at Tabaco, four miles from Carthagena, in New Grenada, South America. He is said to be worth the sum of $4,000,000. —— If you will look at the shape of France on the map, you will see that she looks like an old sea-dog, without legs or head, "squaring off" at England in a bob-tailed pea jacket. England looks as if she had a "poor show." —— A letter from Washington says the proposition to change the navy yard from Charlestown to Newport, has died a natural death, nobody having moved in the matter. —— M. Montigny, French consul in China, says that the Chinese mix arsenic freely with the tobacco which they make, and those who do so are described as "stout fellows, with lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, and rosy as cherubs." —— In Cincinnati, Ohio, J. P. Kalapza, who was Kossuth's aid-de-camp in the Hungarian army, obtained a divorce from his wife Kara, on the ground of wilful absence for three years. —— The secretary of war has, by actual experiment, proved the entire success of artesian wells on the plains of the Mesilla Valley. One well, seven hundred feet deep, supplies an abundance of good water. —— The Home Journal tells of a lady who has worn, at one time, as many as *thirty skirts!* We do not know what is the usual number, but the above seems to us like a few too many. —— At Funchal, Madeira, it is the fashion to wear white boots instead of black ones. A lump of chalk serves in the place of the blacking-box and brush. —— A terrific hurricane recently passed over a portion of Dallas county, Texas. Its course was from north to south, a distance of sixteen miles, extending from east to west two or three hundred yards. The tract over which it swept was completely devastated. Nine persons were killed, and a great many wounded.

STRAW BONNETS.—The manufactnre of these articles in Foxboro', Mass., is a great branch of industry. The Messrs. Carpenter manufacture straw bonnets to the amount of $2,000,000 a year. Their main building covers several acres; in it are employed 500 persons, and in private houses in the adjoining towns some 3000 more are employed. Some of the ladies of Foxboro' earn $500 a year in this occupation.

BINDING.—We are now binding up in our neat, substantial and uniform style, the past volume of the Pictorial, in full gilt, at a charge of *one dollar* each. Our agents at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis, will bind in similar style at one dollar and a quarter, thus putting the work into a form for lasting preservation, and greatly increasing its value.

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THE MARKETS.—Butter goes off very freely in the hot weather; pigs hang heavily on hand, especially those taken by the leg; and eggs suffer in consequence of the pressure.

JUG PERFUMERY.—J. Russell Spalding, at No. 27 Tremont Row, sells a delicious rival to Lubin called Jug Perfumery, and at one quarter the cost.

ROUND THE RING.—At New Bedford, lately, there were no fewer than five circus companies in full blast—and plenty of sperm in port.

Wayside Gatherings.

The fare from St. Louis to Boston is only $28, or a little over two cents a mile.

The National Congress of Bogota has passed a decree declaring Carthagena a free port.

A petite comedy, called "Tit for Tat," has been written for Mrs Bowers by Col. J. S. Wallace of the Philadelphia press.

A few days since, a negress, working on a farm a few miles from Lynchburg, Va., found a lump of pure gold worth $113.

The camels brought out by the ship Supply, for the United States government, were safely landed in Texas.

The gipseys issued from India "a long time ago," and settled in Hungary and Wallachia, spreading from thence into other countries.

Henry Hopkins, the lawyer and postmaster who robbed the mail at Island Pond, Vt., has been found guilty, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

The population of the United States is now over 25,000,000, making nearly 6,000,000 families; of these, it is believed, more than 1,000,000 are without the Bible.

The legislature of Wisconsin has again refused to re-establish capital punishment—the bill to repeal the anti-hanging act having been rejected in the assembly by a majority of *one*.

The "New York Teacher," conducted by a board of twelve editors, under the supervision of Alexander Wilder, claims to have the widest circulation of any educational journal in the world.

We see it stated that travelling on the Lord's day, in the Sandwich Islands, except *in the direction of a church*, is strictly forbidden by law. Wonder what they do with people who travel home *from* church?

At a meeting in Philadelphia, a few days since, it was resolved to endeavor to raise $5000 in that city towards the establishment of an American chapel in Paris. A committee was appointed to collect the money.

In an article in the Medical Reformer, the editor remarks that as, in the spring of the year, the sensibilities of the digestive organs are increased, the full diet of winter will, if persisted in, tend to induce fever.

Two brutes lately raced their steeds from Auburn, Cal., to Sacramento and back, 77 miles. One, a mule, was dragged and beaten by several men during the last 15 miles. The horse either died or was abandoned on the road.

The Highland Society of Newcastle have resolved to present Sir Colin Campbell with a large and elegantly chased silver snuff-box, inlaid with gold, as a mark of their high estimation for his distinguished services in the Crimea.

The late Dr. Warren, of Boston, left particular directions in his will for the injection of his body with an arsenical solution, for a minute *post-mortem* examination, for the preparation of his skeleton, and for its preservation in the cabinet of the Medical College.

Mr. Blackstone, who figured in the early history of Boston, had the following grant made to him, which, at this day, is worth a pretty penny:—"It is agreed that Mr. William Blackstone shall haue 50 acres of ground sett out for him neare to his howse in Boston, to enioy for ever."

French soldiers at Constantinople are said to be dying off in a most frightful manner, with a disease intermediate between scurvy and the typhus fever. A number of doctors have also died, and recently one committed suicide because he had failed to discover a remedy for the complaint.

One of the oldest papers in Northern Europe is the official gazette of Sweden, the *Postoch Inrikes Tigning*. It was founded in 1664, during the reign of Queen Christiana, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus the Great; and the present year is, without interruption, its two hundred and eleventh anniversary.

Mrs. Sarah A. Bullock, of Granville, N. C., has transported the editor of the Clarksville (Va.) Tobacco Plant to the seventh heaven of delight by sending to him a bunch of asparagus, some of the spires of which measured twelve and a half inches in length and three and one-eighth in circumference!

In India, according to the Rev. Mr. Walpole, any man of the place who may be inclined to matrimony, if he happen to be pleased with any of the girls whom he sees in passing, throws an embroidered handkerchief on her head and neck; the girl is then obliged to return home, regards herself as betrothed, and appears no more in public!

A physician of extensive practice says, in reference to the vast number of experiments witnessed by him in the use of chloroform, that it is not by any means necessary to carry the absorption of the chloroform to the extent of destroying all power of movement—in fact, that there is danger in crossing the line which separates motion and its abolition.

Turkish fire engines are laughable contrivances for putting out fires. They are nothing but little force pumps, standing in a copper basin capable of holding, perhaps, four pails of water. The reservoir is supplied from a fountain by a row of Turks, who pass the water in buckets. The hose for these "machines" is carried around the neck of some Turk, and the firemen move at a dog trot.

Mr. and Mrs. Crisp took a benefit at the Gaiety, New Orleans, lately. He was called out at the end of the performances and made some appropriate remarks, when suddenly, from one of the side boxes, he was presented, in the name of the citizens of New Orleans, with a beautiful service of silver. In returning thanks, he remarked that "although devoted to the *service*, he did not expect to win the *plate*."

The curability of insanity, if placed under suitable treatment within the first year of its duration, is stated by commissioners appointed to investigate the subject in Massachusetts, to be as high as 75 to 90 per cent.; but if a second year is allowed to elapse before restorative measures are resorted to, the cures would be less than one-half that proportion. After the fifth year has passed, almost all hope of recovery may be abandoned.

The annual commencements of the various medical schools in Philadelphia have just been held, and from the returns made of the number of graduates, the following summary is derived:—Jefferson Medical College, 215; Medical College of the University of Pennsylvania, 142; Medical Department of the Pennsylvania College, 38; Philadelphia College of Medicine, 21; Homœopathic College of Pennsylvania, 37; Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, 28. Total, 480.

A berth for steamships and sailing vessels has been invented, with a view to prevent, by its use, sea-sickness. At the bottom of the berth are two wide convex pieces, or battens, from the centre of the under side of which converge heavy steel springs, which are hooked to the sides of the berth. These springs are made to possess considerable elasticity, so that the person who occupies the berth will always preserve his balance, no matter how much the vessel may be tossed.

Foreign Items

M. Ponsard's last comedy, "L'Honneur et l'Argent," has produced the author the sum of £4000!

The King of Naples is said to look with intense suspicion upon the Anglo-Italian legion, now at Malta.

M. Kossuth has addressed several very sympathizing audiences in Scotland lately. The Austrian concordat is the great subject of his oratory at present.

It is expected that but small supplies of grain will be obtained by merchants who seek it at Odessa; but in the Sea of Azof it is probable that large quantities can be had.

A letter from Bucharest says, that not content with plundering everybody about them, the Austrian troops have taken to plundering the churches also. No less than forty-five have been robbed lately, including some Protestant chapels.

Aldershott camp has its theatre, a building of the Noah's ark style of architecture, where the officers get up amateur performances. More fortunate, however, than their brethren in the Crimea, they enjoy the assistance of lady professionals for female characters.

The Sub-marine Telegraph Company is about to resume and complete its line from the island of Sardinia to Cape Bon, so that Paris will soon be placed in telegraphic communication with the colony of Algiers. The marine cord has been reduced from seven to three cords.

The Count de Montenuovo, the son of Count Niepburg and Marie-Louise, the widow of Napoleon, is now a lieutenant field marshal in the service of Austria. He has still in his possession the famous collar of rose-colored pearls which the first emperor gave to Marie-Louise when they were married; and his wife, the Hungarian duchess Bathiany, now wears it in the drawing-rooms of Vienna.

Sands of Gold.

.... An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.—*Swift.*

.... Pictures drawn in our minds are laid in fading colors, and, unless sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear.—*Locke.*

.... False shame and fear of blame cause more bad actions than good, but virtue never blushes but for evil.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

.... It is hard to personate and act a part long. Therefore, if a man thinks it convenient to seem good, let him be so, indeed.—*Tillotson.*

.... A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

.... Truth, like the juice of the poppy, in small quantities, calms men; in larger, heats and irritates them, and is attended by fatal consequences in its excess.—*Landor.*

.... The water that flows from a spring doesn't congeal in winter. So those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity.—*Addison.*

.... Vanity in women is not invariably, though it is too often, the sign of a cold and selfish heart; in men it always is; therefore we ridicule it in society, and in private hate it.—*Landor.*

.... There is a great difference between an *act of prudence* and an *act of justice*. In one case we consider what we shall gain or lose in the present world; while in the other case, we consider also what we shall gain or lose in the world to come.—*Stewart.*

Joker's Budget.

If a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents' worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to buy another barrel?

Some people turn up their noses at this world as if they were in the habit of keeping company with a better. Whom that cap fits let him put it on.

A young American woman being asked by a boring politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

A gentleman once observing that a person, famous in the musical profession led a very abandoned life, "Ay," replied a wag, "the whole tenor of his life has been base."

Jacobs, in one of his advertisements, declares that his drums, among other articles which he has for sale, "*can't be beat.*" Will he be kind enough to tell us what they *are* good for, then?

A lady asked her gardener why the weeds always outgrew and covered up the flowers. "Madame," answered he, "the soil is mother of the weeds, but only step-mother of the flowers."

Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

"No man," said a wealthy, but weak-headed barrister, "should be admitted to the bar who had an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," said Mr. Curran, "how many acres make a *wiseacre?*"

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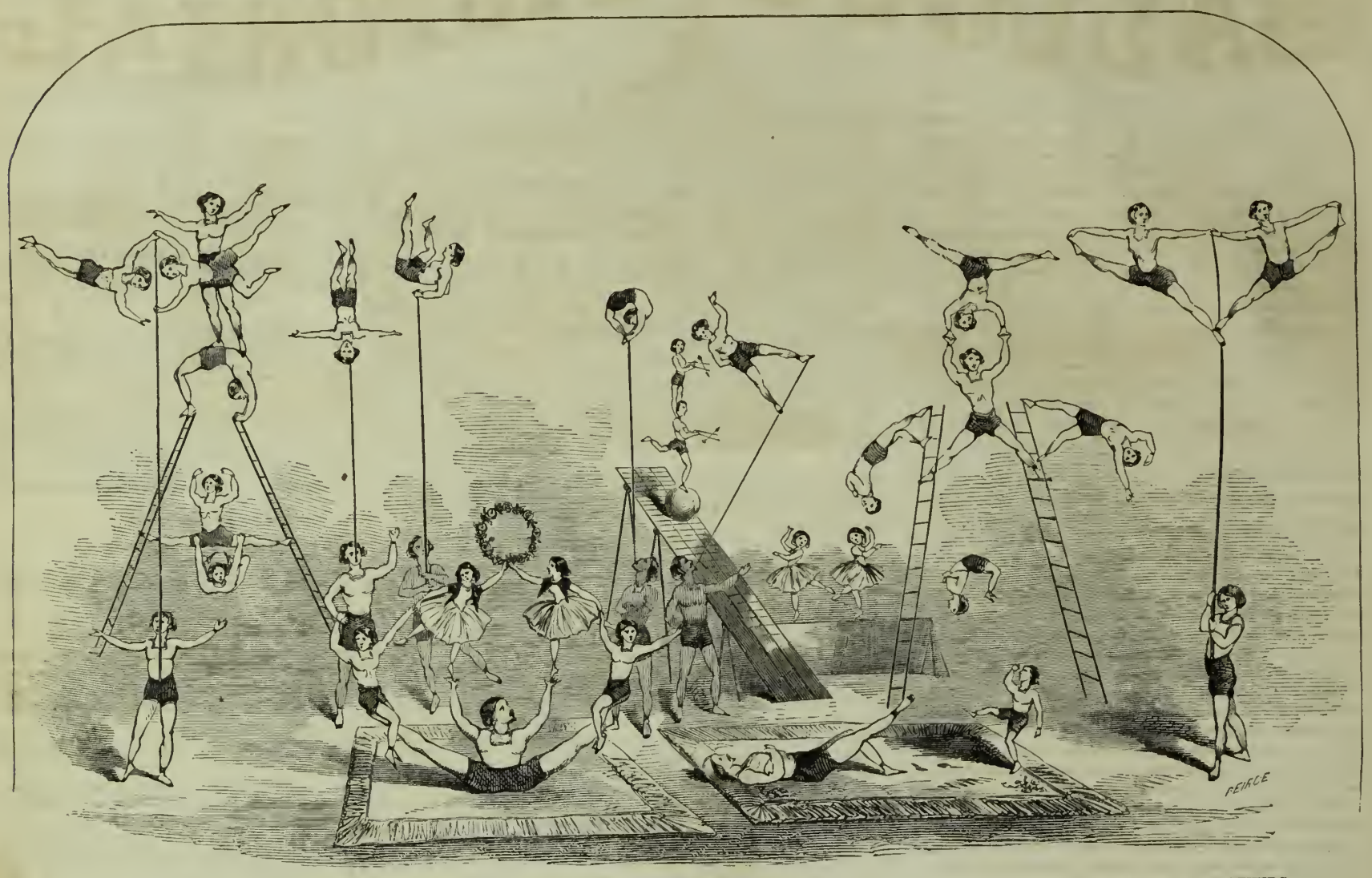
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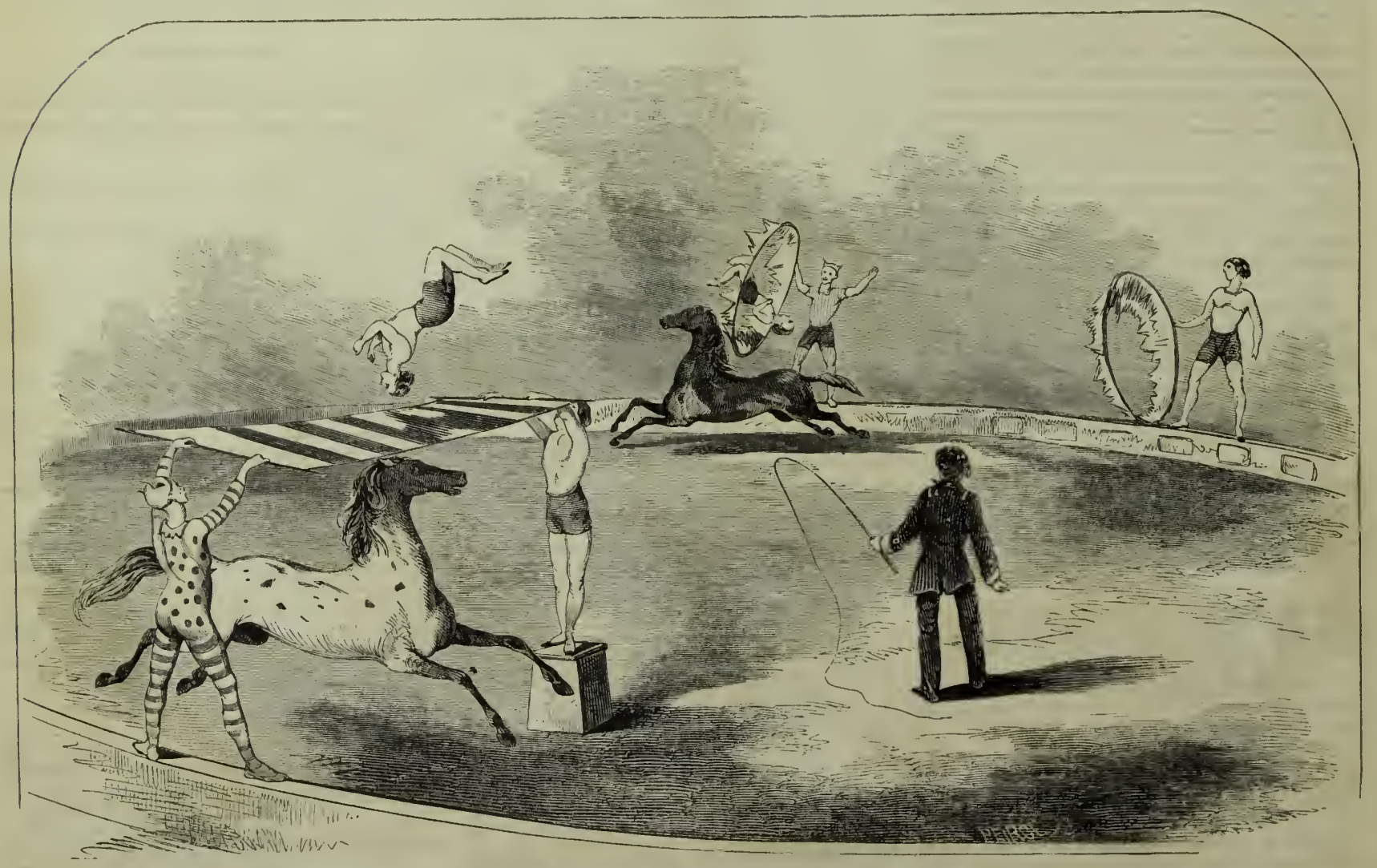
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SHOT TOWER, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

The engraving on this page is from a drawing made expressly for us on the spot, recently, by Mr. Kilburn, and is one of a large number of local views by the same artist, now in the course of preparation, and illustrating American cities. The St. Louis Shot Tower is situated in the northern part of the city, and forms quite a prominent object in its appearance. The tower is of brick, seventy-six feet in height, with a diameter at the base of thirty-three feet, and at the summit of eighteen feet. It was built in 1846. An idea of the vast amount of business done may be accurately formed from the fact that three hundred and eighty-three pigs of lead are here manufactured into shot daily, and nearly the whole of the valley of the Mississippi is supplied from this establishment. The location of the shot tower is very picturesque, being surrounded by low buildings, which add much to the artistic appearance of the place. The large building to the left of the tower is the St. Louis Steam Sugar Refinery, an exceedingly commodious building, which does a very large business. Its architectural appearance is by no means discreditable. In the foregrounnd the mule dray is a specimen of the teams much used. As, in No. 12, of our last volume, we described the process of making shot, and alluded to the various shot towers in this country, we refer our readers back to that article—a description of the shot tower at Baltimore—for these details. St. Louis is a very interesting city. It is a port of entry, and the seat of justice for St. Louis county, Missouri, and is situated on the right bank of the Mississippi River, twenty miles below the entrance of the Missouri, and 1124 miles above New Orleans. The extent of the city is seven miles by the curve of the Mississippi, and about three miles back. It is well laid out with broad streets, generally intersecting each other at right angles. Their width varies from sixty to one hundred feet. No city in the Union has improved more rapidly in its public buildings. The new court-house, when completed, will have cost about half a million of dollars. It is constructed of Genevieve limestone, occupies an entire square, and somewhat resembles the Capitol at Washington. The new city hall and the new custom house will be noble buildings. The cathedral, built of polished freestone, has been much commended for the elegance of its design and the elaborateness of its finish. In the tower is a chime of bells, one of which weighs 2000 pounds. It is impossible to do justice to a city like St. Louis, in the brief space to which we are necessarily limited, but a brief historical notice of the place will not prove uninteresting to our readers. The site on which it stands was selected by Laclede, with particular reference to the wants of the fur trade, as early as Feb. 15, 1764. For fifteen years, closing 1804, the average annual value of furs collected here, was $203,700. The population, up to this time, was somewhere near 2000, and fully one half of the inhabitants were trappers and voyageurs, who only made it their residence for a small portion of the year, the remainder being occupied by them in travelling and in trapping. Up to 1820, the population had only increased to 4598. In 1822, St. Louis was chartered as a city, the name being that selected originally by Laclede in honor of Louis XV. of France. Soon after this settlers began to flow in from the State of Illinois, and the basis of a most flourishing commerce was thus established. In the year 1829, the last keelboat disappeared, and steamboats took the place of the former slow and unwieldy river craft. In 1840, the population was 16'469. In 1850, the total population was 77,850, to which large additions have been subsequently made, until the present population, if we include the suburbs, is over 100,000. We have in preparation a series of views illustrating buildings and streets in this thriving city, from the same pencil which executed that upon this page, and which, before long, we shall lay before our readers. The "Pictorial," as well as all our other publications, may be obtained of our agent, Mr. E. K. Woodward, whose place of business may be found at the corner of 4th and Chesnut Streets. We are indebted to our friends of St. Louis for a liberal patronage.



SHOT TOWER AT ST LOUIS, MISSOURI.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

VISIT TO BRIARFIELD HALL.

On the morning with which this chapter opens, Eleanor suddenly conceived the idea of riding over to Briarfield; and as soon as breakfast was concluded, ordered her horse to be brought round. In five minutes she was dressed and mounted for her ride. As she moved across the park, she caught sight of Morley Briancourt, standing at the window of his apartment, as she turned her head. She waved her handkerchief for an adieu, and saw his own waving in answer. "Poor Morley!" she said, mentally. "I am sorry I was so reserved last night. I am afraid I wounded him. And then riding off alone, this morning. But, at least, he knows now that I am not offended with him for anything."

And she kept on her way. Lightly Selim swept along over the mossy swells of the great park, and beyond, in the direction of Briarfield. The morning air was delicious. It filled Eleanor with happy animation, and imparted to her sparkling countenance a more charming brilliancy than ever; and when she reached Briarfield, her bright eyes beamed brighter than twin stars, half veiled by thin curling lashes. She cantered lightly across the park, and meeting a groom, dismounted and gave him her horse. Then she approached the house, and entered the great stone porch. The hall door was wide open, but no one was visible. On a seat just within, lay a silver-mounted riding-switch and a gentleman's glove, but she did not observe them. A great, shaggy, black dog, lying on the hall mat, in the morning sunshine, attracted her attention. He raised his massive head as she approached, regarded her steadily for a moment, and then lay down again and closed his sleepy brown eyes.

Eleanor laughed. "A courteous salutation, sir!" she said, merrily; "but I think you are a stranger here. Where did you come from, I wonder?"

"O, is that you, Eleanor?" said a pleasant voice from some little distance,—"is that you, Eleanor? I am glad you have come."

And there entered the hall, from a door at the lower end, a young lady, carrying a basket of freshly cut flowers, which she placed upon a table, as she came to meet her guest. It was Mary Latimer, a fair, gentle, thoughtful-looking girl, of some twenty years, with brown hair, simply braided beneath the straw garden-hat she wore, and kindly brown eyes, filled with quiet smiles, as she greeted Eleanor Ashby. But there was the faintest shadow in the world, of seriousness, in those pleasant brown eyes, and she was somewhat pale, as could be more plainly perceived, from the white morning dress she wore.

"My dear Eleanor, I am glad to see you," she said, coming forward and holding out her hand. "I was wishing you would come over, this morning. So you are making acquaintance with Leo?"

"Leo—is that his name? What a noble fellow! But to whom in the world does he belong? And what makes you so white, my *dear* Mary?" and her merry accent quickly became one of surprise and concern, as she noticed Miss Latimer's paleness.

"O, you must ask but one question at a time," said Mary Latimer, stooping down to stroke the dog's head, and speaking gaily, to conceal a momentary embarrassment. "I am not ill, Eleanor, and nothing serious has befallen me, unless it is a serious happiness;" and she smiled. "For Hugh has got home, and this is his dog."

"Hugh has got home? How glad you must be!" said Miss Ashby, smiling in her turn, and with the warm beams of sympathizing pleasure sparkling in her bright eyes.

"Indeed—indeed I am glad," replied Mary Latimer, earnestly. "He came home last night. But come in and lay aside your hat. I want to talk with you." And she led Eleanor into the little breakfast-room, opening from a door at the further extremity of the hall. "Aunt Dorothea is up stairs, and quite busy, I believe," she continued. "Sit down on this lounge, Eleanor. Let me untie your hat."

Eleanor, laughingly, seated herself, and lifted her pretty dimpled chin while her friend untied the hat ribbons. Mary Latimer's slight fingers loosed the knot mechanically; for her eyes were fixed thoughtfully upon the bright countenance before her, with a glance which, at first smiling, grew into gravity as she gazed.

"Mary—why, Mary Latimer, what are you thinking about?" cried Eleanor, earnestly, almost alarmed at the unusual expression of her friend's features this morning

Mary Latimer answered by taking Miss Ashby's sparkling face between her hands, and pressing a kiss upon her lips.

"I was thinking how beautiful you are, Eleanor," she said, simply, and with touching earnestness. "How beautiful you are," she repeated, "and how dear!"

She ended by kissing Eleanor again; then laid the hat aside, and went to the door in the hall. "Hugh!" she called, softly; and then came back and stood by Eleanor, lightly and tenderly smoothing Eleanor's clustering dark hair.

"Hugh is coming in to see you," she said. "We have been talking about you."

Hugh Latimer came up the steps from the garden. He was little more than six-and-twenty; his slender figure combining at once grace, power and dignity; his countenance handsome, earnest, and full of intellect; his deep, full, hazel eyes beautiful with the soul that beamed from their shadowy depths. A cloud of dark hair surrounded his fine brow, that, naturally pale, stood out in yet fuller relief from its shadow masses with a classic beauty of outline.

Eleanor Ashby saw him through the great glass doors ere he entered, and marked all this with a single brief glance.

Mr. Latimer had heard his sister welcoming her guest, and had caught the name. He came in through the hall, stopping to hang up his straw hat, and then came to the door of the breakfast parlor. He paused a single instant ere he entered, his eyes resting on the countenance of Miss Ashby, who sat opposite the door. Directly, however, he came in, and Mary Latimer presented her guest. The introduction was a merely mechanical process, for she was observing the countenance of her brother. She had seen there what Eleanor had not—an indefinable expression—something like surprise, and agitation, though she could not construe it plainly,—as he paused before entering. And when he entered, there was a faint tinge of sudden red fading gradually away from his handsome brow.

Eleanor was pleased with the combined beauty and dignity of the face she met now for the first time; and though, at first, she was conscious of a slight restraint in his manner, a reserve which perplexed Mary Latimer herself, he seemed gradually, with an effort, to throw it off. Then he was himself. He forgot everything but courtesy to his sister's guest, and resolutely cast every foreign thought aside; for troublesome thoughts there were in his breast—a pain to which the first sight of Eleanor Ashby's face had given rise.

The presence of Hugh Latimer somewhat subdued Eleanor's arch and sparkling disposition this morning; but the just perceptible restraint which she exhibited, diffusing its softening influence throughout her whole demeanor, compensated for the absent charms of her natural vivacity, in the slight deepening of color in her fair cheek, the softer light in her sparkling eyes, and the unconscious diffidence of her manner.

Mary Latimer's glance rested with pleasure and admiration on the face of her beautiful friend. Eleanor looked charmingly after her ride, and Miss Latimer turned from her to her brother, to note the impression he received, for she was anxious that he should like her. She beheld in his countenance an expression which could not be mistaken—an expression which assured her that the praises she had bestowed on her friend while in conversation with him had been by no means too warm. Yes—he certainly admired Miss Ashby, and not only admired her, but was pleased and won by her beauty and girlish grace; and yet, at times, there was visible in his face that incomprehensible, perplexing look which had crossed it so mysteriously the moment when, on entering the apartment, he beheld Eleanor. What did it mean? She asked herself more than once while she sat there, and every time diverged only further from the correct explanation of the matter. Her first impression—that Hugh had seen her before—seemed, after all, nearest to the truth.

Eleanor, as Miss Latimer was not alone, stayed but a brief half hour, and then went away. Hugh Latimer and his sister accompanied her to the hall door, while the groom brought round her horse. Hugh placed her in the saddle, and then, after watching her for a moment, as she rode away, went into the house again. Miss Latimer lingered awhile at the door, till Eleanor was out of sight, and then followed him.

He was standing, with folded arms, by the bay window of the breakfast-parlor, looking out upon the lawn. His face was turned from her. He seemed to be wrapt in a profound reverie. She hesitated a moment before she spoke. Becoming aware of her presence, he turned around.

"Well, Hugh," she said, "did I do Eleanor justice?"

"No more than justice, warm as you were in her praises," he answered, seriously.

"She is very beautiful, then?"

"Beautiful?—she is charming, Mary!" and he sighed.

Mary's countenance brightened with pleasure.

"What was it that so agitated you when you were coming in here, after I called you from the garden? You seemed astonished—startled. I have come to the conclusion that you have met her before."

"No—I never met Miss Ashby before," said Hugh.

His sister regarded him inquiringly for an instant. He seemed to feel the glance, though he did not look at her, and once more that faint flush passed over his brow. Moving away, he took one or two irresolute turns up and down the apartment, in silence, and with his eyes cast down. Then he came to her side again.

"You think, Mary," he said, "that, notwithstanding, my agitation was in some connected with her. And you are right. I will tell you how. You may think me foolishly romantic—indeed, I have often thought myself so, with regard to this matter; but I do not think of that to-day. My romance has turned out too painfully for me to think now of its foolishness."

He paused a moment, with his eyes fixed sadly upon the floor. Mary Latimer gently pressed the hand that held hers, in kindly and affectionate sympathy, but refrained from speaking.

"Mary," he said, presently, lifting his head, "did I not write to you, during the fourth year of my stay abroad, of a visit I made to an artist's studio in France?"

"Levoisier's?"

"Yes. The first time I went there, I found him engaged on what he declared to be the most perfect piece of work he had ever undertaken; and, smiling at his raptures, entreated him to let me see it; for he had refused to exhibit it until it was completed. He allowed himself to be persuaded, and I saw the picture. It was a female head merely, but, though still imperfect, yet the face was such an one as one meets but once in a lifetime. The arch loveliness of its features and expression was blended with such purity and innocence, such sweet and charming animation, that I could but admire it in silence. I confess that it was with much earnestness that I entreated him to tell me whether it was a fancy sketch; for I desired, if it was a portrait, to behold the original. He assured me that it was copied from a likeness of the original; but he could not tell me who she was, or where she resided. It was probable, however, that she was an English lady, since the miniature was in the possession of an English gentleman, who had mentioned her as a relative, and who had allowed him to transcribe the picture. I was to leave Paris that day. There was no time to discover more than he could tell me, and I had conceived a strong desire to learn something further concerning the beautiful original of the picture. I thought I would, at least, possess the portrait, if it were possible. Levoisier utterly refused this for a long time. At length, however, my entreaties prevailed. By the time of my departure it was completed, and delivered to me at his own price. I carried it with me. It has been my companion ever since. Here is a copy of it." And he drew from his breast a small golden locket, within which Miss Latimer beheld the countenance of Eleanor Ashby. She had guessed this at the commencement of his story, and this sudden denouement was not so surprising as delightful.

"I do not wonder that it charmed you, Hugh," she said, smilingly, regarding with earnest pleasure the sweet pictured face that seemed, so life-like was it, to smile upon her in return.

"Nor will you wonder, I think," he returned, "that, looking upon it day after day, as I did, and each day with increased pleasure, I found my desire of beholding the one whom it represented growing deeper and stronger. That I came to regard those beautiful features, so sweet, so arch, so winning, with a feeling of tenderness. And finally, Mary, to meet with her under such circumstances, do you marvel that it gives me pain?"

"No, indeed, Hugh," said Miss Latimer, sadly. "O, Hugh, if she were only free!"

She threw her arms about his neck, and pressed her lips to his cheek. He held her tenderly to his breast, returning the caress with a brother's fondness. There was a happy vision in the mind of each—a vision that it was too late to bring to reality.

"Hugh," said Mary, after a brief pause, "who could it have been that possessed Eleanor's likeness?—the person, I mean, who allowed Levoisier to copy it? Must it not have been Mr. Briancourt? He was in Paris last year."

"Then he was the man."

Miss Latimer was silent and grave for a few moments. Then raising her head, she said:

"*You* would not have shown Eleanor Ashby's miniature to be copied by another, Hugh?"

"No delicate or honorable man would have done so, Mary."

"O, if you had only met Eleanor before, Hugh, or that she were free now!" said Mary, again, with gathering tears.

Her brother bent and kissed her.

"It is no time to think of that now; it is too late—too late, Mary!"

CHAPTER V.

A TROUBLED MIND.

No slumber visited the eyes of Morley Briancourt that night after the murder of the gipsey, Maidu. The first flush of excitement and exultation passed, a feeling of horror seized him. How he reached home, he scarcely knew; but he found himself in his chamber, at Ashby, pacing the floor from side to side, with a nervous shudder shaking every limb. Unscrupulous, daring, bad—all this was Morley Briancourt. There was little evil that he had not committed; but he had never deliberately taken the life of a human being before, and now he experienced the sensations of a murderer—an assassin. Yet, desperate as had been the deed, it was his only way to escape destruction; for he could not—he *would* not give up Eleanor Ashby, and to wed her, with Maida at hand, ready to blazon forth his crimes to the world, was ruin.

He endeavored to turn away from the contemplation of the deed, to picture to himself how much he had saved, how much he had gained by it; for he was secure that Eleanor knew nothing definite against him, and he persuaded himself that her strong mind and clear sense would rise superior to the temporary influence of a mere suspicion, grounded only upon the words of a wandering gipsey woman, with no deeper foundation, and incapable of confirmation.

Thus the night passed, and the morning dawned. As we have seen, he did not join Eleanor and her uncle at breakfast; for his mirror showed him, after the night's harassing vigils, a countenance so pale and haggard that he shrank from subjecting himself to their notice and their inquiries.

An hour after, as he was still pacing his apartment to and fro, he paused before a window, whence he beheld Eleanor herself, at a little distance in the park, riding her white horse, Selim. And even as he gazed, she turned her head, discerned her lover, and waved her snowy handkerchief. Morley Briancourt's heart leaped with exultation at this signal, so simple in itself, so important—so all-important in its signification. She was his own again. The bar of suspicion had been overleaped. His first impulse was to order his own bay and join her, but even while he hesitated, she was at such a distance that he relinquished the idea.

Sir Edward Ashby, as was not unusual, remained secluded in the library during the entire morning; and Morley Briancourt wandered, solitary and restless, from one spot to another, about

the mansion and the park, till Eleanor's return; turning, with a shudder, from the contemplation of the bloody deed of the night before, and endeavoring to confine himself to the thought of the security which he yet enjoyed with Eleanor, despite Maida's efforts to the contrary. But in vain. The memory of that white, dead face would come back—would intrude upon him in the midst of his happiest reflections. He saw it, in fancy, staring up at him from the bottom of the river, in that little dark cove where he had sunk it, where the water was so black, and deep, and still. He could see it just as it lay there—a drowned and bloody corpse, its dull, dead eyes wide open, looking up from the black depths, and its long hair floating hither and thither with the dark tide. He could not drive the horrible sight away. He turned, with a loathing shudder, from the gleam of the river shining up in the distance through the trees. It sickened him.

Finally, Eleanor Ashby returned. They met in the park; and while she gave him her usual merry greeting, he welcomed her with a strange and passionate tenderness that touched her with kindly regret, as she remembered her reserve of the preceding evening, and thought how it must have hurt and perplexed him.

She proceeded to her apartment to divest herself of her riding habit and re-arrange her hair; and while the affairs of the toilet proceeded, Lucy told how young Mr. Briancourt had been walking about in such a restless way all the morning, and how dark and gloomy he looked, wondering what could be the matter. Not that Lucy felt anxious at all, or sympathized with him in his disturbance of mind, whatever it might be; for, though she herself was unable to tell why, she had never liked him much. Perhaps, if one had considered the matter well, it would have been found that it was because he was less careful to conceal, in the presence of the servant, the thousand little traits of his true character, which he kept so jealously from the observation of the mistress; and Lucy divined his true disposition better than Miss Ashby. And if she liked the master little, she liked his man less.

Will Humphries, Mr. Briancourt's valet, was a smart, foppish, dandified fellow, a very great personage in his own conceit, which, to many of the servants, and to Lucy in particular, was almost insufferable. She had a most unbounded contempt for him, which she took little pains to conceal, and a vast dislike which she could not well help showing; for, be it known, that the smart valet had taken into his wise head the idea of getting up a slight flirtation with pretty Lucy, which she no sooner became aware of than she very decidedly showed him his mistake.

Now Will Humphries discovered that Harry Longworth, the butler's son, and Lucy, had an affection for each other, and being quite as vindictive as he was vain, resolved to annoy the lover of the disdainful fair one as much as possible by his attentions to her, and thereby revenge himself on both of them for the slight he had received. So he took every opportunity to pay his court to Lucy, whether she liked it or not, much enjoying her annoyance, and making himself merry over Harry Longworth's indignation, yet taking care never to go so far as to give him an excuse for visiting it on his head.

Eleanor knew that Lucy had a most unmitigated dislike and contempt for Will Humphries, and to that attributed, partly, her evident aversion to his master; for Lucy, though never disrespectful or impolite in her mention of Mr. Briancourt, never could conceal her feelings towards him. So Miss Ashby, while she had no reason to reprove her, gently warned her not to give way too far to her prejudices.

When Lucy told her mistress how Mr. Briancourt had been wandering about, evidently in such a gloomy mood, all the morning, it was, as we have said before, from little interest and less sympathy, but merely in the course of conversation; but it caused Miss Ashby to look back with still greater regret to her mode of conduct the previous evening; for she looked now upon the feelings that had then possessed her as very unworthy indeed, since they had so slight a foundation, and had been the cause of the reserve which she believed to have occasioned his dejection.

She rejoined him in the drawing-room, much refreshed after her ride, and looking, in her simple and charming indoor dress, a thousand times more beautiful than ever. Morley Briancourt welcomed her coming with emotions of inexpressible relief. It drove away the gloomy and disagreeable feelings that had tormented him. He prepared himself to forget every unwelcome thought in her bright presence. And while Eleanor seated herself at her embroidery, he sat by her side, and talked with or read to her, giving himself up to the fascination of her presence, watching the graceful motions of her fine hands, or the charming play of her beautiful features, and listening to the sweet tones that had power to make him forget all the harassing, tormenting thoughts that had so lately disturbed him.

After lunch, they strolled out into the park, and here, sitting beneath a wide-spreading oak, she read with him, for an hour or two, from a favorite volume of poetry. And he was at rest. Her manner, graceful, amiable and winning as ever, gave him the utmost assurance of all absence of prejudice, while her studied kindness effectually prevented the recurrence of his former gloom. She spoke of her morning's visit to Briarfield, but made no mention of Hugh Latimer's return. She thought of him, however, more than once, when, in the intervals of conversation, her thoughts wandered back to that visit. Mary Latimer had talked so much about him—she had told Eleanor so often, stories of his childhood and youth, she had shown her so many letters of his—warm, glowing, affectionate letters, full of a brother's tenderness, and replete with such interest as a refined, well-cultivated, high-toned and richly-stored mind alone can throw into such communications, that Eleanor had been won to like him even before they met. She was struck with a feeling of indisputable admiration for him now that she had seen him. In her woman's heart, she acknowledged the influence of the charm which Mary Latimer had so often said could be felt, but not described, in her brother's character.

"Come, Morley," she said, at sunset, "shall we ride? Let us go down by the river."

"No; I do not wish—" He turned hastily away, with a slight shudder; then rejoined her, saying, more gently, "That is—I beg your pardon, Eleanor. Yes—let us ride by all means; but shall we not go, instead, over to Grassmere? We have never been there more than once, in company, I believe."

"Just as you please, Morley," she answered, lightly; "but first I must gather up these silks which you have been so good as to overturn from my basket. See what confusion!"

Willingly he obeyed the laughing mandate, and then Eleanor prepared herself to accompany him.

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"Morley, your letters." It was at the breakfast table that Sir Edward Ashby, opening the letter-bag, which had just been brought in, gave to his guest several epistles, one of which seemed to attract his attention particularly by the superscription. "It is from your father, I think," he added.

Morley Briancourt opened it, and glanced over its contents.

"You are right, sir," he answered. "It is from my father. He desires me to wait on him in London as soon as may be, and would esteem it as an especial favor if you also would go up, as he wishes to transact some business which can only be attended to there. Will you read the letter, sir?"

The baronet received and commenced perusing it, while Morley Briancourt seemed, for a moment, to be wrapt in thought. At first, his brow contracted slightly, and he appeared to be considering some unpleasant subject. Then his countenance gradually cleared, and he sighed—a sigh that sounded as if it rose from a heart from which some unpleasant weight had been lifted. For, at first, in considering the proposed exodus from Ashby, he was impatient with the thought of leaving the place where Eleanor was. Afterwards, however, had come the thought that, if it took him away from her, it would also remove him from the neighborhood of the scene of blood which had so lately taken place, and which was a haunted spot to him. Yes—he would go for a time, till the disagreeable feelings which he had experienced, ever since he had imbrued his hands in Maida's blood, should have worn away.

"When do you think of going?" asked Miss Ashby, as, awaking from his reverie, he began to speak of the departure.

"As soon, I suppose, as Sir Edward can make it convenient," answered Morley, glancing at his host, who had laid the letter down.

"Perhaps we had better say to-morrow," said Sir Edward, "if you choose."

And on the morrow they left Ashby.

CHAPTER VI.

EMBASSIES OF MERCY.

"Lucy," said Miss Ashby, to her maid, "will you go to Mrs. Millar's room, and ask her to put up those things for the widow Davis? I should like them to be ready as soon as possible, for I am going over directly. Then you may run and tell John to harness Alex. in the chaise. I shall drive this morning. Come back as soon as you can."

Lucy ran away to execute her commission, and after as brief an absence as possible, returned to the dressing-room, where her mistress was already preparing for her customary round of visits to certain of the poorer people living in the neighborhood. In this practice, Eleanor was accustomed to devote a stated portion of time each week; and in the performance of her self-imposed duties, she took a pleasure as sincere and heartfelt as was that afforded by it to those in whom she thus interested herself. Dearly Lucy, on her part, liked to help her mistress prepare for these occasions. Very proud and happy indeed was she of her many deeds of kindness among the sick and needy, and it was her delight to hear Miss Ashby's praises from the recipients of her bounty. She looked forward, often and often, to a time when Miss Ashby should marry, and, with more ample means, become indeed the Lady Bountiful of the neighborhood. At this point, however, Lucy grew serious. For whom would her mistress marry but Morley Briancourt? And Lucy could see very well (though Miss Ashby herself did not guess it) that he had no sympathy with her mistress in these deeds of kindness and charity. The spirit which prompted them was directly foreign to his own. He could neither comprehend nor appreciate it. Nothing was so delectably irksome to him as to visit those in poverty and distress. He would have sneered at Eleanor's own zeal in their behalf had it not been for his passion for her. As it was, he concealed from her his real feelings in this respect, and took care never to utter a word in her hearing that would seem to oppose her inclination for such pursuits. But he never went with her on these charitable errands, if he could avoid it, although she not unfrequently had expressed a desire that he should accompany her. Once or twice he did so, but that was all. Afterwards, she went alone, but always believing him engaged when she went, nor even dreaming of his detestation of the employment in which her generous heart took so much pleasure.

It was not to be supposed, then, that, in case of Miss Ashby's marriage with him, Lucy's dreams of the future would ever be likely to be realized. This thought, then, increased, the dislike she had always felt for her mistress's lover. Lucy's antipathy was strong and decided, and she said little; only once in a while, talking with Harry Longworth, the butler's son, and her lover, she declared her belief that young Mr. Briancourt was not fit to be Miss Eleanor's husband. The faithful girl little knew how unworthy he was.

This morning, her uncle and Morley both gone, Eleanor commenced her preparations somewhat earlier than usual, and set off a little before nine. The principal object of her care to-day was a certain aged widow woman, living at a distance of some three miles from Ashby. The good old dame, who was troubled with severe lameness, was unable to move without the assistance of crutches, and might have been seen seated near a casement in her cottage, knitting, sewing, or reading, from morning till night, though this last occupation was a rather slow and painful one, since her eyes were growing dim. For this reason, Eleanor came quite often to read to her, or to spend an hour in conversing with her, thereby lightening a thousand times the old lady's infirmities, and learning for herself many a lesson of patience and fortitude.

Old Dame Wilton lived at a greater distance from Ashby than any of the rest whom Eleanor was in the habit of visiting, and the day promising to be a warm one, Miss Ashby determined to make this visit first, so as to return early, and have only those in the village near home to attend to when the sun should be high. Accordingly, taking with her in the chaise a small basket, packed with various articles from the housekeeper's stores, she set off for the cottage of the old dame.

Steadily and rapidly along the road went Alex., and very pleasant the way seemed to Eleanor, as the chaise rolled along past meadow, wood and upland, bright with the morning sunshine, or beneath the gloomy shadow of great rocks that rose perpendicularly on either side of the way, or, again, when the road lay level with the blooming fields, and the fine trees that here and there lined its borders, right and left, reached across to each other far above, and with interlacing branches formed an emerald screen, their thick foliage just pierced, here and there, by a clear sunbeam.

Admiring the beauty of the morning landscape, or occupied with her own meditations, the time passed, until, at length, the cottage of the aged dame was visible among the trees, a little in advance. A moment more, and she had reached the garden gate, where she alighted from the chaise. Fastening the horse just by the gate, in the shadow of an over-arching elm, she went quietly up the long grass garden-path, with her basket on her arm, to the cottage door, which stood open, affording a full view of the cleanly, nicely-sanded passage, and showing another door, also open, leading into an apartment on the right. Through the rose-trellised casements, which were thrown back to admit the sweet morning air, and nearly hidden from the road by the bowering shrubs in the garden, Eleanor saw, as she drew nearer, the old dame, seated, as usual, beside her little round table, whereon lay her work-basket and her books. But she was not alone. A gentleman stood beside her, hat in hand, and a voice which fell not unfamiliarly on Eleanor's ear was saying, in clear, sweet, musical tones, "Thank you, dame; I will come. My sister shall have your message. Good day." And directly, Hugh Latimer came out.

He half paused on seeing Eleanor approaching; then his handsome countenance lighted up, his fine eyes kindled with involuntary pleasure.

"Miss Ashby!" he uttered, gently, yet with earnestness and warmth, as he advanced to meet her.

She gave him her hand with an air of simple and graceful courtesy, slightly blushing as she did so.

"This is unexpected, Mr. Latimer," she said, with a smile. "I had not thought of meeting any one from Briarfield this morning, unless, perhaps, Mary should have preceded me here. She has not come with you, I suppose?"

"Not this morning. My aunt required her services in another direction, so I became her representative for the time being, and introduced myself to Dame Wilton and one or two others in the neighborhood."

"Do you find the office an agreeable one?" asked Eleanor.

"It is very pleasant. I believe your pensioners are worthy objects, Miss Ashby. I like Dame Wilton especially. She is a study."

Eleanor's face grew bright.

"Yes, indeed; you will find her so," she said. "I am glad you like her. But I forget—you are not a stranger in the neighborhood."

"Almost. I have been absent so many years that those whom I knew during my boyhood here were not readily recognized; but they had not, I believe, quite forgotten me. That gave me the sincerest pleasure. It was a happiness to find, after so long an absence from home, that in even a single heart there yet lingered the memory of the boy who went away almost twenty years ago."

"Twenty years?—is it so long?" said Eleanor, thoughtfully.

"Very nearly. Twenty years is a long time, Miss Ashby. You cannot look back so far."

She shook her head, with a half-abstracted smile; then slowly lifted her eyes from the ground, saying, with gentle earnestness:

"But though you were gone so many years, you did not forget Briarfield? You were such a child when you went away you might well have forgotten the countenances of the villagers, but the first scenes that ever your eyes beheld must have remained indelible in your memory."

"You are right. Briarfield was my *home*—a home such as Wales never could have given me, pleasant as it was, and beautiful as were its associations. It was like a dream—the memory of Briarfield, in that I saw it so far back in the past, but unlike a dream, it never faded from my mind. It was always there—a clear and perfect picture, and I held it sacred. Nothing could ever take its place. Miss Ashby, can you think how it would seem, after so many years of absence, and such extended wanderings, to set your foot upon the threshold pressed in childhood, and say, 'I am at home?'"

"*And at rest*," uttered Eleanor, simply.

"And at rest," he echoed, with impressive earnestness. "Yes—that is it." He paused, and then went on: "I *was* at rest.

Perfect tranquillity and contentment were mine, at last, beneath my own roof-tree. I found the English sunshine and the English faces there inexpressibly sweet. I found Mary and Aunt Dorothea awaiting me. I found home love and home endearments. And I found, too," he continued, with involuntary gentleness of tone, while his glance remained fixed on the ground, "something which I had vainly sought for years in lands far away from England."

Eleanor's eyes were raised to his, and rested there. His own glance sought her face for an instant, then bent to the earth again.

"It was a wee English flower, Miss Ashby," he said, quietly. "In France, and Italy, and Spain, I looked for it for five years. I came home, and found it growing just by my own door-sill."

"Well, you gathered it?" said Eleanor, simply.

"It is hidden here, Miss Ashby." He touched his breast. "I am learning to fold it there more closely and tenderly every day. And yet," he grew grave, and turned away almost abruptly, "I cannot call it mine."

Both his words and his manner perplexed Eleanor. She stood silent and motionless. He turned toward her directly.

"Miss Ashby, Dame Wilton will hardly thank me for detaining you here so long. She is, I know, desirous of seeing you. She talked to me about you a great deal, this morning. Have you any message for my sister?"

Before Eleanor could answer, there came riding past the gate a young farmer, whom she recognized as one of the villagers at Ashby. Seeing her, he reined up his rough-coated pony, and dismounting, approached, touching his hat to her respectfully.

"Good morning, Thomas," said Eleanor, pleasantly. "Did you wish to speak to me?"

"Yes, miss," answered the man. "I saw Bessie Gray just now, as I passed her cottage, and she bade me say, if I met you on the road, that her boy is ill, and she begs you to see her as you go by."

"O, I will go in, Thomas," said Eleanor, kindly,—"I will go in. Is Johnny very ill, do you know?"

"Well, miss, I think from his look, it's like he's a fever, or summat of the kind. He's a deal of trouble with his head, like; it don't seem to be just right with the heat in it."

An expression of anxiety and concern settled upon Eleanor's countenance. She promised the man she would go directly, and as he rode away, turned and went back to where Hugh Latimer stood, saying:

"Bessie Gray has sent for me to see her little boy, who is ill. I must just spend five minutes with Dame Wilton, and then drive back to see him, and make her a longer visit next time. I am glad you have been in to see her, this morning, for she is so pleased to have company, and your call will be a happy substitute for mine, to-day."

"A very poor one, I fear, Miss Ashby, though, I trust, better than none at all, since you cannot spend your usual time with her. The claimants on your charity, I find, are numerous in the neighborhood. You must be fully occupied."

"They are many—yes," she answered, simply; "but they need me, and I cannot do too much."

"'Not wearied in well-doing,'" he said.

She smiled, and held out her hand.

"Not while there is so much to do. And my sphere is limited: the greater should be my exertions."

He took the hand she offered, with a sweet and serious warmth of expression in his fine dark eyes.

"It is a beautiful spirit that utters those words. Keep it fresh, pure, uncontaminated. Princes might envy you its possession. Keep it, Miss Ashby. Good-by."

The glance that rested on her for an instant was grave, earnest, reverential. And Hugh Latimer walked hastily away, with involuntary tenderness and admiration filling his heart, drawing him nearer to Eleanor Ashby. The charm of the countenance which at first had attracted him, was only surpassed by the genuine goodness, the charity, the generosity of her disposition, which was now opening to him. The heartfelt praises with which Dame Wilton had, that morning, dwelt upon Eleanor's name, and her many deeds of mercy and charity, had touched the best and deepest feelings of his soul. Her arch and innocent beauty had caught and fascinated him first. How much more beautiful did she seem when he found her thus moving among the dwellings of the poor, at the bedside of the sick, carrying blessings with her wherever she went, and bearing blessings away! When he beheld the soft sparkle of those sweet laughing eyes, lost in the tenderer, softer beams of pity—when he heard the gentle emotions of her woman's heart, filled with the love of suffering humanity, thrilling through all her tones, how beautiful—how *dear* she seemed then!

He revered, he admired, he honored her. And with these sentiments there was gradually, but surely, blending a regard of which he could not be unconscious. Calmly and quietly as ever throbbed Hugh Latimer's heart; but there was a beautiful influence pervading it which could never now be lost, which, pure as the source from whence it flowed, shed an atmosphere of holiness around it. For the innate goodness and nobleness of Eleanor's character had aided, even more than her outward charms, in inspiring him with the sentiment which he had learned to experience for her, and strong and earnest though it was, the very purity of its origin had chastened, and refined, and elevated it. And he had not yet thought of realizing in what unhappiness all this might end; for was not Eleanor the betrothed of another? This was forgotten.

Hugh Latimer was gone; and beside Dame Wilton, in the little cottage, sat Eleanor Ashby. The good dame, full of pleasure in the visit of her last guest, was warm in his praise to Eleanor. Her wrinkled face lighted up as she spoke of him.

"So you like Mr. Latimer very much, dame?" said Miss Ashby, gently, and with a thoughtful smile.

"Yes, indeed, miss. He reads beautifully. I think I never heard a sweeter voice than his in all my life. He read for me a great while here, and never seemed a bit fatigued. And he talked with me in such a way as I couldn't help admiring him. He talks pleasant—doesn't he, Miss Eleanor?"

And Eleanor, in a pleased and serious voice, answered:

"Indeed he does, Dame Wilton."

"And then," pursued the dame, "he came all this way to see me; there aren't many as would do it, Miss Eleanor. But I think I've never seen one just like him—so gentle and kind, and civil-like, to an old body like me, as if I were born and bred a lady,—unless it be our rector. Ah, it's from such things as these, Miss Eleanor, that you may oftenest tell a good man."

"And he is, doubtless, one, dame," said Eleanor.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Eleanor. Well, so your uncle, Sir Edward, has gone to town, I hear."

"Yes, dame, and Mr. Briancourt. They will remain some three or four weeks, I think, and then they return together. When Mr. Briancourt comes, Dame Wilton, I will ask him to come over to see you, some day, and tell you of all the gay doings they have had in town since he has been there."

The old dame shook her head dubiously.

"Ah, Miss Eleanor, I am afraid—" She paused, as if hesitating to finish what she was about to say.

Eleanor regarded her inquiringly for a moment.

"Of what?" she asked, presently.

"Well, Miss Eleanor, I hardly think Mr. Briancourt cares to trouble himself about an old woman like me."

"Why not? What causes you to think so?" inquired Miss Ashby, in some perplexity.

Again Dame Wilton hesitated, until Eleanor repeated her question, and then she answered:

"O, you know, miss, some care for one thing and some for another; and where one gentleman would spend a good bit of his time in looking after the poor and distressed, another would find it a trouble to think of them at all."

Eleanor sat silent and in thought for at least a moment. At length she said:

"You mean Mr. Briancourt, Dame Wilton, when you speak of the last, and the first was Mr. Latimer. Is it not so?"

It was so. Dame Wilton had been drawing mental comparisons.

"You said," said Miss Ashby, "a while since, that kindness and charity for those poor or infirm was a token of goodness of heart?"

"Yes, miss, I did say so," assented Dame Wilton.

"Then you do not think Mr. Briancourt has a good heart, dame? Nay, you should be more charitable."

"Ah, Miss Eleanor," said the old woman, shaking her head, "you push me too hard—too hard. I should not have been so impertinent as to say what I have said, if you had not made me; and it is not for me to judge hardly of any one because he differs from another, and especially of Mr. Briancourt, whom they say Sir Edward has chosen for—"

She paused again, but Miss Ashby comprehended her meaning.

"Nay, Dame Wilton," she said, gently, while a faint blush dawned on her cheek, "I do not think you are quite right. Why should it be especially of Mr. Briancourt? If you hold an unfavorable opinion of him, and that opinion were unjust, it would not be less so if he were a beggar in the streets of London. And if it were just, he would deserve it quite as much if he were one of the highest in the land."

"Ah, miss, that is so like you, to say that!" said the old dame, looking up. "I like to hear you speak so. But, indeed," and she shook her head, "it is not for me to speak so free as you might do about people, or even think as you might. For those who are your equals, Miss Eleanor, are very far above me in this world."

"Well, you know what is best, doubtless, dame," said Miss Ashby, kindly. "But still, the impression of Mr. Briancourt's disposition, which you seem to have received, you still retain, of course, whether you avow it or not. I know," she continued, "that he does not make a practice of visiting among the villagers; and he has been here but once; and for that very reason I do not well see how you could form the opinion which I am sure you entertain. You saw him but for a little while—not more than an hour, I think."

Dame Wilton only shook her head. She could not make any rejoinder to this, for she would have been obliged to speak too plainly, and she feared to hurt or offend Miss Ashby, who had never beheld the mingled impatience and sarcasm marking Morley Briancourt's air, during the visit to which she alluded—a visit where he had been forced to listen to the reading of the Scriptures for Dame Wilton, who loved dearly to have Eleanor read to her; and to the conversation following, which, though cheerful and pleasant, yet being on serious subjects, was to him cant and hypocrisy. Not that he believed Eleanor guilty of either; on the contrary, he saw her as she was—earnest and truthful in all her works; but, scoffing at the labors of religion, of charity and mercy, he believed her led away by enthusiasm, and resolved, when she became his wife, that such things with her should be done away.

Dame Wilton had read his disposition, but she could say no more to Miss Ashby concerning it. She feared to. She was already unhappy at what she had said thus far, lest she had uttered what might seem to Miss Ashby impertinent; but Eleanor, knowing her destitute of intention to offend, had listened kindly and in a friendly mood to all she said.

A few minutes passed in conversation on various other subjects, and then bidding Dame Wilton a pleasant "good-day," Eleanor took her departure, to visit Bessie Gray's boy. The way was occupied in thinking of what the old woman had said. Eleanor was thoughtful and reflective on this subject.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUG-SEU-TSENE,

CHIEF OF THE CHINESE INSURRECTION.

The accompanying engraving presents a likeness of the celebrated rebel chief who has, for three or four years past, been able to make head against the imperialists, and who is destined, perhaps, to revolutionize the government of the "Central Flowery Land." It will be seen that his countenance possesses a great deal of intelligence and resolution, while being, at the same time, strongly stamped with the peculiarities of the Eastern type. He wears his hair in the European fashion, while the imperial party have their heads shaved, with the exception of the long queues, which have so odd an appearance in European eyes. In fact, as soon as a partisan joins the insurgents, they cut off his queue, so that they ensure his fidelity till it grows out again of the canonical length. Notwithstanding that certain death awaits every rebel who falls in the hands of the imperialists, large accessions are constantly made to their ranks. The insurrection has spread like wild-fire, sweeping over whole provinces, and causing the legitimate emperor, the Son of Heaven and Brother of the Moon, to tremble on his throne. Not only do the insurgents menace the overthrow of the civil government of China, but a radical change in its religion; for many of the leading chiefs are converts to Christianity. To the intrepid missionary, Gutzlaff, who spoke the various dialects of China so perfectly as to be taken for a native of each province that he traversed, and who devoted his life to disseminating a knowledge of the true religion among the benighted peoples of the east, are we indebted for the religions and political movement now going on in the heart of China. The whole history of this insurrection is a romance. As a literary curiosity, and also as a proof of the extent to which American enterprise is pushed in the dissemination of useful discoveries, we copy a bona fide letter, duly authenticated, dictated and sent by the rebel chief to Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., in acknowledgment of a present of some of his celebrated "Cherry Pectoral" and "Cathartic Pills."



HUG-SEU-TSENE, INSURGENT CHIEF OF CHINA.

"To DOCTOR AYER, in America:—The great curing Barbarian of the outside country.

"Your present of sweet curing seeds (Pills) and fragrant curing drops (Pectoral) of the Cherry smell, has been brought to Hug-seu-Tsene—the mighty Emperor (Kwangto) of the terrible, stout Ming dynasty, by grace of Heaven revived after an interval of ages. Prince of peace (Ta-Ping-Wang) of China—the central flowery land. He directed his powerful Mandarins to give them to the sick according to what the Interpreters read from your printed papers (directions). Be profoundly happy, O wise Barbarian! for I, Yang-seu-Tsing, say it. Your curing seeds and sweet curing drops were given to the sick in His army of the Winged-Sword, and have made them well. Be profoundly happy while you live, for this is known to the Mighty Emperor of China, who approves your skill and permits you to send more of your curing Medicines for his fierce armies of myriads of men. They may be given to Chiang-Lin, chief Mandarin of the Red Button at Shanghai, who will repay you with Tea, or Silk, or Gold. The high Mandarins of China have heard of your great knowledge, surpassing all other foreigners, even aspiring to equal the divine wisdom of our own healing teachers, who make remedies that cure instantly. We are pleased to know you bow in trembling terror before our Mighty Emperor.

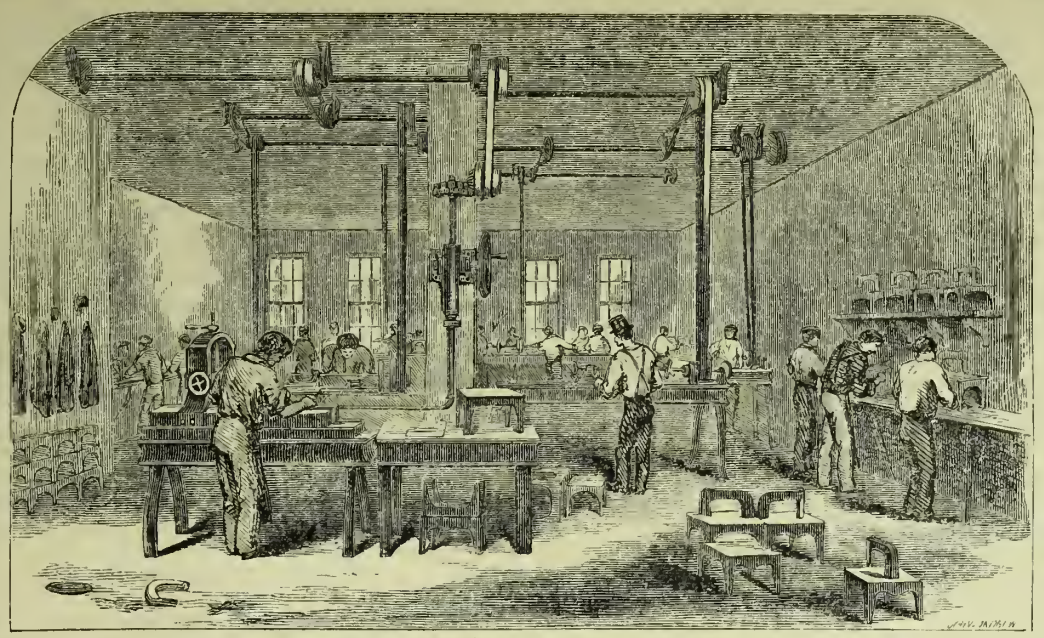
Written by YANG-SEU-TSING,
Minister-in-chief of the restored Imperial Ming dynasty destined by the heavenly wisdom to rule in China."

(Translated by the American Consulate at Hong Kong, China, 3d May, 1855.)

In a few years, should this revolution prove successful, American commerce, unshackled by any restriction, will find its way to the heart of that empire, which has been sealed to the nations of the west for so many centuries. We shall yet live to hear of railroads constructed by Americans in China, and of Yankee stage-coaches, driven by Yankee coachmen, making regular trips between their cities and towns.

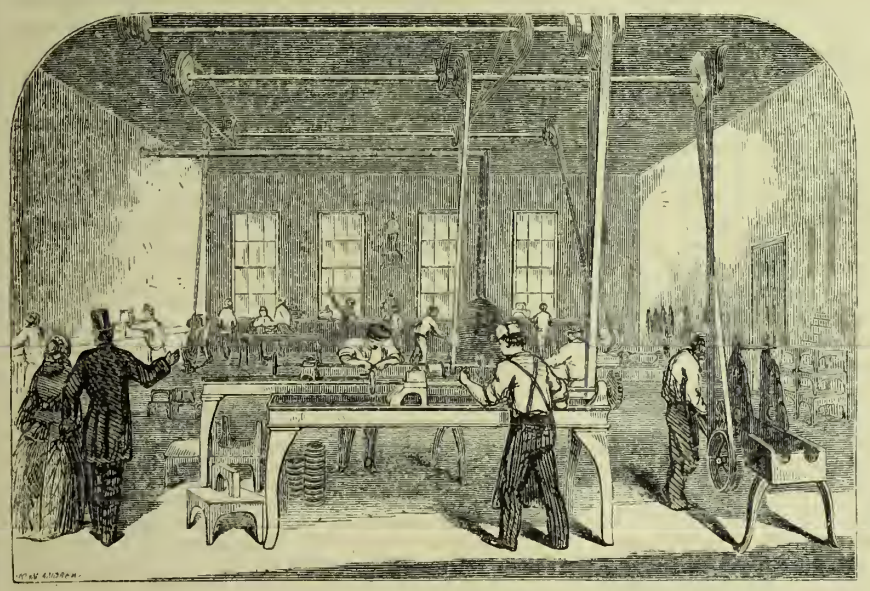
HUNT & WEBSTER'S SEWING MACHINE MANUFACTORY.

There is no application of machinery to useful purposes that we have watched with more interest than that destined to lighten the manual labor of females in sewing. The manufacture of garments for domestic wear is a never-ending task. The brain is bewildered in attempting to estimate the many million of stitches which must be made daily in these United States alone. Who can forget the pathos of Hood's "Song of the Shirt;" a song that has found an echo in the hearts of thousands of poor wretches doomed to "stitch, stitch, stitch," from the rising of the sun far beyond the going down thereof? Who shall say how many a bright thought has been lost to the world—how many a bright spirit extinguished, for the want of labor-saving machinery to perform the work of those busy fingers which have moved for many a lifetime in the service of humanity? At one time, even inventors gave up in despair the hope of making the needle operate in fingers of iron and steel instead of the delicate instruments of nature's handiwork. But the problem was at last solved—and the solution was the emancipation of hundreds of thousands. The amount of domestic happiness thus secured baffles calculation. A sewing machine in a family works morally as well as mechanically—it benefits the mind and heart as well as the purse.



FINISHING ROOM.

thread is drawn, and we will show you the machine to do it. Folders and binders are attached for binding, whenever it is necessary in the manufacture of any article. For all kinds of family use, these machines are really invaluable. Simple and beautiful in their construction, making no more noise in running than a set of knitting-needles in the hands of a smart old lady, they are free from a serious objection which has been alleged against the use of machinery for sewing. Mr. Hunt, the principal in the manufacture of these machines, is likewise at the head of the house of N. Hunt & Co., manufacturers of leather belting. He is a Boston merchant as well as a Boston mechanic; a modest, unassuming man, of indomitable perseverance and energy. He has labored for years to bring his sewing machine to the position it now occupies, and it has been no easy matter to accomplish this. It has required a vast amount of labor as well as a large outlay of money; but he has succeeded, and we doubt not that he will reap a rich reward from his investment of capital, labor, time and thought. Mr. Webster, who is now associated with Mr. Hunt in the manufacture and sale of these sewing machines, is a young man of industry and business capacity, and we venture to predict that Messrs. Hunt & Webster will occupy a front rank in the phalanx of the sewing machine fraternity, in the sale of machines

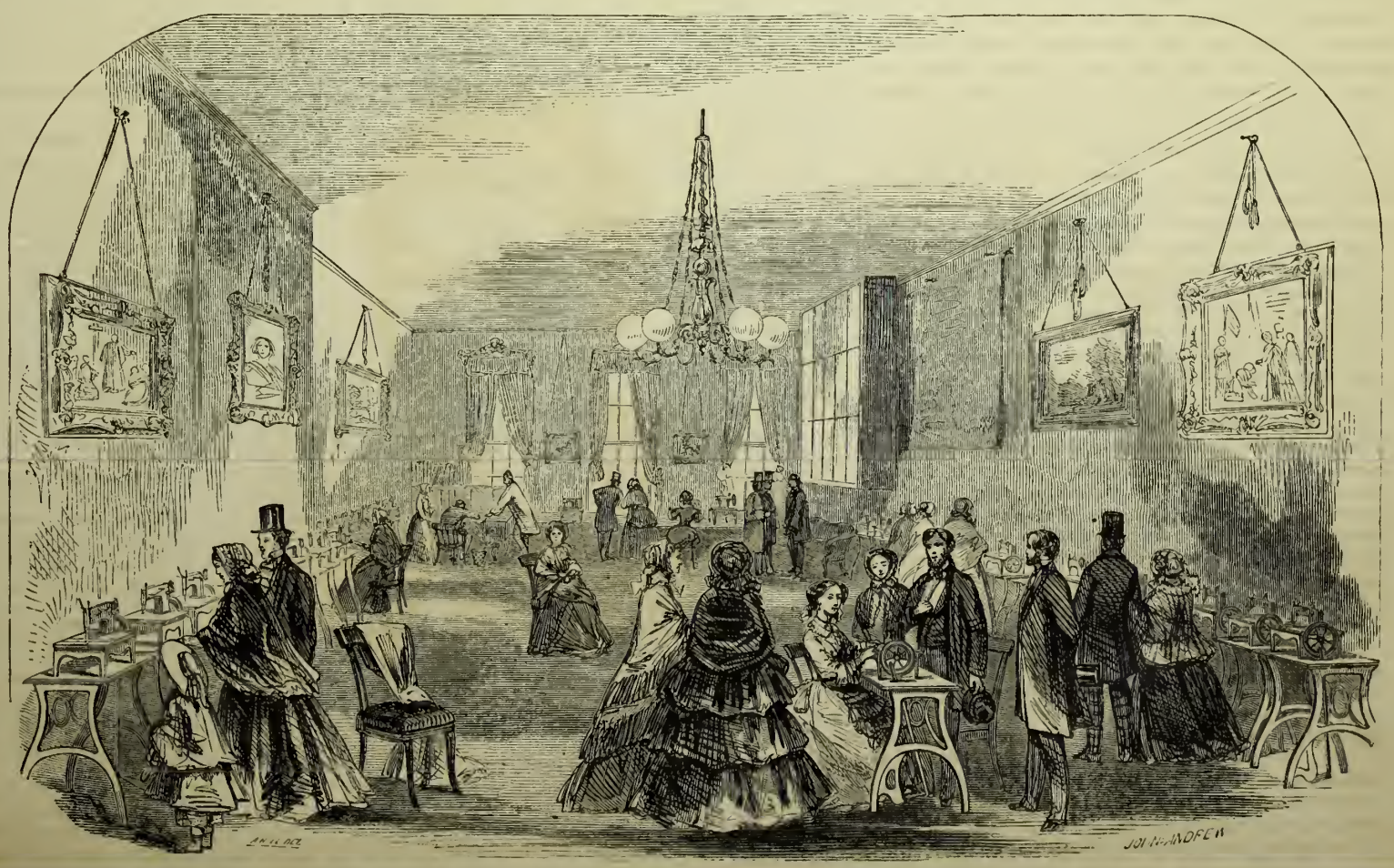


FORGING AND LATHE ROOM.



POLISHING AND TURNING ROOM.

The intimate connection between morals and happiness and machinery affords one of the most interesting subjects for speculation and comment that can well be conceived. One can hardly realize the change that has taken place in many branches of business in consequence of the introduction of sewing machines. A few years ago and all the labor in the shoe manufacturing business was performed by hand; while now but a small portion is achieved by manual labor, nearly all, in fact, being done by the little labor-saving machines. A few years ago even, when sewing machines were first introduced, our southern and western merchants used to write "Don't send me any boots, shoes or clothing made on machines." Now they order the machine-made articles. Why? Simply because the stitch is more perfect, handsome and durable, and is, in every way, better when made on machines like those we have illustrated on the present page, and which we have delineated because they mark an important point in the progress of useful invention. The shoe trade of Massachusetts last year amounted to fifty-five millions of dollars, and the reason why our State has done so much more than any other in this necessary branch of business, is, that next to their untiring industry and perseverance, the shoe manufacturers of Massachusetts have always heartily and readily seconded the efforts of inventors and mechanics to perfect this so much needed improvement in their business. One establishment, the "North American Shoe Company," at Ballard Vale, have over fifty of the latest improved machines, represented in our drawings, now running, and are increasing the number every week. This is a single establishment; but they are running in every town in the commonwealth. This machine is not confined to the shoe business in its various branches. Tailors, hatters, upholsterers, mattress makers, bag makers, glove makers, coach trimmers, dress makers, corset makers and shirt makers employ it. In short, show us wherever a as they now do in the manufacture of them. The engravings on this page represent different departments in the establishment of Messrs. Hunt & Webster, Nos. 26 and 30 Devonshire Street, viz.: the "Forging and Lathe Room," where the work is begun, the "Polishing and Turning Room," and the "Finishing Room," whence the completed machines pass into the "Sales Room."



EXHIBITION AND SALES ROOM.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE FORSAKEN.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

I'm loth to give thee up!
The heart is sad and lone—
And there is friendship in thy smile,
And comfort in thy tone.

They say the heart grows old
When love's young dream is flown;
But what strange thrills awake in mine,
At thy low voice's tone!

They say time damps the brow,
And chills the warmest heart;
They say my bark is wrecked—and now
I'm waiting to depart.

They tell me I am cold,
And haughty, and severe;
They tell me that my heart is old,
That I love nothing here.

They tell me 'tis my boon
To win a lasting name;
They tell me that my thoughts might soon
Be writ on leaves of fame!

But thou hast crossed my path,
With thy fond, beaming eye—
Thou, with a fresh and generous soul,
And checked all dreams so high.

Thy love hath made me sigh!
Ne'er shall ambition's breath
Break in fierce, mad strains o'er my lyre—
Strung not for fame, but death.

Thy love still makes me sigh!
For thou hast kept for me
The richest jewels of thy heart,
And I have naught for thee!

For worlds I would not wring
Thy tender heart with pain—
For love's young dream, when broken,
Ne'er seems so sweet again.

Yet I must give thee up!
My heart is sad and lone;
I've dreamed of Lethe in thy smile,
Of friendship in thy tone.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHILD OF THE CASCADE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE HUNTER'S PRIZE.

"Game's mighty scarce this morning," was the ejaculation of a youthful sportsman, emerging solitary upon a small savanna in the middle of a woody section of upper New York. "Very well," he continued, "I shall save my buckshot." And as though the reflection furnished a ready anodyne to chagrin arising from his bootless ramble, he chose the summit of the depressed knoll, and threw himself down for rest.

The spot was enclosed by dense, towering forests, and covered with an abundant harvest of wild grass, now lying prone from its own weight. A semi-transparent vapor overcast the sky, so that the sun's rays, though it was the beginning of September, were guiltless of offence to the unshadowed head; a sighing breeze, the avant-courier of a storm, came, as it were, down a long, spiral staircase to make Legh Rosseau the confidant of his message.

The youth liked, evidently, the fresh fanning upon his fair, girl-like brow and well developed chest; he lay motionless awhile, the jaunty cap perched back, and the belt of his handsome hunting frock unbuckled. At length, turning his cheek up from the pale green mattress, and spreading wide his arms on either side till the right formed a cross with his elegant fowling-piece as its standard, he essayed amusement in imitating the cry of a hare when caught. Immediately there was a response from among the trees beyond his feet. He ceased—it ceased. With a spring he assumed a sitting posture; put instinctively the right hand to his gun, the left to his empty game-bag. Then he smiled self-derisively—he had heard nothing except the utterance of his own lips. But he had, though. For the test, then. He re-commenced, it was heard the same. An echo? But the maiden must have hearing wondrously acute, to take sounds so feeble. And how they are prolonged, like the blast of King James's bugle in the "hollow throat" of the Trosach wilds.

Once more all was silent. Rosseau had risen to his feet, and remained in agreeable perplexity. Stooping to extricate his piece from the grass which had tangled about its length as it lay, he again recurred to poet Sir Walter and the "envious ivy" clinging around the neglected "harp of the north."

"That is to tell me I shall have no use for the weapon," he said—yet he cocked it. "I am not sorry; my present mood is decidedly more romantic than bloodthirsty."

Moving forward a pace or two in the direction whence his answers had seemed to issue, he repeated the weak, piteous wail, but this time none was returned.

"Ha! Echo is a coy nymph, and has fled at my rising—or she is haughty, and will deign to lend an ear only while I prostrate myself at her feet. So be it," he added, addressing the imaginary being, "for know that I am Narcissus, and would cry 'hands off!' should you now appear in all your fascinating beauty to embrace me; yes, would refuse the most urgent leap-year proposals, and leave you to hide your blushes and to pine away till you were less than a shadow."

Nevertheless, the youth's manner contradicted his language; for he still lingered, still tempted the mysterious responses. But in vain. It was only when he elevated his voice greatly above its former key that genuine echoes rang through the woodland. All else was silent. He looked up and around. The trees seemed nodding to him significantly; the wind repeated to him in a lengthened whistle, "Search!" But how could he interpret the gestures? and for what should he seek?

A last time he listened attentively; he certainly was not indifferent. Nothing could be in more extreme contrast than his present intent attitude and look, with the listlessness which had characterized him as he lay stretched on the ground a few moments before.

Still no result, and stilling curiosity he was about to strike into the wood, when the plaintive wail fell on his ear as at first. With quick eye and pulse, but a tread light as a cat's, he advanced within the deep shadow of the trees. The sounds, always low, were intermittent; and after every few seconds came an interval of waiting for their recurrence. More than once, so protracted were these, that Legh Rosseau, who was no model of patience, felt irritated against himself on account of the singular fascination which held him bound till he should discover the origin of the noise. Sometimes he inclined to believe himself subject to a prank of some fellow-sportsman who, concealed in a hollow tree-trunk or behind an angle of rock, was secretly merry-making over his incertitude, and would end by springing out before him with whoops of derisive and exultant laughter—an event he would have shunned more than to meet a panther single-handed.

At last, when he had wandered undirected for a little, and was peering alternately among the branches and between the boles, the cry arose almost at his feet; and he saw, beneath a low arcade of evergreen, an infant lying wrapped in a blanket upon the leaf-covered ground. In his first bewilderment, he expected to see the tiny thing approached and claimed; but recollecting what length of time he had heard it moaning haplessly, and ascertaining by a touch that its wrappings were damp and chill with night air and exhalations from its comfortless bed, he could but conclude that it was uncared for, having been left to its fate. He raised the little sufferer in his arms—its instinctive cries for help were hushed; it smiled in his face, then nestled quietly in his bosom.

Rosseau was not long in conveying his prize through the woodland to his father's house. It was not a little curious, by the way, with what suddenness game had multiplied on that manor. Every sportsman who has ever on an excursion chanced to have broken a lock, or emptied his flask of powder, or by any other mishap rendered himself *hors du combat*, must have noticed similar results, and would be able to compare an experience with that of our hero returning by the route he came. There, where an hour before, not so much as the furl of a squirrel's tail could by any means be ferretted out, rabbits blinked up at him with their queer, red eyes; broods of plump partridges grown to the size of the hen, nothing startled by the crashing of underbrush attendant on his bold tread, ran on before like tame pigeons, taking wing only when he was actually in their midst. These creatures, and even the half-farthing sparrows, seem to know by a marvellous instinct, their times of security. But without staying to feel bitterly tantalized, he hurried forward and reached the home door.

Acting as he had from an impulse as simple and natural as it was humane and generous, until that moment he had viewed his position only the same as if he was representing the good Samaritan to an unfortunate individual of his own, or thrice his own years. Now, however, the novelty of his adventure suddenly appeared, occasioning him excitement and embarrassment; which emotions were made specially manifest on entering the parlor, to find sitting with his mother one of the most noted of the neighborhood's gossips. In telling his story he blushed and stammered, and was in the end barely intelligible.

Mrs. Rossean, waiting to hear few particulars, took the perishing babe to her matronly bosom, and hastened to supply its necessities; meanwhile her pitying eyes were moistened by tears, and her lips murmured with tender expressions in that dialect supposed to be perfectly understood by even the infant of days.

Mrs. Blabman, the visitor, was struck, astounded, electrified by the incident. For a quarter of an hour she never ceased to pour herself out in exclamations; at the end of that period she rose up hastily, declaring "she had other calls to make" (our hero anticipated as much), and so posted away in the direction of Miss Scandalton's.

What a feast of fat things they and their clique enjoyed on and after that morning, can be thoroughly comprehended only through explanations immediately to follow.

CHAPTER II.

BEAUTY BELL.

One morning, as Legh Rossean, eight years the junior of his present self, was crossing the hall from breakfast to school room, a fairy tripped in at the open street door, and in a gay, bird-voice said, at the same time offering a small, covered tin pail:

"Please, will you ask your ma to sell aunty a pint of milk? I've got the cents in my pocket—hear me rattle them! Why, what a fine house you live in; but I like the flower-garden still better."

Master Legh, rather tall for his twelfth year, looked decidedly down in considering the child, whose application struck him as especially amusing. Now had the heir of Judge Rossean beheld, instead of the brightest and sweetest of cherub forms and faces in the neatest of pink gingham frocks and white muslin cape-bonnets, an ordinary child, in garments homely and soiled, and, may chance, with hands and face somewhat begrimmed, I dare by no means assure you that he—albeit no born or bred aristocrat in the ultra sense of the term—would not have replied in his blunt, good-humored fashion, that he was not accustomed to do servant's work, and that, moreover, an errand such as hers would be properly introduced to the house by the back entrance. Some idea, then, of the impression he received may be had from the fact of his flinging on the stairs the Latin grammar he had been studying as he went, accepting the shining pail, and, while containing his gaze of admiration, inquiring most pleasantly:

"Who is your aunty, missy?"

"She's Mrs. Crainlee. We moved here only yesterday, and live in the yellow cottage down by the little Niagara—don't you walk there towards night sometimes?"

"And what is *your* name?"

"Bell."

"Bell Crainlee?"

"No, only Bell. Mrs. Crainlee is not my aunt, only I have her for one because I haven't got any other. My father's name was Bradington, but he and my mother died before I can remember; I've only seen their name on their gravestones, and so I don't like to speak it often. You wont tell anybody I'm anything but Bell, will you?"

Legh led the way to the dairy-room, and with his own hands filled the pail—"turned the whole of the cream off of a pan of milk," the housekeeper complained, "just when it was well rising; and what was worse, bedrizzled the shelves and floor." He only laughed a little provokingly; and when she answered the child that the price was "two cents, and ought to be six times that, considering the trouble," he interposed and made Bell keep her coppers.

Then telling the little girl he would show her a nearer way home than by the road, he took her through the garden; filled her empty hand with flowers, selecting the rarest, and afterwards unfastened for her a narrow rear gate.

"This path," informed he, "goes straight to the cascade. You see, the little Niagara, as you call it, is a famous resort for all the people hereabouts, and we and our town visitors keep this by-way well trodden. You'll come after more milk to-morrow, and if Mrs. Dray scolds again—"

"O, no, there'll be no need of my coming—Io is going to be here by to-night."

"Who is Io?"

Bell laughed.

"She's not any *who;* Io is our heifer—aunty's and mine; and you never saw anything half so handsome."

"Perhaps I never saw *an animal* so handsome," returned Legh, looking a good deal anxious lest her babyship should fail to discover the intended compliment. "I see," he pursued, "I might have known you were speaking of a heifer. Io was Jupiter's heifer."

"I don't know," replied Bell, thoughtfully, "but I guess not. It was not Mr. Jupiter aunty bought her of; I'm sure his name was Mr. Smith."

Legh's darling point was lost, he had entirely missed astonishing Bell by a classical display; yet he somehow did not feel disgusted as he always had when any other little girl showed ignorance of what he happened to know. With the grace of a princess she thanked him in passing out; and hastened her steps in order to redeem the time. Re-latching the gate, he watched till the white bonnet had disappeared down the slope.

"What bright little girl was that?" inquired his mother, as, returning to the house, he passed a window at which she was sitting.

"That's Beauty Bell, mother; I'm going to have her for my wife, when she gets older."

"No occasion to get older yourself, silly boy, is there?" said his mother, smiling indulgently.

Mr. Docet that morning dismissed his Latin pupil with an order to review, and a lecture of which this was the close and specimen.

"Were I obliged to judge of your capacity by this morning's exercises, Master Legh, *tui nihil sperarem*—that is, I should despair of you. You do not distinguish subject from predicate, nor any second root from its first. *Multum temporis amisisti*—you may study out the meaning of the phrase."

Such were the circumstances attending the first meeting of Legh Rosseau and Beauty Bell. During the next three years and more he haunted the cascade like some water god. He was no lone spirit either; but if ever he had failed to meet there a certain one, he had felt himself solitary, though in the midst of twenty score. Ere departing for college he won an acknowledgment of love from Bell, and vowed constancy to her till the waters should flow up the rock instead of down.

The fact of a correspondence being established between the youthful lovers was seized upon by the gossips, who hitherto had tried to regard their attachment as simply ridiculous—a piece of childish folly, which one, at least, would seasonably outgrow. Such a pestilence as then swept over and around! Legh's more distant relatives became infected, and lastly his parents took the disease in a milder sort of inoculated form. It little suited them that their only child should have in prospect, though never so remote and with a thousand lucky possibilities intervening, a match with a nameless, penniless girl. They did nothing rashly, but on Legh's coming home at his first vacation, expressed to him their views. The answer was so sensible and decided, that thenceforward the doting parents had no will in the matter at variance with their son's.

Their deranged balances were put in order, and personal worth found to weigh heavier than empty air. The young girl was invited to the judge's house, and made happy as often as she came. This state of things but irritated the opposing faction the more.

Beauty Bell *was* much to be despised! It was shameless in her to grow older without growing plainer! It was too provoking that she never seemed to fear, or even know their maliciousness—any more than an oriole singing on a tree-top is troubled by the wicked thought of an urchin below, that if he had a gun, and knew how to use it, he would shoot the bird—sure as life. They were angry with themselves for having established by usage her appellative of Beauty Bell, first bestowed on her by Legh; but no one now was able to recognize her name without its prefix. Her family name was scarcely known at all; Mrs. Crainlee choosing to live quite a hermitess, and gratify no idle curiosity.

The student's eyes, long ago become accustomed to the light which so suddenly burst upon them, were not now dazzled, but rather guided steadily to their aim. He was graduated with distinction. Then a few months' relaxation were allowed him, to be followed by a course of study for the bar. It was during this interval that Mrs. Crainlee, after a brief illness, died. She had never been like a mother to Bell, nor even like the relative whose title was all she had ever claimed of the child: this person had few plants of affection in her nature; whether they never sprang there, or whether the life of root and branch had been worn out by the merciless tramp of the world, I do not know. But she was one highly intelligent and nobly conscientious; she faithfully instructed, if she did not caress.

Her sickness was not, by herself or others, feared to be unto death, till almost at the last, when she was incapacitated from making any provision for her orphan charge. Of money there could have been no bequest—their living had been her pension from government as the widow of a brave military officer.

But now what was going to become of Beauty Bell? At the funeral, immediately before the service, Mrs. Blabman pushed her envious and discommoding way across the thronged room to put the question to her friend, Miss Scandalton; and again, while the concourse were passing round to look upon the corpse, the two kept up a whispered conversation on the point.

There were those who considered her situation more sympathetically. While she was devoting herself to the sick room, Legh's services were constantly at her command, and neither by Mrs. Rosseau was she neglected. The latter now extended to her the kindest offer of a home. Bell thanked her with flowing tears, yet neither accepting nor declining it. Hardly anything could be more desirable, except that secretly her delicacy revolted against taking up her abode under the same roof with her lover. He on his part did nothing but regret a pledge voluntarily given his parents, that he would not enter the marriage relation before having secured his profession.

Some weeks elapsed and Bell lingered at the cottage, retaining for a companion a simple, antiquated female, called there to exercise her one talent as nurse to the sick. Afterwards she disappeared—whither, none knew, nor could with all their powers divine. The old nurse, being questioned relative to the mystery, could only say that very early one morning, a stranger came in a carriage accompanied by young Mr. Rosseau, and Bell rode away with the man.

It was just three months later that the foundling was brought to Rosseau Hall. Was here a coincidence? Was there not? And, as though Providence, whose fiat cannot be escaped, decreed the unequivocal exposure of such iniquity, little Echo grew day by day into the image of Beauty Bell. She had the same pearly complexion, soft curls, fine eyes, dimpled cheeks and laughing mouth. What need had the Mrs. Blabman party of further witness?

"Well, they never anticipated anything better!"

Everything, save the present locality of "the victim," was now fully understood. Those occasional absences of the young man—who had posted away, and returned only after two or three days—were now explained. Want of resources, he being still a minor, had compelled Legh to fall back upon his father for the support of his unseemly offspring. But Beauty Bell would never show herself in that place again—indeed not! Of course, the judge and his wife knew all about it.

CHAPTER III.

THE ENIGMA.

This was partly true. Mrs. Rossean knew what was *said* in the case. The singular likeness Echo bore to the affianced bride of her son, together with the secret which was observed respecting the young girl's departure and after residence, and other circumstances, combined to excite in her mind, if not actual fears that rumor spoke truth, at least most unpleasant sensations at being unable to refute falsehood.

At length, when the burden of her thoughts was no longer to be borne, she took the opportunity—finding herself one morning alone with her son—of repeating to him what was so current in the neighborhood. He listened with knitting brows till the tale was ended, smote his clenched hands together, coupled Mrs. Blabman's name with an epithet the severest that anybody could search out of Webster's Quarto, and springing from his seat strode the apartment in a perfect frenzy of rage. This did nothing toward exhonerating himself or Bell from the execrable charges; he began to reflect that it would not, and his passion gradually cooled.

"Legh."

"Well, mother."

"Look at that child as she is playing there in her cradle."

"You see me obedient."

"Do you find in her a resemblance to any person you have known?"

"One most astonishing."

"To whom?"

"*Beauty Bell!*"

There was an interval of silence; Mrs. Rosseau, she scarcely knew why, had not expected this frank avowal. Legh was the first to speak.

"The child had hardly been a day with us when I discovered the likeness. That such likeness should exist, cannot be more unaccountable to you than it was and is to me. At first I thought it mere fancy; but soon saw that you and others had made the same discovery. It has perplexed and troubled me—if I was a woman I would say it has made me *nervous*. I have never forgotten how the sight of that old serpent in this room when I entered it with the perishing babe in my arms made me quail; but it was from instinctive terror of her nature, not from any evil desert, not because of any deception I was practising. I might have committed all the sin ascribed to me, but I would have suffered beheading, having seen Bell undergo the same, before I would stoop to so despicable a cheat. She is pure as an angel, and you know all that I know concerning the infant. I call Heaven to witness that I have uttered only the truth. Do you believe me, mother?"

"Most implicitly, my son. You have never told me but the truth, though you have not always told the whole truth."

"Have I in more than a single instance purposely kept back what you wished to know?"

"I refer to no more."

"And then it was because the secret was not mine to reveal."

"You acknowledged that you knew whither Bell had gone when she left us."

"I did. I have heard from her since, but not seen her. She had her reasons for requiring a promise of me, which you, mother, would be the last to wish me to violate. Let the serpents hiss; she *will* come back, and they will be confounded."

Mrs. Rosseau was satisfied and vexed herself no more, though public gossip continued unabated. Once, when Legh made his periodical excursion "to visit his victim," of course, the foul tide rose higher than ever. Mrs. Blabman "*wished* she was a man;" Miss Scandalton spoke significantly of tar and feathers. The morning following his return the former person, being summoned to the parlor, was dismayed at meeting there young Rosseau himself. She made an impulsive movement to fly, but his polite salutation reassured her; she stayed, lavishing on him her blandest looks and sweetest words. He delivered a request from his mother that Mrs. Blabman would call; the babe was not so well as usual, and she might be able to prescribe for its benefit.

Mrs. Blabman, much flattered, hastened in compliance. She had hardly entered the house, when her coadjutor, Miss Scandalton, arrived, by request also. The two looked one another in the face, as much as to ask, "What means it?" Echo appeared to have a slight cold, it was true; but was not hindered from playing animatedly. They were seized with vague, but mortal apprehension, and resolved on hastening away. Before, however, their design could be executed, a carriage such as had never been rivalled in the district—with its dashing bays in costly caparisoning and its footman in livery—rolled up to the gate. From the mien of Judge Rosseau, his lady and their son, it was sufficiently evident that the circumstance was not altogether unexpected.

The latter rising, threw open the door and ushered in three persons. One of these was Beauty Bell, even more brilliant than they had known her. The next, a queenly looking lady of twenty-five, entered with scarce restrained eagerness, and fixing her searching eyes upon the infant in Mrs. Rossean's arms, rushed forward, caught it to her heart and in a transport of maternal affection exclaimed: "*My darling!*" at length yielding it to the less demonstrative, though not less tender embraces of her husband, who accompanied them.

"You are not going so soon?" said the hostess, with mock concern, addressing the two neighbors who were endeavoring to creep from the room unperceived.

The judge approached them with all his official dignity.

"You, Mrs. Blabman," said he, "were present when the foundling was brought to us, and"—looking from one to the other—"both of you have *taken an active interest* in her; we thought, therefore, this invitation was due you; we hope you feel measurably recompensed."

Legh, with extraordinary obsequiousness bowed them out, dumb and almost annihilated.

CHAPTER IV.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA.

Though the mystery was in reality only deepened, Mrs. Blabman and her corps were nowise impatient for further developments. With our readers, if we have succeeded in interesting them, it is different; and they shall be gratified.

The mother of Beauty Bell was of a noble English family. She reciprocated the affections of a young American artist visiting the Old World; her father opposed the union on account of the suitor's want of fortune, and finally threatened her with disinheritance if she married him. Choosing between love and gold, Isabella consented to a secret marriage, and without the knowledge of her friends, embarked with her husband for his native land.

They established a residence at Buffalo; the succeeding year Mr. Bradington died of cholera, which that season prevailed in many cities of the North as well as South. The young widow, overwhelmed with grief for his loss, never recovered from her accouchment, which occurred soon after. In dying, she confided her infant to Mrs. Crainlee, whose friendship she had enjoyed since her arrival in a land of strangers, and who already knew her history.

Lord Eldon, Bell's grandfather, lamenting the result of his severity, made diligent efforts to discover his daughter, but in vain. He did not long survive her. A rumor finally reached the family, of Isabella's and her husband's death in America, and that they had left a daughter. At this, a sister, who was but a child when Isabella quitted her home, determined to come to this country and search till she should find whatever traces remained of one so fondly remembered. Her husband, to whom she was newly wedded, approved the project, and they made the voyage.

Mr. Bradiagton having been a native of a southern State, they naturally turned first in that direction. More than eighteen months elapsed while they passed from city to city of the South and West, and still no success. Arrived at Buffalo, letters awaited them, from which they received the happy surprise that Isabella's child not only had been found, but was even then with them in England. They were indebted to an elderly English gentleman residing at Buffalo and acquainted with the circumstances, who, reading upon tombstones the names of Richard and Isabella Bradington, instituted inquiries after their daughter which proved successful. Being on the eve of departure for Europe with his wife and child, he kindly took charge of Bell, and gave her in safety to her rejoicing relatives.

The young lady, timid regarding the reception she might meet with from her mother's aristocratic family, and there being an uncertainty regarding the property—of right hers, but long in the possession of another, chose that all should remain secret till her return. To aid this, her letters to Legh were by arrangement addressed to Buffalo, where he regularly went to receive them and remit his to her.

Mrs. Clyde, Bell's aunt in America, on learning that her object had been accomplished by another, wished immediately to recross the waters, but her situation for a time prevented. In the city of Bell's birth, she also gave birth to a daughter. Her anxiety to proceed home overcame her prudence, and, having only once left her chamber and that to render a tearful tribute over the grave of her ill-fated sister, they set out for New York; their passage being engaged on a boat to sail immediately. The overtaxing of her strength induced an attack of illness when they had travelled but a few miles, obliging them to delay. Having only very restricted accommodations at the obscure inn where they were, the nurse was sent forward with the child to await them in New York.

The vessel sailed before it was possible for Mrs. Clyde to proceed. By reference to the list of passengers it was found that "Mrs. Riley and child," the name was that of the nurse, had been among them. The parents went by the next steamer; but what was their dismay on arriving in England, to find that the nurse and child had not been heard from! The name on the list was ascertained to have denoted a different person.

It was thought Mrs. Riley, the nurse, possibly might still be staying with her charge in New York, whither letters were instantly despatched. While the bereaved parents waited in an agony of grief and suspense, earnestly concerting what further measures to adopt, a letter from Bell's lover recounted to her his singular adventure as a sportsman. Half jocosely, he described minutely the few garments the infant wore when found, being all of exquisite fabric. This enabled Mrs. Clyde at once to identify the babe.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde hastened preparations for returning to the child so unwittingly left behind; and Bell, who had come into the possession of her splendid estate without difficulty, disappointed her admiring friends of a longer visit, that she might come home in their company. It had been conjectured that the infant's nurse—though she had seemed faithful in her office and strongly attached to the babe—abandoned it where it was found, through the temptation to obtain possession of its rich clothing, and more especially of a casket of jewels which the proud father had lavished upon his first-born; this last as well as much of the apparelling having been abstracted from the mother's trunks without her knowledge. The parents were somewhat surprised, therefore, on reaching New York to be met by Mrs. Riley. With sobs and groans she threw herself at their feet, exclaiming, that "she didn't think her letter could have brought them so soon, or indeed, would bring them at all, except it was to punish her—and yet she could not help looking."

It appeared that the woman, as soon as she recovered from the consternation into which she was at first thrown by the loss of her charge, wrote the parents a full confession, as far as she was herself cognizant. The letter had not time to reach its destination when they left England. Mrs. Riley's tale was this:

The jewels and fine clothing were taken along solely from a foolish vanity of decorating the babe, whose remarkable beauty, even at that early age, attracted every eye. No sooner were they beyond the vigilance of the more sensible mother, than the infant of a few weeks, travelling in the railroad cars, was made to display as much elaborateness as would become any fine lady at court. The object was soon gained. As the tiny arms were tossed up in glee, a costly diamond bracelet fixed the gaze of a couple of gentlemen—apparently—who occupied a seat together at the opposite extremity of the car. Presently, an opportunity offering, they removed to the seat fronting, and during the remainder of the afternoon's ride, were assiduous in attentions to both child and nurse.

It was dark when the train stopped. One of the new acquaintances offered to carry the little one to the hotel, which he said was so near as to render a carriage unnecessary; while the other gallantly offered an arm to Mrs. Riley. The first instantly disappeared with his booty. His accomplice conducted the woman to a restaurateur, assuring her that as the hotel was kept on the European plan, this was her only opportunity of procuring refreshments for the night. She drank wine which she now believed to have been drugged; and recovered consciousness only to find that child and gentlemen would be sought in vain. The poor creature was overjoyed at being told the babe was safe.

The shortest paragraph is all that need be added. Bell spent at a celebrated boarding school the term of Legh's study of his chosen profession; on his being admitted to the bar, they were married and, accompanied by the bridegroom's parents, started immediately on a tour of a year in Europe.



A MOORISH TOWER.

MOORISH ARCHITECTURE.

We present on this page some very fine illustrations of Moorish or Mohammedan architecture, which has ever been renowned for its gracefulness, richness, and elegance and imaginative character. The first is a Moorish tower, richly wrought, and approached through an avenue of palms and other oriental trees, beneath which a military procession is seen advancing. The second is a small Mohammedan mosque, which is remarkable for its exquisite symmetry. The sculptured doorway and the graceful dome are models in style. The third engraving exhibits the interior of a Moorish apartment. In front, a sparkling fountain throws its diamond drops on the tessalated pavement; beyond and above springs a lofty Moorish arch with scalloped edges, and within are seen other arches, and walls adorned by arabesques, while in a recess is seen a couch. In the centre appear a group of figures in oriental dresses. In general, the interior of Moorish edifices was all light, air, color and luxury, contrasting with the grim and gloomy exterior, like a spar enclosed in a rough pebble. The door, once opened, ushered the Moor into a houri-peopled palace, which realized those gorgeous descriptions that seem to our good old folks who live in brick and mortar to be the fictions of oriental poetry, or the fabric of Aladdin's genii. Yet such were the palatial fortresses, the Alcazares, the Alhambras of the Spanish Moors, and such, on a minor scale, were their private dwellings, many of which still exist at Seville, although dimmed by ages of neglect. The generic features are a court hidden from the public gaze, but open to the blue sky, and surrounded with horse-shoe arched corridors, which rest on palm-like pillars of marble, whose spandrils are pierced in gossamer lace-work. In the centre plays a fountain, gladdening the air with freshness, the ear with music, the eye with dropping diamonds. The walls were painted with variegated tints, and richer than shawls of Cashmere. The ceilings were miracles of carpentry, while the open windows and door admitted a view of delightful gardens filled with luscious fruits, with fragrant flowers and with emerald foliage.



A SMALL MOHAMEDAN MOSQUE.



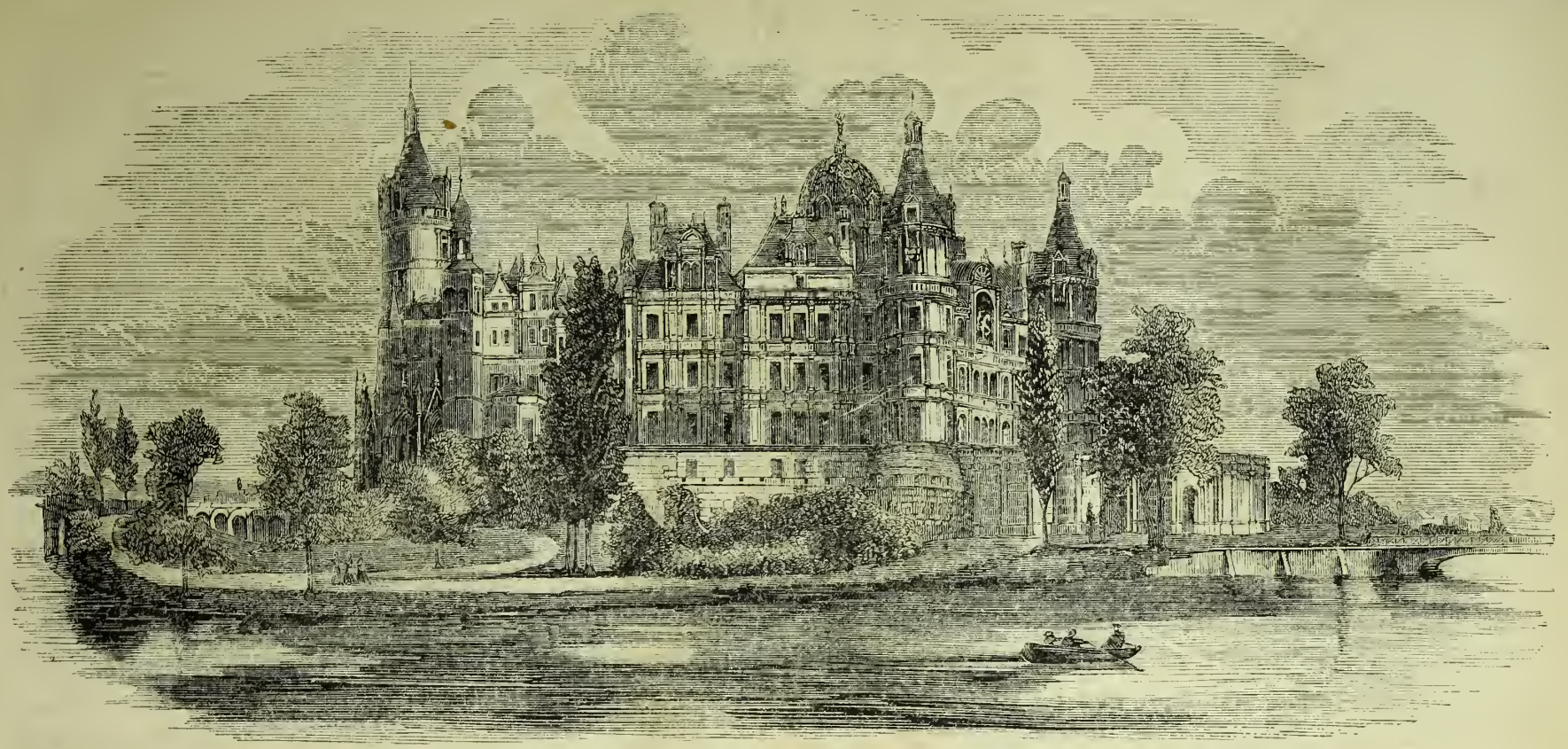
A MOORISH APARTMENT.

OAKLAND FEMALE INSTITUTE, NORRISTOWN, PA.

The engraving which occupies the lower part of this page is from a drawing made for us on the spot, and represents the Oakland Female Institute, located on the eastern border of the borough of Norristown, Pa. The building, as will be seen by our illustration, is an elegant structure, while its position is an admirable one, on an eminence which commands, on the one hand, a full view of the town and its environs, and on the other, a beautiful expanse of rural country. The landscape in front is surpassingly rich and varied, embracing a wide extent of cultivated fields, interspersed with numerous villages, and watered by the Schuylkill. We have here a turnpike, a canal and three railroads, which impart a constant life and activity to the scene. The situation combines the advantages of town and country. It is also easy of access from all points, and has communication with Philadelphia, which is but sixteen miles distant, almost every hour of the day, by means of the Norristown and Reading Railroads. The progress of this Institute has been rapid. It was opened on the 29th of October, 1845, and its pupils gradually increased, until it was necessary, before the close of the first session, to provide more room. The institution continued to grow, and five extensive additions were successively made, and the room thus furnished was immediately filled. About a year since, the centre building, which completed the original plan, was finished. And in connection with this, every other part of the establishment was renovated, and thus to the whole, the uniformity and freshness of a new building was imparted. Since that time, the demand for room has been much beyond the capacity of the building to supply. As now arranged, the edifice is 183 feet long, 41 feet wide, and four stories high; and contains 130 apartments. The chambers, of which there are over 70, are mainly calculated to receive but two pupils each, while a few are fitted up for the accommodation of four, which is the highest number that will, under any circumstances, be admitted to a room. The care of the chambers is in part, entrusted to their respective occupants, and all are required to be kept neatly, being subject to the daily inspection of the officers of the institution. The building is warmed by a hot air apparatus, and is lighted with gas. There is a primary department, into which pupils not under twelve years of age are admitted; a collegiate course of studies, which embraces the whole range of studies usually pursued in our universities, with some modifications, and an optional course, embracing such studies as may be specially selected for pupils by their parents and guardians. Provision is made for teaching various accomplishments—drawing and painting, instrumental and vocal music, the modern languages, etc. The officers and instructors of the Institute are as follows:—Rev. J. Grier Ralston, A. M., principal and teacher of chemistry, moral science, Latin and Greek; Mrs. Mary A. Ralston, vice-principal and superintendent of music department and of social duties; David Larimore, Esq., general business superintendent; Misses Elizabeth J. Grier, Elizabeth L. Long, Agnes C. Ralston, Catherine J. Casselberry, and Elizabeth J. Briggs, assistants in the collegiate and primary departments; Miss Maria R. Leonard, teacher of drawing, painting and embroidery; Monsieur Reinhold F. Hunt, piano, guitar and musical composition; Miss A. Louisa Williams, piano and singing; Mrs. P. McLaurin, piano; Miss Elizabeth C. Smead, piano and singing; Mr. John Bower, singing in classes; Monsieur L. M. Schneidre, French, Spanish, Italian and German; and Mrs. Anne E. Brown, matron. The object of this institution is to fit young ladies for the adequate discharge of the duties of life, to render them not merely scholars and accomplished ornaments of society, but right-minded women, physically and morally trained for the great battle of life. The pupils are taught to be self-reliant, to cherish that love of pure morality and just appreciation of responsibility which their relation to time and eternity involves. In the mental discipline of the institution, no attempt is made to cover a wide field of study at the expense of accuracy. The standard by which the pupils are judged is quality, not quantity. No student is allowed to pass to a second exercise until the first has been thoroughly mastered, and a system of frequent and rigid reviewing ensures the fixity of what has been studied in the minds of the pupils. An accurate record of each individual's recitation is made at the time of reciting, and quarterly reports are made to parents and guardians, stating precisely the health, industry, deportment and proficiency of the pupils. Health is justly regarded as of primary importance, and the extent of the grounds surrounding the Institute (eight acres) affords ample opportunity for that exercise in the open air by which alone health can be attained or secured. The government of this school is firm, but rendered as nearly like that of a well-conducted home as possible. Attendance at church on the Sabbath is required of all the pupils, and a portion of each Sabbath is spent in the study of the Scriptures. Where no particular preference is expressed, the pupils accompany the family of the principal to the Presbyterian Church. Under the auspices of the "Young Ladies' Literary and Library Association," a reading-room has been fitted up and furnished with many of the best religious and literary periodicals of the day. A library has also been commenced, which already numbers about 700 volumes of standard works. The united libraries of the institution contain nearly 2000 volumes. There are also an ample provision of chemical, philosophical and astronomical apparatus, as well as a complete set of maps, globes, etc., a cabinet of natural history, and a collection of minerals. Of the high character of this Institute, we have abundant testimony. The pupils have been frequently examined by impartial committees, the questions taken at random from the text-books used, or framed without reference to the books, and the result was completely satisfactory. The pupils on more than one occasion have passed with honor examinations "far more searching than those to which students are commonly subjected in our colleges." It gives us great pleasure to record the success of such an institution as this. It is unquestionably based on sound principles, and those principles are evidently fully embodied in practice. The whole plan of the "Oakland Female Institute" is admirable, and fully meets our approbation.



OAKLAND FEMALE INSTITUTE, NORRISTOWN, PA.



THE GRAND DUCAL PALACE, AT SCHWERIN, GERMANY.

GRANDFATHER'S VISIT.

There is excitement enough in the domestic scene depicted in our second engraving on this page, but it is excitement of a healthy character. The room is a humble one, with its battened door, its uncarpeted floor, its heavy wooden arm-chair and plain deal table, but yet it is the abode of happiness. Grandfather, a venerable old gentleman, looking all the more respectable for his adherence to the good old costume, the breeches and all that, has come to pay a visit to his daughter and her trio of children. The oldest, a boy, is boisterously seizing on the old gentleman and twining his sturdy limbs about his leg. But the first notice is for the gentle little girl who is advancing with both hands extended to welcome grandpapa. Even the baby on its mother's knee has caught the infection of hospitality, and is preparing to bundle down on the floor and toddle up to the old gentleman. The mother, with a look of fondness at the old man, is holding up her finger in silent warning to the younker, her eldest born, who is so furiously demonstrative in his proceedings. Ah! it is beneath such humble roofs as this that true happiness takes up its abode. A splendid residence and sumptuous surroundings do not necessarily crush the affections — for possession soon produces indifference to splendor, and as loving hearts beat beneath the king's ermine as beneath the peasant's coat of frieze, but the titled and the wealthy are surrounded by checks and restraints that forbid the full expansion of the heart, the free indulgence of domestic joys. It would be undignified in a royal or imperial grandfather to play at romps with his little grandchildren. Few monarchs venture to unbend as did that ancient king of Sparta who astonished a foreign ambassador by riding on a stick for the amusement of his children, and when criticized for so doing, replied to his Mentor: "You must wait until you have children of your own, before you can understand those who have." Those lofty circles where the intercourse of members of families is as unrestrained as in the abodes of humble life are extremely few and far between. One of the exceptions was that of Louis Philippe, king of France, to whom exile and sorrow had taught the value of domestic ties. But we like our good old grandfather in the picture for the very honest rusticity of his dress and bearing. We wouldn't improve on him if we could. If we were a story-teller, and he our hero, we should not venture to improve his circumstances. It would be the height of cruelty to award him a fortune in a lottery, or to make him discover a forgotten oven in a kitchen wall, containing seventy-five thousand dollars in gold and silver. For then he would forthwith dye his hair and raise a pair of mustachios, and go into French boots, and set up a carriage, and go to the opera, buy a lot of ancestors at a picture auction, and talk about his family. He wouldn't be approachable to children. He might give them a finger to shake, but he certainly would not allow them to walk over his pantaloons or ride on his knee, nor would tell them stories about the battle of Bunker Hill and the "times that tried men's souls." So we wont conjure up any "brilliant prospect" or "splendid opening" for grandfather, but leave him contented with his humble lot, just as the artist has depicted him --a gentle, genial, whole-souled old man, surrounded by those he loves and who love him, uncankered by care, by jealousy, by envy or by ambition.

GRAND DUCAL PALACE OF SCHWERIN, GERMANY.

The imposing pile of building occupied by the grand duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, accurately delineated in our engraving, is a bizarre mixture of different styles, and though far from harmonious regarded as a whole, abounds in the elements of the picturesque. Directly in front of us are two wings, evidently copied from some French chateau. Further to the right we have two ruined towers with exterior pilasters, connected by a rich curtain of mason work, in an arched recess of which is an equestrian statue. But the dome in the centre and the numerous spires again remind us of Byzantium and Russia. The palace is of vast extent and stands upon a peninsula in the lake seen in the foreground. The borders of this lake are tastefully planted with trees. On the right is seen the commencement of a graceful bridge, which leads to the principal entrance of the palace. The Lake of Schwerin is fourteen miles in length by three miles in average breadth. It receives the Elbe on the south, and from its northern extremity flows the Stor, which enters the Baltic at Wismar. The town of Schwerin, the capital of the grand duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is in Northern Germany, on the railroad from Hamburg to Wismar. It contains about 18,000 inhabitants. It is enclosed by walls. It has a cathedral, Lutheran and Roman Catholic churches, a Jewish synagogue, the government buildings and also various manufactories of woolen cloths, tobacco, etc.



GRANDFATHER'S VISIT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FORGIVE ME.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

On a fearful, wintry night,
'Neath the forest trees,
Musing in the pale moonlight,
Thought I then of thee;
I sighed, yet all around was still,
Naught echoed, e'en a trickling rill.

Straying 'mong the ghostly trees,
On that fearful night,
Wandering through the rustling leaves,
'Neath the pale moonlight,
There my spirit waited thine—
It came not then to comfort mine.

On the morning, flashing bright,
Came with golden beam,
While the dazzling diamond light
Gilt the icy sheen—
In the hoar wood lone and still,
Yet I wandered, sad and chill.

Leaning on a boary rock,
In that morking hour—
Torn my heart like earthquake shock's
Overwhelming power;
sighed not then to whisper thee—
I gloried thou wast far from me.

In the holy twilight calm
On my couch I lay,
Breathing round a soothing balm,
Faded fast the day;
The sunlight gleaming on the wall,
Gave way to evening's sombre pall.

In the fading, dying light,
My spirit, worn and weak,
Wandered on a moonlight night,
Sitting at thy feet;
Thy hand in mine—was it not so?
But years—O long, long, years ago.

The hot tears trickled down my cheek—
O, can it be that thou,
Who words of comfort then didst speak,
Canst frown upon me now?
And my heart, bursting wild with grief,
In that one question found relief.

On my couch in sweet repose,
All the night I dreamed
Angel forms around me rose,
Angel faces gleamed—
And one like thine did whisper, "Live!
For thy unkindness—I forgive!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EARLY LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

BY E. S. SMITH.

In the year 1474, on Monday the 6th of March, at four o'clock in the morning, was born at the castle of Carprese, in the territory of Areggo, Michael Angelo, son of Ludrico de Lionardo de Buonarotti, Governor of Chiusi and of Carprese, and descended from one of the most ancient families of Tuscany.

Although at this period of Florentine history, commerce and trade were considered as most honorable pursuits, and indeed to these were ascribed the great power and riches of the state, the father of the little Michael Angelo destined him for his own profession, and already foresaw him a future governor, nay ambassador; far from thinking that he was destined to become what he contemptuously termed a mason!

But there is a destiny attached to the lives of celebrated men, and fate selected for Michael, as his nurse, the wife of a stone mason, and whilst the child, thus thrown under her care, grew strong and robust in the sun and air, his infant hands, hardened by exposure, grasped the chisel and hammer, and his first cries mingled with the harsh grating of the saw. In vain the proud parent sought to curb the only inclination the boy manifested; even at school he continued to escape the vigilance of the master, and obtained the notice of the artist Ghirlandajo, who said of him, "He is a rising star that will live to eclipse the brightest planet now shining." He was even induced to seek Michael's father, and beseeching him not to oppose the manifest vocation of his son, offered to take him as an apprentice to his art.

At this proposal, the podesta started from his seat in a paroxysm of rage; but after a while he went calmly to his work, wrote an engagement on the behalf of his son for three years, and with an expression of countenance little less affecting than that with which Brutus signed the death warrant of his son, handed him over to Ghirlandajo. With one bound Michael cleared the staircase, throwing up his cap for joy. He burnt his grammar: true, he was not much more than a servant at Ghirlandajo's; but what did that matter? He was free to pursue his own tastes, he was happier than a Medicis! He could now bedaub the walls as he chose, he could grind his colors, sketch, or if a morsel of plaster fell in his way, he could mould it to his will, without fearing to have his ears pulled. Before he had attained the age of thirteen, he was already a great artist, and his success had naturally created both jealousy and enmity. A blow from Torregiano, when they as boys worked together, broke the cartilage of his nose, and disfigured that feature for life.

On the other hand, Michael Angelo could not fail to find as many friends, and amongst the most celebrated men of the age. Benvenuto Cellini, whose great genius and talents ranked with those of Buonarotti, was his most ardent admirer, and never designated him but as the "divine Buonarotti."

During the boy-artist's wanderings in the gardens of the Medici palace, he met some of the stone cutters who had formerly rocked his cradle; they were ever delighted to see him, and frequently obtained him a view of the treasures of the gallery, then in its infancy. Michael Angelo contemplated with veneration the mutilated specimens of art. The workmen one day offered him a bit of marble, requesting that he would employ it as he liked, and come thither as often as he chose.

His only answer was to grasp a chisel, throw off his jacket, and begin to hammer out the outline of a faun's head. Often then was the workshop deserted, to the great displeasure of the master. One day, whilst putting the finishing strokes to his old faun, a man about forty years of age, plain in person and shabbily attired, stopped, and silently watched him as he worked. Michael Angelo continued to work on, heeding him no more than the dust which fell from his chisel. When he had given the last touch he drew back, as artists are wont, to look on the effect of the head. For this, probably the silent observer had waited, for he slowly approached, and, putting his hand on the young artist's shoulder, "My friend," said he, smilingly, "with your leave I would make an observation."

Michael Angelo turned quickly, and with a somewhat impatient and caustic air, replied, "An observation!—you!"

"A criticism, if you prefer it."

"Upon my faun's head?"

"Upon your faun's head."

"And who are you, sir, who fancy you have a right to criticise my work?"

"It matters not to you who I am, provided my criticism is just."

"And who will decide, sir, which of us two is in the right?"

"I will leave the decision to yourself."

"Well, sir, speak," said Michael Angelo, crossing his arms in a defiant manner.

"Was it not your object to make an *old* faun laughing immoderately?"

"Undoubtedly; it is easy to be discovered."

"Well then," said the other, "where did you ever see old men with all their teeth perfect?"

The boy blushed to his eyes, and bit his lip. The observation was correct. He only waited till the individual had turned his back, when with one stroke of his chisel he knocked out two of the faun's teeth, and even decided on hollowing out the gum on returning next day. The gardens accordingly were no sooner opened than Michael Angelo entered; but the faun had disappeared, and in its place stood the person he had seen the preceding day.

"Where is my head?" asked the young sculptor, angrily.

"It has been removed by my command," replied the stranger, with his accustomed apathy.

"And who are you, sir, who dare to give orders in the gardens of the great Medicis?"

"Follow me, and you shall learn!"

"I will follow, to force you to restore me my faun."

"Perhaps you will be better satisfied to leave it where it is."

"We shall see."

"We shall see," echoed the stranger, and then took the path to the palace, with the same calm demeanor; but on his beginning to ascend the staircase, the boy, seemingly terrified as well as angry, caught his arm, saying, "Where are you going, sir? You are approaching the apartments of the prince, and although he may overlook an intrusion in the royal gardens, we here run great risk."

On proceeded the stranger, the servants rising as he approached, the guards saluting.

Michael was lost in wonder. "Even supposing him one of the household (he thought to himself), my faun belongs to me, and he ought to restore it; my labor is my own, and I can pay him for the marble." The galleries, the saloons were passed through without interruption. "Good heavens! it must be at least the secretary, whom I have thus cavalierly treated," thought the boy.

The stranger threw open the door of a room magnificently furnished, and enriched with all that was most valuable in art, and the trembling child considered himself as lost, when he remembered his treatment of one powerful enough to be able to approach Lorenzo de Medicis without being announced. Whilst he was stammering out an apology, he raised his eyes, and saw his old faun placed on a superb bracket.

"You see, my friend," said the stranger, with the same mild and kind manner, "that if I had your faun removed from the garden, it was to place it in a more suitable position."

"But," cried the youthful artist, "what will the prince say, when he discovers this poor attempt among so many precious works?"

The prince held out his hand: "Take it, my friend."

Any other than Michael Angelo would have thrown himself at his feet; but he burst into tears, and, bowing his head, convulsively pressed the hand offered him by Lorenzo the Magnificent. "Henceforward thou art here at home, my friend; thou wilt work here, dine at my table, and I shall treat you as one of my children. Go to my wardrobe, and desire that they give thee a rich cloak of velvet; velvet, exactly like that worn by Peter and John de Medicis, on days of ceremony."

"My lord," replied the boy, deeply affected, "suffer me first to go to my father, that he may share my happiness. He turned me from his roof as a disobedient and worthless child, and I would return thither a submissive and devoted man. I know my father to be as just as he is inflexible, and he will admit that I have a right to be proud of my disobedience. From this day I may carry my head high; for Lorenzo de Medicis, the first man of the age, has consecrated me an artist."

"Right, my child; and you may also tell your father, that my patronage will extend to all your family. This very day I will receive him at the palace, and I will bestow on him any appointment in Florence that may be suited to him."

Old Buonarotti was quietly breakfasting in his room, which he had scarcely left since he had lost his son, when loud and repeated knocking at the door nearly drove it from its hinges. The governor hastened to open it himself, but drew back at the sight of Michael Angelo, whom he did not immediately recognize. Pale, breathless, his head bare, his dress in disorder, covered with dust and plaster, the boy made a spring from the door to throw himself into his father's arms.

"Begone!" cried the governor, trembling with passion.

"Father, hear me, I implore, before you thus drive me from you. Listen to me but for one moment."

"You would thus force me to curse you."

"I come from the palace."

"I neither wish to know whence you come, nor what you do. I had once a son called Michael Angelo. He was to have been (at least I hoped so) the glory, the support of my family, the joy, the comfort of my old age, but I have lost this ungrateful and disobedient son, thank God,—he is no longer here, I sold him to the sculptor Ghirlandajo for eighteen florins."

"For my mother's sake, hear me! behold me at your feet."

"Back to your mason's, that is your place."

"My place!" said Michael Angelo, rising proudly from his knees, "*my* place is in the apartment of princes; my place is among the first artists of Florence; my place is at the table of Lorenzo the Magnificent."

"My God, my God, he is mad!" exclaimed the poor father, passing from rage to terror.

"But follow me, father, follow me, and you will see that the great Lorenzo has taken me by the hand, that he has placed me in his palace, that he expects you, that he offers you an employment, according to your choice."

The old Buonarotti was completely upset; he held his head between his hands, and asked of himself which had lost his reason, his son or himself. Michael Angelo not allowing him further time for reflection, dragged him by force, to the palace of the great Medicis. The governor believed himself to be in a dream. No guard forbade their approach, and the courtiers drew back respectfully to give them passage. At the door of the prince's closet, a page raised the hanging curtain, and the old Buonarotti stood with his son in the presence of the Medicis.

"Sir," said the prince, coming forward and courteously addressing him, "I have been the cause of disturbing you, in order to ask your leave that I may retain about me a son of whom you may be justly proud, and who bids fair to become the first artist of his time. My house shall be his home, and his salary you will yourself name. In return, I make you only one request; your son has probably already told you what. It is that you ask of me any appointment most suitable to your taste and habits. It is granted beforehand."

"My son," replied the agitated father, endeavoring to master his emotion, "will, I think, be paid beyond his deserts, if he receives five ducats monthly."

"And for yourself, sir?"

"For myself, prince, I ask a trifling situation now vacant in the customs; it can only be given to a citizen of the state; I ask it, because it is a post I feel I can fill with honor."

"You will never be rich, my dear Buonarotti," laughingly replied the Medicis, "for, offered any situation you please, you content yourself with a little place in the customs."

"Enough too—for the father of a *mason!*"

And thus was Michael Angelo de Buonarotti introduced to the patronage of the illustrious Medicis.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LECTURES READ TO THE JUNIORS IN HARVARD COLLEGE. By EDWARD T. CHANNING, late Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 298.

These lectures on oratory and rhetoric form an admirable text-book. The lectures are preceded by an ample biographical notice, from the pen of Richard H. Dana, Jr.

THE AMERICAN COLLECTION OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. Vol 1. By JOHN W. MOORE. Geo. P. Reed & Co.

A very admirable collection of marches, quicksteps, dancing tunes and other popular music, arranged for wind and stringed instruments, with pianoforte accompaniments. It is beautifully printed, and contains a great quantity of music. Every amateur of music should procure it.

SUNBEAM STORIES. With Illustrations. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 395.

The "Trap to catch a Sunbeam," and the tales which followed, have enjoyed a universal reputation both in Europe and this country. Their collection in the present volume will be hailed with delight by the young, to whom it will be as welcome as the sunshine to the flowers in May.

SIN AND REDEMPTION. By D. N. SHELDON, D. D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 332.

A series of sermons on subjects of vital spiritual importance, written with all the vigor and logical power of the learned and eloquent author.

NEW MUSIC. Oliver Ditson has just published "The Irish Washerwoman," "The Dearest Spot of Earth," and "The Lass wi' the bonnie blue Ee," "Is Love a Crime?" a duett for the piano, "Distant Bells are softly pealing," a ballad by O. R. Barrows," and "Now the Swallows are returning," with French and English words.

LINDA; *or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole.* By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 276.

This story of southern life is thought by many to be the best novel from the pen of the lamented writer. It is a story of thrilling interest, and the character of Linda is developed with remarkable ability. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co

GABRIEL VANE: *His Fortunes and his Friends.* By JEREMY LOUD, author of "Dovecote." New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 423.

Quite a clever novel, full of adventures, ups and downs, startling incidents, and above all, characters well drawn and colored. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

ADVENTURES OF GERARD THE LION-KILLER. Translated from the French by CHARLES E. WHITEHEAD. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 432.

Gerard is the modern Nimrod of North Africa, and Gordon Cummings of South. He spent ten years in hunting the lions, and thus became a lion himself. His book has all the excitement of the wildest romance, and the publishers have, with great judgment, liberally illustrated it. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON. Complete in one volume, with a Portrait of the Author. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 18mo. pp. 518.

Though all of Tennyson's writings are embraced in this elegant little volume, the type is large and clear. It contains much exquisite poetry, and some unmitigated trash, among which we reckon "Maud," and that weakest of battle lyrics, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Yet even these have their admirers.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

BY NELLIE.

Bright clouds that float above my head,
And o'er the ocean's rippling bed;
And o'er the palm and linden trees,
And in the soothing, summer breeze;
Soft clouds of night, white and blue,
O, who loves me as I love you?

Fair flowers that bloom around my feet,
And bless me in my lone retreat;
That smile on me from bank of moss,
And gem the brooklet's silver gloss;
Ye lilies white and pure as snow,
Ye roses bright with crimson glow,
Ye violets wet with tears of dew,
O, who loves me as I love you?

Entrancing earth in queenly pride
Serene and lovely as a bride,
Thou hast rare stores of hidden worth,
Pearls for the questioning soul of truth;
Thou offer'st hope to quell my fears,
Thou hast a breath to dry my tears,
And wake affection fond and true,
But who loves me as I love you?

Dark eyes that light a moonless eve,
And diamond rays around me weave,
Proud lips that wear a kingly smile,
And might a monarch's soul beguile,
Thou form of nature's nobleness,
Who could behold and deem thee less,
Less than a seraph kind and true;
O, who loves me as I love you?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BLUCHER THE FAITHFUL.

BY WILLIAM H. OLIVER.

"Let the dog alone, Edward," said a very pretty young lady, in the cars, to a little fellow of about four years old. The dog was mine—a pet, too, for he had saved my life twice—and it was quite irritating to hear the tone in which my good Blucher was spoken of. He had gone up to the little boy, laid his head affectionately in his lap, and his large paw was on the cushioned seat. The boy was evidently delighted, and not a particle of fear was visible in his countenance. I looked at the lady again. She looked scarce old enough to be the child's mother, and yet it was not altogether unlikely. The expression of her face was pleasant enough in its repose; but when she looked at my poor Blucher, there was a frown, and a vinegar aspect that repelled me.

I made myself acquainted with the boy, enticed him over to my own seat, and let him play with the dog as much as I dared; for I could see that my neighbor in the opposite seat was annoyed. I made up my mind, however, that it was *only* annoyance, not fright. She was evidently fearful only that the boy's beautiful garments would get soiled by contact with Blucher's paws. I took out my handkerchief and gently wiped them, although they were perfectly clean before; and then I let Blucher get up to the seat, and placed the boy upon him. How joyful the child looked!—little Eddy, for he had told me his name; and how he took off his cap and laid down his little curly head, radiant with golden ringlets, on Blucher's neck. Then I told him, in a voice loud enough, too, for the young lady to hear, of the dog's wonderful exploits in twice saving me. He looked up with a pretty, wondering look in his large eyes, and asked me a great many questions.

The lady pretended not to hear it, but I knew well enough that she was listening; but she still wore the same hard look, and her eyes, whenever she deigned to turn them towards my seat, were invariably fastened on the boy's snowy trowsers and stockings, where Blucher's paw was lying. Once the dog got up and went over to her seat, but she gathered up her dainty garments and looked daggers at the unoffending and affectionate brute, that only wanted to caress and be caressed.

We arrived at our journey's end at night. The poor child was asleep in my arms, and as I had really taken a strange liking to him, I kissed his soft, rosy cheek, and put him very tenderly into the coach with the lady. I did not dare offer her my hand, for she still looked askance at Blucher, who followed me to the coach door, and showed by various waggings and shakings, that he expected me to follow them to the inside, and further, that he was going inside also, as had been his usual custom. I turned away, and after a brief look, which I gave back to the sleeping boy, I lost sight of the group, as I then thought, forever.

The next morning was a glorious one—a fit day to embark for California—and I was on my way back to that region of gold; that paradise of sunny skies and serene airs—except when the rainy season sets in; that land where the fastest men, the most beautiful women, and the largest *sunflowers* are found; where waste and extravagance jostle side by side with poverty and distress; where the poor hod-carrier may amass a fortune in a month, and where lawyers, doctors, and perhaps ministers, may frequently be seen trundling wheelbarrows.

I had got tired of New England—it was too prosy for me, now that I had had a taste of Californian frankness and freedom; and having no one to leave behind, nor, in fact, any one to take with me, except Blucher, I was bound on this very morning to take passage in the fine clipper ship Golden Arrow, and try to reach once more the shore which possessed greater attractions for me than any other on earth.

Detained by a friend, I had gone on board quite late; and afte the other passengers were gone to their state rooms, except two or three young men, now going out for the first time, and eager for information and advice. We went down to dinner and to tea, but the passengers were reported generally seasick, and those of us who were not, returned to the deck. Thus passed a week, and the voyage already began to be monotonous and tiresome to me. Blucher was always interesting to me, and I spent part of my time in teaching him new tricks and new feats of agility. But after all, he loved best to lie on the deck, beneath the awning, and sleep away the time; and making a pillow of his capacious side, I would stretch myself beside him with a book, until I shared his slumbers.

I had brought with me Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, Rogers and Campbell; nor had I forgotten Tennyson and Bailey. So I was well stocked in poetry; but besides these, I had few other books. One of my companions had the entire set of Walter Scott's life and writings, and I read them over with a zest that I had not experienced since their treasures were unfolded to my boyish eyes.

There was something lacking still. One cannot read forever, nor gaze always at the sea, nor play chess interminably; and at sea, barring the delights of the table—which, by the way, are not always very much like delights either—there is nothing else to interest you in a tame, fair weather voyage, unless you can pick up some agreeable fellow-passenger; strike up some sort of romantic friendship, and make yourself believe that you were made expressly for each other. This was the case after awhile with me. But I waited for it somewhat too long; for it was nearly three weeks after we sailed before a single lady had been seen at table.

How the poor souls existed in those close state rooms is more than I can tell; they must have been horribly dull. I passed along one day, looking wistfully at the enamelled and silver-handled doors, which I knew were barring from my sight some interesting specimens of the sex, when Blucher leaped furiously at one of the doors, and set up a great cry when he found that he could not get in. I whistled him away, but he stretched himself down before the door, and laid there during the entire afternoon.

He did this every day for a week; and curious to know why, I took up my station at some distance, and yet where I could watch that particular door, reading, or pretending to read, all the time. At the end of a week the door opened a few inches one afternoon, when the ship had been so quiet for two hours that the silence was oppressive to me. The passengers were apparently all asleep, only that some one must have opened this door; or perhaps the wind had pressed it open. But it was worth while to see Blucher. He had been lying at the door of that state room three mortal hours, never raising his head for a moment. But now he sprang up, pushed his nose into the small aperture, cried, wagged his tail, and stood up on his hind feet, turning round to me, as if to ask my assistance. I did not dare go to him, for I suspected that a lady was the occupant of the room at that very time.

Presently a little pale hand—a child's hand—was thrust out, and Blucher covered it with kisses. Then came a face; and pale and thin as it had grown, I knew at once that it was my little companion in the railway car! The child knew me, too, and ran towards me, followed by Blucher. The door was left ajar, and (I must be forgiven) I cast my eyes that way, and saw a lady asleep! Not all Blucher's demonstrations had waked her from that heavy sleep which follows long sea-sickness, and that she and the child had both suffered intensely, I could not doubt; for it was really the same lady, and her face was very quiet in its repose—not a drop of vinegar in its whole length and breadth. I shut the door softly, rightly thinking she would come out if she missed her child.

Half an hour elapsed, and the child and Blucher had had a glorious play together, when the door opened and she appeared—pale, indeed, but still very pretty. She shrunk a little from the dog, but as little Eddy was sitting on my knee, she approached to take him. She recognized me, I knew, but she did not choose to appear like doing so; and I was rather indignant at her on Blucher's account. We had twenty just such scenes as this, and I resolved not to "give in" until she did.

One Sunday afternoon, when the sun was burning hot, I had made my usual pillow of Blucher, and was lying under the awning, reading "In Memoriam," for the tenth time since I came to sea. Eddy's little curly head was resting not far from me, for he now went up and down as he listed, and was sound asleep, with Blucher's paw resting on his little linen blouse, as if to pin him to the deck. A shadow passed over my book, and looking up, I saw Miss Hetherstone. I had learned her name from Eddy; he called her Aunt Catherine. She looked as if suffering from weariness and ennui; and as if the companionship of any living thing would be a godsend to her. But I was too proud to do more than bow, and point to Eddy, signifying that he was safe. Blucher roused up, and again that unpleasant look passed over her features. She came over to my side then, and after waiting a few minutes, she said, quite courteously:

"I suppose we may introduce ourselves, as Eddy has brought us acquainted. I am Miss Hetherstone."

"And I am Mr. Oliver," I said, "and happy to continue an acquaintance commenced some weeks ago."

"You will wonder why I am here alone, Mr. Oliver," she proceeded to say; "and I have several times been *awfully* tempted to choose you for my knight-errant on this voyage; but the fact is, I do not like your dog."

"Sorry, Miss Hetherstone. I am under great obligations to Blucher; he has twice saved my life, and I do not think I can estimate his services too high. Eddy, you see, is fond of him, too."

"I know it; and it makes me tremble every time he comes near him. I do not have any peace night nor day about him. Eddy's mother is dead; she was my sister, and I am carrying the child out to his father at Shasta, as he could not come for him. But I dread lest something happen to the little fellow before I get him out there. If he *should* be bitten by that dog, I should not dare to meet his father, for he is all that he has left now." And she turned away to hide a tear to the memory of her sister. I, of course, said everything the occasion demanded; and, notwithstanding her unaccountable dislike to my poor Blucher, I really began to be interested in the pretty Miss Hetherstone.

After this we had many interviews upon deck, and frequently walked together in the moonlight evenings, admiring the effect of the moonlight on the waves. Those long, foamy tracks which our ship was always leaving behind her—how beautiful they looked at evening! I shall never forget the foam-crested billows, with the silver light resting upon their edges! And sunrise and sunset—how glorious they are at sea! I used to call to Miss Hetherstone constantly to come and behold these scenes, for she enjoyed them with the true zest of a finely cultivated mind and an ardent imagination. She was so different from what I thought her! I found her so truly womanly, and yet so free from any feminine affectations.

"She will go out to this bereaved brother-in-law," I found myself sometimes thinking, "and will marry him out of pity for his forlorn situation, and become the mother of this little Eddy." It sometimes troubled me a little—this thought. Not that I had any interest, of course, in having it otherwise; but then I did *not* like the brother-in-law aspect of the case. I did not know why then.

We were reading one day on deck, and Eddy was unusually frolicksome and unmanageable. He climbed to Catherine's seat, took the combs from her hair, letting the long, glittering spirals fall down like a shower over her face, neck and shoulders. She resisted him long, but he at length succeeded in making her look almost like a crazy woman. He was in full glee, and she was terribly embarrassed at the confusion of her dress and hair. She seized him in her arms, and playfully held him over the side of the ship. "What if I let you fall, naughty child?" she said. At that moment the breeze blew her long hair directly across her eyes. Eddy struggled and screamed, and before I could get to her side, the boy was in the water!

Miss Hetherstone fainted—a merciful fate, I thought, that she was spared the feelings which I endured, and which of course must be more agonizing to her. I did not touch her, but my eye fell on Blucher asleep. I called him, and pointed to little Eddy's blonse as it floated on the wave. It was but the work of a moment for the two men who witnessed the fall to get out the boat; but Blucher was over the side before them, and the oarsmen had scarcely struck out, before he rose to the surface with the child's frock securely in his mouth! To the boat, rather than the ship, his instinct seemed to lead him; and before Miss Hetherstone's swoon was over, the two laid beside her on the deck—Eddy and the noble dog; the former pale and motionless, the latter panting with exertion. The child was easily recovered, and the sailors made a warm, dry bed for Blucher.

Catherine opened her eyes languidly, while the captain poured some wine into her lips, and I was wrapping the child in a warm blanket, and chafing his little drenched limbs. She could not speak yet, but her gaze took in the meaning of all before her—Blucher's dripping coat, the child's purple lips, the absence of all wet upon any of the *humans* round her—she knew all. We laid her on her own bed, and Eddy beside her; and I watched by them through the night.

The next morning Blucher was whining at the door. I did not dare to let him in at first, but she motioned with her weak hand that I should do so. It was beautiful to see her white arms thrown around the great shaggy creature, and the kisses and caresses she bestowed upon him. Blucher stood it like a hero. He did not return her caresses, but seemed to be proudly enduring them; and then he turned to the child with such a bound!

"Don't, Blucher!" I said. "If Eddy *should* be bitten by you, we should never dare to meet his father!"

Catherine—what do you think she did? She laid one hand on the dog, and putting the other arm around my neck, as I sat by the bedside, she whispered, "Forgive me!"

You can see the end of all this, reader. You know just as well as I can tell you, that Catherine is now my wife; that when we arrived, the brother-in-law had just been married again; and that we all make one family; that Blucher is petted and fed by his kind mistress, until his master is almost jealous of him; and that no vinegar aspect ever comes over the face that is now sweetest to me of all the faces in the world beside.

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT TRENTON, N. J.

Tho accompanying engraving exhibits a correct representation of the capacious and elegant building occupied by the Normal School of the State of New Jersey. The style of the building reflects great credit on the architect, Mr. Chauncey Graham. The building is regarded as being one of the most convenient and commodious of any similar State institution in this country. It stands on a lot 200 feet square, and, including land, furniture and fixtures, has cost about twenty-five thousand dollars. It is of brick, and covered with "rough casting." The main building is 50 by 78 feet, with a front wing or projection 30 by 40 feet, and a rear wing or projection 18 by 30 feet. The interior is well-arranged and appropriately furnished throughout. The first story contains a hall for visitors, a hall for male pupils, one for female pupils, separate cloak and wash rooms for the Normal School and the Model School, recitation rooms for the former and the Model School rooms. On the second story are a reception room, library, wash room, halls for each sex, assembly rooms with seats for 240 pupils, recitation rooms, etc. In the third story are recitation rooms, janitor's room, the lecture room, etc. The New Jersey State Normal School was established by an act of the legislature, passed and approved February 9,1855. Its sole object is that of training teachers for the common schools in the science of education and the art of instructing youth. The annual appropriation for its support is ten thousand dollars. Each county in the State is entitled to send three times as many pupils to the school as it has representatives in both houses of the legislature. These pupils are entitled to free tuition, and are supplied with all necessary books, stationery, and the use of apparatus without charge. They are, in return, required to teach in the common schools of the State for at least two years, and sign a declaration and agreement to that effect. The institution opened on the 1st of October, 1855, with 15 pupils, and has steadily increased to the present time, now numbering 66, besides a Model School of 125 pupils. The pupils of the Normal School are required to pass a most thorough and critical review of all the branches usually taught in the common schools, together with a mastery of such advanced studies as are collateral to those branches. They are otherwise trained to the principles and method of teaching them, and also of organizing and governing schools; and they are further required to spend a portion of their time in the Model School, where the theories inculcated in the Normal School are by them put to the test of practice and experiment. The Normal School is under the general direction of a board of ten trustees appointed for two years by the governor and senate, one half retiring each year. The board of instruction is at present composed of a principal and nine professors and teachers, including the permanent assistants of the Model School. The first annual report of William F. Phelps, Esq., the principal, presented and read to the legislature, January 23, 1856, is a document written with remarkable ability, clear and systematic in its arrangements, and containing, in addition to a detailed history of the school from its inception, a lucid sketch of the Normal School system. We need no better evidence than this report, which shows a thorough acquaintance with the history and philosophy of education, to be convinced that Mr. Phelps is admirably fitted for the important position he occupies. We subjoin a few facts gleaned from this document, and only regret that our space will not permit us to make ampler use of the material. It appears that, from the outset, the citizens of New Jersey exhibited the greatest interest in the establishment of the school; and that different localities were so liberal in their offers of land and money, that the trustees were embarrassed by the generous rivalry of towns competing for the honor of the location of the school. Tho liberal offers of land and money by the citizens of Trenton, the circumstance of the school being a State institution and the offspring of legislative bounty, together with a consideration of the central situation of the capital, and its accessibility from all parts of the State, finally induced the trustees to decide upon Trenton as the most suitable locality for the institution. The selection of a principal was the next step, and Mr. William F. Phelps was unanimously elected. Of this gentleman the trustees remark in their own report to the legislature, that he "had been for some years connected with the State Normal School of New York, and brought with him the strongest recommendations from those who were thought most competent judges of his qualifications. It is but an act of justice to say, that thus far he has fulfilled the very highest expectations that were formed of him." The trustees also secured the services of Professor Arnold Guyot, so well known both in Europe and in this country, and so highly appreciated in our own State. Among the teachers appointed by the board of trustees to assist the principal, we find the following: Sumner C. Webb, M. D., late of the Normal School at Albany, professor of physiology and elocution; Miss Irene B. Colby, of New Brunswick, teacher of geography; Ferdinand I. Ilsley, professor of vocal music; and John K. Wolfe, instructor of drawing. Mr. Samuel A. Farrand, of Boonton, has also been appointed a teacher. The candidates for admission into this school are required to pass a satisfactory examination in the following branches of a common school education: orthography, reading, penmanship, arithmetic, geography and English grammar. The course of study proposed by the principal is arranged into departments as follows: I. English Language. The elementary sounds—spelling—definition and analysis of words—reading and elocution—English grammar, including the analysis of the sentence and sentential structure—composition, including rhetoric and criticism—the art of debate, including parliamentary law. II. Graphics. Penmanship and book-keeping—object, map and mechanical drawing. III. Mathematics. Oral and mental arithmetic—written arithmetic—practical mathematics—elements of algebra—elements of geometry—mathematical geography and the use of globes, including the elements of astronomy. IV. Natural Science. Descriptive and physical geography—human and comparative physiology—elements of natural philosophy—elements of chemistry. V. Ethics, etc. Moral philosophy—natural theology—constitution of the United States and of New Jersey—history of the United States. VI. Theory and Practice of Teaching. Intellectual philosophy—the study of school systems—lectures on education and the details of teaching, and practice in the model school. Vocal music throughout the course. In this arrangement, Mr. Phelps says that he "has endeavored to avoid the objection, on the one hand, of making it (the course of study) too limited for the proper discipline and expansion of the teacher's mind, and, on the other, of its being too extended for the time allowed him for its acquisition, keeping constantly in view the wise maxim that 'a good schoolmaster must know much more than he is called upon to teach.'" We cannot but congratulate the citizens of New Jersey on the establishment of their school under such happy auspices as those which have attended its inauguration. Let us hope that through the influence of this school it shall annually send forth trained and accomplished teachers to perform their honorable tasks in the common schools in the best manner.

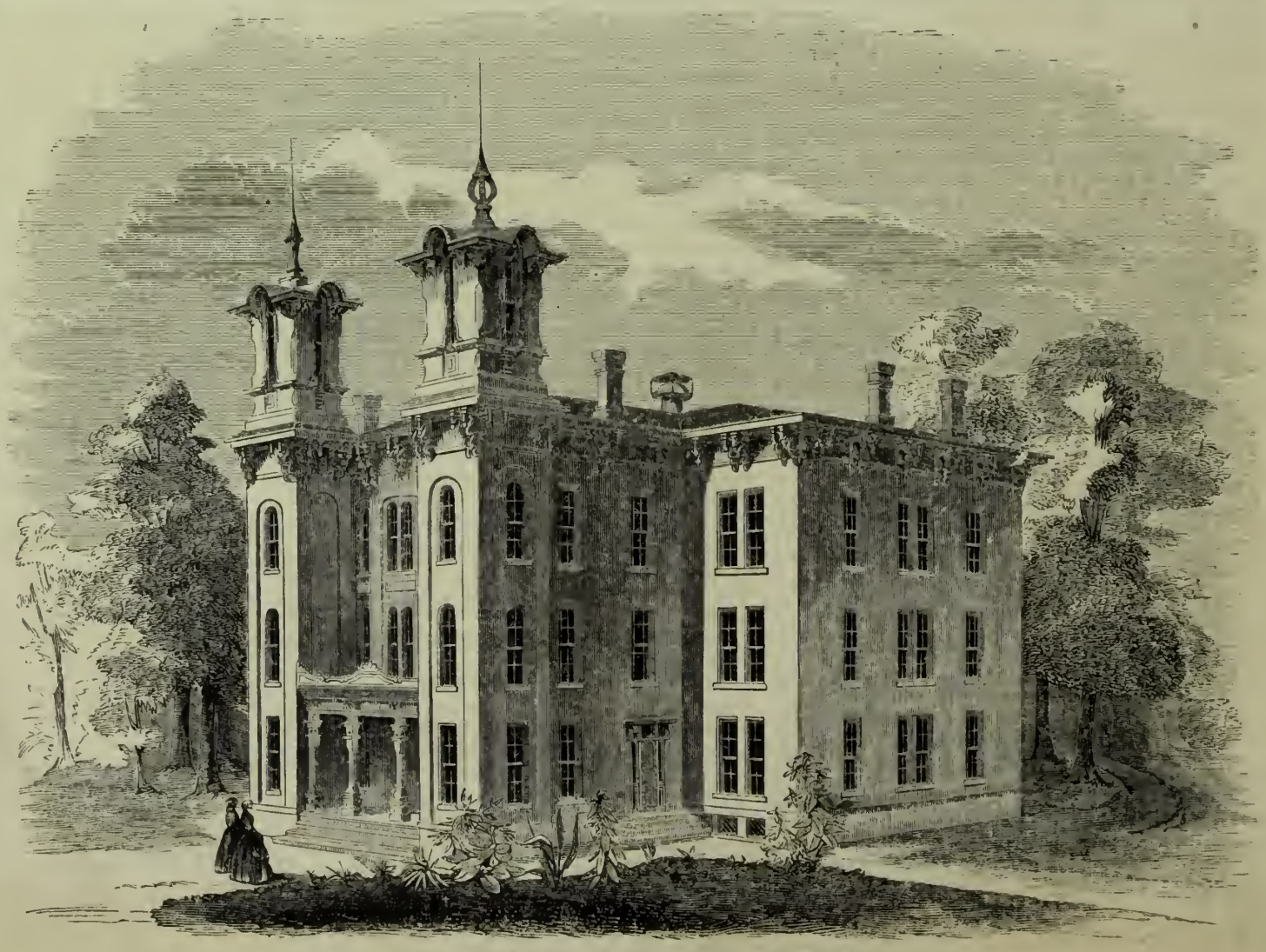


DANIEL J. COBURN, CHIEF OF POLICE, BOSTON.

DANIEL J. COBURN,

CHIEF OF POLICE, CITY OF BOSTON.

The office of chief of police in a large city, and particularly a large seaboard city, is not only far from being a sinecure, but demands in the incumbent a union of many qualifications. It is not sufficient that he be versed in the municipal law and regulations, faithful, energetic and not afraid of work; he must have tact, firmness and discretion, must be prompt in thought and action, and possess a thorough knowledge of human nature; for such an officer has all sorts of characters to deal with. He must be a man on whom the citizens can rely in any crisis, the right-hand man of the chief municipal officer in his executive functions. The office here in Boston has been filled by very worthy and competent men, and certainly the manner in which the police system of Boston has been managed will compare favorably with that of any city in the Union. The gentleman whose name heads this article, and whose portrait, drawn expressly for us by Barry from a photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case, illustrates this page, though he has held office but a short period, has already secured the confidence of the government of the city, and will, unquestionably, make a first rate chief. Daniel J. Coburn was born in Grafton county, New Hampshire, and is about fifty years of age. He has been a citizen of this State for many years, residing, at first, in Middlesex county, where he was appointed deputy-sheriff in 1831. He held this office until 1840, when he was commissioned to the same office in Suffolk county, and continued to hold it until April, 1855, through all political changes, a proof of the estimation in which his official and personal worth was held by the appointing powers. Mr. Coburn was appointed chief of police in April of this year, at which time he was serving as a member of the city council. It will thus be seen that his previous career well fitted him for his present position, which he never could have attained without having given proof of the possession of those qualities requisite to fill the office with credit and success. His service as deputy sheriff during a period of nearly twenty-four years, necessarily made him very familiar with the practical operation of the law and with various legal forms. As chief of police he will have occasion for the exercise of all his faculties. Boston is no longer a village, although the citizens of some of our bulkier municipalities are rather fond of regarding it in that light. When it was a village, a few constables could perform all the police duties required. Everybody knew everybody else's business, and a suspicious character was "spotted" as soon as he entered the precincts. Now, however, with our growth and expansion, we must provide against the inevitable evils of metropolitan life, and therefore require a well managed police force to foil evil doers.



NEW JERSEY STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, AT TRENTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

We are sometimes sadly puzzled by the spelling of letters we receive, and have come to the conclusion that "readin', ritin' and spellin'," does *not* "come by nature." Illiterate people who spell phonographically make themselves understood tolerably well. The servant girl spoken of by Franklin, had no hesitation in deciding that "yf" stood for wife, and a postmaster who sees a letter directed to "Y's, Esq.," knows instantly that it must be meant for a Mr. Wise. The phonographic people are therefore right in their principles, though we do not think that phonography can be ever substituted for the old method of spelling, since, as the great bulk of English literature cannot be reprinted, it would be necessary for every pupil to learn both systems—the old and the new—we fear that would make "confusion worse confounded."

Some orthographical blunders are exceedingly amusing. We happen to remember one at this moment. There was a certain self-sufficient ignoramus in one of our sea-port towns, whom his fellow-citizens were in the habit of duly elevating by their votes to the important office of hog-reeve and pound-master, either from a realizing sense of his peculiar fitness for the tasks assigned him, or the laudable desire to elicit fun from his proceedings when wrapped in the garb of a little "brief authority." On one occasion our worthy pound-master found two four-footed animals astray and forthwith, with an immense display of bustle and authority, incarcerated them in the enclosure provided for that purpose. From the two sheep in the pound he flew to his pen to indite an official bulletin, and after much severe labor, after using up several sheets of paper, and whittling up several goose-quills with his jack-knife, he achieved the following "Publik Nottis," viz.: "2 ships in the Pond." The whole town was in a roar thereat, but the worthy official might have consoled himself with the reflection that many literary men—among them Sheridan—have been bad spellers.

QUITE ACCEPTABLE.—The United States Senate has passed a bill giving Mr. Marsh, our late minister at Constantinople, the sum of $20,000, extra compensation. Mr. Marsh, by the way, is one of the most accomplished of living linguists, speaking and writing at least fifteen tongues.

A MARTINET.—A certain severe drill sergeant invented a manual to be used by his men at feeding time. Some of the orders were: "Draw coffee!" "Present milk!" "Carry sugar!" "Recover cup!"

A GOOD ONE.—An auctioneer's clerk being directed by his employer to insert in an advertisement a "copy of a fresco by Raffaelle," wrote "A Fresh Cow by Raffle!"

SPLINTERS.

.... James Buchanan, the democratic nominee for the presidency, was born in 1791, and is a native of Pennsylvania.

.... A dandelion plant in West Bridgewater weighed 27 ounces. It had 240 leaves, and 107 buds and blossoms.

.... "Immense breadth of light and shade!" said Beaumont of a picture. "An inch and a half," said Sydney Smith.

.... Mr. Loring Cushman, an esteemed citizen of Hingham, 77 years old, lately died in his pew at church.

.... New Orleans is getting dull; all the places of amusement have been closed, and the weather is "rayther" warm.

.... There are often from three to five hundred sail of vessels loading guano at the same time at the Chincha islands.

.... The population of Texas has quadrupled in number during the last ten years—a remarkable increase.

.... Some Franciscan monks are about to erect a monastery in Allegheny, Cattaraugus county, New York.

.... An English laborer, who was in the habit of eating everything he met, died lately from eating lime.

.... Only last month there was a snowbank near Niagara Falls forty feet deep. Balmy June!

.... The total number of commitments to the four prisons in New York city last year was 36,624.

.... The late John M. Niles, of Connecticut, left $20,000 in his will for the use of the poor of Hartford.

.... The Russian government have authorized the re-opening of the English Protestant church at Warsaw.

.... Lieut. Bonaparte, formerly of the United States army, has become a *Chasseur d'Afrique*, and has been ordered to Kabylie.

.... Two men and a woman lately died in France from drinking coffee, into which lucifer matches had been dropped.

.... A railroad is to be built along the north shore of Lake Erie from Windsor to the Suspension Bridge.

.... Dion Boucicault and Agnes Robertson have taken Wallack's Theatre for the summer season.

.... The indications are that the crops in Texas this year will be tremendously large.

.... There are twelve cities in Massachusetts which contain more than 10,000 people each.

.... The government troops are after the Indians in Florida with sharp sticks.

.... Five persons were lately arrested at St. Joseph, Missouri, for the murder and burning of a family of seven persons.

.... A new park has recently been laid out at the South End, in Boston, near Northampton Street.

KEEPING COOL.

We are drawing near to that extreme of heat to which, in the course of the year, the human pendulum oscillates from the opposite extreme of cold in this delicious climate; the dog days will soon be upon us, and consequently we cannot too earnestly enjoin upon our readers the necessity of keeping cool. "Keep cool, with the thermometer at 90?" Certainly, sir, or madam, you must do so, on your life.

Moderation in diet, moderation in exercise, moderation in all things, is now essential to existence. This fiery old Sol comes to us like a teacher of moral philosophy, and enforces his instructions by striking examples. It is wonderful to see what an effect the weather has on even some pretty rebellious subjects. There is old Gripes—one of the most peppery, irascible old fellows that ever walked the street—his blood is a compound of Cayenne and liquid lava, ready to fly off at a spark like a barrel of gunpowder. Observe him now as he slowly steals along in the cool shadows of that block of buildings, attired in white like a vestal virgin, with a broad Panama upon his head, and the lightest and neatest of pumps upon his feet. A careless boy treads upon that tender foot. He avoids the urchin, but moves on with undiminished serenity. The spectacle is sublime. In September that man would have indulged in an eruption of invective. Now he is sun-tamed. He knows perfectly well, that if he gave way to passion, he would either explode like a powder-mill, or melt in his own internal fire and disappear from the earth.

Keep cool—physically, morally. If your home be in the great city, embrace the opportunities that surround you of baths—fresh and salt, hot and cold; but remember that a very hot salt water shower bath is the most delightful refrigerator invented. Of a hot day, it will keep you cool for many hours thereafter. Then hie you to the Common, sit under those drooping elms, watch the play of the cloud-shadows over the broad expanse of emerald grass, and fancy that pond a vast sheet of water. Yet small as it is, it is as grateful at this season as a well in the sands to the nomadic Arab—a diamond in the desert. But it becomes a source of enchantment when the fountain is permitted to show itself, and mounts into the air gradually foot by foot, till it glitters in the blue air like a tower built of diamonds. Its liberation and ascent always remind us of that of the geni in prison in the casket in the Arabian Nights.

Keep cool! It's too hot now for horseback rides or infuriated polkas, unless you are by the seaside; and that word is the key to a treasury of cool delights. Who will deny that the sea is a great institution? Rather turbulent at times, perhaps—rather inimical to marine insurance companies—very capacious in its swallow, like the dragon of Wantley—panther-like and treacherous, and so on, but after all, essential to navigation, and a friend to humanity in the summer.

If you would keep perfectly cool—and this is the burden of our *refrain*—go down to the sea. Ah, isn't it delicious to sit in the shadow of a white sail, while the yacht rises and plunges under you like a mettled charger, and the cool salt air lifts your locks, and you ride triumphant, like a Vikingr sweeping in his ocean war-path? Or, isn't a stroll along the beach by moonlight with one who appreciates the poetical, the romantic, the tender, and the sublime, an event to be remembered to the end of time? Perhaps a "life on the ocean wave" is too toilsome, but a reasonable time passed on the edge of it is quite charming. Let us seek Nahant, or Newport, or Nantasket, or Rockaway, or Cape May, and then we are sure of "keeping cool."

BEAUTIFUL WORK OF ART.

We have examined, at Frederick Parker's, Cornhill, the proofs of a series of lithographic drawings by William Heine, the accomplished artist of the Japan exploring expedition. There are several of these views, embracing the prominent points of interest in the empire of Japan, and accompanied by explanatory letter-press. Apart from the interest of the scenes depicted, they have all a high artistic value. They are from the press of Sarony & Co., New York, and will stand the test of comparison with the productions of the most noted European presses—even those of Dresden and Paris. The pictures are of large size, and will form a beautiful portfolio. They are to be published in two styles—one plain and the other colored, at very moderate prices considering the excellence of the work. Mr. Frederick Parker is the sole agent in this city, and he has already secured a large list of subscribers to the "Graphic Scenes of the Japan Expedition," including some of our most distinguished connoisseurs.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—We have seen some beautiful specimens of a new style of photographic pictures, invented and patented by Messrs. Southworth & Hawes, of this city. They have a delicacy and softness surpassing that of the finest mezzotint engravings or crayon drawings, and resemble, in some respects, monochromatic pictures in oil. The effect is remarkably fine.

NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—There are nearly 50,000 volumes in the library of this society, and over six thousand persons make use of them. The receipts of the Association for the past sixteen months were $17,000.

A GOOD REASON.—A paper which had been mailed to a fair subscriber, was lately returned to the publisher, with the endorsement: "Not taken out; she's run away and got married."

DIGNITY.—The Duke of St. Albans is grand falconer of England. The title sounds very grand, but it seems the duke is only a "hawker."

THE NAVY.

At the various navy yards along our coast, the greatest activity prevails. The "clink of hammers closing rivets up," the ringing of axes, the hiss of planes, and the tramp and bustle of hundreds of smart and busy mechanics, show that government has waked up from its Rip Van Winkle sleep, and that the maxim, "in peace prepare for war," is once more recognized as a sound one. All our sloops of war which have been laid up have been rebuilt, refitted and equipped for instant service. The Roanoke and Colorado are nearly ready for the wave, and the Powhatan is arming. Everywhere the same activity prevails, and at the arsenals they are wide awake. Mr. Elihu Burritt's plan of dismantling our fortresses and turning our line-of-battles into bread-ships is a very pretty idea theoretically, but a very unsafe one, except in the case of its universal adoption. Just now, when England and France have magnificent navies afloat, and are not supposed to be particularly friendly to us, we rather think it would be something very like the height of folly to throw away our arms. We are afraid that the time has hardly arrived for the lying down of the lion and the lamb in peaceful proximity. We are afraid the lion still regards the lamb with an eye to its mutton rather than its innocence. And we have yet seen no positive proof that the wolf, the bear and the hyena have abandoned their carnivorous and destructive propensities. With this state of things in the great menagerie of the world, it behooves the eagle to keep his beak and talons whetted, his shield burnished bright, and his thunderbolts greased and ready for launching. The eagle that could sit drowsily in his perch, when wild beasts and birds were menacing his eyrie, would be little better than a goose. We are no advocates for building and maintaining a tremendously large navy, any more than we are of having an unwieldy army force; but afloat and ashore we should have establishments so respectable as to serve as a nucleus for any force that sudden necessity might require. We are safe from aggression only when well prepared to repel and punish it. The idea of disarming hostility by disarming ourselves is worthy of the simplicity of an Arcadian rustic, but not of a wide-awake nation that sees the world as it is, and realizes that it is no better than it should be, though certainly progressing. It is well to put faith in the ultimate regeneration of humanity, but it is also well to "keep our powder dry." The government is carrying out this practical philosophy in fitting up and arming our national vessels.

ESSEX COUNTY CATTLE FAIR.—Ben: Perley Poore has been invited to deliver the address before the Essex County Agricultural Society, at its cattle show, to be held at Newburyport this fall.

CLEARED OUT.—All the prisoners at Fort Madison, Iowa, lately escaped. They were recaptured, after several shots had been fired into them.

REVOLTING.—The Greeks and Armenians lately had a fight at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and Turkish troops were compelled to quell the riot.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Nathan W. Whittemore to Miss Mary F. Ferrier, of Charlestown; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Joseph M. Thompson to Miss Lucy K. P. Holbrook; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. James M. Sprague to Miss Emily J. Defrees; by Rev. Dr. Huntington, assisted by Rev. Dr. Newell, Joaquin Barbosa Cordeiro, M. D., of Brazil, to Miss Mary Katherine Hoffman.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Everett, Mr. Augustus Areber Silva, of Salem, to Miss Isabella D. Archer.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Langworthy, Mr. Samuel R. Heywood, of Worcester, to Miss Harriet B. Milliken.—At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Holley K. Pope, of Roxbury, to Miss Josephine L. Hyde.—At Dedham, by Rev. Dr. Burgess, Mr. John T. Lawrence, of New York, to Miss Ervilla C. Benjamin.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Briggs, Mr. Cyrus C. Crocker to Miss Hannah C. Ross, both of Haverhill.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Henry W. Tibbetts to Miss Augusta M. Piper.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dana, Mr. Frederick B. Stickney to Miss Mary A. Farnham.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Brigham, Mr. Charles Foster to Miss Jane Porter.

DEATHS.

In this city, Fitzhenry Homer, Esq., 57; Mr. Josiah Willard, 77; Mrs. Emily Haven, 30; Mrs. Elizabeth L. Beal, 44; Mr. Francis Daunt, 27; Mrs. Mary Brown, 72; Mr. Abel Kendall, 56; Mrs. Sarah S. Moore, 72; Mrs. Angeline O. Plummer, 29.—At Charlestown, Mr. Charles Lincoln Shedd, 21.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Harriet A. Dearborn, 30.—At Jamaica Plain, Widow Eliza Hallett, 70.—At Melrose, Mr. Elijah Estee, 60.—At Somerville, Mr. William F. Braman, 32.—At Newton Corner, Mrs. Lucy C., wife of Alfred B. Ely, Esq., 25.—At Cambridge, Miss Stella Dorr, 35.—At Dorchester, William Richardson, Esq., 42.—At Hingham, Mr. Loring Cushing, 77.—At Salem, Mrs. Hannah W. Bowdoin, 34; Miss Rebecca Bowditch, 55; Miss Mary Elizabeth Shelden, 24.—At Lowell, Miss Ann Grace Livermore, 42.—At South Abington, Mr. James C. Harding, 26.—At Worcester, Mrs. Mary Thomas, wife of Hon. Calvin Willard; Mrs. Mary W. Dodd, 67.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Caroline A. Nash, 27.—Mr. Marcus M. Holbrook, of Franklin, 20.—At Athol, Elipbalet Thorpe, Esq., 78.—At Boxford, Phineas Barnes, Esq., 75.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BELL-TOLLER.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

[The arapongo, or bell-toller, is a Brazilian bird of rare beauty; its notes are at once singular and solemn, like the tolling of a church bell, and they fall on the ear of the traveller through the forest wilds of Brazil with an almost supernatural sound. The effect is heightened by the seclusion in which the bird utters its solitary notes, it frequenting the highest trees and rarely making itself visible to the eye of man.]

There came a wanderer to Brazilian skies,
From far off shores where pilgrim steps once trod, he came;
His cheeks were pale, and lustreless his eyes,
And weak his trembling frame.

In the deep solitude of woods profound,
He lay and dreamed of distant homes and absent loves;
Familiar faces, and the pleasant sound
That waits on they that rove.

He seemed to hear the merry bridal chime,
And then—he heard the sound New England's children hear,
That said some soul had passed the bounds of time,
Some soul, beloved and dear.

The years of life's sad pilgrimage are told,
As one by one in solemn strokes they fall;
While they who listen, think of shroud and fold,
Of mourners, and a pall.

Slowly the strokes fell on the wanderer's ear;
No other voice or sound the solemn stillness breaks,
His heart is silent with a sudden fear,
And no pulsation makes.

Now the sad number of his life is told;
And now—a pause!—the wanderer folds his care-worn eyes—
The last earth-whisper from his lips has rolled,
And cold in death he lies.

The rich, warm sunlight glances through the trees,
And on the dead in streams of crimson glory falls;
Yet still is borne upon the perfumed breeze
The arapongo's calls.

So like the solemn tolling of a bell,
Seemed to the dying wanderer the sounds he heard,
That none need wonder they became a knell,
These sad notes of a bird.

And it was well that life should thus depart,
Recalling as it went, the memories most dear;
Whose gentle influence should cheer the heart,
And dry the falling tear.

The hands of strangers laid him in the tomb,
The hands of strangers scattered there memorial flowers,
And still the arapongo breaks the forest gloom,
Tolling the passing hours.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE REFORMATION.

BY MELVILLE BELMORE.

Charlotte Stanley was the acknowledged belle of the village of C——. Numerous were her beaux and admirers; and envious of her charms was many a pretty girl, who found her attractions insufficient to rival the dazzling wealth of beauty which nature had so bountifully showered upon Charlotte. But, if there was envy among the women, the men were stark mad with love for her, and jealousy of each other. Strange to say, she received their homage without manifesting a decided preference for any one; on all the sighing swains who surrounded her, she smiled with equal sweetness, and dispensed her favors with wonderful impartiality.

To be sure, it was said by some that her eyes lingered the most lovingly on Dick Leslie's intelligent face; but others again asserted that she never appeared so deeply interested as when conversing with young Walter Gray. Whether or no she did not really own, in the mysterious recesses of her little heart, some secret preference, it was quite apparent to all who looked into the matter, that there was at least one of her lovers who far surpassed all his rivals in the ardor of his devotion and gallant attention.

Harry Hunter was a gay, wild young fellow—of good family, and possessed of many excellent qualities; but unfortunately he had the reputation of being dissipated and frolicksome. Although not the less agreeable to the fair girls of C—— on that account, who all admired his dashing character and fascinating address, yet the cautious matrons of the village used ominously to shake their heads at mention of his name, and positively forbade their daughters having anything to do with him.

But Harry Hunter had a fine form, and a bright, handsome face lit up by a pair of sparkling black eyes; and from those eyes there glanced, when he chose, a sly, roguish twinkle, which stole into many a little maiden's palpitating heart, and made sad havoc there ere she was aware of it. Besides, he had a splendid turnout—a span of beautiful bays; and as he drove alone through the Main Street, many a longing eye was cast upon the vacant seat by his side. He, however, saw no one but Charlotte Stanley. When in her society, his eyes were ever bent upon her face; when away from her, his pensive and abstracted air betokened her presence in his mind.

Charlotte's parents were dead; and she lived with her uncle, a rich old bachelor, whose chief delight consisted in ministering to her pleasure, and indulging all her fancies. And yet she was not spoiled by so much kindness, for she was a sensible, good girl, and beautiful and flattered as she was, had not one grain of vanity or folly in her character. Her uncle George, who united to a warm heart and an easy disposition, a great deal of good sense and knowledge of the world, appreciated her charming qualities, and trusted his lovely niece as implicitly as if she had been an angel in reality as well as in appearance. In his house she reigned in sweet supremacy, and the old gentleman made it the business of his life to contribute to her happiness. He knew Harry, and rather liked the rogue, he said, better than any of Charlotte's numerous admirers. Were it not for his wild and unsteady habits, there was no one whom he would have sooner chosen for her husband. Charlotte, too, was not insensible to the influence of the young fellow's pleasing manners and sparkling conversation; and after a while it was easy to perceive that she had undoubtedly made a decided impression. Morning walks, evening drives, and moonlight strolls were of frequent occurrence; and jealousy and suspicion were rampant amongst the host of unfortunate suitors. Dick Leslie was reported to be daily growing insane, and Walter Gray was evidently pining away with grief.

One morning at the breakfast table, Charlotte, who had remained a long time silent, said, in a tone of voice in which modesty and fortitude struggled for the mastery:

"Uncle George—I'm engaged!"

Uncle George almost dropped the cup which he was raising to his mouth, and stared with surprise at the blushing girl who sat opposite to him.

"Why, no!" said he. "Lotty, you don't say so!"

"O, yes, uncle," said Charlotte. "I am engaged to be married to—to—you know!"

This was said half-doubtfully, half-inquiringly, and brought a good-humored smile to Uncle George's face.

"I know, do I? Indeed, miss, you are very much mistaken. How should I know anything about it?"

"O, well," she replied, whilst she hung down her head, and suffered the flowing curls to fall over her face, "I thought you might have—it's—it's Harry, you know, uncle!"

And somewhat relieved by the confession which she had made, she looked up smiling in his face. The old gentleman certainly enjoyed the charming confusion of his niece; for, instead of making any immediate observation upon the fact just disclosed to him, he remained several minutes gazing upon her with affectionate admiration and interest, silently and thoughtfully, as if linking the present with the future. Suddenly he said:

"So it's Harry, is it? And who's Harry, my dear?"

This question perfectly overwhelmed poor Charlotte with embarrassment, and suffused her face with a host of crimson blushes. She tried to smile, then looked very much as if she was going to cry; but boldly conquering the inclination, with downcast eyes, and trembling voice, she faltered out the name of her lover:

"Harry Hunter!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the uncle. "Hunter!—Harry Hunter! Ah, he's a great rogue!"

"O, no, uncle!" said Charlotte, eagerly. "Indeed he is not; he is so good, so noble, so agreeable. O, if you only knew him as I do!"

"Humph!" was again the ejaculation. "I presume I never shall. However, you know what is right, my girl; and if you approve, I shall not object. But they say, you know, my dear child, that he gambles and drinks."

"O, but he has promised me faithfully never, never to do such wicked things any more; and I am sure he never will. He says he will always do everything that I ask him to do; and that he loves me better than any one on earth; and that he never did love any one but me."

And Charlotte's tender eyes glistened with tears of love and gratitude at the recollection of her lover's protestation of devotion.

Uncle George arose from his seat, and embracing his niece, said, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"God grant, my beloved child, that you may be happy!"

"Thank you, uncle," she replied, smiling through her tears. "I know I shall be happy with Harry."

Well, the important day that was to usher in so much joy and happiness arrived at last. For weeks before, everything had been in a state of preparation, and Uncle George was determined that the wedding should prove a brilliant affair. The guests were already streaming into the house, carriages were coming from every direction around, and in an hour the ceremony would take place. But where was the bridegroom? No one had seen him; and it was beginning to be a matter of wonder to all that he had not made his appearance. Anxiety was depicted on Uncle George's countenance. Charlotte was up stairs, with her bridesmaids, thinking of Harry—down stairs! But now the clergyman has come—it lacks but a minute of the appointed time; the bride descends with her attendants, and at the same instant the bridegroom enters, apparently much excited, and supported on either side by two of his friends. The company throng around the couple during the ceremony, and when it is over, the congratulations pour in upon them from every one present. But what ails the bride? Why has the color forsaken her cheeks?—and those tears—what have they to do with such a scene? All eyes are turned towards her in wonderment; and Uncle George, hastening to her side, whilst she broke forth with almost heart-broken sobs, half led, half supported her into an unoccupied room adjoining.

"My child," said he, seating her on a sofa, "what means this distress?—this untimely emotion?"

Charlotte replied not. Her gentle bosom heaved tumultuously with some terrible distress, and her whole frame seemed to vibrate convulsively to this first touch of grief. She lay there motionless and insensible. Harry Hunter, her husband, had followed them into the room; but Uncle George insisted upon being left alone with her, and prevailed upon him to retire. After a little while Charlotte began to give signs of returning consciousness, and her uncle caught the faintly murmured name of her husband. Slowly and painfully she recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen; and as her beautiful eyes opened wildly upon her uncle's anxious countenance, the remembrance of all that had happened seemed to rush at once across her mind, and she exclaimed:

"O, uncle, uncle! After all that he promised;—after all he told me, to think he should so soon break his word, and at such a time, too!"

The poor girl burst into a flood of tears at the bitter reflection, and covered her face with her hands.

Now Harry had dined that day with some of his jovial companions, and had partaken, as was his wont, somewhat too freely of the wine. Habits of indulgence were so deeply engrafted upon his nature, that he never for a moment thought of the promise which he had made to his betrothed, to abandon all excesses of the kind. Although he had not drunk enough to make him guilty of any marked improprieties in behaviour, or to excite the general attention of the guests at the wedding, yet the tender, loving gaze of the fair girl whose heart he had won, beheld, as she gave him her hand, the tokens of inconstancy in his flushed face and bloodshot eyes. Scarce conscious of the passing ceremony, she with difficulty retained sufficient composure to play her part in it; and but a few moments before the happiest of the happy, all rosy and radiant, became a bride bowed down with sadness and bathed in tears.

Her uncle George easily divined the cause of her agitation and grief. As she lay before him on the sofa, the recollection of those hopeful dreams of happiness in which she had so fondly indulged, and from which she had just so sadly awakened, brought the tears into his eyes; and as he knelt by his niece's side, he endeavored to frame some excuses for Harry. But her pure and faithful heart had been hurt and wounded by him into whose keeping she had confided it. She could see in his conduct naught but neglect and disrespect for the promise which he had given her, and upon which she had built her fairest hopes of future happiness.

The wedding guests had departed. It had been announced that the bride was taken suddenly ill, and all had left the house, when Uncle George, leaving Charlotte in care of her maid, went to seek Harry Hunter. He found him walking hastily, and in great excitement, up and down the piazza, and at his approach, he rushed eagerly towards him, and almost shrieked:

"How is she, sir? O, God, what a wretch I am! How is my darling Charlotte?"

"Mr. Hunter," said Uncle George, calmly, "I believe, sir, that you are fond of my niece—your wife—"

"Heaven knows," Harry exclaimed, "she is everything in this world to me!"

"No, sir; you have shown this day that she is not *everything* to you. Drink, sir, and dissipation dispute with her the possession of your affections. You have insulted the woman whom you love, and who adores you, by appearing, at the solemn moment of your union with her, in a state of intoxication. She beheld in that moment the infidelity of the man who was to call her wife."

"No more!" cried Harry. "Spare me, sir; spare me!"

"Mr. Hunter," continued Uncle George, "if you really entertain that affection for Charlotte which you profess, you will henceforth and forever abandon these evil habits, and give up all debasing dissipation; for if you do not—mark me well!—you will break her heart. She will not cease to love you, but she will cease to be happy. Reflect, then, upon the course which you will pursue, and choose one of the two alternatives—your wife's happiness or misery."

Harry Hunter was deeply affected by these words, and would have gone and thrown himself at once at the feet of his young wife, to implore her forgiveness, and to promise all that she desired. But Uncle George restrained him.

"Hold!" he exclaimed; "not now. To-morrow you shall see her, and prove yourself worthy of her love, by truthfully renouncing those vile habits so shocking to her pure and truthful mind. At present she is quite unwell; besides," added he, hesitatingly, "you, Mr. Hunter, are hardly in a condition to make *serious* promises."

Harry Hunter bit his lip with mortification at this last remark, but owned secretly the justice of the insinuation. Uncle George bade him farewell for the night, and Harry returned to his home, silent and *alone*. What his feelings were may be more easily imagined than described. He was filled with remorse for the inconsiderate manner in which he had behaved towards one whom he really loved with all the ardor of his passionate soul; and upbraided the thoughtlessness and folly which had led him to wound the heart of her for whom he would gladly sacrifice his life. All night long did he dwell upon the tormenting idea of her distress, and he vowed to atone by a life of devotion and tenderness for the grief which he had caused her.

In the morning he took his way hastily towards her house—that paradise from which he had been banished the night before—and found Uncle George waiting to receive him. The good old gentleman had told Charlotte of Harry's sorrow and repentance, and of his resolution in regard to the future, and had found her trusting heart but too eager to forgive and believe.

"Come, sir," said he, "and behold an angel of love and mercy!"

And as Harry Hunter entered the parlor he was met on the threshold by a lovely being, who well might have been deemed a celestial visitant. She met him with extended arms, and happy smiles forcing themselves through tears of joy. Harry Hunter's lips quivered—his heart was full; and clasping her to his breast, he imprinted on her virgin brow a kiss—the first token of their union. Uncle George standing by, and deeply moved by the scene, lifted up his hands to bless them, saying:

"God grant, my children, that you may be happy."

"O, yes, uncle," exclaimed Charlotte, leaning her head on Harry's shoulder, and looking up trustingly in his face, "I am sure we shall always be happy together!"

And she was correct in the prophecy.

The great mistake in many of the plans for reorganizing society consists in supposing that systems can supply the want of sense.—*Wigglesworth.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Burton has purchased the theatre in New York known as Laura Keene's Varieties, and will take possession on September 1st. He has only purchased the building, and has twenty-one years lease of the ground, with privilege of renewal at an annual rent of ten thousand dollars. —— The population of Alexandria, Va., has fallen off from 13,000 to 12,000 during the past year. —— General Jackson once said, "that over the doors of each house of Congress, in letters of gold, should be inscribed in words: "The slanderer is *worse* than the murderer." —— The New York Commissioners of Emigration report that during the month of May, the emigrants who arrived brought with them in cash the sum of $1,962,890, or nearly two millions of dollars. A large portion of this will be spent in the eastern cities in the purchase of land warrants, and the remainder carried out West. —— An Indiana paper announcing the death of a gentleman "out West," says that "the deceased, *though a bank director*, is generally believed to have died a Christian, and was much respected while living." —— To show the absurdity and folly of the course pursued by men of one idea generally, take the case of an extensive soap manufacturer in New York, who looks with complacency on the burning of the world—because it would reduce the price of ashes! —— Count Luigi de Cesuola, a Sardinian nobleman, has been sent to prison for stealing an Englishman's handkerchief. —— An exchange tells us that "by an act of parliament, passed May 21, 1640, England was declared a republic, and that the act remains unrepealed upon the statute book to this day." —— Quite an excitement was lately felt on the New York 'change, growing out of the adulteration of lard by the use of farina dissolved in water. This has been practised for a long time in England, and other parts of Europe, but it is not long since some English and German exporters commenced the same business here. —— In Philadelphia, in the last seven weeks, about three hundred and twenty lost children have been picked up in the streets and restored to their parents. —— Twenty car loads of large and very fine-looking cattle, which came from the extreme western portion of Iowa, passed over the Central Railroad one day, lately, destined for the New York market. This, we are told, is the first time cattle have been brought to the east from the western side of the Mississippi River. —— A horse at a brisk trot can hardly keep up with "those camels" at Indianapolis when walking. —— The church of St. Xavier, in New York city, though one of the largest in that metropolis, is said to be crowded on all occasions. No one sits in it free, fifteen cents being paid for a seat by rich and poor, and the gain is large. The church is gaudy in the extreme, and profusely ornamented with gilt. —— We see a favorable notice of the Nahant Hotel in the New Orleans Picayune. They know it "way down thar." —— Henry Davis, Jr., a respectable man of Bullock county, Georgia, was bitten on the leg by a large rattlesnake. He tied his suspenders around his wounded limb, killed the snake, and endeavored to walk home; but was compelled to lie down by the way, and in a few hours died of the horrible poison. —— The St. John Observer states that another attempt to lay a chain cable for a telegraph across the Atlantic will soon be made. The length of the cable will be 2400 miles, and two steamers, each with 1200 miles of cable, will meet midway between Ireland and Newfoundland, unite the cables, and proceed in opposite directions to land. —— Mr. Cavalconti D'Albuquerque, formerly representative of Brazil to the United States, has returned to Washington in the capacity of envoy extraordinary of his emperor to our government. —— The sale of the first cargo from Japan, brought in the schooner Gen. Pierce, under the new treaty, took place in New York recently. The sale of this unique and elegant cargo attracted a large crowd of purchasers, and the items brought very fair prices. —— The United States military asylum at Harrodsburg, Ky., was burned down recently. This is one of the asylums the site of which was selected by Gen. Scott in 1852, under a special commission of the government.

MUSIC BY STEAM.—Mr. Stoddard, of Worcester, Mass., has invented a musical instrument which is played by steam. This ends the dissonant screeching of the steam whistle, and our ears are to run melodiously henceforth. It is said a joint stock company has been formed for the manufacture of the instruments, and is called the "Steam Music Company."

SHARPE'S RIFLES FOR ENGLAND.—The British government, it is said, lately made large contracts for Sharpe's rifles with some of our manufacturers, and the manufacture of them by American mechanics at Edgefield, England, is now being carried on under a tremendous press of steam, to supply the army as soon as possible.

FEARFUL LEAP.—A pickpocket who was locked up in the saloon on the cars of the New York Central Railroad, sprang out of the window of the saloon, head first, while the cars were running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and ran for the woods. He was overtaken and found to be badly injured.

CAVALRY.—A body of 30,000 horse was lately reviewed by the Emperor of Russia, and it was noticed that "every horse in marching kept perfect time with his feet to the music." When they wheeled by companies, they described a circle with perfection.

LARGE ARRIVAL OF IMMIGRANTS.—At New York, one day, lately, six emigrant vessels arrived, bringing nearly two thousand passengers, and coming from almost as many different quarters of Europe.

MAMMOTH COD.—A monster cod, whose weight, undressed, amounted to 72 pounds and 11 ounces, was caught near Black Rock, Cohasset, recently.

Wayside Gatherings.

A man in Philadelphia has been sentenced to six months imprisonment for stealing an umbrella worth three dollars.

The Methodists of Huntsville, Ala., have a lottery scheme under way for the benefit of the Andrew Female College.

Texas is said to have increased in population during the last ten years at the rate of about four hundred per cent., a thing unprecedented at the South.

From Hayti we learn that a formidable insurrection broke out in Hayti, near Aux Cayes, very recently, against the Emperor Souloque.

It is stated that coffee can be successfully cultivated in the south part of California, and that it will eventually become an article of export from that State.

Jinkits is a man who takes matters humorously. When his best friend was blown into the air by a "bustin' biler," Jinkits cried after him, "There you go, my es-*steamed* friend!"

Mr. Chambers, the postmaster of Jersey City, has repudiated the foreign currency in vogue, and adopted the decimal currency of our own country in transacting the business of his office.

In Orange county, Ohio, recently, a savage dog rushed into a school house among the children, biting them right and left. One little girl was dragged all around the room by the brute, and six children were bitten.

A very audacious robbery was committed recently in Spain. A picture of the Assumption, generally ascribed to Murillo, or at least to one of his best pupils, was taken from the high altar of the church of Mendigurea, near Vittoria.

Three men, who were arrested in Talcahuano, for setting fire to the ship George Washington, of New Bedford (before reported burned), received one hundred lashes each, and were sentenced to the chain gang for thirty years.

We learn from Bermuda that the cholera prevails extensively among the seamen at St. Thomas, and it is believed that the present summer is to be an unhealthy one among the West Indies, as other diseases also prevail.

The Halifax Chronicle says: "It is stated that the Cunard Company, yielding to solicitations from the people of Boston, will soon despatch their magnificent new steamship Persia from Liverpool to Halifax and that port."

The mammoth man-of-war steamship Himalaya arrived at Halifax recently with 1400 troops, having made the trip from Malta in the unparalleled time of sixteen days, and from the Old Rock in eleven and one-half days.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Herald states that great havoc has been committed by dogs, among flocks of sheep in various parts of the State. One farmer had ninety killed in one night, another lost an entire flock of thirty, and so on.

Apprehensions are felt for the health of Washington and Georgetown. One of the line of Georgetown sloops, just from the West Indies, lost a man a few days since with the black vomit. The vessel was put under fourteen days quarantine.

Mr. E. Merriam, the meteorologist, says that his record for the last fourteen years gives an aggregate of seven hundred and fifty deaths by lightning on the land, only one person being killed in a building furnished with lightning conductors.

Car-building in France is making rapid strides toward perfection. On the Orleans railway people can now go to bed—fairly undress, and have as good a night's rest as they could under a four-poster. For this the traveller pays the price of two seats.

The cholera appears to be showing itself again in St. Petersburg. The daily mortality has risen of late from two or three to as many as twenty-one. The number of deaths that have already taken place in the present outbreak is three hundred and four.

Lately a piece of copper ore weighing twenty-four pounds, was found at the Belgian settlement, at Green Bay, Wisconsin, which was nearly pure. Several other pieces have been found in the same neighborhood, some of which were too heavy to be removed without mechanical power.

An arrangement has been entered into between Mr. Campbell, the American postmaster general, and the postmaster general of Great Britain, providing for the registration of valuable letters to and from each country. The fee will be five cents, making the rate on a single letter, when registered, twenty-nine cents.

The Penn Medical University of Philadelphia, has conferred the degree of doctor of medicine upon the following named ladies: Esther C. Williams of Ohio, Sarah H. Young of Massachusetts, Ellen J. Miller of Philadelphia, Mary M. Holloway of Indiana, and Elizabeth Calvin of Pennsylvania.

At the last regular meeting of the managers of the American Bible Society, in New York, ten new auxiliary societies were recognized, of which five were in Arkansas, and one in each of the States of Connecticut, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi and Michigan. Various grants of books were also made.

At the sale of the pictures of the late Mr. Rogers, in London, the "Strawberry Girl" of Sir Joshua Reynolds was sold under intense excitement for an auction room. Cheers greeted its appearance, and every large rise in the bidding was received by like ovations, till it was finally sold for two thousand one hundred guineas.

In taking the census at St. Etienne, France, lately, it was discovered that an old woman named Pichen, living in the Rue Nevron, is 106 years of age—she having been born in 1750, at Marceilin, in the same department. When she was born, Louis XV. was reigning, and since then she cannot remember, she says, how many governments have existed.

The oldest paintings in the world are the seven frescoes that were recently discovered in the Via Gracioza in Rome. They were immediately transported to the Vatican, where they were visited during the holy week by large numbers of persons. It is supposed that these paintings are due to a Greek pencil, for each of the persons represented has his name written beside him in the characters of that language.

The flute with which John Bunyan, the famous tinker, beguiled the tediousness of his captive hours, is now in the possession of Mr. Howells, tailor, Spring Gardens, Gainsborough, England, who purchased it about seventeen years ago, from the late Mr. Thirlwall, ironmonger and antiquary, of Doncaster. In appearance it does not look unlike the leg of a stool—out of which it is said that Bunyan, while in prison, manufactured it.

The beautiful falls of Schaffhausen, on the Rhine, will soon be arched over by a stone bridge for the passing of the railway trains; and the cellars of the castle of Laufew have been evacuated for a tunnel, through which the trains will pass after having crossed the river. How this upsets one's theories of the "castled Rhine." A locomotive whizzing through the dungeons of a venerable castle, and leaping above the spray of a classic cataract.

Foreign Items.

The horses deemed unfit for service in the French Crimean camp are slaughtered, and the flesh of the healthy animals is eaten.

The Museum of the Louvre has just bought a manuscript volume written by Leonarda de Vinci, and illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings by the same author. The price paid for it was 35,000 zwanzigers.

The President of the Police has intimated to the editors of the Berlin journals, that it would be desirable not in any way to allude to Prince Frederick William's approaching betrothal to the princess royal.

Thousands of applications are said to have been made by Russians to the government for passports to visit foreign countries, especially France; while, on the other hand, numbers of foreigners—merchants, traders and artisans—are pouring into St. Petersburg.

A scientific commission has been appointed by the Russian minister of naval affairs for the purpose of laying down a correct map of the Caspian Sea, which, since the close of the war, and the neutralization of the Black Sea, has assumed a new importance.

A blast was fired at the new harbor of Holyhead, North Wales, recently, which required the labor of six men in its formation for ten months, and a charge of six tons and a half of powder to explode it. The quantity of stone loosened by the blast was calculated at 60,000 tons.

It is said at Warsaw that Count Walewski wishes to purchase the estates that formerly belonged to his family in Russian Poland. If he should buy them, says the London Times correspondent, of course the wicked world would say he had received them as a present from the Emperor Alexander for his services in the conference.

Sands of Gold.

.... The evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers.—*Plato.*

.... The mind has more room in it than most people imagine, if you would furnish the apartments.—*Gray.*

Guests should be neither loquacious nor silent; because, eloquence is for the forum, and silence for the bedchamber.—*Varro.*

.... True virtue is like precious odors—sweeter the more incensed and crushed.—*Bacon.*

.... Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.—*Swift.*

.. . When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.—*Tillotson.*

.... The harsh, hard world neither sees, nor tries to see, men's hearts; but wherever there is the opportunity of evil, supposes that evil exists.—*G. P. R. James.*

.... No men are so facetious as those whose minds are somewhat perverted. Truth enjoys good air and clear light, but no play-ground.—*Landor.*

.... If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause!—*Archbishop Usher.*

... Talkative men seldom read. This is among the few truths which appear the more strange the more we reflect upon them. For what is reading but silent conversation?—*Landor.*

.... There are persons who speak a moment before they have thought; there are others with whom you have to undergo in conversation all the labor of their minds—they talk correctly and wearisomely.—*La Bruyere.*

Joker's Budget.

What kind of a ship has two mates and no captain? A courtship.

Why is Bishop Berkeley's treatise against Materialism like Fry's great Oratorio? Ans.—'Cos it's a stab at matter.

Little boy—Stand on my head for a ha'penny, marm. *Old lady*—No, little boy; here is a penny for keeping right end upwards.

An editor out West says:—"If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send us a new hat, and say nothing about it."

The Boston Post, speaking of the proposed ocean telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through salt water will be fresh.

Punch says that a Yankee baby will crawl out of his cradle, take a survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a patent before he is six months old.

"Delaware will never yield an inch to New Jersey," said a patriotic Delawarian, when the pen case was being tried. "If she did," replied a Jersey Blue, "she would lose half her territory."

A carpenter took a holiday and went to Rockaway. When he returned home, his friends asked him what he saw. "Why," he replied, "I saw the sea, and now I see the saw."

"Humble as I am," said a hullying spouter, to a mass meeting of the unterrified, "I still remember that I'm a fraction of this magnificent republic." "You are indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

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ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

The veneration felt for the name of this illustrious French author in this country, and the circumstance of a recent appeal to our countrymen for subscriptions to his "Familiar Course of Literature," made through a noble friend of Lamartine, M. Desplace, who volunteered to visit the United States for this purpose, having revived (if it ever flagged) the interest attached to him, have induced us to present our readers on this page with two illustrations, the first representing Lamartine's house, in the Rue de la Ville L'Eveque, at Paris, and the other, the interior of his study. The former shows us the little garden and the rear of a very unpretending residence, the latter a neatly-furnished apartment, with a glimpse of the author buried in his deep arm-chair, and pursuing his never-ending task. The greyhound and the spaniel near him indicate that his tastes, in one respect, are not unlike those of Sir Walter Scott. It was only a short time ago that the friends of Lamartine in this country were startled with the announcement that this man, whose life has been spent in doing good and in enlightening manhood, was now, at the age of sixty-five, reduced to a state bordering on poverty. Although no living author has received more money from his productions than Lamartine, his liberality, his hospitality, and above all, his royal charity, coupled with certain unfortunate business speculations, have swept away from him nearly everything. If privations fell upon himself alone, he would bear them with the unrepining heroism of a Christian; but on his estate at Macon, which he purchased some years ago, there are several families of vine-dressers, whom the failure of the vine, for several successive seasons, has reduced to distress, for whose sake he is compelled to continue his labors and to make an appeal to the world for patronage. He has now started a monthly periodical, entitled "A Familiar Course of Universal Literature," designed to be completed in two years, and embracing a general review of the works of authors past and present. This periodical is published both in French and English, and we need not say that, like everything which falls from the pen of its author, it is certain to be pure, brilliant and instructive. Lamartine is among the few French authors who never, in the course of a long literary life, has written a single sentence that, "dying, he would wish to blot," on the score of immorality or impurity. He has too vivid an imagination, perhaps, to be a perfectly reliable writer of history, but, even when compelled to question his correctness, we are forced to admire, at the same time, the nobility of his sentiments and his genuine sympathy for the grand, the holy and the beautiful. To the respect of the religious world, his "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," a work by which he is best known in this country, especially commends him, and we are certain that all who love literature and virtue will respond to his present appeal, and afford him, by subscribing to his new work, that aid which he solicits less for himself than for others, and for which he accords an ample equivalent. The Messrs. Appletons, of New York, and Ticknor & Fields, of this city, are the authorized agents of M. Desplace in this country, while such men as Bancroft, Washington Irving, Bryant, Felton, Prescott and Longfellow are lending their aid to accomplish the wishes of Lamartine. We are confident that this country will gloriously respond to the appeal. The friends of M. Lamartine in France wished to open a national subscription in his favor, but he refused it, saying, "I doubt not the good will of my country; I am certain that your appeal would be listened to, but every gift of this nature offered to a man dwarfs him in his own eyes, and I wish to die in the consciousness of my dignity. I would owe nothing, except to my own labor. It is that alone which will save me, if I am to be saved." Of his present position he says elsewhere: "Beneath deceitful appearances, my life is not calculated to inspire envy; I will say more, it is ended; I do not live, I survive. Of all those multiple men who lived in me to a certain degree, the man of sentiment, the man of poetry, the man of the tribune, and the man o action, nothing remains in me but the man of letters. The man of letters himself is not happy. Years do not yet weigh on me, but are reckoned. I sustain more painfully the weight of my heart than that of years. These years, like the phantoms of Macbeth, passing their hands over my shoulder, point out to me, not crowns, but a sepulchre, and would to God I were now laid in it!" Lamartine was born at Macon, October 21, 1790. His father was a major of cavalry in the service of Louis XVI., and his mother the daughter of Madame des Rois, under-governess to the Princess of Orleans. His family was struck down and scattered by the revolution. He was educated at the college of the "Fathers of the Faith," where the religious views implanted by his mother were fully developed. After completing his education, he made the tour of Italy, and came to Paris in the early days of the empire. On the restoration of the old dynasty, he entered the royal body-guard, and remained in the military service until after the Hundred Days. He now gave himself up to poetry, and, in 1820, his "Poetical Meditations" at once established his literary fame. Of this work, 45,000 copies were sold, and as, in France, a literary reputation is the passport to official preferment, he was attached, in a honorable capacity, to the embassies to Naples, London and Tuscany, successively. He married an English lady of fortune, and also inherited a fortune from an uncle who died about this time. In 1830, on the fall of Charles X., Lamartine went to the East, with his family, and travelled extensively in the Holy Land. While abroad, he had the misfortune to lose his eldest daughter, Julie, a child of exquisite beauty and promising qualities. On his return, he was elected deputy from the department of the north, and, in 1845, proclaimed his adhesion to the liberal cause, which he has ever since supported, in the tribune, in the desk, and in action. In the revolution of 1848, for which his speeches at the reform banquets had paved the way, he was chosen chief of the provisional government. To the support of the French republic, he devoted his entire energies, and fell from power with that republic, the purest of the men connected with its brief existence. In his "History of the Revolution of 1848," he has described his connection with the republic with a frankness that has laid him open to the charge of vanity, but that history, like his "History of the Girondists," and his "History of the Restoration," is a brilliant and eloquent production, full of striking tableaux and of vividly-painted portraits. He is now drawing near to the extreme term of life, but with an intellect unimpaired, and we sincerely trust that the clouds that have gathered round him will pass away, and that the sunshine of prosperity will gild the last days of his checkered and eventful existence.



RESIDENCE OF LAMARTINE, IN PARIS, FRANCE.



INTERIOR VIEW OF LAMARTINE'S PRIVATE STUDY

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1856. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. XI., No. 3.—WHOLE No. 263.

THE EARL OF CARDIGAN.

COMMANDER OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE IN THE CRIMEA.

The portrait on this page must needs be an accurate one, for it was engraved after an English photograph. It has, moreover, that sort of individuality which assures us of accuracy, even when we are not familiar with the original. With strongly marked features, heavy mustaches and whiskers, a muscular form, belted, spurred gold-laced and sabred, the earl looks the *beau ideal* of a fierce, dashing hussar. The subject of the sketch is a major general and knight commander of the Bath. He is the sixth earl of Cardigan, the first being Lord Brudenel, a partizan of the Stuarts, who received the coronet as a reward for his tried loyalty, from the hands of Charles II. James Thomas Brudenel was born at Hambledon, Oct. 11, 1797, and was first known to the world as Lord Brudenel. He graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, and first appeared in public as a member of the House of Commons from Marlborough and Forvey, and afterwards as knight of the shire for Northampton. In 1824, he commenced his military career as cornet in the 8th Hussars. In 1830, so rapid had been his rise, that he was already a lieutenant-colonel. In 1832, he had command, in that capacity, of the 15th Hussars, and with whom he contrived to render himself quite unpopular and threw up his commission. In 1836, he obtained the command of the 11th Hussars, and succeeding to the earldom shortly after, he expended about fifty thousand dollars per annum in increasing the efficiency of his corps. One example of his munificence may be given. A remount of his men was, on one occasion, ordered by the Horse Guards; he added as much as £2500 to the regulation price; and the horses of the 11th Hussars became celebrated as the best in the service. At the same time he spared no expense to make the accoutrements of the men correspond with his idea of what an English regiment should be; and Lord Cardigan was getting into favor with the public as a cavalry officer, eager to do his duty, when the "Black Bottle quarrel" opened up a new scene, and was followed by events which exposed him to years of obloquy. Somewhere in the year 1840, while the 11th Hussars were at Canterbury, Lord Cardigan upbraided one of his officers, Captain Reynolds, with degrading the mess to the level of a pot-house, because he had caused Moselle to be placed on the table in "a black bottle!" This led to something like offensive expressions; and Captain Reynolds, having been put under arrest, demanded a court-martial, and was, as the public thought, somewhat harshly refused. While the "black bottle affair" was still exciting a good deal of interest, Lord Cardigan got into a still more serious scrape. It appears that the noble and gallant earl was reported to have talked insultingly before company of another of his officers; and the latter, whose name was also Reynolds, wrote a polite note, begging his lordship's authority to contradict the rumor. To this request no answer was vouchsafed, and a second note, couched in the language of exasperation, was treated as a challenge. The two epistles were, with due formality, laid before a court-martial, and found to be so "insubordinate, ungentlemanly and insolent," that Captain Reynolds was cashiered. Meanwhile, clouds gathered in another direction. One morning, it seems, a letter containing severe strictures on Lord Cardigan's conduct appeared in the "Chronicle." The letter was anonymous, but the writer proving to be Captain Harvey Tuckett, a hostile meeting was agreed upon. Wimbledon Common was the scene, and the 15th of September, 1840, the date, of this memorable duel. The first shot was ineffectual; at the second, Lord Cardigan wounded his antagonist. He soon fell into the hands of a constable, and was, of course, committed. He demanded to be tried by his peers; and on the 16th of February, 1841, the House of Lords sat as a criminal court for that purpose. Many of our readers doubtless remember the extraordinary interest which this trial, from its novelty and other circumstances, created throughout all England. Lord Denman, in the absence of the chancellor, enacted the part of lord high steward, and presided with that stately courtesy which characterized him. Everything, however, augured well for the accused. Captain Harvey Tuckett had fortunately recovered from his wound, and the prosecution was conducted by Sir John, now Lord Campbell, in the tenderest spirit. Besides, the evidence somehow or other, broke down, from the absence of proof that the person engaged in the duel bore the name of Captain Harvey Tuckett, as alleged in the indictment, or even that such a person had been on Wimbledon Common on the day in question. Thus it happened that Lord Cardigan was not required to make any defence; and the House of Lords, after due deliberation, gave a verdict of "not guilty." The lord high steward then asked every peer by his name, beginning with the junior baron: "How says your lordship—is James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, guilty of the felony whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?" Whereupon, each standing in his place uncovered, and laying his right hand upon his breast, answered, "Not guilty, upon my honor," except the Duke of Cleveland, who answered, "Not guilty *legally*, upon my honor." Very little was heard of him, except in military circles, for some time after this; though the manner in which his name was mentioned in private showed that he had not regained the public favor. The condition of his regiment, however, was fine, and elicited the commendation of the Duke of Wellington. When the war with Russia broke out, he was sent to the East in command of the "Light Brigade," holding at that time the rank of major-general in the army. While the English army was at Varna, Lord Cardigan was sent, with the light cavalry, to find out the position of the enemy. Of this service he reported: "You can easily imagine that this was rather an anxious undertaking, and one that required the exercise of considerable caution on my part. We might have come at any time upon the Russian army. My orders were to proceed 130 miles as far as Trajan's Wall, upon the confines of the Dobrudscha. We did so, and marched 120 miles without ever seeing a human being. There was not a house in a state of repair, or that was inhabited, along this route, nor was there an animal to be seen except those that exist in the wildest regions. Having ascertained that the Russian army had returned by Babadagh, and given information to the commander-in-chief upon that subject, I then proceeded on a very interesting march, patrolling along the banks of the Danube to Rustchuk and Silistria, and returned thence by that great and strong fortress of Schumla." At the battle of the Alma, the "Light Brigade" was not engaged; their turn, however, came at Balaklava, October 25, 1855. The brigade, numbering only 600, charged through the "valley of death" upon the Russian army, drawn up in three lines, supporting parks of the heaviest artillery. After he received the fatal order "which some one had blundered," he cast a glance at his scanty ranks, drew his sabre, and with the exclamation: "Here goes the last of the Cardigans!" thundered forth the word of command. At full speed and with a noise like thunder, that "hurricane of horse burst upon the foe," but provoked a storm of fire so deadly that twenty-six officers and two hundred and seventy-six non-commissioned officers bit the dust. The reports of this affair insured Lord Cardigan the wildest enthusiasm when he returned home, but the investigations of the Crimean commissioners again rendered him unpopular, although there is no doubt that he is brave as steel. As a chief actor in one of the most thrilling episodes of modern history, we have given him now a place in our portrait gallery.



THE EARL OF CARDIGAN, OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

As we have said, many reflections forced themselves upon the mind of Eleanor, after her conversation with Dame Wilton. Some of them were of a peculiar character, and she began to study the exhibitions of Morley Briancourt's mind with a somewhat new light. This view presented itself in many questionings.

"It is true," she said, mentally, "Morley never seemed to be interested in those employments of mine; but is it because he dislikes them? Is it because he has a disposition at variance with those pursuits which are the most worthy of an upright heart? I cannot bring myself to believe that he is so soulless." And yet she was concerned regarding this point; but not so deeply as would have been the case if she had felt for him that interest which the contemplation of their prospective relations warranted. Then her anxiety would have been a thousand fold.

She drove on to Bessie Gray's cottage, which was a mile distant from Woodthorpe, the village near Ashby. She found Bessie all alone with her child, her husband being absent at the place where he worked, which was some miles away, and from which he could only return home on Saturday nights. The poor young woman was in sad distress; her child had been ill three days now; but she had not felt alarmed about him until that morning, when he seemed to become worse every moment. She had not dared to leave him to obtain assistance, and Eleanor was the first who passed the solitary cottage that day; but she was too far away, when Bessie first saw her, to hear her call, and it was not until one of the men from Woodthorpe came along the road that Bessie could send after her.

Eleanor found the child—a boy of some six or seven years—in a high fever. He was somewhat delirious, also, and his illness seemed rapidly increasing. The poor mother was half-distracted. So distressed was she that all presence of mind seemed to have left her, and she seemed hardly to know what she was about. Eleanor herself felt seriously alarmed for the child, for already his state appeared one fraught with the utmost danger. Throwing off her bonnet and mantle, she sent Bessie directly to Woodthorpe for a physician, and proceeded herself to do all that she could for the temporary benefit of the little patient. But there was little that seemed to relieve him. Moment succeeded moment, and his fever became higher, his ravings wilder, and each instant of Bessie's absence and the delay of the surgeon's arrival seemed an age.

Hugh Latimer and his sister and their aunt were seated about the breakfast-table, one fine morning, nearly a week after the incidents just recorded, when Miss Latimer, who had been silent for some time, evidently meditating on some serious matter, said, thoughtfully:

"I wonder where Eleanor is, all this time? It is rather perplexing to me that, after seeing you that day, Hugh, and promising to come or send over to us this week, she should fail to do either."

"Yes, indeed, it *is* strange, I am sure," said her aunt, earnestly. "What can be the reason of her long absence, I wonder? It seems to me she might ride over, if it were only to see that we are alive and well."

Hugh Latimer had listened in silence, but with an air of deep interest. He looked serious and reflective.

"May it not be possible," he said, at length, as his aunt finished, —"may it not be possible that Miss Ashby herself is ill?"

"Ill? O, I hope not!" said Mary Latimer, quickly, and turning almost pale,—"I hope not, Hugh."

"And, indeed, so do I," echoed her aunt, warmly, "especially now, in her uncle's absence. Dear child! Mary, my love, you should really go and see her."

"I will, aunt. Hugh, will you go over with me, after breakfast?"

"With pleasure, Mary."

"Thank you. We will take the chaise and go directly. I can get ready, then. For, indeed, I feel perplexed, and not a little troubled by her failing to communicate with me—she is always so prompt and punctual."

At that moment, a domestic entered quickly, with a countenance startlingly significant of trouble and alarm.

"What has happened, Madge?" asked Hugh Latimer, kindly. "What makes you look so pale?"

"O, Mr. Hugh, they say there's a terrible fever broken out over at Woodthorpe!"

Hugh Latimer sprang from his seat, his face colorless as marble, while Aunt Dorothea uttered an exclamation of consternation, and a low cry broke from Mary's lips.

"O, Hugh—Woodthorpe—Ashby—if Eleanor *is* ill!" she said, in a tone of distress. "Woodthorpe is on the very edge of the park,"

"Madge, do you know whether any one is ill at Ashby?" spoke Hugh.

"No, sir; I didn't ask. The man only told me, as he was going by, that they had the fever at Woodthorpe, and that they were dying there."

"O, Hugh, Hugh," uttered Mary, "let us go!"

But before his name had well left her lips, he had gone from the apartment.

In five minutes the chaise was at the hall door, and Miss Latimer was seated in it, beside her brother. Rapidly they drove over to Ashby, to learn something of Eleanor; Mary, meanwhile, trembling in every limb, and Hugh pale as death, and utterly silent. "If Eleanor should be ill!" this was the thought of each. The sudden announcement of the startling news, connected as it was with the conversation which had passed between them relative to Miss Ashby, had sent a shock—a lightning thrill of apprehension to the very heart of Hugh Latimer. Now, as he drove hastily along the way, the deathlike suspense and agitation he experienced told him how deep had become his interest in Eleanor. Once, during the drive, he turned to his sister, who, pale, trembling and silent, occupied the seat beside him.

"Mary, what am I thinking of? You should not have thought of exposing yourself in this fever-haunted district," he said.

"Hugh, you forget that I also am going to seek for Eleanor," she answered, "and even if I were not, I should be seeking the couches of the sufferers at Woodthorpe with you; for you would go, and it is my place, also. You would not shrink yourself, and why should I? I am no coward."

Silently, tenderly he pressed her hand, and drove on. They neared a little cottage standing alone near the roadside. Within the open doorway sat a rough, sun-burned man, his face bowed upon his hands, weeping. Mary touched her brother's arm.

"O, Hugh," she said, "there is Timothy Gray, Bessie Gray's husband. What ails him? You said Bessie's boy was ill; can he be dying, or dead? Let us get out and see, Hugh. We cannot pass Bessie's cottage."

Instantly Hugh Latimer reined in the horse, and assisted Mary to alight. Together they entered the doorway, but Timothy Gray never moved at the sound of their footsteps. He did not hear them; he was engrossed by his own sorrow. Mary and Hugh half paused; then, forbearing to speak to him, passed on in silence, revering his grief.

There was a low murmur within the room on the right—a whisper of women's voices, that was heard for an instant, and then ceased. Then there was a faint moan, a sob of distress, a sound of weeping. The tears fell from Mary's eyes as she clasped her brother's hand. The door of the room was open; together they went in.

It was a death-scene they found there. At the foot of a bed at the opposite side of the room, knelt a woman, with her face buried in the clothes, weeping heart-breaking tears. It was Bessie Gray. Beside her stood two of the women from Woodthorpe, with sad faces and tearful eyes, gazing upon the marble face of the child who lay there, sinking into the stupor of death. It was Bessie Gray's Johnny. Nine days and nights had he lain there, burning with fever and raving in delirium. Now the fever was gone—the delirium was over, but poor little Johnny, who had suffered so long, was dying.

They saw all this at a glance as they entered—all this, and more. There was another person present—one who bent over the pillow of the dying child, softly fanning him, to give what little air there might be to those pale lips, and tenderly wiping the death-damps away from the high, marble brow. Her head was bowed—her face hidden from the new-comers who stood within the doorway; but Hugh pressed his sister's hand, and both paused involuntarily. At that moment, as they regarded her, she raised her head and looked up at them, showing the beautiful, but pale and worn countenance of Eleanor Ashby. The startled feeling with which they first beheld her was succeeded by a thrill of silent and reverential awe. They had looked to find her in her own home; they found her here by the couch of the dying.

Her eyes were filled with tears as she looked up. Beholding Hugh and Mary, from their sad depths there beamed an eloquent, though sorrowful and mute welcome, succeeded by an expression of sudden anxiety, as she earnestly regarded them. She evidently hesitated to have them enter the infected place.

But instantly her attention was recalled to the child. He moved —opened his eyes, and looked up at her, his pale lips moving. She bent down, and softly raised him. His head rested on her bosom. A faint smile illumined his dying face, as he looked around upon those about him. His glance rested on the faces of Hugh and Mary, who stood by the bed, now; then upon that of Eleanor, whose loving arm supported him, and then the quiet lids closed.

* * * * *

Johnny's was the first death from the fever. Several persons were ill at Woodthorpe, but he had contracted it earlier than the rest, and it terminated sooner in his case. From the first, Eleanor had taken her place beside the couches of the sick. Seven days and nights she had dwelt in the midst of the fever, unwearied and self-forgetful, devoting herself wholly to the sufferers about her. She had not once returned to the hall since the day when she first came to see Bessie Gray's boy. Then finding, by the physician, that the fever was a contagious one, and of a malignant type, she had prepared herself to remain where she was, and do all that lay in her power for the benefit of the sick child, without going back, and possibly carrying the contagion with her. Then, as one and another was smitten with the disease in the village, she went thither, also; and into the infected places, which few others dared enter, she went alone—a ministering angel. Whatever she needed from the hall, was sent down by her orders, but she refrained from going thither herself, only keeping informed that no one there had taken the fever, and sending directions for every precaution against it. Leaving one sick chamber only to hasten to another, she spent every moment beside the sufferers, taking no thought for herself, absorbed in the offices she had undertaken, neglecting rest and nourishment almost entirely, in her utter self-abnegation.

It was no marvel that, in these seven days, she had become pale, and worn, and grave. The only wonder was that she herself had not been stricken down. The change in her appearance was startlingly perceptible, when, an hour after the death of little Johnny Gray, she joined Hugh Latimer and his sister, with the physician, in another apartment. Her slight form had become already thin; her sweet face had lost the fullness of its soft oval outline; the blue veins could be clearly traced over her brow and temples, from which the heavy dark hair had been pushed hastily away; and her large, soft eyes had a troubled, care-worn expression that touched Hugh Latimer's heart.

A smile, faint, sweet and sad, dawned in those clear eyes as she met him, but a strange contrast it presented to that which he had seen there, happy, beaming and warm as sunshine itself, but a little time since. The physician had been telling him of the part she had taken in the troubles of the villagers since the fever broke out, and Hugh was inexpressibly affected.

"Eleanor, angel of mercy!" he murmured, as he clasped her hand in his own.

She shook her head slowly and sorrowfully; the tears came into her eyes for an instant. Miss Latimer's lips were silently pressed to her cheek.

"O, Mary," she said, looking up, "this is wrong. You should not be here. This fever is a terrible one."

"And you take no thought for yourself, Eleanor! I have no fear. Do not think me selfish—heartless. Let me share your labors, Eleanor."

The physician shook his head.

"Nay, Miss Latimer,—you have not the constitution for such exposure as she has undergone, and I hardly dare to permit her to continue her exertions at present. She needs rest, and must have it. You would sink in three days in this infected atmosphere. You could serve my patients far more effectually by persuading Miss Ashby to take the repose which she requires for a day or two, and become sufficiently recruited to re-assume her station."

"O, how can I leave the people who are sick in the village, doctor?" asked Eleanor, earnestly. "No, no! It is impossible; I cannot do it. They need care; there are so few who will help, and, indeed, I am quite strong still."

Doctor Gregg sat down by her side, saying, seriously:

"My dear young lady, I dare not trust you. A little more, and you would go beyond your strength. I felt it my duty, this morning, to tell you this. I know you are needed here, but you *must* leave your post for the present, or you, in your turn, will be ill. No new cases have occurred to-day in the village. There are only five up to to-night, and, thanks to your unremitting cares, I have no apprehensions of a fatal termination in either of them. Miss Ashby, you have done already more than they or I can ever thank you for. I believe, sincerely and honestly, that if Johnny Gray had received your care three days earlier, he would have been at this moment recovering; but both you and I were called too late. As it is, you have done everything a mortal could do, in his case, and in every other in the village, and in those I have the most sanguine hopes. It is, then, absolutely requisite that you should embrace this favorable opportunity to recruit your almost exhausted strength."

"Yes, yes, dearest Eleanor!" urged Mary Latimer, tenderly pressing her hand, "you must rest now."

Eleanor was silent, and her eyes were fixed on the floor as she listened to these persuasions; but there was a shadow of trouble, anxiety and indecision upon her pale brow that told of her reluctance to yield to them. And Hugh, meanwhile, standing beside her, regarded her with a glance of earnest solicitude, though he spoke no word.

"Come," repeated Mary Latimer, persuasively, "dear Eleanor, say you will go, and I will take you directly up in the chaise to Briarfield, where Aunt Dorothea and I will take care of you."

"No, no—not to Briarfield," uttered Eleanor, quickly; "no, Mary. I should carry the contagion with me wherever I might go. I must stay where I am until the fever has spent its violence, and there is no more danger of infection."

"Nay—you forget, Eleanor, that Hugh and I have already come into the infected neighborhood, so that your going over to Briarfield would make no difference; and Aunt Dorothea, when my mother had this very fever, was with her through all her illness, and she is not afraid of any such thing."

"Indeed, my dear young lady, you had better go," said Doctor Gregg, "for you need care and nursing yourself, and Miss Dorothea and Miss Mary here will be only too glad to watch over you, I am sure. And you *must* leave this immediate neighborhood for a time. At Ashby, you would have no care but that of servants, therefore, you had better be persuaded."

Still Eleanor hesitated. Raising her eyes, she encountered those of Hugh Latimer resting with an expression of the deepest interest and concern upon his countenance.

"I trust," he said, with gentle earnestness,—"I trust that Miss Ashby does not need to be twice assured of the welcome she would receive at Briarfield."

Eleanor offered no further opposition. She only stayed to see the remains of the little Johnny prepared for their last resting-place, and to receive from Ashby a package of fresh clothing, which she might substitute for that which she had worn in the sick-room before setting off for Briarfield; and then, leaving the two women from the village to attend to whatever remained to be done, left poor Bessie and her husband alone with a grief which shrunk from all consolation.

Hugh put his sister and Miss Ashby into the chaise, while the physician waited for him.

"You are going to Woodthorpe—are you not, Hugh?" asked Mary Latimer, as she took her seat.

"Directly, Mary, with Doctor Gregg," he answered. "I shall

probably remain there to-night. And I trust," he added, as he assisted Eleanor into the vehicle, "to bring you favorable accounts of your patients there, Miss Ashby. I cannot do the good that you have done, but I will do what I may for those whom you must leave."

She had not thought of his offering to stay at Woodthorpe himself, in the very heart of the infected region. It had been too much to expect. An expression of relief, of gratitude, came into her eyes as she thanked him. That beaming look from those languid, weary eyes gave him a thrill of pleasure inexpressible. Then, with an affectionate "good-morning," and one or two sisterly charges of caution, Mary slowly drove away. And in company with Doctor Gregg, Hugh Latimer repaired to the village of Woodthorpe.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HEART'S UNREST.

With the cessation of her exertions, came to Eleanor a full knowledge of her own weakness. She felt now only too painfully the effects of her labors in her own case. If she had continued to maintain her place among the sick at Woodthorpe, she might, indeed, have borne up for some days longer, her excitement and anxiety rendering her insensible to fatigue, but she must have sunk at last. As it was, the almost utter physical prostration succeeding her withdrawal from the scene of her toils, warned her plainly of what must have been the consequence of a continuance of them at present.

Arrived at Briarfield, she found herself so weak and languid as scarcely to be able to walk. Miss Dorothea hastened to welcome her; but no words could express her surprise and concern on beholding her altered appearance, and learning from Mary Latimer its cause. Shocked and affected, she led her tenderly up into the hall and into the drawing-room, where she made her lie down upon a couch, and removed her bonnet and mantle with her own hands. Mary, meanwhile, hastened away, and shortly returned, bringing in herself some coffee for Eleanor, which she persuaded her to drink directly, sitting by her side the while. Then Miss Latimer took her to her own apartment, where she made her lie down. Wearied, yet excited, it was long before Eleanor could compose herself to rest, but after a long time, she sank into a profound slumber, from which she did not awake for several hours.

When, finally, she opened her eyes once more, it was night. A shaded lamp burned on the table beside her bed, diffusing a mellow moonlight radiance through the apartment, and beside it sat Miss Latimer, reading. She looked directly up as Eleanor moved, and laying down her book, came to her, affectionately inquiring how she had slept. Eleanor assured her she was much refreshed, though so weak and languid as to render it an effort almost beyond her strength to rise.

She learned that Hugh Latimer had come over from Woodthorpe half an hour before, to obtain some articles which he required, and to bring some strengthening draught for her from Doctor Gregg, who had sent orders for her to remain perfectly quiet, for the present. He had gone back to the village just before her awakening, where he was to pass the night. He had inquired for her, Mary said.

Eleanor listened while drinking the cup of tea which Aunt Dorothea brought to her bedside. It gave her less anxiety to leave Woodthorpe, knowing how much good Hugh could do there. Aunt Dorothea smiled to see her face brighten.

"Come, now, my dear child, you will eat something," she said.

But Eleanor had no inclination to touch any food. She needed rest the more, at present. Soon taking the draught which Mary prepared according to Doctor Gregg's directions, she fell asleep again, and slept quietly through the night.

The next day she was considerably revived, but remained nearly all day in her apartment, where Miss Latimer and her aunt were with her the greater part of the time. Hugh, who had returned from the village at morning, had remained only to breakfast with his sister and aunt, and gone immediately back. In the middle of the afternoon, he came home once more, and retired, Mary said, to his apartment to rest. He reported, she also said, that no new cases of fever had occurred, and that none of the patients were apprehended to be in serious danger. It was with inexpressible pleasure that this news was welcomed by all.

At twilight, Miss Ashby was sufficiently strong to descend to the drawing-room with Mary Latimer, and there reclining in the luxurious depths of a large *fauteuil*, talked with Mary quietly and earnestly, while the evening drew on. The thoughts of both lingered with the sufferers at Woodthorpe. Eleanor spoke of the prompt, unhesitating good-will of Hugh in placing himself among them, and expressed the pleasure that she felt in seeing him do so.

"Aunt Dorothea goes down to the village to-night with him," said Miss Latimer. "She is to stay with Farmer Brown's wife, whose case is decidedly more serious than any of the others. Hugh will watch with Hardinge, the blacksmith."

Eleanor was silent a little while. Then she said, earnestly and impulsively:

"O, Mary, suppose they should themselves take the—"

She paused suddenly, fearing to finish what she was about to say. But Mary comprehended her meaning. A look of momentary care rested upon her thoughtful countenance. Directly, however, she returned:

"I pray most earnestly that they may not, Eleanor. But it is all that can be done; for none of us can shrink from such duties as those which call upon us for performance now. I know that Hugh and my aunt are going into the midst of danger. I feel anxious for them; but, Eleanor, I could not say to them 'do not go.' It is their duty to go. It is mine as well; and to-morrow I, in my turn, shall go over."

The sound of Aunt Dorothea's voice was heard calling to Mary. Miss Latimer went to answer the summons, and Eleanor was left for a few moments alone. Sitting before the window, with her head resting against the cushioned back of the easy-chair, she watched the silent stars come out, one by one, in the blue evening sky, and thought of what Miss Latimer had said.

A step descended the hall stairs, and some one entered the apartment while she was thus reflecting, but she did not hear it at first. She looked up, however, as Hugh Latimer crossed the room, and stood beside her, seeing her for the first time since she had left him on the road to Woodthorpe.

"Mr. Latimer!" she spoke his name in a subdued tone, that had an accent of earnest pleasure in it as she recognized him through the dim twilight.

He took the hand that was half-extended to him in his own, holding it there for a single moment.

"You are better to-night?" he said, gently, seating himself by her side.

"Very much better, and stronger, I thank you. And you?"

"I am well. I am extremely gratified," he continued, "to find you down here to-night. I was seriously afraid that you would not be able to leave your room for a week, at least, when you first came up to Briarfield. Doctor Gregg himself was somewhat alarmed, though, I believe, he concealed the fact from you. He spoke of coming up to see you to-night, when I left him this morning."

"He is very kind, indeed. I shall be happy to see him. But I think he was more alarmed about me than the occasion warranted. My constitution is a vigorous one."

"And yet it will not bear everything. Doctor Gregg blamed himself severely for allowing you to exert yourself so long. The fatigue and exposure were too much for you. You must consent to leave to others now the burden which has borne you down."

Eleanor sighed. She felt that she could not gainsay his words.

"I believe I must do so for the present," she said, "but it is with the deepest reluctance. I cannot be quite patient sitting here thus in idleness, when the assistance that I could give is so much needed. There are so few to help in the village, even your aid and that of your aunt and Mary is not, I think, quite sufficient; for those who watched from the first with the patients must have become, I should think, as much exhausted as myself, and you will find it difficult to obtain substitutes, there is such an inexpressible dread of the fever among the most of the villagers."

"I know it, but we must do the best we can for the present. Do not think of this more than you can help, Miss Ashby; you will only agitate yourself uselessly."

"I can think of little else," she said, with a half-sigh. "I have been thinking of poor Bessie and her boy to-day. He is not buried yet?"

"No; the funeral will take place to-morrow morning."

"How do they seem—Bessie and her husband—now?"

"Much more resigned, I think. I talked with Bessie for a long time to-day. She spoke of you in terms of the most touching gratitude, as they all do."

The last words he seemed rather to speak to himself than to her. They were uttered in a tone of the deepest, tenderest feeling, overflowing with the unspoken emotions of his heart. His musing glance, downcast, was filled with a shadowy softness; for a moment a glow of almost irrepressible joy pervaded his breast; then a sigh, fainter than the breath of the light twilight breeze that bore it away, succeeded. He rose hastily and paced the room from side to side, with folded arms and his head bent.

And Eleanor sat by the window, silent; but her glance rested thoughtfully on him, and a gentle emotion of sympathy filled her heart. She forgot what he had said, she only saw that he paused and sighed, as if in weariness.

And he was heart-weary; but she might never know it. He could come into her presence; he could speak with her, and listen to the voice that charmed him; he might read in her clear, kind eyes every thought and emotion of hers; but not a glance or tone of his must betray to her the tenderness that pervaded his every thought of her. Was she not the betrothed of another? He realized now the gulf that separated him from her.

Slowly he paced to and fro with such reflections as these, while Eleanor still sat silent by the window. At length a step was heard, and Miss Latimer entered.

"Hugh," she said, "Doctor Gregg has just sent up to say that he cannot come over this evening, as he intended. There are three new cases of fever. Aunt Dorothea desires to know if you are ready to go?"

"Quite. She has not come down yet?"

"No; she will join you directly here."

"Who are the new patients, Mary?" he asked.

She told him. There was a little while of unbroken silence, each one being busy with thoughts connected with this new intelligence. It rendered each one of them anxious—unquiet, for no one could tell what devastation the disease might make before its progress should be finally arrested. Hugh Latimer's thoughts were partially diverted from himself once more, from the sad theme on which, a little time since, they had been suffered to dwell for a season. Perhaps it was best that he should dismiss them, since they were thus useless and selfish. There was not the shadow of a hope for him. The possibility of its being accomplished had been blotted out before ever it was formed. Should he not turn away, then, from the vain contemplation of a happiness that could never be his, at a time when the sufferings of others demanded his attention! Bidding Eleanor and his sister, then, a kind and serious "good-night," he met his aunt at the door, and departed with her for the village of Woodthorpe. * * *

It was late in the afternoon of the day following, when Eleanor left Briarfield, with Mary Latimer and Hugh, on her way to Ashby Place. Mary was to stop at Woodthorpe, whither Hugh, after escorting Miss Ashby home, was to return. Miss Latimer, then, leaving them on the main road, turned off in the direction of the village to join her aunt, and Hugh kept on with Eleanor.

Miss Ashby had not been home once since the fever first broke out in the village. Now, it was necessary that she should do so, that she might attend to affairs there, which had been all this time left in the hands of the housekeeper.

"Miss Ashby," said Hugh, as they rode along, "have you received any communication from your uncle, since his departure?"

Eleanor answered in the negative.

"Do you think he knows of the state of matters down here at Woodthorpe?"

"I do not well know what to think, Mr. Latimer. I have been undecided about writing to inform him. I do not know the nature of his business there—whether it is important or otherwise. Perhaps I should write, however it may be, since the trouble here appears to be increasing. Hitherto, I have endeavored to do all that could be done, that his presence might not be absolutely necessary."

Hugh Latimer made no immediate rejoinder. He seemed to be indulging in a reverie. Finally, however, he said:

"Did he intend to return soon when he went?"

"Not for some three or four weeks, I believe," replied Miss Ashby. "His business was with Mr. Briancourt, who wrote to him from London. He went down in company with Mr. Briancourt's son."

Again Hugh was silent; but in a few moments he asked:

"Does Mr. Morley Briancourt return with him to Ashby?"

"I think it probable that he will," answered Eleanor.

Hugh had listened for a different answer; and yet what difference could it make to him whether Morley Briancourt returned or not? Absent or present as Eleanor's lover might be, it gave *him* no better hope. But he had waited for her to say "no." At least, he felt happier when his rival was away from her side.

He felt chilled and disappointed now. In silence he rode on beside her, with his eyes downcast. Once he turned his glance towards her. She also was looking down, and he fancied he could detect an expression of sadness overshadowing that sweet face; but she was not thinking of him, and he sighed as he said it to himself. How beautiful she was—how warm-hearted—how noble, and high-souled, and self-sacrificing! And she was to become the bride of another. Last night he had turned away from such thoughts as these in despair, to seek employment of mind otherwhere. Now, despite his firmest resolutions, they returned upon his mind with tenfold power. He could not dissipate them.

"Mr. Latimer," said Eleanor, gently, as she looked up and met his saddened glance, "you are very grave this afternoon. You are troubled about something?"

"Yes. Pardon me if I make but an indifferent companion, but I find it a vain attempt to be otherwise; and give me your sympathy, Miss Ashby, at least."

The last words were uttered involuntarily—sadly.

"You have it already. I am very, very sorry that you should be unhappy," she said, in a voice of the sweetest feeling.

"Ten thousand thanks. Your compassion is a balm in itself," he uttered, impulsively.

At that moment, two horsemen appeared on the road at a little distance. Eleanor descried them, and a surprised expression was visible in her countenance. Hugh Latimer also saw them, and turned pale.

"It is my uncle and Morley," said Eleanor. "They have, then, returned."

Hugh Latimer did not speak. The two gentlemen advanced towards them. The two parties met midway of the distance intervening. Sir Edward Ashby was a little before his companion. He coldly acknowledged the silent bow of Hugh Latimer, and the greeting of his niece.

"Eleanor," he said, "I was just going to seek you. Sir," and he addressed Hugh with distant courtesy, "I will not trouble you to escort my niece further."

Hugh drew back with a countenance as pale as death, and lifting his hat, with a murmured word of farewell to Eleanor, turned and rode slowly away.

CHAPTER IX.

UNPLEASANT CONTRASTS.

As Sir Edward wheeled his horse, and took the place of Hugh Latimer by Eleanor's side, Morley Briancourt came up. Eleanor had hardly had time to recover from the surprise occasioned by her uncle's chilling dismissal of Hugh, unceremonious and indeed almost mortifying as it was, and her countenance wore still a grave and astonished expression, that had in it also some perceptible sign of humiliated feeling; for it was at least to have been expected that Sir Edward would have been willing to exchange neighborly courtesies with Mr. Latimer. But the slight could not be helped now, and only hoping that Hugh would think nothing serious of it, since he could not be unacquainted with her uncle's almost misanthropic disposition, she banished the matter with a sigh, and returned the greeting of Morley, who now took his place on her other hand.

He had observed the scene that had occurred. His brow had slightly darkened as he said to himself, "Who is this riding with Eleanor in my absence?" And he had remarked, too, the apparent disturbance of Miss Ashby at the proceeding of Sir Edward, which he had comprehended, though not quite near enough to hear his words. This disturbance had struck him still more disagreeably; but with his usual self-command, he repressed the evidence of his feelings, as he received in his own, with a lingering pressure,

the hand that Eleanor extended in welcome towards him, and expressed bis happiness in seeing her again.

Eleanor's greeting was kind and quiet, sincerely cordial, yet subdued, her whole manner being marked with the softening influences of the anxieties through which she had passed since their departure from home. Still, it did not please her lover. There was no blush, no tremulousness, no happy, timid agitation, no eloquent, unuttered language beaming in her beautiful eyes to tell of such happiness—such gladness as he would have wished to behold in her manner at meeting him. She never had evinced, it was true, such emotions as would have been betrayed by these signs, when she met him; but he had never noticed the want of them before. Now, her manner appeared to him too quiet—too inexpressive, and he was dissatisfied.

"You are returned sooner than I expected to see you," she said, addressing both him and her uncle, but glancing last at Sir Edward. "You heard, then, I suppose, of the fever which is prevailing in this neighborhood?"

"We heard of it three days ago," answered the baronet, in his usual cold and unmoved tone. "I find that you have been stationed in the village and about it, even since the commencement of this epidemic."

Eleanor confirmed the truth of what had been told him, probably by the domestics at Ashby. She spoke of the difficulty of obtaining efficient assistance for the sick, in consequence of the general dread of the disease among the villagers, and of the actual need there had been of her help. What was her surprise to hear him express his disapprobation of this proceeding, and term it an *imprudent* one! She looked up at Morley; he was regarding her with an unquiet yet impassioned glance, as she raised her eyes to his face, to read his opinion there.

"Imprudent!—it was rash, Eleanor," he murmured, "to endanger your life for the sake of these people."

She looked down again, and half sighed. She thought of Hugh Latimer; she remembered his look and tone when he first met and spoke to her in Bessie Gray's cottage, when she had been tending little Johnny through the fever. He had not shrunk and shuddered thus. His first thought had been, not of the risk she was encountering, but of the noble purpose for which she was there. He had, without a thought of hesitation, himself gone into the midst of the danger, unmindful of it, in his desire to do good to "these people," of whom Morley had spoken so almost heartlessly.

It was Sir Edward's desire that she would go no more into the village while the fever prevailed there, as he informed her on their way homeward across the park. She dared not remonstrate; but she mentioned Miss Latimer, her aunt and brother, who had also gone into the houses of the sick, without fear.

"And surely, sir," she added, "I am in no greater danger than they."

"You are in no less," was his significant reply. "And let it be understood, Miss Ashby, that I desire you will not go to the village again for the present."

Eleanor had spoken of Miss Latimer's brother. Morley Briancourt, hearing it, was convinced that Eleanor's late companion had been no other. He was soon satisfied. Sir Edward, who was silent for some moments after the command so decisively given, at length said:

"I presume it was Mr. Latimer with whom you were riding when I encountered you?"

And Eleanor answered that it was. Neither Sir Edward nor Morley had known of his return home before their departure from Ashby. The first intelligence they had received of it was that day when, on their arrival at Ashby, the housekeeper had informed them of Eleanor's late employments and her present whereabouts. The baronet and his nephew-elect were neither of them pleased to find Eleanor and Hugh Latimer in company. She, in her unconsciousness, never dreamed of the fact, much less its reason; for not the shadow of a thought had ever crossed her mind of Hugh Latimer's feeling for her a sentiment deeper than friendship, though she felt that he regarded her with one that had all the truth and earnestness that friendship might have. It was in this light that she saw the gentleness, the serious warmth, the often unconsciously betrayed tenderness that marked his manner towards her. She could not recognize them as they were, yet; her own heart was unawakened, and thus incapable of comprehending their true nature.

Thus the party reached home; and Eleanor, after a short interview with the housekeeper, who, with all the rest at Ashby Place, were more pleased than they could tell to see her safe at home again, she retired to her own apartment. Here she was joined by Lucy Elmore, and Lucy was inexpressibly delighted to talk with her young mistress once more, and tell her what she knew already, and what the rest had told her repeatedly, how dull, and quiet, and lifeless Ashby had been, ever since she had been away. Eleanor was glad to find that not one of the people at Ashby had had the slightest symptom of illness; everybody there was in good health.

"But ah, Miss Eleanor," said Lucy, "it is a sad thing to think of the sick people at Woodthorpe!" And she sighed.

And Miss Ashby echoed the sigh. The fever was on the increase there. Three or four of Doctor Gregg's patients had passed the crisis favorably, and were in a fair way to recover. Other cases were yet undecided, and, meanwhile, several persons had been taken down since the previous day. Eleanor was troubled for them now more than ever.

Dwelling on this, Lucy mentioned the return of Sir Edward and young Mr. Briancourt.

"I did not suspect *he* was coming back now, Miss Eleanor," she said.

"I was not certain that he would do so myself, Lucy," answered Miss Ashby. Then, smiling, she said: "I dare say he has brought Will Humphries with him?"

"Yes indeed, Miss Eleanor," returned Lucy,—"yes indeed. I wish he had not. I can't—"

"Cannot what, Lucy?" asked Miss Ashby, as Lucy paused and continued in silence to arrange the folds of her mistress's robe.

"I cannot like him, Miss Eleanor. I don't like to say it, because I suppose I've no more right than I should have to say it of his master, seeing they are both guests here at Ashby, even if one is in the servant's hall. But he is the sauciest fellow! There's not one of the servants, except it may be Hawkins, master's valet, that can bear him."

Lucy had expressed such sentiments as these more than once before, and Eleanor knew that Morley's valet, with his vain, boastful ways, had made himself disagreeable to all the servants at Ashby, and especially so to Lucy, of whom he tried his best to make honest Harry Longworth jealous. She could not blame the poor girl for disliking him; the little she had seen of him herself had given her a bad impression of him, though he was very well-behaved, very civil and smooth; for, beneath all, he was indescribably deceitful, and Eleanor guessed it.

"But I would not notice him more than is necessary, Lucy," she said, seriously, "and keep out of his way as much as possible. I hope, too, that Harry will do the same; for you know that it will not do at all to quarrel with any one, no matter who he may be, who is visiting here."

"O, I would not have it come to that, for the world, Miss Eleanor," answered Lucy, earnestly, "much as I dislike him. But I wish he did not come here. The servants wonder that Mr. Morley Briancourt should keep such a fellow about him, and, indeed, I wonder any gentleman should; but I don't think *this* case may be strange, after all."

She spoke the last words in a tone much lower, as if talking to herself; yet Eleanor heard them. She could say nothing; she perceived the channel of Lucy's thoughts, but made no sign of having heard their expression; for Lucy was not the only one who thought more than she dared to say of Morley Briancourt, and no good, either. Eleanor was seriously conscious of this, and it made her grave and reflective. She remembered the conversation she had had with old Dame Wilton about him, and could not help wishing that he had produced a more favorable impression on the minds of the people about; for a single word of true, heartfelt commendation from the humblest person on her uncle's estates, spoken of Morley Briancourt, would have been pleasing to her. But it was true; she acknowledged it to herself, now no one had even uttered such a word there. The most they had ever said of him was, "He is a very fine gentleman, indeed,—a very fine gentleman!" And that was all. But such thoughts as these she had no time to indulge in now. With a sigh she rose, and prepared to go down to join her uncle and Morley Briancourt.

"See, Miss Eleanor," cried Lucy, suddenly, as she stood by a window, looking down into the park,—"see, Miss Eleanor, that strange thing down among the trees yonder! What can it be? I wish it were not growing dark, that we might see more distinctly."

Miss Ashby approached the window and looked down.

"Where, Lucy?" she said. "I see nothing."

"There—there, Miss Eleanor, gliding away under the chestnuts yonder; now you may see him."

Now, in the gathering twilight, Eleanor beheld some dark object moving through the trees in the direction pointed out.

"It is nothing more than the gardener's dog, I should say," she observed, as it passed from sight. "What, pray, did you think it was, my good Lucy?"

"O, indeed, I scarcely know myself," answered Lucy; "but I could not make it out, and it puzzled me. I dare say, now, it *was* only James Williams's dog."

But if it was James Williams's dog, it would have exhibited to any one who would have taken the trouble to watch it unseen, very *uncanine* propensities indeed. For, with noiseless stealth, it glided beneath the trees, around the side of the main building, to the great arched window at the upper end of the library in the west wing, and there crouched down, just outside the low sill, lay concealed in the shadows of the clustering ivy, with its bright eyes peering into the interior of the apartment where Morley Briancourt and Sir Edward Ashby sat talking together.

It was Pequin the dwarf, whom the reader may remember as having appeared in the first chapter of this story. He had not forgotten the blow Morley Briancourt had given him, unprovoked, that day. He had not forgotten, either, the kindness of Eleanor Ashby, and Pequin was one never to fail in testifying either his gratitude for a favor, or his resentment of an injury.

He had been away from the neighborhood of Ashby since then, but now he had come back to perform here the work both of gratitude and revenge. He had learned how to do it. He had been studying for it during his absence. Now, nothing was more easy than to proceed with its performance. He had come to take up his quarters where Morley Briancourt was, to watch him day and night, to dog his footsteps wherever he went.

He had been at Ashby three or four days now—even in the very house. It suited his plans to be here. There was little danger of his discovery—he was too cunning to permit it, and, nevertheless, there was a bold and fearless freedom in his manœuvres that, in any other than this crafty little creature, would fully have ensured it. Penetrating wherever he pleased, lying curled up in nooks and corners here and there, concealing himself almost under the very eyes of those whom he was watching, following them, with silent stealth, from one place to another, he heard, saw and discovered anything and everything that he pleased. And not one, in the house or out of it, dreamed of the presence of such a creature as Pequin the dwarf. * * * *

It was on the fourth day after the return of Sir Edward and Morley Briancourt, that Miss Ashby, having received no tidings from Briarfield since she left there, ordered Selim to be brought round, and prepared for a morning call there.

Sir Edward appeared in the hall, as she had taken her seat in the saddle, and stopping at the door, asked:

"Are you going to Woodthorpe, Eleanor?"

She replied in the negative, remembering, with a sigh, his injunction; then immediately added:

"Unless, sir, you are willing that I should."

"You are, I believe, acquainted with my wishes on that subject," he returned, coldly; then turned and went in.

There was no more to be said. She dared not disobey him. She had wished most sincerely to go thither, for she felt deeply anxious concerning the fate of those who were in so much danger there; but without the consent of Sir Edward, she could not go. He himself had been there once since his return, and only once; then it was to visit one of his principal tenants, who lay ill of the fever.

The number of Doctor Gregg's patients had somewhat increased since her last day at Briarfield. Mary and her aunt and Hugh were at liberty to visit them, and *she* must not; but it was not to be helped. Morley Briancourt had never visited Briarfield with Eleanor, and was not personally acquainted with any of its inmates, except Miss Latimer, whom he had seen at Ashby once or twice, when she rode over to call on Eleanor. He had never seemed desirous of making further acquaintance with the family; and when Miss Ashby went thither, it was always alone.

This morning, as Eleanor was just moving away from the door, Lucy Elmore came out and stood in the doorway. It happened that Morley Briancourt's valet saw her from the lower end of the great hall, and approached the door as Eleanor rode off.

"Does your fair mistress ride alone this morning, pretty Lucy?" he said, with a familiar smile and air that made the girl angry.

"Alone?—yes. What is that to you, Will Humphries?" she answered, coloring.

"O, nothing—nothing, sweet Lucy! only if I were so fair a lady, I would never ride forth without my cavalier. My master does not know of her going out, I think."

"And what of that, pray? My mistress, I hope, is at liberty to ride away without attendance, if it please her," was Lucy's short reply.

"To be sure," returned the man,—"to be sure. I did not say she was not—did I? But where may she be going, may I ask, fair Lucy?"

"You may ask what you please, but I shall not answer, unless I choose, and I do not choose to tell you of that which does not concern you." And Lucy, turning short around, went off and left the valet just where he stood.

He looked after her with a sneer. "O, you wont tell, my dear, will you? Well, no need—no need. I know as well as you, pretty Lucy, that your fair mistress is going to Briarfield; and Briarfield has an inmate now whom my good master does not particularly fancy, therefore, I am to let him know, if he does not find out for himself, whenever there is any communication between Briarfield and Ashby, which I will take the opportunity to do this moment." And the worthy gentleman went straightway and did it.

Morley Briancourt received the tidings with a quick though almost imperceptible frown. He had the deepest passion for Eleanor; his nature, under the smooth and graceful exterior which he wore, was a jealous, imperious one. Already that jealousy had taken alarm by only once seeing by Eleanor's side one who might possibly one day become a rival. Without a word, he sought Sir Edward in the library.

Meanwhile, Eleanor rode rapidly on to Briarfield. A cold rain which had fallen for the last three days had passed off, leaving the atmosphere clear and bracing. Refreshed and invigorated by her ride, the first which she had taken since the commencement of the bad weather, she reached Briarfield. But no one came to meet her at the door. The place was unusually quiet. And now, as she went up the drive, she saw Doctor Gregg's vehicle at a little distance, and one of the servants leading the horse towards the stable. A sudden fear seized her. The man, turning and seeing her, left the chaise standing, and came to take her horse. He looked grave as he came up.

"Is anybody ill, James?" was her anxious question.

"My young master, ma'am; he has the fever."

It was true. All the house was still; the servants glided about like spirits, and spoke in whispers. Mary, her aunt and Doctor Gregg were assembled in the chamber of Hugh, where he lay, burning with fever, and muttering in restless delirium. The fever had laid its hand on him, too, at last.

"When was he taken?" asked Eleanor, of Mary.

"The day before yesterday. He had not been well the day before, I think. He was restless, gloomy, sad. He had an errand to L——, and set out before the rain; it overtook him; he rode there and back in it. When he came home, he was chilled and fatigued, and before night the fever set in."

"Poor Hugh! O, Mary, Aunt Dorothea, I am sorry for you!"

Mary kissed her silently, and wept. But Aunt Dorothea said, gently and hopefully:

"We will try to be patient in this affliction, dear child; for we have not had many troubles, and it must be expected they will come to us sometime, as well as to others; and, after all, Doctor Gregg says Hugh is not nearly so ill as his patients generally have been with this fever."

This was indeed a consolation. Nevertheless, Eleanor was sad as she rode homeward. She met Morley Briancourt on the lawn. He came to her with a smile, and lifted her from the saddle.

"Where have you been, fair Eleanor?"

"To Briarfield, Morley; and Hugh Latimer is very ill with the fever," said Eleanor, sorrowfully.

"Briarfield—Hugh Latimer!" Morley Briancourt's brow, unseen by her, grew dark.

And while she went to her room to change her dress, he went to the baronet in the library. Whatever demand he had to make there, was acceded to with obedient readiness by Sir Edward. When Eleanor returned below, she was met by her uncle, who said to her:

"Eleanor, you have been to Briarfield, I hear, where—" He paused; then he added: "I do not wish to hear of your going there again, for the present, or to Woodthorpe, either, until I give you permission."

"Not go there again!"

"You hear me." And he returned to the library.

"He is apprehensive concerning you," said Morley Briancourt, in a low tone. "You will yourself, he fears, be in danger of taking the fever."

And Eleanor thought that was the true reason.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IRON BUILDING, WASHINGTON ST.

The accompanying engraving, drawn for our paper, represents accurately the exterior façade of the new and magnificent iron building, 164 Washington Street, recently erected for the occupancy of Messrs. Parker Fowle & Sons, carpet importers, and which is such a brilliant addition to the architecture of the great thoroughfare on which it stands. This superb structure was built from the designs and under the supervision of Mr. Shepherd S. Woodcock, the architect, and is a fine specimen of his taste and ability. The front, as will be seen, is exceedingly ornate, the pilasters being of the Corinthian order, with richly moulded capitals. It has been painted in imitation of marble, with such skill as to deceive the eye of even a practised connoisseur. The balconies and balustrades are bronzed, and have a very rich effect. The skill and taste of the architect have not been exhausted on the exterior; on the contrary, the interior is worthy in every respect of the outside, and its arrangement shows the architect to be a thoroughly practical man. The entire building is occupied by Messrs. Parker Fowle & Sons. The basement floor is 120 feet by 30 feet, and is appropriated to the painted carpet business. The first floor, of the same dimensions, is used for ingrain carpets. The second, third, fourth and fifth floors are each 85 feet by 30 feet, and are appropriated as follows: The second is used for displaying tapestries and Brussels carpets, rugs, etc.; of these, there is a fine assortment of rich and varied patterns and admirable workmanship. The third floor is appropriated to the exhibition of yet more costly fabrics, such as the French moquettes, Wiltons, medallions and velvets. The fourth floor is used for cutting out and making up carpets; while the fifth and sixth are devoted to general storage, for which purpose they are specially adapted. The firm have been engaged in business in the same location for upwards of a quarter of a century, and the establishment is the oldest carpet stand in the city. They keep a general assortment of everything appertaining to the carpet business, and enjoy a well-merited reputation. They employ gentlemanly salesmen who have had large experience, and upholsterers who are unequalled in putting down carpets. A very large capital is embarked in the business, which is completely up to the mark in every respect. The interior arrangement of the store is unsurpassed by that of any in the country. The shelving is arranged in racks, supported in front by iron pilasters, and can be raised or lowered to accommodate any width of carpeting. This is something entirely new—the invention of the architect, and, with the heavy cornice, has a splendid effect. We have been thus particular in describing this store, because we consider it a model establishment. The building is certainly a great ornament to the city. It will doubtless be followed by other structures in a similar style, as the material used combines lightness with strength and durability.



FOWLE'S NEW IRON BUILDING, NO. 164, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

SHAKER VILLAGE, CANTERBURY, N.H.

The engraving below delineates the neat and plain settlement of the Shakers at Canterbury, New Hampshire, about ten miles east of Concord. Everything about it wears an air of peace and seclusion. This settlement was commenced in 1792, and has prospered till they number about 400. There are here three distinct families in temporal matters, though they are one in spiritual union. The houses are perfect models of neatness and simplicity. The land is tilled in the best manner; the animals are well provided for, and the barns, tools,—everything, in short, connected with the establishment, are kept in apple-pie order. Among the articles manufactured by the Shakers, and for sale here to visitors, are wooden ware, feather brushes and pens, whips, baskets of various kinds, seines, bags, boxes formed of orange rind, cakes of wax and maple sugar, bottles of perfumes, essences and medicines, and coarser articles, together with Shaker publications. The school interests visitors very much; and the pupils appear to advantage when examined in any of their studies. The sect of Shaking Quakers originated at Manchester, England, about 1747, and has twice been transferred to America, where it now embraces a number of thriving "families," as they are termed. The founders were obscure members of the Society of Friends, with whom they still agree in their rejection of ecclesiastical authority, in their refusal to do military duty and to take oaths, their rejection of the sacraments, and their belief in the immediate revelations of the Holy Ghost, which they term "gifts." They derive their popular name from the motions they observe as a part of their religious ceremonies; these were formerly excessively violent in their character—leaping, shouting and clapping of hands being freely indulged in. Their exercises are now more subdued: they move in a regular uniform dance, singing a hymn, marching round the hall of worship, and clapping their hands in regular time. We believe now some of the worshippers indulge in a rapid whirling motion, like that of the dancing dervishes of the East. Some of the hymns sung are utterly unintelligible to the "world's people," as we outsiders are termed. In the Shaker communities, property is held in common, and the members enjoy a high character from their neighbors for industry, frugality, honesty and good morals. Celibacy is a cardinal law of the sect, and their numbers are increased by converts. Secessions are quite rare. When a convert relapses from a state of grace and goes out into the world again, the property he brought with him is refunded. Once in a while a young couple will leave the fold, and renouncing their old associations, unite themselves in holy wedlock. But such incidents, we believe are very unfrequent. This sect was introduced into this country by Anne Lee, who was born at Manchester, Eng., in 1736, and was the daughter of an English blacksmith. She also married a blacksmith at an early age. In 1770, she had, as she asserted, a revelation enjoining celibacy as the perfection of human nature, and designating herself as a divine person. From this time she was called "Mother Anne," but styled herself "Anne the Word." She and her followers being insulted and persecuted in England, came to this country in 1774, and formed the first community at Watervliet, near Albany. Here she died in 1784. Different "families" were soon after organized.



SHAKER VILLAGE, CANTERBURY, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO A FRIEND.

BY THOMAS PATTON, JR.

I've often sat beneath some sylvan shade,
And watched the pearly moonbeams as they fell
In radiant beauty over stream and glade,
Disclosing hidden flowerets in each dell.

A little forest stream rolled smoothly on,
Its waters mirrored back the moon's pale ray
In beauteous splendor, as it onward run
To swell the music of its lulling lay.

It coursed its way through beds of perfumed flowers,
'Mong mimic valleys clothed in mossy green,
Inhaling from each scene the richest dowers,
Till soon it mingled with its mother stream.

O may thy future life as smoothly flow,
As placid as that fairy streamlet's tide;
O may thy path be lit with friendship's glow,
And through the ills of earth triumphant ride.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SMUGGLER IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"When I was a younker like yourself," said Grummet, laying aside his pipe, and settling back into a comfortable position for a yarn, "when I was a younker like yourself, I was troubled with a chronic and irrepressible desire to see the world. Not what you young chaps of now-a-days call seeing the world, which means being up to all the expensive wickedness that's adrift in a big city. My desire was to travel, to visit foreign lands, and see with my own eyes the notable places of which I had read. My circumstances not being such as would admit of my assuming the character of a tourist, I was forced to cast about for some other means of gratifying my propensity, and, as a matter of course, chose the life of a sailor. A very few voyages served to convince me that, by stopping by a ship from the time she left home till she returned, very little of interest was to be seen; sea-port towns and ports of entry being much the same all the world over. To obviate this difficulty, I made it a point to ship only in vessels from which I could be discharged on arriving at their destination, when, with the pay for the trip, and whatever profitable articles for the trip I had brought, I turned my back upon tar buckets and marlin-spikes, and wandered economically through the interior, seeing the sights and enjoying myself generally, until a pocket colic drove me once more to the seaside to recruit.

"A vagabond tramp of this kind through Wales had reduced my finances to so low an ebb, that, upon arriving at Liverpool I was in some doubt whether to enjoy a day or two's pleasuring in London, with what money I had remaining, or at once to take a ship where I was.

"Revolving this subject in my mind, I sauntered leisurely up Waterloo Road, looking at the flags of the shipping, and amusing myself by picking out the vessels of various nations by their rig, when, as I came abreast of Waterloo dock gate, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a cheery voice called out:

"'Hallo, Jack! where you off to, now?'

"Slewing on my heel, I found myself face to face with Harry Williams, a former shipmate whom I had not met for several years.

"'Tip us your daddle, will ye—the sight of you is good for sore eyes, or well ones either, for that matter. Where have you kept yourself this thousand years, my bold pup? I thought the sharks had you years ago.'

"Returning the cordial gripe of his hand, for I am always glad to run afoul an old shipmate, I favored him with my opinion that the shark was not yet spawned that would make a supper of me.

"'I hope not,' he continued, hooking his arm in mine, as together we walked up the street. 'But what are you doing now? walking out for your health?'

"I acquainted him with the particulars of my late tramp, and also that I was on the lookout for a ship.

"'O, don't be in a hurry to ship just yet,' he replied. 'Wages will be higher in a day or two, and it will pay you well to wait ashore for a while. You have nothing particular to do this afternoon?'

"I replied in the negative.

"'What do you say to a little sail down the harbor? I've a boat waiting for me at the stairs by the old church; there are several little matters that I want to attend to down below; and besides, there is a fine barque outside, waiting for a crew. I've some notion of going in her myself, and there'll be a chance for you, too, if you like. We will have a squint at her as we come along back."

"'Is there any one going besides yourself?' I asked, without any particular interest, but merely to carry on the conversation.

"'Yes, there are a couple of chaps waiting in the boat now.'

"'Do I know them?'

"'No—I reckon not,' he replied, 'but that needn't make any difference—they are bricks, both of them.'

"Having nothing else to occupy my time, I consented to make one of the party, and we walked rapidly toward the stairs. Harry Williams, who had, as I before remarked, been a former shipmate of mine—was a tall, finely-built fellow, over whose handsome face a good-natured smile constantly flitted, and which required only the least little bit of provocation to increase to a merry and very catching laugh. He was an excellent seaman, and his imperturbable good humor, his willingness to oblige, and his contempt of danger, won him hosts of friends wherever he went; yet, notwithstanding all these good qualities—indeed, I may say in consequence of them—he was not the man to whose guidance a very cautious man would yield himself implicitly. He was too fond of danger for the mere sake of the excitement it afforded, and so careless of consequences that, without intending any evil, he would be likely to draw a person into a scrape from which he might find it much more difficult to extricate himself, than would Harry with his genius for such things. His propensity for having a hand in every new thing that offered either profit or excitement, and his aptitude in everything he undertook, was so great, that I should not have been in the least surprised had I, instead of meeting him that day, been informed that he had become a parson and gone as a missionary to the heathen, or transformed himself into a notorious but not very blood-thirsty pirate. In either case, I should have said, 'just what I expected of him,' and meant it, too. Indeed, such was the versatility of his genius, that I have no doubt he might have accommodated himself to both professions, practising each on alternate days, and have given perfect satisfaction to his parishioners in the one case, and made a most exemplary pirate in the other.

"Upon arriving at the stairs we found the boat waiting, and jumping on board, we hoisted sail and were soon running swiftly down by the city. The two 'bricks' who Harry had informed me were to be our companions, I found to be a couple of very ordinary sailor chaps, with nothing very remarkable about them, either for good or evil; there appeared, however, to be a pretty good understanding between them and Harry, for a good deal of blind talk passed between them, which to me was perfectly unintelligible, and to which, indeed, I paid but little attention, thinking it none of my business, and being otherwise engaged in looking at the shipping.

"The sail was a very pleasant one, for the afternoon was remarkably fine and clear, while a brisk breeze from the north'ard drove us swiftly down the Mersey, giving us a fine view of Liverpool on the one side and Birkenhead on the opposite shore. Down through the fleet of vessels lying at anchor in the stream, our little craft danced merrily on. Down the broad river we sped with flowing sheet, until, reaching the mouth of the Mersey, the gentle swell of the Irish Sea broke in foamy wreaths beneath our prow, and by sunset, the blue mountain peaks of Wales were well on our larboard beam, as we headed for Anglesea Island. I had been too much absorbed by the beauty of the scenery to give much heed to the distance we were running, but as it began to grow dark it struck me as being rather singular that no preparations were made for putting back, and I said as much to Harry.

"'Didn't I tell you I had some business to attend to down below?' he asked, exchanging significant glances with the other two men.

"'Yes, but what the deuce do you call down below? At the rate we are going now, we shall be on the coast of Ireland before morning; if that is your destination, say so at once.'

"'No, not quite so bad as that; we haven't to go that far,' he replied, with his merry laugh, which was echoed by the other men, who winked knowingly at each other.

"'And the barque that was laying in the stream waiting for her crew, that we were to get a squint at, how about that?' I asked, rather sharply, for I began to see that I had been deceived.

"'O, we'll have a look at her as we go back?'

"'But it will be dark when we return.'

"'True—I had forgotten that,' he replied, laughing as though it was the funniest thing in the world. 'We'll go and look at the barque to-morrow, next week, when she comes back from her next voyage, or most any time.'

"As he spoke, he put the tiller down, heading the boat away from Anglesea, and toward the coast of Ireland.

"'Look here, Williams,' said I, getting my temper up to concert pitch, 'I don't like this style of doing business. I want to understand what all this means, before I go any further.'

"'There, there, Jack, don't get into a pet, my pup,' he said, giving the tiller to one of the other men and seating himself by my side in the waist. 'It was rather hard to kidnap you, that's a fact; but you see I was afraid to mention what I wanted of you, on shore, for fear you wouldn't come, and being in too much of a hurry to hunt up another good man, I was in a manner compelled to do as I have done.'

"'Well, what the deuce do you want of me?' I asked, not at all mollified, for it isn't pleasant to any one to be entrapped and made a fool of.

"'Simply this, Jack. I want you, when you go into Liverpool to-morrow morning, to have just one hundred and fifty dollars more in your pocket than you have now—that's all.'

"'Nonsense,' I growled, 'do you suppose you can make me believe you can raise such a sum, or what is still less likely, that you will let me have it?'

"'It's as true as preaching, nevertheless, only I don't intend to give it to you—I mean you shall earn it, and we all expect to earn a like sum, a hundred and twenty sovereigns for the job is the time we dance to; to be divided equally among us four chaps. You needn't think I should have taken you into partnership, to make the shares smaller, if we hadn't been obliged to; we shall be obliged to pull four oars going back, and that's the way you are to earn the money, my lion's cub, so you may thank me for getting you on to a good lay.'

"'And what is this wonderful job?' I asked.

"'Why—a very ordinary kind of job indeed. There is a sharp old gentleman with a hooked nose and of the Hebrew persuasion who does a little in the fancy goods line, up in Liverpool, and happening to have several packages of lace and jewelry knocking about somewhere between here and the coast of Ireland, he is naturally anxious to get them into his shop to-night, for fear they may get damaged by salt water or something, and as they are rather valuable, he is willing to pay the sum I have mentioned.'

"'To make a long story short, you intend to smuggle them, and expect me to assist you?'

"'Well, if you like to call things by such wicked names, you've hit the nail on the head.'

"'I shall have nothing at all to do with the affair,' I replied, stoutly.

"'O, yes, you will, Jack,' he returned. 'I don't see, for my part, how you can very well avoid it; here you are in the boat, without a possibility of getting out until we get back to Liverpool with the goods.'

"'I shall hail the first craft we meet, and state the case to them.'

"'In that way you'll bite your own nose off with a vengeance, don't you see? If you were to do such a silly thing as that, when the craft you hailed came alongside, each of us would swear he was the man that hailed, and there would be a couple or three years in chokey for the bunch of us, so the best thing for you is to lend us a hand and take your money like a good boy.'

"I saw that I was in a tight place, and that the easiest way to get out of it was to lend a hand to accomplish the business as speedily as possible. I was, nevertheless, highly indignant at the means taken to bring me into the scrape, and in moody silence I seated myself apart from the rest, refusing to join in their conversation, and answering their questions only in snappish monosyllables. Not that I had any scruples of conscience as to the sin of doctoring the revenue a bit, but a disagreeable recollection of a dreary three months passed in the gloomy French prison at Liverpool, for the horrible crime of taking a pound of tobacco through the dock gates, without paying the queen for the privilege, made me dread with many forebodings, the years which I should probably pass in the same institution, for the much greater crime in which I was an unwilling accomplice.

"By this time it had become quite dark, there being no moon, and some light, fleecy clouds that had been gathering in the northwest, now began to drift slowly across the heavens, obscuring the dim starlight. We continued to run seaward nearly an hour longer, by which time, as near as I could judge by the light, we had made a distance of from forty-five to fifty miles from the city, when the helm was suddenly put hard down, bringing the boat into the wind, and shivering her sail in the breeze. Harry now stepped forward to the bow, and taking from the cuddy a small dark lantern, lifted the slide, letting a bright ray of light from a powerful lens stream far over the water, and almost instantly closed it again. This was repeated three times at intervals of about a minute, my companions, meanwhile, looking eagerly through the darkness ahead.

"In a short time a signal precisely similar to the one we had shown, was made about three points off our larboard bow, at an apparent distance of about two miles.

"'All right so far,' said Harry, with an air of satisfaction, which was echoed by the other two men.

"The sail was again filled away, and keeping the boat's head nearly as possible in the direction of the signal which had answered ours, we continued to run something like twenty minutes, when we found ourselves within hail of a small schooner, which was laying to.

"'Hard down your helm,' said Harry, in a low voice, and again our craft was run up into the wind.

"'Boat ahoy!' hailed a voice from the schooner.

"'Hulloa!'

"'Where are you bound?'

"'To the moon,' replied Harry; 'how shall we find it, full or not?'

"'Full,' responded the voice. 'How is it where you come from, light or dark?'

"'Dark as your pocket.'

"'All right,' was the reply from the schooner.

"And with a few strokes of the oars we were alongside, and a rope was made fast to her fore-shroud. Harry sprang upon her deck, and an examination of his credentials having proved satisfactory, four packages, weighing some fifty or sixty pounds each, nicely done up and sealed, were passed over into our boat.

"'Good night,' said Harry, as we shoved the boat away from the vessel's side.

"'A safe passage to you, boys,' replied the voice from the schooner; 'you'll have to look out sharp for yourselves.'

"'No fear of us—look out for yourself,' was replied, as we quickly drifted out of sight and hearing.

"'Now then, Jack,' said Harry, slapping me encouragingly on the shoulder.

"'Yes—to a home that we shall find it rather difficult to quit for a few years, in my opinion. I've not the remotest idea that we can get these goods ashore without being taken. I've seen the thing tried too many times without success, to believe it can be accomplished now.'

"'O, don't always be looking on the dark side of the picture. I've travelled this road quite a number of times without breaking my shins, and if things go badly to-night, why we can slip the duds overboard in the dark, and they are heavy enough to go quietly to the bottom.'

"'In which case we may think ourselves lucky to get off with an acquittal after several months' imprisonment and a trial on suspicion. I tell you what it is, Williams, I consider it a contemptible thing in you to entrap me into this scrape, and though I shall lend a hand to get the thing accomplished as soon as possible in order to get out of the affair, yet I do not sanction any such proceedings, neither do I wish any of the proceeds.'

"'As you choose, Jack,' he replied, a little nettled by my

speech, for, not feeling anything like fear himself, he could not understand what must have seemed to him my foolish obstinacy, and walking aft, he seated himself in the sternsheets, leaving me to my reflections.

"The breeze freshened considerably as the night advanced, but being fair, we were only too glad to have it blow a gale, and after three hours smart sailing we were up with the mouth of the Mersey. Our course lay through the fleet of vessels riding at anchor, and by the city where the ever watchful eyes of the revenue officials were constantly on the alert to detect anything bearing the slightest resemblance to contraband traffic. Here our danger commenced—could we pass the city unobserved all would be well.

"'Lower the sail and strike the mast,' said Harry, in a low tone. 'We must trust to our oars now, my lads, and be prepared for any emergency; the sail, although it would help us greatly, would be likely to be seen, and create suspicion.'

"The mast was struck, the sail stowed as silently as possible, and with muffled oars we bent to our work, impelling the boat through the water at a rate which only a consciousness of our danger could have enabled us to compass. In silence and under cover of the darkness we had already accomplished half the distance, when one of the thole pins in the forward rowlock broke off with a sharp crack, precipitating the bow oarsman into the bottom of the boat with considerable violence and with not a little noise. He was not at all injured, however, and the pin being immediately replaced, we kept on our way. But the disturbance had attracted the attention of those we had the most cause to dread.

"'Who goes there?' hailed a voice not more than a hundred fathoms from us. 'What boat is that? Stop, or we'll fire into you!'

"'Pull! pull!' whispered Harry, in an excited tone, and we bent to the oars with the vigor of desperation.

"A flash, a report, and a musket ball crashed through the sides of the boat.

"'Stop! or we'll blow you out of water!' exclaimed the voice again.

"'Down with you, my lads,' said Harry, in his usual tone, for there was no longer any use in keeping silent; and following his example we all tumbled together into the bottom of the boat.

"Nor were we at all too soon, for the next instant a volley of musket balls pattered over the upper works of our boat, but being ourselves below the water line, we escaped uninjured.

"'Now's your time, my boys!' exclaimed Harry, springing to his feet and seizing an oar. 'We can gain on them while they are reloading, and perhaps dodge them in the darkness.'

"We needed no second command, but buckled to our work with a will. All hope of escape seemed lost to us, however, when the occupants of the revenue boat astern struck a blue light, flooding the whole river with its lurid glare, and showing our position as clearly as though it had been noonday. One of our men seized one of the packages of goods with the intention of casting it overboard, but Harry kicked his hand away, and with an impatient gesture motioned us to continue rowing. There was no chance of avoiding our pursuers by any method we could suggest, and so we mechanically obeyed him.

"'They pull six oars,' he muttered, glancing uneasily astern, 'we can't run away; however, I don't despair of fixing them yet."

"As the blue light, which had burned several minutes, began to fade, Harry shifted his oar from the after rowlock to the stern, where it could be used as a steering oar, and upon the light disappearing altogether, he suddenly turned the boat's head directly across the stream, which course we pursued until a feeble glimmer from the pursuing boat showed that another light was about being struck, then directing our course directly down stream, and aided by the strong current we ran alongside the hull of a steamer that had been launched the day before, keeping the steamer between us and our pursuers, and by the time the light had acquired sufficient strength to render objects distinct, we were holding on to the paddles, completely hid from their sight.

"It was natural to suppose that a four-oared boat, in endeavoring to escape from one impelled by six, would pull with the stream, and toward the shore, until an opportunity offered for landing. This appeared to be the opinion of the revenue officers, for upon missing us, they turned and pulled rapidly down stream, with the evident intention of heading us off when—as they expected—we should emerge from the fleet of vessels among which we had vanished. By this manœuvre we placed something like a quarter of a mile between us, and added materially to our chance of escape. But although we were lost to the sight of our first pursuers, we were in plain view from the shore, and by the lights that were now kept constantly burning, we had the satisfaction of seeing several boats leave the side of the docks, and pull toward us.

"'Up with the sail, boys, and be lively about it; then man the oars for your lives,' cried Harry, pushing our boat into the stream.

"Never was order more promptly executed, and, with our large sail drawing in the stiff breeze, together with our frantic efforts at the oar, we dashed along at a wonderful rate; but the revenue boats, having the advantage both in build and an additional pair of oars, gained slowly but surely upon us. Onward flew our little craft—past the ships in the harbor, past the city, till its multitudes of lights glimmered feebly in the distance—up the broad Mersey we held our way, the fleet of pursuing boats coming fearfully nearer and nearer, until we got fairly into the country, where the banks of the river shelved down to the water.

"'Stand by to grab your bundles and land,' shouted Harry, in a fever of excitement.

"And with one stroke of the steering oar, he drove the prow of our boat high on to the bank. Following his example, each one of us seized a package, and with the speed of men flying for their liberty, we darted up the bank and across the country. A volley of shots from the revenue boats whizzed around us, but without inflicting any injury, and the pursuit was kept up for some time on shore, but Harry's perfect knowledge of the locality enabled us to dodge them with the greatest ease.

"Having finally got rid of them by starting them on a false scent, we walked rapidly on, making a wide circuit to enter the suburbs of the city on the landward side. Up one miserable, filthy alley and down another we followed our guide, through what would have been a perfect labyrinth to a stranger, and fortunately without meeting a policeman, which saved us the trouble and danger of poking him over, until we reached a wretched, tumble-down building in the worst quarter of the city. At the door of this rookery Harry gave a peculiar knock, which at once procured us admittance, and leading the way up stairs as though he was familiar with the place, we deposited our burdens upon a table in a well lighted and furnished apartment.

"'So dish ish de goodsh, eh? All right and safe?' said a greedy looking Hebrew, examining the seals of the packages to see if they were not broken.

"'Yes—my jolly child of Israel, there are the goods, and trouble enough we've had to get them, so shell out the rocks as quick as you can possibly make it convenient, for I want to disperse, I do,' said Harry, rapping the table with his knuckles to enforce his request.

"The Jew, having satisfied himself that nothing had been abstracted from the packages, drew from a safe a bag of coin, and slowly counted out a hundred and twenty gold sovereigns.

"'There, boys, is your money,' said Harry, dividing the coin into four separate piles, one of which he pocketed; then turning to me, he extended his hand with, 'we're as good friends as ever, ar'n't we, Jack?'

"I looked in his handsome, good-humored face, then at the money spread so temptingly before me, and thought what a fool I should be to bite my own nose off for a little spite. So I pocketed the money and the affront, wrung Harry's hand, and slipping out of the house, made my way unobserved to my old boarding place. The early train next morning carried me to London, and that money stood me in for a cheap, but very pleasant summer trip up the Rhine."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A CURE FOR DESPONDENCY.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"Please, sir, take me over the crossing," said a little, faint voice, as I was leisurely taking my morning walk.

The strange request aroused me from my reverie, and looking imploringly in my face stood a thinly clad, shivering little girl, who carried a small bundle, which she held in her hand with singular tenacity. I gave a searching look into the child's face while she imploringly repeated:

"Will you take me over the crossing, quick, sir? I'm in *such* a hurry?"

Tossing her in my arms I bounded over the muddy pathway, and just as I set down my little charge, the bundle slipped from her grasp, or rather its contents, leaving the empty paper in her hand and an embroidered vest upon the sidewalk. I picked up the vest, and in doing so, unrolled the same, when lining, sewing-silk and padding were all disengaged, so that the nimble fingers of the poor child picked up and brushed and packed them together again with scrupulous care, and tying them firmly she gave me a sweet smile and bounded along. She would soon have passed from my sight, had I not again called after her, and interrogated her why she made such haste.

"O, sir," she replied, "because my mother must have expected me an hour ago. I have been waiting for the young gentleman at the tailor's shop to decide which color he preferred, and then the tailor told me to stop while he cut it, and then he gave me such a beautiful pattern for my mother to embroider it by—but it's a sight of work to do it, sir, and I'm afraid she will sit up all the long nights to sew, while I am sleeping, for the man said he must have it completed by next Thursday; the young gentleman is to be married then, and will want it—and if it isn't done, maybe he would never give mother another stitch of work, and then what would become of us?"

And as the child hurried on I caught the same quickened footsteps, and followed on until we came to another crossing, when again came the beseeching tone:

"Will you take me over this crossing, too, sir?"

It was done in a trice, and my interest in the child increased as her prattle continued:

"Mama is to have two whole dollars for this work, and she means to buy me a new frock with a part of the money, and then we shall have a great loaf of bread and a cup of milk, and mother will spend time to eat with me—and if there is any money left, she says I shall have a little open-work straw bonnet and go to Sunday school with Susy Niles."

And her little feet scarcely touched the walk, so swift and fairy-like was her tread.

"And does your mother work for one man all the time, little girl?" I inquired.

"O, no, sir; it is only now and then she gets such a nice job—most of the time she has to sew for slop-shops, where she earns but about ten or twelve cents a day, and then she has hardly enough to pay her rent, and it isn't all the time we get enough to eat—but then mother always gives me the big slice when there is one great and one little one; sometimes she cries, and don't eat her's at all."

A coach was passing—the child looked toward it and remarked:

"I know the lady in that pretty carriage—she is the very one that is going to marry the young gentleman who is to wear this embroidered vest. She came to my home yesterday to get my mother to spangle the wreath round her white satin dress, and it's just the same pattern that is to be put on the vest—but she could not do it, 'cause her eye-sight is poor and the spangles shined so."

My tongue was silent—could it be that these were the very articles which were to be worn at my Ellen's wedding? For did I not pay for two ounces of spangles yesterday, and what was it that vexed Ellen so but because she could not find anybody to sew them on when she returned? She said Mrs. Taggard was almost blind.

"My little girl," said I, "is your name Taggard?"

"Yes, sir—'Gusta Taggard, and we live down in Bleak Court. Are you going home with me?"

It was a sensible conjecture, for why else should I follow on.

"I am going to see you safely at the door and to help you over all the crossings."

"There's only one more, sir, and here it is—we live down there at No. 3, on the basement floor. Maybe you would come with the missionary some time and see us."

The child looked kindly, and, as she sweetly bade me "good-by, sir," I thrust my hand in my pocket and drew from it all the change it contained, which was a bright fifty-cent piece, and placing it in her little palm, "'Gusta Taggard" gave me her heartfelt thanks, and was soon out of my sight.

An hour before, I had started from my home an invalid. I had long deliberated whether an exposure to a chilly east wind would not injure rather than improve me. I was melancholy, too; my only daughter was about to be married—there was confusion all over the house—the event was to be celebrated in fashionable style. Ellen's dress had cost what would have been a fortune to this poor seamstress, and I moralized. But I had forgotten myself—the cough which had troubled me was no longer oppressive; I breathed quite freely and yet I had walked more briskly than I had done for months, without so much fatigue as slow motion occasioned—so that when I returned, my wife rallied me upon looking ten years younger than when I left her in the morning; and when I told her the specific lay in my walk with a little prattler and the satisfaction of having left her happier than I found her, she took the occasion to press the purchase for Ellen of a diamond broach, affirming if the gift of fifty cents made me so much happier, and that, too, to a little errand street girl, what would fifty times that amount confer upon one's only daughter, upon the eve of her marriage?

I gave the diamond broach—I paid the most extravagant bills to upholsterers, dry goods establishments, confectioners and musicians with which to enliven the great occasion, and yet I found more satisfaction in providing for the real wants of little Gusta Taggard and her mother than in all the splendid outlay at the wedding ceremony; and it was not that it cost less which made the satisfaction, but it was that all extravagant outlays, in the very nature of things, are unsatisfactory, while ministering to the necessities of the truly needy and industrious confers its own reward.

I had seen the glittering spangled dress—but it was made ready by some poor, emaciated sufferer, who toiled on in patient trust, and the embroidered vest was finished by the strained vision and aching head of another, who was emphatically one of "God's poor," upon whom blight nor disgrace had fallen, save by His appointment, and the diamond broach was borne off with admiring throngs but to be envied and coveted, while the simple fifty cents bestowed upon my little street acquaintance, had introduced me to a new species of enjoyment which never cloys in the retrospect or causes uneasiness in the prospective. I had learned to do good in small ways—my morning walks have now an object and aim. I pass by splendid palaces to hasten to Bleak Court, and thence on to yet other sources of enjoyment, so that my invalidism is fast leaving me by the new direction which is given to my thoughts.

I am free to acknowledge that while I cheerfully pay for flannel robes, and whalebone skirts, and opera hats, and jewels, and silver ware, and servants, and all the requirements which fashion imposes, I derive far less pleasure from surveying them, than in sitting beside some worthy recipient of charity, who tells me that the little sum "you gave me saved me from despair and self-destruction, and enabled me to become helpful, so that no other assistance is now necessary." Such a confession fills a void which administering to luxury never can; and all this satisfaction originated in first helping a little child over the crossing.

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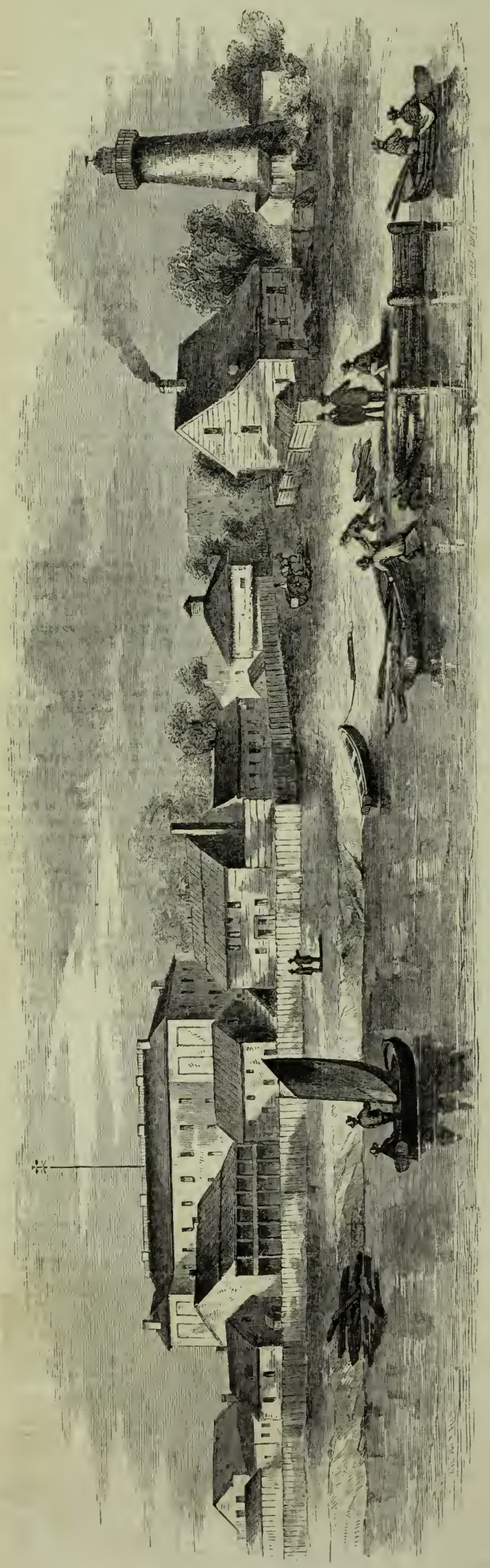
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LIGHT HOUSE, BLOCK HOUSE, AND MARINE HOSPITAL, AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THE CITY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The views on this and the succeeding page were drawn for us by Mr. Kilburn, and are some of the fruits of his recent tour undertaken for the purpose of procuring fresh and authentic material for the pages of our paper. Our cities and towns change so rapidly in the fiery progress of the day, that a picture of a settlement taken last year would exhibit a totally different scene from one sketched to-day. We have labored in these transcripts of nature, to ensure accuracy in every case. Chicago is one of the most flourishing cities of the West. It is situated at the mouth of the Chicago River, on the borders of Lake Michigan, surrounded on all but the lake side, by open, flat prairie. In rapidity of growth it has far outstripped all the cities of the Western States. Twenty-six or seven years ago, the present city consisted merely of the enclosure of Fort Dearborn, and the oldest native of Chicago cannot be over thirty years of age. Our large picture represents Fort Dearborn and the block-house, the last relics of ancient Chicago, which are now being demolished. In the centre is seen the block-house, a building of heavy timbers, with narrow loopholes for light and defence, the appearance of which carries one back to the days of the early settlers, who not only had to fight against the difficulties of the inhospitable wilderness, but to arm themselves, and use their greatest exertions against the Indians. At the right of the picture is seen the light house, and near it the light-keeper's house. To the left, immediately over the buildings of the fort, is the marine hospital, a fine, commodious structure, while in the rear are glimpses of some of the buildings of the modern city. "Early in the present century," says a writer in Putnam's Magazine, "an officer of the United States army, stationed at Green Bay, was ordered, with the troops under his command, to the Lower Mississippi, on what was known at that time as our Spanish frontier. A similar order would now he given by the telegraph from Washington on Monday morning; by Wednesday morning the troops would take their places in the cars; and by Saturday night, they would be all safely lodged—barring collisions and explosions—in their destined quarters. How long this letter might have been on its way from New York to Green Bay I cannot say; but a letter from the same officer, written at Fort Adams, on the Mississippi, some years afterwards, regrets that he cannot visit his friends in the States, as he could only get leave of absence for six months, which would hardly give him time to go and return. The prescribed method of travel from Green Bay to the Mississippi in those days, was to load in light boats and canoes; coast southward along nearly the length of Lake Michigan, then, ascending as far as practicable some of the streams which enter the lake on the west side, to make a portage (that is, carry by main strength both boats and freight) to some of the head waters of the Illinois, there to be re-launched and descend to the Mississippi. On this occasion it was spring, and the streams were swollen with the melting snows. As the party ascended the one selected for this purpose, they found it had overflowed far beyond its banks, converting the level prairie into a broad lake. The head-waters of the Illinois had overflowed and mingled with the stream running into Lake Michigan, and the voyageurs, in crossing in boats their usual portage-ground, passed from the tributaries of the St. Lawrence to those of the Gulf of Mexico. A portage in the wilderness is a serious matter—to be avoided if possible—and dreaded, if inevitable; and especially must this be the case, when not only the light canoe and scanty equipments of the voyageur and trapper are to be transported, but when heavy boats, with the arms and provisions of a large body of troops are to be carried by the main strength of men across the wilderness. The piece of good fortune above mentioned, therefore, did not fail to make an impression on the minds of the travellers, and the officer, writing to his brother in Connecticut, dwells upon it at length. Now mark the Yankee. A nephew, then a stripling, reads the letter, and *calculates* there is a chance for a good 'location.' Twenty-five years afterwards, so it happened, the nephew, then himself an officer, was stationed at Fort Dearborn, at the mouth of the Chicago River. He remembers his uncle's voyage, and recognizes the site of his unexpectedly fortunate portage. The Illinois canal, proposing to render this connection permanent, was already talked of, though the forests that skirted the banks of the river still afforded a refuge to Black Hawk and his warriors. It was an unpromising place for the site of a future city. A dead level stretch of prairie, lying but a few feet above the level of the river, most of it undeniable swamp, of that species called wet prairie, where the water stands from one to four feet deep, the rest of it but little better. But still bearing in mind the portage, and youthful fancy being on the whole confirmed by maturer judgment, a patch of swamp was duly bargained for, and thus arose a fortune in Chicago." Owing to the rapid, the almost electric growth of this city, hundreds have acquired large fortunes by the rise of lands, who bought ten or twelve years ago, when it was cheap. Notwithstanding its infancy, in 1850 it had a population of 26,000. The present population is not far from 90,000. It is the great centre of an immense trade which flows into its lap from its position upon the lake, and from the great chain of railroads which centre here and connect all parts of the West and Northwest with the city of the lakes. The immense travel and trade from the East passes through this place, and far-seeing men assert that its present prosperity will prove but a faint shadow of its future greatness. Our next picture is a view of the reservoir, on Adams Street. The water used in the city is pumped from the lake into the reservoir, and thence distributed. The general level of the city does not require any great elevation in the reservoir, and the style of the building affords a pleasing contrast to the massive square structures usually erected for that purpose. We present a view of the West Market. It is a fine brick building, with a tower of a graceful and unique



RESERVOIR, ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO.

pattern. It is situated in the centre of West Randolph Street. The lower part is used for a market, and the upper is occupied by police station No. 2, and a large hall. There is a plenty of building material in the city. At a few feet depth, the soil is clay, of a quality to make good brick. About twenty miles from the city, on the line of the Illinois canal, is found limestone of a pale yellow tint, fine grained and easily wrought. Various other stones suitable for building, can be readily obtained. Our last scene is sketched in Randolph Street. The amount of travel passing through this and the other streets greatly impresses a stranger. Everything seems in a whirl of excitement—a lounger is never seen, and each person you meet looks as if intent on some pressing and important business. A bridge is in the process of erection in Randolph Street, as will be seen by the posts, etc., in the centre of our view. The large building beyond is the West Market, of which we have just given a separate delineation. Randolph Street, and, indeed, all the streets of the city, are planked and provided with sidewalks of the same material. As the site is so perfectly level and so little elevated from the surface of the lake, the drainage is imperfect. To remedy this defect, the city is being gradually raised, and the new buildings placed at an elevation of about four feet, which renders the sidewalks very uneven, the passenger being obliged to ascend and descend these elevations by steps and inclined planes. The streets are wide and commodious, and have nothing of that new and unfinished look which might be anticipated from the early age and unprecedented growth of the place. A fine view of the whole city is obtained from the top of the court house, and no stranger should neglect to make an observation from this elevation. An impartial survey will convince him that Chicago is not only a great, but a beautiful city. There is nothing probable to check the onward march of this important place. The same elements which have given it its present position, will continue to work out its future development, and the Chicago of half a century hence will afford as remarkable a contrast to the Chicago of to-day, as the city of to-day does to that of yesterday, and the influence it will exert upon the whole West cannot now be conceived.

MAKING A NEEDLE.

I wonder if any little girl who may read this ever thought how many people are all the time at work in making the things which they every day use. What can be more common, and you may think more simple, than a needle? Yet, if you do not know it, I can tell you that it takes a great many persons to make a needle; and it takes a great deal of time, too. Let us take a peep into a needle factory. In going over the premises, we must pass hither and thither, and walk into the next street and back again, and take a drive to a mill in order to see the whole process. We find one chamber of the shops is hung round with coils of bright wire, of all thicknesses, from the stout kinds used for cod-fish hooks to that for the finest cambric needles. In a room below, bits of wire, the length of two needles, are cut by a vast pair of shears fixed in the wall. A bundle has been cut off; the bits need straightening, for they come off from coils. The bundle is thrown into a red-hot furnace; then taken out, and rolled backward and forward on a table until the wires are straight. This process is called "rubbing straight." We now see a mill for grinding needles. We go down into the basement, and find a needle pointer seated on his bench. He takes up two dozen or so of the wires, and rolls them between his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grindstone, first one end and then the other. We have now the wires straight and pointed on both ends. Next is a machine that flattens and gutters the heads of ten thousand needles an hour. Observe the little gutters at the head of your needle. Next comes the punching of the eyes, and the boy that does it punches eight thousand in an hour, and he does it so fast that your eyes can hardly keep pace with him. The splitting follows, which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps, of these twin needles. A woman with a little anvil before her files between the heads and separates them. They are now completed needles, but rough and rusty, and what is worse, they easily bend. A poor needle, you would say. But the hardening comes next. They are heated in batches in a furnace, and, when red hot, are thrown into a pan of cold water. Next they must be tempered, and this is done by rolling them backwards and forwards on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth, needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewed over them, oil is sprinkled, and soft soap daubed by spoonfuls over the cloth; the cloth is then rolled up hard, and, with several others of the same kind, thrown into a sort of wash pot, to roll to and fro for twelve hours or more. They come out dirty enough, but after a rinsing in clean hot water, and a tossing in saw dust, they look as bright as can be, and are ready to be assorted and put up for sale, which is quite a work by itself.—*Household Words.*

With the hand we demand, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, entreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, reckon, confess, express fear, express shame or doubt; we instruct, command, unite, swear, accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, defy, disdain, flatter, exalt, regale, applaud, bless, abuse, ridicule, gladden, afflict, discomfort, discourage, astonish, exclaim, indicate silence, and what not, with a variety, and multiplication that keeps pace with the tongue.—*Montaigne.*



WESTERN MARKET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

AFRICAN SUPERSTITION.

When the father of a family dies among the Mendi tribe of Africans, it is said, all the servants and children of the family worship his spirit, and if he has been a great man, a chief or a warrior, many people will join with them. At first, the worship is frequent, but after a few weeks is observed only by appointment of the leading members of the family. For the first day or two the worship consists of short prayers mingled with wailing and mourning, but after that regular sacrifices and funeral prayers are made at the grave or by the side of the dead body. The first things offered are cloths and meats. Food is set before the body, and after burial, which takes place many weeks after death, it is set by the grave. If the dead man is a chief of note and power, fowls, sheep, goats and cattle are brought to the grave (over which there is a house built), and there killed with a formula of words, as if the dead were present, and the animals sacrificed had been given to him as presents. The flesh is then divided between the friends, and eaten in common—the liver, heart, or some other part, being cooked and set by the grave. If the deceased happens to be a warrior as well as chief, human sacrifices are offered to him, especially if he was killed in war, and forays are made at night to obtain victims, who are brought to the grave, and beheaded amid frantic shouts and frightful ceremonies. An instance is related that, when at the death of a warrior, six human beings were beheaded, morning and evening, for nearly two weeks, and a number of women were put to death in a cruel manner; and in the belief that the spirits of the dead are sometimes in the water, more than forty children were drowned at the close of the ceremonies. Thus deplorable are the practices to which they resort to testify their respect for the dead. —*American Missionary.*

THE PITTI PALACE.

Probably no palace in the world contains such an amount of wealth, including the picture galleries and the library, as the Pitti Palace at Florence. Connoisseurs declare that there is not a poor picture in the immense collection, and no doubt it is the choicest, if not the most valuable known. In 1803, Ferdinand, father of the reigning Leopold, offered the Pitti gallery to England for half a million of dollars—a price far, far below its value—this government being greatly in debt. Pitt, the English prime minister, refused the golden occasion, and it is to be hoped that Florence will never be despoiled of this, her crowning glory. The library was mostly collected by Ferdinand III., a curious and passionate amateur of scarce books, and numbers now over eighty thousand volumes. The selection of authors, quoted by the Academy della Crusca, is the most complete extant. There is a precious collection of ancient Italian mysteries. Magnificent works of art with colored plates, the best geographical maps ever made, numerous copies of blue and vellum paper, and a collection of Italian books on the fifteenth century, which comprises the rarest. The manuscripts, all Italian, are about fifteen hundred in number, among which are invaluable correspondences of Tasso, Machiavelli, Galileo, and others as famous. The massiveness and interior decorations of the building itself, the furniture—all richly gilded—and various pieces inlaid with gems, and the treasures of plate are almost priceless. One large room is filled with gold and silver vessels, the gathered wealth of ages, many of them elaborately wrought in bas-relief figures, curious or historic, by Benvennto Cellini, and other renowned artists. There are several Christs of different sizes, the largest two feet, in pure gold; others in silver and bronze, by John of Bologna—that wonderful modeller and artificer; there are immense plateaux and vases in the same precious metals, and each one a study for its expressive design and exquisite workmanship. But the richest and most curious treasure in the collection is a gold cathedral, some three feet in height, of perfect architecture, and divided within into little chapels, each having its altar and presiding priest, adorned with diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires. Over the whole is suspended a gold Christ on a jewelled cross. This gem of the gems is kept under glass, and turns on a pivot for the benefit of inspecting visitors. Indeed, all these precious things are in glass cases, and most of them only expressive shows. In the modern department—as rich if not as rare as the antique—the plate used on state occasions is included. Among the sacred ornaments, there is one called the *bambine*—a baby-Christ in a cradle of calcedon, the tiny figure itself of a stone resembling opal; the whole is of common baby-house size. This plate-room seems a fairy tale, but weighs solidly in the priceless worth of the whole establishment. Two of the long suit of saloons—there are in all over thirty—opened for the royal balls, were in part refurnished last year at an expense of $100,000. Nothing can exceed in richness some of this furniture: the chairs cost $100 each. The magnificent mirrors—reaching from the ceiling to the mosaic pier tables—hang facing each other, multiplying themselves and their branching wax-lights by reflection *ad infinitum*. The effect is magical.—*Correspondent of Newark Advertiser.*



VIEW IN RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"I NE'ER ACKNOWLEDGED THEE!"—EASTER CONFESSION.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

When childhood's bark was launched away,
My little lips were taught to pray,
 The while I bent the knee;
In all creation God descried—
Nor in the whirlwind terrified,
 Only remembered thee.

The world soon caught my rapturous gaze,
And feasting on it, all amaze,
 I to it prostrate fell;
And glittering dance, and song, and mirth,
Chained down my spirit fast to earth;
 The world—I loved it well.

And syren song, and visions bright,
To my wild spirit brought delight—
 Delight I may not name;
And magic pages that unfold
All the mind's riches, deftly told,
 Aroused a thirst for fame.

And one high spirit shared my joy,
And love seemed gold without alloy,
 Pleasure unmixed with pain;
But in one moment snapped the cord—
Death stepped between us with his sword,
 And tears and sighs were vain.

O blind, infatuate, sinful child,
Where is the faith, pure, undefiled,
 That points the arm of Heaven?
But not in heaven or earth for me,
Could I one ray of comfort see,
 One consolation even.

Alone, in that dread hour, alone—
Father, I wandered from thy throne,
 In unbelief's dark shade;
With blind philosophy vainly sought
The peace with which thy Word is fraught—
 Peace for the loved and dead.

Alone, to racking visions left,
Of joy, and hope, and love bereft,
 Imagination's sway
Was boundless o'er the realms of night—
Despair and darkness chased the light
 Of joy and peace away.

Thou, my Creator, knowest how wild,
Impulsive fancy sways thy child—
 Thou only read'st the heart:
O, can it be thou wilt forgive
My life's mistake, and bid me live
 To yet retrieve a part?

Thou, O my Father! hear, I pray,
Nor cast thy penitent child away,
 E'en though I left thee quite;
Thou knowest few there are below,
Whose thoughts from the same fountain flow—
 Whose very souls unite.

Confessing, wilt thou now forgive
The sin which all my life I grieve—
 Loving a child of clay
Better than all thy gracious laws—
Better than thy most holy cause—
 The life—the truth—the way.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SUICIDE.

BY ARTHUR ELLINGWOOD.

It was about seven o'clock on the first day of May, when Jack Altamont arose from one of the longest benches in Hyde Park, and yawned. If you had asked Jack why he yawned, he could not possibly have told. It did not proceed from any drowsiness, for he had passed a good portion of the night on that same bench, as sound asleep as if he had been tucked up by his grandmother between a pair of lavender sheets. Neither did it arise from any fatigue, for he had absolutely done nothing at all for the last few days. It might have been a signal that he was going to speak, and had nothing in particular to found his remarks upon. Whether or no, he advanced a little, and indulged in the following soliloquy:

"Ahem! A—hem! Auspicious commencement of the third day since my stomach has had any employment. By Jove! I must do something—but what? Here I have nine tragedies on my hands, all refused by every manager in this stupid town, besides all my poems in manuscript, and an immense amount of light literature; moreover, have tried my luck in every kind of business, and at present have not a cent in my pocket; with all my digging, I never could reach the root of all evil; money has always been a *non sequitur* with me; I never sold anything yet, but that I had to pay for it."

Here intervened another yawn, which was prolonged into a heart-moving sigh, and finally ended in a most murderous groan.

"I wonder if suicide is practicable?"

He drew out a pistol from his pocket. Unfortunately there was nothing in it but a "Sonnet to an Eye," rolled up—the sonnet, not the eye—very carefully. This, however, did not seem to disconcert Mr. Altamont in the least. He sat attentively regarding this horrible instrument of destruction, and meditating, as was natural, in rather a gloomy vein:

"Perhaps I had better write my epitaph and put it in my coat pocket. It will lend a melancholy interest to the catastrophe, as well as assist the coroner's jury, who would otherwise pronounce my untimely decease in consequence of a surfeit of oyster-pie, or choked by a fish-bone; but on reflection, I believe I haven't any pencil. If now my rich old uncle would only turn up, who promised to make me his heir—by Jupiter! ecstatic thought!"

Here Mr. Altamont tossed up his pistol several times, catching it in the most remarkable fashion; but at last happening to get struck on the head, he resumed his speculations in time to see an old gentleman coming up the path. This very fat person was wiping his forehead with a red bandanna, and had, to Jack's infatuated eye, a most benevolent expression of countenance.

So, when he was within a short distance, Mr. Altamont—who in the meantime had been loosening his neckcloth, and assuming every imaginable cast of countenance, fixing at last upon the one in which Mr. Howard Harcourt, alias Dick Jones, is said to have *faced* death—rushed forward. The old gentleman stopped. Jack threw himself upon his knees, shut his eyes, and placed the pistols to his head, exclaiming:

"Thus do I end a miserable existence!"

This scene was intensely tragic. Imagine a young man upon his knees, his locks scattered to the wind, with a pistol in each hand—no, I mistake, he had only one; Jack had exchanged the other the week before for a mutton-chop. Imagine this Apollo, I say, threatening to discharge, not only those brains which had given birth to nine tragedies, one hundred and one poems, and a "Sonnet to an Eye," but also a double-barreled pistol! O!

Jack, as I said, was on his knees. Considering that his pants were worn rather thin in that place, this position was slightly painful, not to say embarrassing. He ventured to open one eye, and there he saw—O, confusion!—the fat man cramming his red handkerchief down his mouth, and trying to suppress his laughter, which shook him from head to foot.

"Ho! ho! ho! why don't you fire, my boy? Ho! ho! ho! I say, fire away there!" cried he, when he saw Jack's half opened eye. "Ho! ho! can't come it over me, hey, my fine fellow?"

The unfortunate suicide sprang up in a violent rage, inflamed at his own stupidity, and would have executed vengeance upon his tormentor, but that he took to his heels and soon disappeared, making the air resound with his violent guffaws.

"Confounded unlucky!" said Jack, who was rather discomfited. "I might have known from the abominable leer which that man possessed, that he was no philanthropist."

By this time the park was moderately full of people passing in different directions, and Jack knew if his end was coming, it must be soon. But Heaven was sending him a deliverer in the shape of a young lady dressed in blue silk, who, with her maid, was advancing up the walk. Jack, looking out between the trees, almost forgot his purpose in gazing upon her face, which was radiant with youth and beauty.

"What a miserable wretch I am!" thought he. But for all that, he tied up his cravat in a most extinguishing style—by that adjective I did not intend to give the reader the impression that he was trying to choke himself—tossed his hair back from his face, and cocked his pistol. Then, throwing himself gracefully forward, he fell on one knee, and again holding the pistol to his head, repeated with most tragic emphasis:

"Thus, thus do I end an ill-fated life!"

But Jack was doomed to live. The young lady sprang to his side, and with a scream, cried out: "Forbear, wretched man!" And at the same time her attendant seized him by the shoulder and shook him so lustily, that the pistol soon dropped from his not very reluctant hand. Having procured a long stick, she poked the fearful weapon carefully out of the way.

"Hang me!" said Jack, when he related the story to me afterwards, "if I wasn't ashamed of myself when I looked up at her face so full of nobility and truth." And the young lady herself blushed like a damask rose, when she met the ardent gaze of the handsome young man she had saved from destruction.

"My dear sir, what could be your motive?"

"Dash it, madame, would you have a man starve?"

"But consider the wickedness!"

"Think of living like a chameleon all your life!"

"Would you rush unprepared into the presence of your Maker?"

"Unprepared! I've fasted for three days!"

"Would you have your friends to weep for a suicide?"

"Friends! Humph!"

I don't think Jack was very polite in this interview, but he managed to send volley after volley of ardent glances towards his deliverer, till it was a wonder she was not consumed. At last, after a number of manœuvres, my lady engaged Jack for the performance of some literary commission, nobody knew what, paying him in advance, and desiring that he would call in the evening at her residence in Portland Place.

After she had gone, Jack danced one of the most joyful jigs he could turn out his toes to, brandishing his pistol like a trophy on high, till a policeman came up and inquired if he wished to be taken to the station-house. On this hint, Mr. Altamont's spirits subsided a little.

He then proceeded to a tavern, where, after showing his purse to the waiter, who knew him of old, he sat down to a most astonishing breakfast; ditto dinner in about an hour afterwards. He then composed what he declared to be his *chef-d'œuvre*, threw himself on the bed and slept away the remainder of the day. This was one of Jack's happiest peculiarities. With but two pence ha'penny in his pocket, and on a rough plank, he could sleep as well as a prince on down. But at present he was in no such fearful straits; his pocket was very comfortably filled, and he was stretching his limbs on the best bed in the house.

It is traditionally related of him, that, being arraigned in his more youthful days before Judge Bigwig, by the enraged inhabitants of Bath, for the purloining of twenty-seven knockers and six bell-pulls, he fell sound asleep while pleading innocent; and in this unguarded state, his pockets were emptied of five dragons' heads and a vulture's claw, which effectually proved his delinquency.

At eight o'clock Mr. Altamont arose and arranged his toilet—that is, he changed hats with a person who was so foolish as to leave his by the side of Jack's—and proceeded to Portland Place, where he expected that his fallen fortunes would be entirely restored. He was admitted by a footman, who did not seem to understand his request to see Miss De Courcy, but mumbled out:

"Up stairs, first door on left hand; here, Peter, show this gentleman the way."

But Peter wasn't there; so Jack, trusting to his usual good luck, went up alone and tried the first door he saw. It opened into a very handsome dressing-room, elaborately adorned and arranged as if for some expected occupant. There was no one in it, and Jack sat down to inspect matters. A very brilliant masquerade dress, accompanied by a print, for the character of the Earl of Leicester, was spread out on a lounge. On this last interesting object Jack's gaze lingered until he began to think how nicely it would fit him.

"Green velvet, slashed with white satin—a very becoming color to me. How finely I should look with all those orders strung round my neck!—how the deuce am I to tell for whom it was intended! There can be no harm at least in trying it on."

He had scarcely uttered this concluding sentiment, when the door was thrown open, and two young men entered. Jack vanished behind the window curtain.

"Hum!" said the first one, with his eye-glass stuck into his eye, gazing about the room.

"Quite passable," said the second ditto eye-glass.

"Ah, there's my dress," said No. 1, looking at the apparel on the sofa. "Had that made in Paris, old fellow. How d'ye like it? I had it sent on last week."

"Not equal to my Duke of Buckingham. Seen it? Up stairs. Where's your cousin Jenny?"

"I have not seen her yet. She is dressing, I believe. It is seventeen years now since I've been here. Don't you think I shall make an impression? Is she handsome?"

Jack was so enraged at hearing these cool remarks about the heroine of his morning's adventure, that he was unable to listen to the rest of their conversation till No. 2 proposed to go and dress. This was a great relief to Jack, who, by this time, was rather tired of the standing position, and who hoped to see them both go out together.

But Mr. Hamilton—for that was the name of Miss De Courcy's cousin—instead of leaving the room with his friend, told him he would dress there, and be with him in a short time. He did not seem in a very great hurry, however, but lounged round the room, looking at the various articles of his dress, and practising attitudes before the mirror. Jack's indignation rose fearfully, and he began to contemplate the possibility of coming forth from his concealment, and doing something desperate, when Mr. Hamilton opened a door at the back of the room and passed out.

Mr. Altamont came forth into the light and stretched himself. A brilliant idea flashed across his mind. He ran to the door, turned the key in the lock, tore off his clothes, threw them behind the lounge, donned the habit of the Earl of Leicester, and was admiring himself in the glass when Lord Fitzhenry, Mr. Hamilton's friend, entered!

"Confusion! What's to be done now?" thought he. But his wit came to his aid. He put on his mask, stooped down pretending to adjust his shoe, and, imitating Mr. Hamilton's voice, said as rapidly as possible, for he was momentarily expecting a shout from that gentleman:

"Tom, you scapegrace, there has just been a lady here inquiring for you, beautiful as Venus and graceful as Juno. She asked me to tell you to come immediately to Brooks's, in the Strand; or, if you didn't find her there, to somebody's—hang me if I remember who—in Cheapside."

"Venus! Brooks! Juno! Cheapside! call immediately! Who can it be?" said the bewildered peer. "O, I think I know—no—yes, it must be; hurrah! good-by, my boy—shall see you again before the evening's out."

"I hope not," said Jack, after the deluded representative of the Duke of Buckingham had left. "I've had quite enough of you."

Mr. Altamont then, with rather a fearful heart, shut his door and proceeded to the drawing-room. It was brilliantly lighted, and filled with crowds of gaily-dressed people. But the most radiantly beautiful of all was Miss De Courcy, dressed as Mary, Queen of Scots, and surrounded by a circle of devoted admirers. As soon as Jack advanced in sight glittering in his spangles and medals, she came quickly forward to meet him.

"My cousin Harry, I suppose from the dress; for remember I have'n't seen you since I was a year old, and besides you have your mask on."

"At your service," said he, taking it off, and kissing two of the most charming lips in the world. Jenny started.

"You don't say you remember me any better with my mask off," said Jack, carelessly.

"Well," answered she, "if it was not an absurd thing to pretend to such a memory for a baby, I should say I would have known you anywhere."

After this propitious beginning, Jack began to feel rather more at his ease. "Possession is nine-tenths of the law," argued he. So he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the evening. He polked with nine nuns in succession, waltzed with Minerva, danced a minuet with Queen Elizabeth, and succeeded in getting into everybody's good graces. While he was engaged in a very interesting conversation with his cousin pro tem., he was overwhelmed by the sight of a very portly old gentleman approaching.

"My godfather, cousin; dear godpapa, this is cousin Harry."

"How do you do, sir? It seems to me I've seen you before. Let me think—no, it can't be. Ho, ho, ho! Beg pardon, sir; beg pardon."

Jenny seemed rather astonished at the old gentleman's merriment, but Jack blushed.

"Deuce take the old fogy!" said he. "What a confounded memory!" He then inquired very sternly if the gentleman was laughing at him.

"Ho, ho, ho! O, no! Beg pardon; I'm sure—ho, ho!"

Jack took his cousin under his arm and strode off. But as the fates would have it, who should he come in contact with but Lord Fitzhenry! He slouched his hat over his face, while the noble lord whispered ferociously in his ear:

"I demand satisfaction, sir, immediately."

"You shall have it," answered the pretended Hamilton. "Meet me in five minutes in my dressing-room. I will but change my dress."

"Enough," answered Fitzhenry.

When he was fairly out of sight, Jack took his cousin to a retired part of the room, and having helped her and himself to ices, prepared for a quiet time. But he had calculated rather badly. Had Mr. Hamilton been a man of spirit, affairs might have fallen out as Jack expected. He supposed Mr. Hamilton would lay the blame of his durance upon Fitzhenry. Fitzhenry would retaliate upon his own account, and "between them both," said he, "if affairs ever get straightened, my name isn't Jack Altamont!"

But our youthful Machiavel was destined to disappointment; for no sooner had the two parties met, by Fitzhenry's bursting open the inner door, and telling the poltroon to come forth from his place of concealment, than Hamilton, grateful only for his release, disclaimed all idea of a duel, and the dispute was ended by the infuriated young lord, who dragged him to the drawing-room, and denounced him for a coward. Jack shook in his borrowed shoes when he heard the uproar. He knew that his time was come, and, rising from his seat, determined to abdicate as gracefully as possible.

But he was stopped in his expected harangue by Fitzhenry, who stared at him in utter astonishment, and from him to Hamilton. The latter gentleman, plucking up his courage, called out:

"What business, sir, have you in my dress?"

"Your dress?" asked everybody. "Who are you? This is Mr. Hamilton, Miss De Courcy's cousin."

"*That* Mr. Hamilton! *I* am Mr. Hamilton."

But the unfortunate man received nothing but "Pooh," "Pshaw," "Madman," and other flattering expressions, which, instead of comforting, made him perfectly furious.

"O, Tom, Tom, why don't you help me?"

But Tom sat immovable, not seeing through affairs as yet. At length Jack spoke:

"I acknowledge the truth of Mr. Hamilton's statement. In joke, while he was absent from the room, knowing the company to be unacquainted with him, I assumed his dress and character, not thinking the matter would end so seriously."

"Ho, ho, ho!" It was the fat gentleman, who was standing at Jack's elbow. He started.

"But who are you then?" asked the company.

"My name is John Altamont."

"What," said the fat gentleman, tumbling forward, "not the son of Admiral Jack Altamont, who died in Algiers?"

"The same."

"My dear boy, come to your uncle. How much you do look like your father, to be sure!"

And the old gentleman took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes; then he embraced his nephew very tenderly; then, recovering himself, he poked him in the side and whispered, shaking from head to foot: "So the pistol hung—"

"Hang the pistol!" interrupted Jack.

Jack was only great under the inspiration of tragedy. Misery exalted his genius; perfect happiness always prostrated him—on a lounge or in bed. He submitted to congratulations and embraces, but ventured on only one original remark:

"I say, old fellow" (this was to the avuncular old fogy), "what time do we folks in high life—ah—retire? I mean—ho!"

The clock struck twelve; Jack yawned as if he had been a churchyard. Since then Jack has basked—that's his favorite figure—in the smiles of fortune.

CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY.

It would be easy to let the imagination run wild in describing such ideal charms of face and limb as prescriptive fancy bestows on the Circassian girl; but unless the remoter interior possess nymphs of another and more celestial mould than those who meet the traveller's eye along the coast, such hyperbole of praise may be awarded with greater justice to claimants nearer home. There is, indeed, a natural gracefulness about these Circassian maids which a western education might develop into an elegance that would contrast favorably with the artificial gloss of mere conventional refinement; but for the wildering beauty that dazzles the eye and carries the heart by a *coup de grace*, you may see more of it on a fine spring afternoon in Rotten-row and the Drive, than I have been able to catch sight of here during three industrious weeks. Lest it should be inferred from this admission of non-success in this respect that the result mentioned has arisen in any degree from the retiring bashfulness of the sex, I may add that it is the married women—and of them the ugliest are, as in Turkey, ever the readiest to hide their charms from the stranger's eye—who wear the veil; the single and unsold may be looked at till the gazer is content.—*Correspondent of Daily News.*

The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may not accomplish anything. The drop, by continually falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MY DAUGHTER MARY.

BY HON. N. T. ROSSETER.

Struggling all the daytime,
In that whirlpool called the world,
A thousand wild waves rushing,
The sternest spirit crushing
In their angry, stormy whirl;
'Tis delicious to remember,
And I do so with a sigh,
Those tones so soft and tender,
Of my darling child's "Good-by."

Struggling all the daytime,
On the battle plain of life,
A thousand foes advancing,
All their hostile weapons glancing,
In the sternness of the strife;
'Tis delicious to remember,
And I do so with delight,
The tones so soft and tender
Of my darling child's "Good-night"

Struggling all the day-time,
Panting wildly in the race,
Where selfishness and meanness,
With a vicious, grasping keenness,
Strive for riches or for place;
'Tis delicious to remember,
With emotions all my own,
One heart so true and tender,
Awaits me there at home.

Welcome, then, the night-time,
With its sable wings outspread;
When the surging tide of life,
With its tempests and its strife,
Lies in silence like the dead:
Then dreaming, I remember,
As her form to mine is pressed,
How truthful and how tender,
Is that heart upon my breast.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DOGS OF DAMASCUS.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

THERE are several plagues in all Mohammedan countries besides the awful disease which bears that name—the plague of vermin, the plague of insecurity of property, and the plague of poverty. But no one has particularly described the plague of dogs.

In discussing upon this subject, it would be quite proper to embrace extensive geographical boundaries, and to take in the varieties and distinct families of dogs on the old continent of Asia. They collect in and about every town and village, and the number appears to bear some kind of proportion to the population. A great city has more canine plagues than a small one.

Asiatics do not entertain that fondness for the animal, when domesticated, that is evinced by Europeans and Americans. They are considered *unclean*, and therefore held in semi-abhorrence. They are as ancient, in the condition in which we now study them, as man himself. When the Jews fled from bondage, the city dogs unquestionably followed upon the heels of the camp, for the garbage that they found.

Moses directed that when the domestic animals had been "torn of beasts," in other words killed, the flesh should not be eaten, but cast to the dogs. This implies their existence, certainly, if not their abundance, outside. Goliath said to David, when he stood before him, sling in hand, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" This passage conveys the idea of their prowling character, and the enmity that was manifested towards them, by keeping them at bay with staves. "As a dog returns to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly," says Solomon in the Proverbs, which shows his familiar knowledge of the habits of the semi-domesticated dogs, the progenitors of the present dogs of Judea. The savage animals will gorge themselves excessively, when an opportunity presents. If the stomach is over-distended, and the putrid mass is ejected, their appetite, no way impaired, enables them to fill up again immediately.

Damascus, the capital of Syria, located in the centre of an extensive plain, beautifully watered, swarms with dogs. Their number is past finding out. They are not the variety which associate on friendly terms with men. They could not be domesticated to become companionable, and yet they always cluster about human habitations. Were it not for the refuse crumbs and scraps of food thrown into the streets, on which they principally subsist, thousands of them would inevitably die of starvation in a single week. As it is, large numbers undoubtedly perish in that way, since they scramble and fight so furiously for a morsel, the strong must succeed better than the young and weak. Detested, they are tolerated as a necessary nuisance, because they are the scavengers to remove every morsel of meat, bread and bone, which would otherwise accumulate to the public detriment. Charitably disposed Mussulmen throw into the streets an occasional supply, as offerings of pity for the wretched looking creatures. They could not be driven away, nor could they be exterminated without actually periling the public health, under the ordinary municipal arrangements. Through the day they are sleeping, or at least keeping quiet; but with the approach of evening shades, they astonish the spectator with their numbers and ferocious appearance. These dogs are small, of a dingy yellowish color, with sharp snouts, bright, fierce eyes, and the sharpest, whitest, wickedest rows of teeth ever seen in any jaws.

Whether in Damascus they have divided the city into sections which are recognized as the specific domain of a family or particular tribe, was not ascertained; but in Alexandria or Cairo, such divisions of territory are actually defined. Many a puppy is slaughtered without mercy, from being ignorant of the line, and running over the limits.

Constantinople is infested by the same race of scavenger dogs to an enormous extent. There may be nearly a million of them. Their habits in one city illustrates their economy in all. So vastly numerous are they in the streets through the night, no one dare venture out without a lantern. No person is allowed by the sentinels to attempt walking out in the evening without a light, lest they should be instantly devoured by the packs in pursuit of prey. The lantern is suspended by a string from the hand, and carried close to the ground. A circle of dogs move with the light, but never venture to get very near it. Were it not for the fear of a light, it would be extremely hazardous to attempt going from one door to another through a gauntlet of those blood-loving animals. They bark incessantly through the night. Being accustomed to the everlasting annoyance, the inhabitants are less disturbed than they otherwise would be. Their multiplication is quite astonishing, when the difficulty of sustaining life is taken into consideration.

Litters of puppies may be seen almost everywhere through the day. The dam nurses them very quietly, paying no attention to the passer—unless by accident a foot or a tail is trodden upon. Then the welkin rings with their howlings, which is propagated by the nearest dog, and extended till the yelpings are lost in space.

At the village of Gezah, opposite the ruins of Fastat, once the capital of Lower Egypt, there is a depot for cattle which are driven from the interior of Africa, following the windings of the Nile for the sake of the water. The cattle have a hump on the shoulders, large as an ordinary hat—which is much of a curiosity, and therefore worth going to see. Sometimes nearly a thousand head are collected at Gezah, waiting to be sold. They become restive from the irritation of insects, thirsty and hungry, too, and in their excitement gore and trample many to death. Others die from other causes, so that every morning one or two are found dead.

The dogs lie about the borders of the enclosure, fully expecting every morning a new carcase or two. When the herdsmen drag the dead bodies to the line, the dogs stand in rows impatiently waiting; and as the men step back, they seize the carcase and drag it as firemen run with an engine, making the dust fly as they go—and in an incredibly short space of time after, it is torn into shreds, and the bones gnawed as though they had been rasped with a steel rasp. When these multitudes of dogs can find no other food, in the superficial graves, in which bodies are interred without coffins, they seek subsistence. Their whole history, therefore, is extraordinary.

Several varieties of the dog, which have no intercourse with man, either as his friend, companion, or looker-on, waiting for what he is disposed to give away, are met with in Asia. They hunt in packs like the wolf, and combine for mutual protection. These half-savage, scavenger dogs of the East licked up the blood of Naboth, and ate the body of Jezebel, all but the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet. Thus, by understanding the habits of these dogs of Damascus, the Bible accounts of them are cleared from all obscurities.

BULLET WOUNDS.

The hospital at Scutari is said to afford some memorable specimens of the resistance capable of being offered by the human frame to the action of bullet wounds. One man, shot through the chest, recovered; another, who had a ball for two days in his brain, did well after the ball was extracted. One man, who was shot in the leg, had such a hard, sharp bone, that it split the bone which struck it into halves, as if the lead had been severed with a knife, and he escaped without a fracture. A rifle ball completely scooped out the eyes of a man, but he recovered, without any other injury.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SIX MONTHS IN KANZAS. By a LADY. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 12mo.

The authoress of this work went to Kanzas in September, 1855, and returned to Massachusetts in 1856. Her book is made up of familiar letters detailing her experience and impressions of the new territory.

THE GREY-BAY MARE, AND OTHER HUMOROUS AMERICAN SKETCHES. By HENRY P. LELAND. Illustrated. Phila.: J. P. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 314.

A capital book for summer reading—full of humor and fun, oddity and quaintness, with mirth-provoking "pictures to match."

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson has just published "The First Gift," a ballad, "The Bridge," words by Longfellow, "Comin' thro' the Rye," and "Buy a Broom," with variations.

THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF HERODOTUS, ETC. By J TALBOYS WHEELER. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

By means of an imaginary biography of Herodotus, founded, however, on fact, the author contrives to give us a correct picture of the cities, countries and peoples of the fifth century before Christ. The author is a ripe scholar, and has applied his information most ingeniously and instructively. One of the most valuable works published for a long while. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE HUGUENOT EXILES: or, *The Times of Louis XIV.* An Historical Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 453.

In this romance the author has succeeded in embodying the spirit of history, without any of its dryness. The story is sufficiently interesting, while the portraits of the poor persecuted Huguenots are admirably drawn. For sale by Redding & Co.

LIFE SKETCHES FROM COMMON PATHS. A Series of American Tales. By MRS. JULIA L. DUMONT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 286.

Very interesting and very well written are the stories in this unpretending volume. There is a truthfulness in the pictures of life, which proclaim the true artist. For sale by Redding & Co.

LEARNING TO READ. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

A very ingenious system, illustrated with beautiful engravings. For sale by Redding & Co.

HASWELL'S MECHANICS' TABLES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

These tables are too well known to require recommendation. They contain the areas and circumferences of circles—various other tables of measures and weights, and is an essential book for the engineer and mechanic. For sale by Redding & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, have published "The Mother's Smile," a song, "Blue-Eyed Bell," as sung by the Avondales, and "Il Balen del Suo Sorriso," from "Il Trovatore." "When at the quiet evening hour," a romanza, by Verdi, "Bonnie Woman's Smile," a song, by E. J. Weller, "The Vow," a nocturne for two voices, from Donizetti's "Giuramento."

WINSLOW LEWIS, M. D.

The accompanying portrait of our much esteemed fellow-citizen, Dr. Winslow Lewis, the distingnished physician and surgeon, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry from a photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case, and is an excellent likeness. Winslow Lewis was born in Boston, July 8, 1799, and is consequently 57 years of age. After receiving an excellent preparatory education, he entered Harvard University, and was a member of the class that graduated in 1819. He now commenced the study of his profession, and received his degrees of M. D. and M. A. in 1822. Directly after this he sailed for Europe, and pursued the study of his profession in the best continental schools of medicine and surgery until 1824. On returning to Boston, he entered at once on his professional career, and soon obtained a large practice, chiefly surgical. He has always devoted a large share of his attention to surgery. Dr. Lewis is a counsellor of the Massachusetts Medical Society, a member of the American Medical Society at Paris, and consulting surgeon of the Massachusetts General Hospital. As a surgeon and anatomist, he unquestionably stands at the head of his profession in his native State; and his position may be inferred from the fact that, during the last twenty years he has imparted instruction to more than four hundred pupils. Though mingling but little in politics, he has more than once yielded to the wishes of his fellow-citizens to ensure his services, was chosen a member of the common council in 1839, and a representative to the legislature in 1836, 1852 and 1853. Dr. Lewis is an active and honored member of the Masonic order, which he joined in 1829, and, after having filled various offices, is now Grand Master of Massachusetts. No man enjoys a higher reputation among the "brethren of the mystic tie." In 1849, Dr. Lewis revisited Europe, with his family, and remained abroad about three years, residing chiefly in Florence. He was eminently fitted to enjoy and improve this period of relaxation from professional duties. With a cultivated mind, a fondness for literary and antiquarian pursuits, for art, and also for society, he was enabled to enjoy thoroughly the attractions of that storied land which combines all the material for the gratification of such tastes. He was warmly welcomed back to Boston by that wide circle of friends, to whom he is endeared by the possession of the rarest social qualities; by his professional associates, by whom he is esteemed and honored; and by those sufferers to whom his ministrations are most grateful. Blessed with good health and a happy temperament, the subject of our brief sketch has probably many years of enjoyment and of usefulness before him.



WINSLOW LEWIS, M. D.

THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

We present on this page an accurate view of this building, which was commenced in 1853. It stands opposite the new Bible House, at the corner of Astor Place and Fourth Avenue, not far from the Astor Library Building. It extends 195 feet on Third Avenue, 86 on Seventh Street, 162 on Fourth Avenue, and 183 on Astor Place, covering an area of nearly 20,000 square feet, including the inner court. The edifice is six stories in height, the upper story being appropriated for an observatory, with choice astronomical and microscopic apparatus. In the basement is a hall 135 feet long and 84 1-2 feet wide, to be used as a lecture room. Peter Cooper, Esq., a well known merchant of New York, appropriated $300,000 to the establishment of this institution, designed as a free gift to the city of New York. The plan as proposed by him was as follows:—The objects of the institution are the physical, mental and moral improvement of the people, and particularly of the young. There will be lectures and debates upon all useful sciences in its halls. In order to unite all kindred institutions in a common bond of interest, the halls of the edifice are to be opened free of charge for anniversaries, commencements, etc. A feature of the new institution will be a large room always open and free for the use of such women as may wish to meet for the discussion and consideration of the application of natural and practical sciences to their own benefit, or who have the talent and knowledge which will enable them to add anything to the treasures of science already known. There will also be an office in the institution for the benefit of those seeking scientific, educational or professional employment, where their names will be registered, and applications received and recorded for the benefit of all. For further encouragement to women, a sum of five hundred dollars is annually set apart to be given by the vote of the members of the Institute to the female who is proved to have exhibited the truest heroism, or the greatest self-sacrifice in the cause of suffering humanity. It is hoped in this way to draw public attention to the thousand self-devoted acts which characterize the sex, and to make the young men of the Institute more observant of the virtues which true humanity calls out. Another large room in the building is appropriated to general discussion among the members of the Institute, of philosophical and other appropriate matters; and notes and copies of such discussions are to be preserved as the property of the institution. The institution will be under the government of a board of trustees, comprising the judges of the United States Court residing in New York, the three judges of the Superior Court, the mayor, the eldest male member of Mr. Cooper's family, the president of the Free Academy, the president of the Mechanics' Society, and the editors of the principal daily and weekly papers of the city, who have one vote in the board. The trustees have power to appoint the professors, and a superintendent, who must make an annual report to the board, to the corporation, and to the legislature. Professors may be removed, on good cause, by the trustees, or by a vote of three-fourths of the students. To become a member and a student of this institution requires no other credentials than a good moral character. Laws for the government of the students will be made by themselves; and expulsions will be made only by a majority vote of the whole body. The plan thus sketched is entirely original; we are not aware of any existing institution in the world so constituted.

JERUSALEM AT THE PRESENT DAY.

"Walk about Jerusalem" is a divine injunction, and we were literally obeying it. In some respects we found it at once widely differing from any of the oriental cities we had seen, and by no means answering any of the expectations we had formed of the city of the Jews. And very rarely are our expectations answered when we, for the first time, set eyes on a man, or a place, or a picture which we have heard of often, and earnestly desire to behold. To stand within the walls of Jerusalem, has been the longing of the Jewish and the Christian heart from youth to old age, as an exile longs to see his native land before he dies. And the desire excites the imagination, until we are in expectancy of seeing something other than the reality, when we come to enter its narrow streets, and wander among the heaps on heaps that still distinguish the city, as if the curse of the rejected Messiah still hangs upon it. As we look down upon the town from our tent door on Mount Olivet, it appeared to us nearly a plain with a slight declivity to the east. But now we are constantly going up and down as we thread our way, ascending mountains of rubbish, on which houses are built, twenty or thirty feet above the original level. The streets are not so wide as the sidewalk on Broadway, in New York, and indeed rarely exceed eight or ten feet in breadth, and sometimes the houses actually meet; and stranger still, they accomplish the apparently impracticable feat of standing on both sides of the road at the same time. For, as the pathway leads under them, they are supported by arches, and the dwelling thus occupies the space over the street as well as on each side. The same plan of building I have noticed in Nablous and other Eastern cities; and, as in Cairo, the sun was excluded altogether from some of the streets by coverings thrown across from one house to the other, so here in Jerusalem, an awning is made, sometimes of mats, and sometimes of boards, rendering the streets gloomy, but inviting a current of air that refreshes one in hot weather, and compensates fully for the loss of the sun. These streets generally are at right angles, are wretchedly paved, with a gully in the middle for the passage of animals, that prefer a softer path than this broken causeway of irregular stones. The limestone that abounds in this region, affords the material of which the houses are built, and as there is no lack of stone, the walls are substantial. It is a novelty to observe that windows are rarely seen towards the street; and the few that are so situated for the purposes of light and air, are strongly protected by casements. The inner court, on which the windows and doors open, is surrounded by a wall, which forms part of the house; and the whole edifice, so far as is possible, is constructed without the use of wood, which is too expensive to be employed where any other material will answer the purpose. The floors and stairs are, of course, made of stone. All of the timber that is in use must, even at this day, as in the days of Solomon, be brought from Mount Lebanon, and the means of transportation are not so good now as they were in those days. The water that falls upon the roofs is carefully led into cisterns under ground, often cut out of the solid rock, and every house has at least one of these, on which the people must depend for all their culinary purposes. Many of these now in use have doubtless served the Jews of far distant ages, and as some of them are immense, and in the rainy season a supply is taken in sufficient for six or eight months, to be re-supplied from a source that no enemy before the gates could cut off, it is plain that Jerusalem could not be made to suffer for want of water in the midst of the most protracted siege. The house of one of the missionaries has four cisterns, the largest of which is thirty feet square, and twenty feet deep. Other cities in this country are similarly provided, as fountains and streams are rare; and from the very earliest times of which we have record, wells were among the most valuable and cherished kinds of property. These facts heighten the beauty and propriety of those figures of Scripture so often drawn from the fountain, the well, the cistern with its wheel, the water, the river, the rain, all of which are associated in the Eastern mind with the most precious of the gifts of Providence, and are therefore the most beautiful emblems of the gifts of grace.—*Correspondent of New York Observer.*



COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK CITY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AUTHORSHIP AND BOOK-MAKING.

Alexandre Dumas, the French author, passes for being the most prolific writer that ever lived. Although French books are cheap, his complete works embrace so many volumes, that they cannot be purchased for less than three hundred and fifty dollars. He has produced so many volumes in a single year, that shrewd calculators easily proved that the manual labor of writing must have consumed all his time; and the matter was explained by a statement that, like Cæsar, Dumas had the faculty of dictating to three or four secretaries at once. He has published under his own name books on every subject; he has written plays, memoirs, travels, histories, romances, essays, poems, and, like Goldsmith, has touched nothing which he has not adorned. But the wonder is no longer a wonder. Dumas never wrote one tenth of what has been given to the world under his attractive name. A really very clever writer, he early obtained such a reputation, that his name was sure to sell everything to which it was attached. This fact induced him to speculate on his name, and to commence the manufacture of books on a large scale. He engaged the services of several clever writers, and the firm, of which the silent partners were unknown, poured forth a deluge of volumes on the reading world, all fathered by the popular Dumas, the "spoils" being divided among the literary partners of the house of A. Dumas & Co. The novels by which Dumas is best known in this country, the "Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," "The Viscount de Bragelonne" and "Monte Christo," were written by a Mr. Maquet. And, what is more curious, the "Three Musketeers," and its sequel, were not original with Maquet even, but were taken from the "Memoirs of M. D'Artagnan," published about a century and a half ago. Dumas's novel, "The Adventures of John Davys," is mostly appropriated from Captain Marryatt; while "Captain Paul" is little more than an "annexation" of "The Pilot," by our own Cooper. In fact, Dumas has been clearly convicted of piracy and plagiarism. At best, he is but a clever imitator and mimic. He has received immense sums for his manufactures, but is now living in exile in straitened circumstances.

IOWA.—We took occasion to mention lately, that Iowa, until a few weeks since, took the lead in the number of subscribers we had in the West for BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY, but that Michigan, then numbering thirty-seven hundred, had outstripped her sister State. But the tables are turned again, and we have since that date received a few over *three hundred* additional names from different parts of Iowa, making *four thousand subscribers* we number for our Dollar Magazine within her precincts! Is there any other publication in the United States that can equal this?

SPLINTERS.

.... Cigar ashes rubbed on a musquito bite are said instantly to remove the smart. We never tried it.

.... The material wealth of England is set down in value at 22,235,000,000 dollars—a very little sum.

.... A new lighthouse, 90 feet high, to be completed next fall, is now building at Sabine Lake, Texas.

.... Hook and Crook were two noted land surveyors of London, and established titles—hence the phrase "by Hook or by Crook."

.... A negro said he worked for a man who raised his wages so high he could only reach them once in two years.

.... Two twin brothers recently met in Jay, New York, after a separation of 46 years. They are named Smith.

.... A ship is entered for loading, a musket loaded for entering. —that's the difference. Both are discharged.

.... The mayor of Baltimore has forbidden the performance of Jack Sheppard, as demoralizing in its tendencies.

.... They say that American volunteer companies *will* be allowed to visit Canada with arms, after all.

.... Seven sharks were lately caught at Charleston, South Carolina, with hook and line. Good sport—poor eating.

.... The Turkish government has refused to acknowledge the independence of Circassia.

.... Judge McLean was born in Morris county, New Jersey, in 1785. He is, therefore, 71 years of age.

.... A three days' storm at Jacmel, lately, caused an inundation and loss of life and property.

.... One Samuel Cannon was lately fined ten dollars in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, for an unauthorized kiss.

.... Some rogues in this city have been amusing themselves by abducting blinds from the windows of dwelling houses.

.... Mr. William Hughes, a Californian, lately accomplished the feat of walking 100 consecutive hours in this city.

.... Winship's nursery grounds, so famous in this vicinity, were lately sold in lots at auction for $42,000.

.... Mr. Thackeray is flourishing in London in excellent spirits, and has changed his Yankee dollars into sovereigns.

.... Albert Smith, who writes novels and asceuds Mount Blanc, is about to marry the daughter of the Keeleys.

.... A young lady lately objected to going across the fields to church, because the path was too *stile*-ish.

.... M. Minié, of rifle celebrity, has a gun that will discharge twenty-four balls a minute, and is instantly reloaded.

.... The Germans are seldom affected with consumption; they strengthen their lungs by singing and out door exercise.

.... Kossuth reads the 14th verse, 2d chapter Luke: "Peace on earth to all good willing men." Calvin rejected this version.

WRITING AND SPEAKING.

Few persons are capable of writing and speaking equally well. The exceptions are indeed few and far between. Addison, who wrote with exquisite grace, was not even a fluent talker; we all know how poor dear Goldsmith blundered and floundered when he desired to shine in society—how Byron broke down in the House of Lords; and what a desperate failure Lytton Bulwer made when he set up for a Demosthenes. There are many fair, commonplace writers who are also fair, commou-place speakers; but there are few men who are at the same time both great writers and great speakers. The reason of this is that the qualifieations of the writer and speaker are essentially different. Hazlitt stated this very forcibly.

"The great, leading distinction," says he, "between writing and speaking is, that more time is allowed for the one than the other; and hence different faculties are required for, and different objects attained by, each. He is properly the best speaker who can collect together the greatest number of apposite ideas at a moment's warning; he is properly the best writer who can give utterance to the greatest quantity of valuable knowledge in the course of his whole life. The chief requisite for the one, then, appears to be quickness and facility of perception—for the other, patience of soul, and a power increasing with the difficulties it has to encounter. * * * The difference of quicker and slower, however, is not all; that is merely a differenee of comparison in doing the same thing. But the writer and speaker have to do thiugs essentially different. Besides habit, and greater or less facility, there is also a certain reach of capacity, a certain depth or shallowness, grossness or refinement of intellect, which marks out the distinction between those whose chief ambition is to shine by producing an immediate effect, or who are thrown back by a natural bias, on the severer researches of thought and study."

The popular writer must be new aud original; novelty and originality do not render an orator popular. He is the most popular orator who best reflects the seutiments of his audience—who makes himself their mouth-piece. To appreciate new theories—novel speculations—requires time and reflection. When we see these in a book, we can lay down the volume and weigh a sentenee or a page by itself in the balance of our judgment. But what the speaker says must be self-evident and carry instant conviction or command instant assent. The most popular orators are the heroes of the common-place. Read over some of the most "telling" speeches ever made, and you will be astounded at the meagreness of the ideas, the common-place character of the productions. Shakspeare, who had an intuitive perception of the philosophy of oratory, makes Mark Antony tell the Romans that which "they themselves do kuow." This is the province of the orator. He but furnishes the spark to the fuel they have gathered.

It is true that some of the most celebrated orations that have come down to us, are models of finished composition, exquisite specimens of logic aud oratory. But who ever supposes that those of Cicero are the same that he "fulminated" in the senate and the forum? Cicero understood perfectly well the art of reporting—an art which consists in making the report as different as possible from the spoken discourse.

If you wish to see why a writer is not calculated to succeed as a speaker, just look at a page of a polished author's manuscript. You will find it full of erasures—of changes in the arrangement of sentences, of words substituted, crossed out, again restored and again rejected. These changes, if made by the vocal organs instead of the pen, would make an aggregate of hesitations, staumerings, blunderiugs—a tangle of words and ideas, perfeetly uniutelligible to the audience, and amounting to a complete breakdown. It is the height of folly to suppose that an elegant and fluent writer must be a good speaker, and the height of cruelty to eall him out on public occasions to make him exhibit his weakness.

BROOKLINE SEMINARY.—This school for young ladies, established by Mrs. Fitz, at No. 1, Washington Place, Brookline, enters on its fourth year September 17, 1856. We have seen testimonials from Edward Everett aud other distinguished gentlemen, as well as from the parents of young ladies educated by Mrs. Fitz, which satisfy us that she is an accomplished and reliable instructress, and we are pleased to learn that she meets with that success which her exertions and her abilities merit.

WIT AND HUMOR.—We have added a new attraction to Ballou's Dollar Monthly Magazine, in the form of a humorous illustrated department. This will be fresh and original each month, and will be the part to which the reader will always turn first. The Magazine will remain at ONE DOLLAR a year! The cheapest in the world, with its *hundred pages* of attractive reading matter in each number.

WASHINGTON.—The equestrian statue of Washington, in Union Park, New York, is twenty-eight feet high, including the pedestal. Brown, the sculptor, who contracted to furnish it for the sum of $25,000, it is said has sunk, at the least calculation, $10,000 by the operation.

SCREW STEAMERS.—These vessels have been looking up since the Himmalaya, with 1400 troops on board, made the passage from Malta to Halifax in sixteen days, equalling the performances of the swiftest paddle-wheeled steamer.

GRATIFYING.—It is pleasant to learn in these angry political times that each party is sure of electing their president. We have their word for it.

RACHEL.—Alison sets Rachel above Mlle. Georges and Mlle. Mars, the stars of the French stage under the first empire.

A NOBLE AMATEUR.

Every one knows the reputation of Adrian Van der Velde, a painter of the Flemish school; but few persons are familiar with what occurred between him and an Englishman passionately fond of pictures. Lord Clarendon had purchased a very beautiful country seat in the environs of Antwerp. Wood, water and hill combined to form an enchanting landscape, affording a constant source of delight to the eye. Van der Velde no sooner beheld it, as he chanced to be in the neighborhood, one day, than he conceived the idea of expressing upon canvass the scene which had so fascinated him. He set up his easel in the nearest village, and from careful sketches of the scene, produced a most picturesque and pleasing landscape. Sometime afterwards, he carried his picture to London, in the hope of disposing of it; but not obtaining the price he asked, he finally determined to put it up at auction, and decided to withdraw it if the bids did not run high enough to satisfy him.

Lord Clarendon had returned to England to attend to some business which required his presence. He happened into the auction at the moment the picture was under the hammer, and recognized his country seat in the minutest details. The bids ran up with a good deal of spirit, when his lordship created a sensation by calling out, "Twenty-five guineas!" This price far surpassed the expectations of the painter, but Lord Clarendon, finding his bid had stimulated his competitors, and fearing he should not get the picture, even if he covered it with gold, called out, "I will give the original for this copy!"

At the word "copy," every one was astounded. The painter rose furiously and asked his lordship if he was a connoisseur to talk in that way. "I am so much of a connoisseur," replied Clarendon, "that I repeat my offer. I will give the *original* for the *copy*."

"My lord, you are mistaken."

"I know very well," said Clarendon, "that Van der Velde only could have painted that picture, and for the third time I offer him the original for the copy."

Then the painter understood him, and withdrew his picture from the sale. They went to a lawyer, and Clarendon gave the Fleming a deed in exchange for the painting. After that, Adrian Van der Velde often occupied this country seat, which constantly recalled the memory of so excellent and so singular a bargain. Few landscape painters were ever so well paid for their work; few amateurs were ever as generous as Lord Clarendon.

A SPLENDID VOLUME.—We have now ready for delivery VOLUME TEN OF BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, elegantly bound in gilt, with illumined covers, index and title-page, uniform with our regular style, at $3 per volume. This is by far the most elegant and valuable number of the work yet issued, containing, as it does, the whole of our mammoth series of engravings for the last six months, and forming a rich ornament for the centre table. We sell the ten volumes complete from the commencement of the work, elegantly and uniformly bound in cloth and gilt, for *twenty dollars*—a library and picture gallery in itself.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Lincoln W. Hussey to Miss Elizabeth Doane; by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. William Peirce to Miss Elizabeth P. Allen; by Rev. Mr. Dawes, Mr. Philip A. Butler, of Lawrence, to Miss Olivia M. Seawood Dennett; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. Thomas Keith to Miss Nellie F. Turner; by Rev. Mr. Alger, Mr. Albert H. Gould to Miss Sarah M. Foster, of Saco, Me.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Warren Ludwig, M. D., to Miss Mary M. Smith.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Edward R. Hemmenway to Miss Amelia Beals.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Studley, Mr. John F. Bliss to Miss Lucy Knight.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Goddard, Mr. Thomas Ling, of Shelby, Ohio, to Miss Harriet Towne.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. William D. Wright to Miss Jadidiah South.—At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Charles C. Twitchell, of Oxford, to Miss Cornelia Wilson.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Dennis, Mr. Edward F. Howe to Miss Sarah F. Norris.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. John E. Weston to Miss Sarah S. O. Hall, of Chelsea.—At West Newbury, Mr. Samuel Noyes to Miss Helen M. Stauwood.

DEATHS.

In this city, Widow Margaret Bellamy, 95; Miss Josephine C. Page, of Sterling, Ill., 18; Mr. James Topliff, 71; Mrs. Mary E. Cooke, 25; Mrs. Hannah Rollins Tebbetts, of Topsham, Me., 64; Mrs. Caroline M. Kimball; Mr. Robert Omond, 65; Mrs. Lucretia O. Baker; Mrs. Mary Trull, 70; Widow Mary Johnson, 91; Mr. George William Henss, 44.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Betsey Howell, 60.—At Chelsea, Mr. Asa H. Dyer, 31.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Elizabeth Willard, 37.—At Medford, Widow Charlotte Rowe, 67.—At Milton Hill, William Glover, Esq., 67.—At Beverly, Dr. Ingalls Kittredge, 86.—At Salem, Mr. Jacob K. Christian, 24; Miss Mary Brooks, 49.—At Marblehead, Mr. Thomas Dodd, 78; Mrs. Susan W. Hammond, 49.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Maria L. Fears, 17; Mr. Richard Perkins, 40; Mrs. Rachel N. Carter, 81.—At Ipswich, Mrs. Lucy S. Pingree, 49.—At Taunton, Mrs. Abby C. Eddy, 39; Mr. Owen Brady, 49.—At Worcester, Miss Jenette C. Stoddard, 26.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Eliza C. Foster, 29.—At Berkley, Mr. Abner Burt, 95.

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DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JOHNNY CLARENCE PHELPS.—A LAMENT.

Tearfully inscribed to the bereaved, as a token of sympathy in their sorrow.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

I've often heard it said,
"The old *must* die; the young *may* die!" and now, alas,
I think how truly this has come to pass,
As muse I on the dead.

How sad that he should die,—
A father's pride,—a mother's joy,—a sister's sweet delight;
That on such dawning should descend such sudden night,
The spirit asks, "O, why?"

How sad that he should die!
Ere the white pages of youth's joyous years were turned;
While yet the incense fire of gentle childhood burned
In his bright, beaming eye.

June roses fill the air
With fragrance precious as the magi's myrrh of old,
But he regards them not. The once warm heart is cold,
For death sits victor there.

This thought we cherish now,
That he—the beautiful—has gone away to rest,
In the safe haven of a Saviour's loving breast,
Whose hand is on his brow.

The household joy is gone;
Fled with the hopes that faded with his fading hours,
And, though we know he blooms in fair, elysian bowers,
Our stricken hearts will mourn.

We know that here below
If he had lived, his would have been man's common life;
Man's heritage of pain; man's share of earthly strife,
Of sorrow and of wo.

And yet, and yet—we weep!
Because we miss his step, his sunny smile, his voice,
For these made hearts that loved the gentle child, r
With joy not loud, but deep.

And now the willows wave
Where sleeps the child, with white hands folded on his breast,
And roses round his brow. So was he laid to
Within the quiet grave.

Tears sanctified the sod,
And tears still flow, and hearts still ache, in love's eclipse;
And words of wailing fall from the parental lips,
Beneath the Father's rod.

Soon will the wound be healed;
A little season and the veil will then be rent
In twain; and they who thither weeping went,
Will find grief's fountain sealed.

The flower, from the mould;
The angel, from the earth. O, read the lesson well,
And let it teach you, while on earth ye still must dwell,
God's arms his own enfold.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALMOST TOO LATE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Providence—that Power which mortals call Providence—had dealt very kindly with Mary Brittan. Nature had been bountiful, too, and the world, always ready to follow suit where Providence and Nature have been kind, was ready to fall down and worship her. She did not need that worship. She did not want it, either, for her soul was above that miserable favoritism which the world gives indiscriminately to those whom fortune or some adventitious circumstance has favored. Her friends—her true friends—loved her for her goodness of heart, her unaffected cheerfulness and her kindness. *They* would have loved her if she had been destitute of those great social advantages which she possessed. Handsome, wealthy and accomplished—graceful, intellectual and gay—(we put them all in the same category, and the reader may arrange the terms to suit the individual taste), it may well be supposed that Mary Brittan did not long lack suitors; but indeed, this was not the case. Admirers, she had many; but she did not allow them to become suitors. She was determined to have no opportunity to say "no," and her "yes" should only be spoken when the "coming man" should appear, if she waited until age and sorrow should have dimmed her bright eyes. They could never wither her strong and fearless heart nor destroy her beautiful disposition.

And thus it happened, that because the coming man had not yet met her gaze, Mary was fast tending towards the dreaded age of thirty. Not that it was dreaded by her; for she was lovely and beautiful as ever. Her bright locks waved as softly, her eye had not lost its young sparkle, nor her step its grace—and her heart was as youthful as at fifteen.

So thought and felt Herman Deloraine. He had loved her when he was a child—before he knew what love meant; for there were eight years between the two, and when the boy was almost an infant at school, the girl was radiant in her young beauty, in the glory of sixteen. But times had changed now. The boy had grown up to manhood, led on and encouraged by the vision that was ever before his sight, for never, for a single moment, had he ceased to think of and to love Mary Brittan; to think of her, too, as a wife—and yet he kept the secret in his soul from all but Mary herself. To her, he scrupled not to tell his wildest dream—and when she urged the disparity between them, his answer was, that souls had no age—no decay.

No moon-struck, ranting lover was Herman Deloraine. He was sincere, ardent and manly in his love for Mary—and she well knew the quality of his affection, and appreciated him accordingly. But her heart told her that if *he* was the fated one for her, it must be when he had grown into maturer life, *not now*. She did not yield, for a moment, in her earnest and unaffected purpose of making him forget that he could be anything to her but a friend—and she an elder sister, and as such she ever bore herself toward him. She accepted his escort as she would that of a younger brother—frankly and freely told him of his faults, and never by word or by look encouraged him to tenderness.

It was a rare instance, and one in which most women would have sometimes failed. But Mary Brittan was not an ordinary woman; and with a feeling generously free from rivalry, she gathered beautiful and intelligent girls around her, and welcomed Herman to their presence. And yet she loved him! She loved him so well that she could not bear that the breath of society should come upon his motives or his taste even, in marrying one so much his senior. She did not care for herself. Age or youth—it was all the same to her, if the *soul* was right; but she did not wish to feel that the foolish sneers of the multitude could ever have power to make him regret what they might call youthful folly.

Herman made himself worthy of her love. If a generous or a noble feeling influenced him, it was all the wider and deeper because it accorded with her known feelings. If a noble deed found its way from his hand, the knowledge that Mary's ear would hear of that deed, and her heart sympathize with it, would bring a sweetness to his purpose, only equalled by the joy which he ever had in doing right.

Among the many whom Mary drew around her, was Melanie Bruce, whose manifold charms, she thought, must attract Herman. Indeed, there were many points of attraction about her, which Mary herself possessed. She really loved Melanie, and to her, Mary would have been willing to make the sacrifice of Herman's heart. It was no use. Mary wept bitterly when she found her purpose was foiled, and had only resulted in the young girl's real unhappiness—for Herman had not bestowed a single thought upon her, while she had already learned to look upon him as the highest and best of men.

"It all comes of your not growing old, as you ought to do, Mary," said her friend, Mrs. Eaton, when Mary was lamenting this result.

"What shall I do?" asked Mary. "Would you advise me to paint some wrinkles, and put on mother's caps, to make myself appear elderly?"

"By no means—and yet, when I look at Herman Deloraine, and think how his life is wasting for the love of one like you, I feel perplexed to know how this matter is to end."

"It will end thus, Sara; if, years and years hence, Herman retains his affection for me, and he grows old faster than I do, I will marry him—but that is so unlikely, because men do not grow old as fast as we do."

And so ten years more slipped by, and then eight more, and Herman never had married. His profession had taken him in some measure from her sphere, and they no longer inhabited the same town. People said that Mary Brittan was living single for his sake. Perhaps she was—for she would not listen to the many who came round her, asking for a heart which she had not to give.

And Mary was now forty-six years old! Like everything else—Providence, Nature and the world—old Time had touched her gently and kindly. The brown locks were as dark, the bright eyes as soft, if not as sparkling, and the cheek as smooth as twenty years ago. Sunny and bright had been her life, and not even Herman had cast more than a passing shadow over its gladness. The shadows were still to come. Human life does not exist without them, but happy are they who can bear them well and patiently. To the meek heart, they come like gentle showers; but to the passionate, they are like the mountain torrent that breaks into floods.

On one single turn of fortune hung the whole of Mr. Brittan's possessions. It turned against him, and in a day he was ruined. The world looked on, and then hurried on in its own schemes of ambition or grandeur. Mr. Brittan had unconsciously loved the enjoyments, the dignity, the distinction which the possession of riches brings to the owner, and he was prostrated by the reverse. His wife's feelings ever reflected his own, and she, too, was powerless against the blow.

Even Mary did not rise, at once, to the exaltation which is sometimes, but rarely, experienced by those who have for the first time tasted poverty. There were many days when she shared the prostration of her parents' hopes. It was hard to see them, now that they had arrived to old age, stripped of the luxuries which had only been mere necessaries to them, so habitual had been their use. It was hard, too, to see their benevolence crippled—that benevolence which had known no stint—the broad-cast charities, which left no perceptible loss in their coffers.

For the first time, the hues in Mary's life were fading into gray; and clouds were deepening around her. She would have scorned to have any one think that her present feelings arose solely from the loss of fortune—and yet they were all consequent upon it, too. It was painful to see how the summer friends flew away from the bare tree, in which they had loved to linger when its branches were fresh and green. Mary was glad that her father did not seem to notice this. He had been loved and respected so many years, that it had become a second nature to him; and it was difficult for him to imagine that he could be less so.

From his busy home, where hourly and momently he was called upon to give healing to suffering frames, Herman Deloraine came, at the first intelligence of this painful affair. He had prospered, was beloved and courted by all, and more than one, fair and bright as Melanie Bruce, would have felt herself honored by his choice. But he lived on in solitary state, his heart still beating for his early love, and never learning the lesson of forgetfulness. He could not hear unmoved, the story of his old friend's loss; and he left home instantly. He needed no ceremony at the house where he had spent so many happy hours in his childhood and youth; and before she was aware that he was near her, Mary looked up from her musing gaze and saw Herman.

She did not affect to disguise her pleasure at seeing him. It was genuine and friendly—her reception of him whom, above all others, she had valued. And in his comforting and genial look, she found a source of inexpressible relief. No man had ever been to her father what Herman Deloraine had been. Mr. Brittan had earnestly wished from the first, that Mary would lay aside her prejudices in regard to disparity of age, and make Herman happy as he deserved to be. She knew how her father felt towards him, and there was a truly pleasurable feeling in the thought that he, at least, was not one of the butterfly crowd who were frightened away when winter came.

Herman's voice assumed a softer tone than usual when he addressed her. She had not seen him in many months, and their friendly correspondence had died gradually away. But he was here now, with his large heart full of friendship and sympathy, and his voice expressed it all.

"Look at me, Mary," he said—"you will see how the furrows have deepened and the hairs whitened since I saw you. I have come to be an old man, while you sit there with little perceptible change in your looks, and I am sure, much less in your heart."

And he took her hand and led her to the tall mirror. It was true—he looked ten years her elder. His life, so earnest, so full of thought, so devoted to his profession—while it had made his heart keep its youthfulness, had yet planted wrinkles on his cheek and gray hairs on his brow.

It was not in woman to help appreciating his devotion, and now it seemed sweeter than ever. The dying perfume of the rose is as fragrant as the breath of its early bloom, and the love of woman loses nothing in its beauty or intensity as her spirit is nearing to the eternal city. Freed alike from the vanity of youth, and the practised coquetry of a riper age, the last love of woman is more enduring, more self-sacrificing than the first. And before the twilight had closed in that day, Herman knew that Mary would come to his home, and let him make glad the declining years of her parents.

"Twenty years lost in sacrificing to the opinions of the world, Mary! How many happy days you would have made for me, that have been spent in repining at your decision! Well, that is all past now, and the only thing that comforts me for it is, that it has helped to make me look older. When I take my bride back to Lindenwood, no one will ever think of you as being nearly as old as myself."

"Pleasant flattery enough, Herman, but let alone people for detecting ages. Well, it is hardly fair for me to go to you now that I have nothing but my aged self to carry with me."

"Do you call your parents nothing? I think I gain something by having my oldest and dearest friends—the friends of my boyhood and youth—to be with me in my old age."

It was settled. Lindenwood, so long solitary, was to be renewed in all its former beauty. Mr. and Mrs. Brittan were to take the house, and Herman and Mary were to live with them. This saved the feeling of dependence which might arise to check the freedom of action and speech which Herman's generous heart could not bear to see abridged in his old friends. It was a happy household—none the less happy because long lives of wedded happiness were not to be expected; and still there were very youthful ones a thousand times more brief than theirs might be. Melanie Bruce came to see them, cured of her youthful fancy for Herman, and rejoicing in the new dignity of wife—and Mary looked hardly less fair and young than Melanie.

Some might think that, to make the happiness complete, wealth and position should have been restored to Mr. Brittan; but, as he truly thought, there is something in this world even better than fine houses and broad lands, and no murmur was ever heard from the old man's lips, respecting the past. He was, indeed, living more truly, more broadly than ever before. And if you would see happiness as perfect as it can be on earth, you must look in at Lindenwood.

CURIOUS DEPARTMENT OF ART.

Our readers are all familiar with the processes of pencil, crayon or India ink drawing, but we doubt if any of them ever studied, or even heard of the art of *poker drawing*. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Saturday Post, in a letter from London, describing a visit to St. Pauls, remarks that among the multifarious pursuits in which the canon of the cathedral employs his leisure hours, is that of drawing pictures upon sheets of pine wood with a red hot poker; and these pictures are finished in a style that would do credit to not a few instruments of a far more elegant character. At the time of the visit, the artist had just completed a large circular picture of Evangeline and her grandfather. The head of the old man especially was surprisingly good—the deep shadows being burnt in with a very hot poker, and the lighter shading done in the blue gray produced by the same implement in a somewhat cooler condition. A red hot poker is sometimes brought into requisition for the purpose of touching off cannon, but we do not often hear of a canon touching off pictures with a poker.—*Traveller.*

REVOLVERS OF OLDEN TIME.

Revolving fire-arms are by no means of modern invention. Amid the various and extensive assortment of ancient and modern arms which is collected in the magnificent old castle of Warwick, the curiosity of visitors may be rewarded by the sight of muskets and carbines, a century or two old, which possess the qualities both of revolving barrels and of loading at the breech. Considering how much has been said of the ingenuity of these inventions, and of the talent displayed in their attainment by certain modern manufacturers, some astonishment is often occasioned by these evidences of their antiquity; and it is very evident, from these and other guns in the collection, that the art of gun-making was carried to a point of excellence, within a century of its origin, which was not maintained for the next two centuries, although it has been greatly advanced of late.—*London Literary Gazette.*

If life is short for pleasure, it is long for virtue! It is necessary to be always on our guard.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The 300-year comet of 1364 and 1556 is now about due, according to astronomers. —— They need a water company at St. Paul, Minnesota. The Pioneer says: "Good spring water, carried about the city, as it now is, in carts, costs, at this season of the year, about thirty cents per barrel, and river water from ten to fifteen cents, according to the distance conveyed. In the winter time it is even higher than these rates." —— A terrible storm, with hail "as big as lemons," visited Auburn, Ala., recently. —— The crops in Upper Canada never looked so promising at the same season of any former year as they do this. Fruit trees of all kinds promise an abundant yield. —— Terrible inundations have lately prevailed in the south of France to a great extent. —— In the space of three years, the population of Chicago changed from thirty-four to sixty-five thousand, and her railroads from one to eleven. —— Two children of Mr. Donough, of Evansville, Ia., died recently from the drinking of coffee with which tobacco had become accidentally mixed. —— Bowling is an English game, and was common as early as the thirteenth century, especially among the higher ranks. Charles I. played at it, and it formed a daily occupation for leisure hours with Charles II. —— George Bancroft, the historian, is sojourning temporarily at St. Louis, engaged in investigations connected with revolutionary history. —— Budding can be done on the pear, apple and cherry, in June and July, and on the peach to the middle of September. Those who have failed to graft, and have stocks large enough, should avail themselves of budding at this time. —— A Galveston paper says that in eastern Texas the prospect for good crops is unusually fine. —— The State of Deseret will have her senators and representatives knocking at the doors of Congress for admission, before the close of the present session. —— A statue of Washington is about being erected in Union Park, New York, at an expense of $27,000. —— Lady Blessington once wrote: "I feel that I am growing old for want of some one to tell me that I am looking young as ever! Charming falsehood! There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words." —— Two hundred boats, with their crews, are now employed in planting oysters in Delaware Bay. The crop will be gathered next season. —— Ammonia, rubbed upon a hot wet spade, in a green-house, has a most miraculous effect in developing a profusion of flowers, buds and leaves. After each application of the ammonia, the tints are said to deepen and increase in brilliancy. —— Some years ago, a young and beautiful lady was destroyed in London by strychnine administered by her sister's husband, but the villain escaped, only to perish, however, by a bandit's hand in Mexico. —— The piano-forte was invented by J. C. Shroeder, of Dresden, in the year 1717, during which year he presented a model of his invention to the court of Saxony. The instrument immediately became popular. —— In England, before the time of the Stuarts, it was felony and death to sell a horse to a Scotchman! —— Not long ago, an Englishman observed a stone roll down a staircase. It bumped on every stair till it came to the bottom; there, of course, it rested. "That stone," said he, "resembles the national debt of my country; it has bumped on every grade of the community, but its weight is on the lowest." —— A tunnel of four thousand feet in length is being bored under Bergen Hill, for the New York and Erie Railroad, to be finished by November, 1857. —— Letters from all parts of Italy speak of the very slight hopes the Italians entertain of any reforms suggested by Austria. At Turin and Genoa there had been disturbances in the streets. Exciting placards were affixed to the walls, and cries were raised of "death to Austria!" After a time the excitement subsided. —— Tuesday, the 4th day of November next, being the Tuesday after the first Monday of that month, is the day on which the people throughout the entire country will cast their votes for electors of president and vice-president of the United States. —— James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, has purchased, for $60,000, the magnificent mansion of Joseph L. White, Esq., on the corner of Madison Square and Fifth Avenue, for a residence.

A COURAGEOUS LADY.—The Richmond Whig says a lady went to the office of a dentist in that city, recently, and had eight teeth extracted. It appears that the dentist refused to administer chloroform unless a physician was present, and the lady engaged one for that purpose. He failed to attend, however, and after waiting some time she submitted to the operation without the use of the anæsthetic. There are few men who can boast of courage like that.

A POET'S RECOMPENSE.—The Nottingham (England) Journal states that a purse containing £1000, the result of a public subscription commenced some time ago, has been presented to Mr. Thomas Cooper, the chartist poet, author of the "Purgatory of Suicides."

INCREASE OF BOSTON.—The current that seemed to tend countryward a few years since, now seems to set cityward, and our population seems be increasing quite rapidly. It is said that five hundred new houses will be erected this season, principally at the South End.

NEW SEA.—Dr. Redman, a missionary, has verified the existence in Africa, of an immense sea, without outlet, twice as large as the Black Sea, between the equator and 10 degrees south latitude, and between the 22d and 30th meridian.

MINNESOTA.—The population of this prosperous Territory has been ascertained, with reasonable accuracy, to be 120,000—more than sufficient to justify its admission as a State.

DEFINITION FOR THE TIMES.—Humbug, a species of chloroform, by the aid of which dollars are extracted without pain.

Wayside Gatherings.

Lord Palmerston has been burnt in effigy, in Greece.

It is stated that the famous trotting mare Lady Moscow has been purchased by James Irving, of New York, for $3500.

The "old Porter residence," at Niagara Falls, has been turned into an ice-cream garden, under the name of "Park Place."

It appears by the annual message of Mayor Manners that the debt of Jersey City amounts to $50,000.

Provisions are scarce in Salt Lake City, which makes it very hard for those Mormon gentlemen, who have ninety wives, to support their families.

Boots made from the skin of the white porpoise are among the latest novelties. These, with rat-skin gloves and whalebone fixings, must be nice.

The Southern newspapers make mention of a great scarcity of preachers in certain sections, and that capable men would find ready employ in that capacity.

The family of Crawford, the sculptor, have arrived from Europe, and he will follow as soon as arrangements for the conveyance of his "Washington" are completed at Munich.

The last accounts from Australia are to the 6th of March. They state the gold production to be larger than ever, and that a million sterling a month will be regularly forwarded to England.

Franz Thies, late agent of Ole Bull, denies that he absconded from Richmond with the funds of the great fiddler, as stated in some of the papers.

The St. John papers report that the scarlet fever at Shippegan and Caraquet, New Brunswick, has carried off over one hundred and fifty children within ten weeks.

They have had two shocks of earthquake, and a brilliant aerolite which illuminated the whole city and burst with a loud detonation, at Vera Cruz, Mexico, recently.

The Scotch Presbyterian Synod has refused to allow the use of organs in its churches, and enjoins sessions to employ all judicious measures for the improvement of vocal melody.

Direct steam communication is about to be established between Liverpool and the west coast of Africa, and the Liverpool African Association have petitioned government to allow a portion of the African mails to be sent from Liverpool.

Tom Moore describes a dress in which Miss Coutts appeared one evening, at a party, and which she was about sending to the bank the next morning for safe keeping, as valued at half a million of dollars!

The American and Foreign Christian Union received some seventy thousand dollars into its treasury last year. It has now 119 laborers in its service, at home and abroad, and aids in the support of a Protestant chaplain in the "Eternal City."

The South Side Democrat says that Miss Cappell, who was a member of Taylor's theatrical company in Richmond, has recently been married to a wealthy young Virginian, who fell in love with her from seeing her in Petersburg.

At a concert recently given by M. Carlolus, the Belgian minister in Lisbon, the king of Portugal sang the *sogno* of *Mercadante*, an air of Verdi's in the "Vepres," and took a part in a duo from "Linda," with Bartolini, the baritone.

New Albany, Ind., is getting to be a fast town. The Tribune states that during the last term of the Floyd Circuit Court, thirty-six divorces were granted, and three of the parties in these cases were married again before the adjournment of the court.

M. Antoine Jean Baptiste Simounin, the oldest dramatic writer of France, died on the 4th ult. The last of the 214 pieces of which he was author (sole or joint) was a vaudeville entitled *Les Mémoires de ma Tante*, produced at the Ambigu-Comique, in November, 1853. He was born in January, 1780.

According to the New York Chronicle, the great and distinguished feature of the Baptists' Bible Revision Society, is to translate that volume into every known language now in use, and in just such terms as will most unmistakably convey to the mind the intended import of the text.

The Western Book Concern, after paying their proportion of the award to the Methodist Episcopal Church South, have a capital of $150,405. The report of the New York Book Concern states that the sales of the last year amount in the aggregate to upwards of one million of dollars, with an aggregate profit of $191,000.

Says a scientific writer:—"To obtain some idea of the immensity of the Creator's works, let us look through Lord Rosse's telescope, and we discover a star in the infinite depths of space, whose light is 3,500,000 years in travelling to our earth, moving at the velocity of twelve millions of miles in the minute. And behold, God was there."

Rev. E. H. Chapin recently paid a handsome compliment to Florence Nightingale, whose star, he said, rose higher o'er the the blood-stained fields of Balaklava and Inkermann than that of any of the warriors who had fought the battles, or the diplomats through whose exertions peace was secured.

St. Paul's Cathedral, of London, is the largest church in England. It is an immense stone edifice, but without much beauty, either in its exterior or interior. It covers about two acres of ground, and the dome is nearly four hundred feet high; still, large as it is, it would stand in St. Peter's, at Rome, with plenty of room to walk around it.

The New School Presbyterian Assembly in this country includes 24 synods, 108 presbyteries, 1567 ministers, 111 licentiates, 238 candidates for the ministry, 1659 churches, and 113,629 communicants. The Old School Assembly includes 30 synods, 148 presbyteries, 2216 ministers, 237 licentiates, 435 candidates for the ministry, 3079 churches, and 221,404 communicants.

A writer in the Medical Gazette, in an article on sugar as food, maintains that candy properly made is not only one of the greatest luxuries of life, but one of the most beneficial additions to the daily food of all ages and classes. Those who tend in the shops where candy is sold, occasionally eat largely of it, and have never any deleterious results from it, either to health or the teeth.

The average amount of church rates levied in England is £600,000, and the last return of liabilities on account of repairs of churches—incurred on the security of the rates—amounts to half a million sterling. A bill is now before Parliament for the total abolition of these church rates—a measure which will relieve dissenters from the taxes now imposed upon them for the support of a church with which they have but little sympathy.

We learn, says the Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer, that the grasshoppers are entirely ruining the crops in some portions of the Indian territory. They are in some places as thick as mosquitoes in the Mississippi swamps, moving about in armies. They are said to be worse among the Seminoles than anywhere else; so much so that many of them have despaired of making any corn at all, and to those it is particularly distressing.

Foreign Items.

The Emperor of Russia has made a formal avowal of his design gradually to emancipate the serfs.

Russian engineers are surveying Sebastopol, which is to be entirely rebuilt on a new plan.

The recent rumors regarding the hopeless illness of the Empress of the French, have been contradicted on authority.

Coffee in France is now mixed with beet-root instead of chicory, which is more agreeable to the taste, and does not require half the quantity of sugar.

Prince Frederick William, of Prussia, is in England, courting the princess royal, and all the papers are talking about it. The marriage is deemed certain.

The London detectives disguise themselves in the pursuit of their vocation—now as a foreign naval officer, then a jack tar, and anon as a buxom widow, fair, fat and forty!

Spain demands an old debt of Mexico, and threatens her with a fleet in case she don't pay. A war between Spain and Mexico would be like a squabble between a cripple and a broken down beggar.

The sales at the Billingsgate fish market in London, amount to upwards of three thousand millions of fish, annually—weighing altogether, two hundred and thirty thousand tons, and worth ten millions of dollars.

The Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, has been purchased by Madame Polack, the widow of a wealthy banker of the Hebrew persuasion, at Konigsberg, in Prussia. The lady intends to beautify the place and improve the whole neighborhood, at her sole expense.

Sands of Gold.

.... Interest is the spur of the people, but glory that of great souls.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

.... There are certain eyes, which, seeing objects at a distance take snow for sunshine.—*Landor.*

.... Let your will lead whither necessity would drive, and you will always preserve your liberty.—*Locke.*

.... All other love is extinguished by self-love; beneficence, humanity, justice, philosophy, sink under it.—*Epicurus.*

.... When men are sorely urged and pressed, they find in themselves a power which they thought they had not.—*Tillotson*

.... The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages. —*Swift.*

.... There is an authority due to distress, and as none of the human race is above the reach of sorrow, none should be above hearing the voice of it.—*Addison.*

.... When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by an infallible sign, that dunces are all in confederacy against him.—*Swift.*

.... The monument of the greatest man should be only a bust and a name. If the name alone is insufficient to illustrate the bust, let them both perish.—*Landor.*

.... Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming everywhere, while their own runs to ruin.—*Pope.*

.... Prejudices are notions or opinions which the mind entertains without knowing the grounds and reasons of them, and which are assented to without examination.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is the inside of everything unintelligible? Because we can't make it out.

The man who "shot at random" did not hit it—he has since lent his rifle to the youth who aimed at immortality.

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out that room?" "No," answered Pat, "I am sweeping out the dirt, and leaving the room."

The London Herald announces that Lord Palmerston is "laboring under symptoms of indisposition." We hope the noble lord will not become really indisposed.

It is stated by a German philosopher that the sun is increasing his distance from the earth. It is to this that Courtney attributes the high price of coal during the past two or three years.

A gentleman just returned to this country from a tour in Europe, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply, "they are so much out of repair."

A leather statue of St. Crispin is about being erected in Lynn, by the shoemakers of that city. It is to be modelled by Mr. Wax, whose grandfather "staked his awl" when the people of Lexington *bristled* up to the British.

A merchant of a certain city, who died suddenly, left in his desk a letter, written to one of his correspondents. His sagacious clerk, a son of Erin, seeing the necessity of sending the letter, wrote at the bottom: "Since writing the above, I have died."

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THE BRIDE DRESSING FOR THE WEDDING.

THE BRIDAL TOILET.

The engraving on this page is from a painting by Solomon, and is very felicitous, both in design and execution. The bride is standing before a cheval glass, in her robe of pure white, decked with costly lace and flowers, the bridal veil floating over her dark and wreath-crowned hair, and drooping on her rounded arms. To the left, another beautiful young woman, a bridesmaid, is contemplating her with an expression of mingled admiration and thoughtfulness. The pretty waiting-maid, who is affixing a bunch of flowers, gazes on her mistress with fondness; but even in her face a slight shade of melancholy is discernible. The bride looks not on her own beautiful image—she is thinking of one dearer than herself, and her dark, dreamy eyes are gazing into the rose-hued clouds of the uture. It is an eventful moment in her young existence. She is about to commence a new life. She is about to bid adieu to the scenes of her infancy—a farewell to the parents who have watched over the few sunny years that have passed over her beautiful head. It is impossible that a shade of sadness, or at least of thoughtfulness, should not at this moment fall upon her brow and her spirit. At the moment of the realization of her day-dreams—of the moment of union to her young heart's ideal—the blessings that she is leaving appear in all their brightness. She is about to trust her fate into the keeping of one being. That free communication of thoughts, hopes, feelings, to father, mother, brothers and sisters will henceforth be interdicted. Henceforth she will have thoughts, perhaps sorrows, that they cannot share. The uture may be bright and radiant as her fondest hopes have painted; but the past has been, and the present is so. She leaves a home already established; she goes forth to found one. Household cares have hitherto pressed but slightly upon her; henceforth they will be her daily lot. Even with her limited experience, in the circle of her acquaintance she can call to mind many a bitter disappointment—many a ruined hope. Yet, casting these shadows from her—these intrusive doubts—she will go to the altar with the firm faith of a true woman, and there publicly pronounce the vows her heart has taken long ago. She will see around her smiles and tears; congratulations and sighs will blend in her ear—for a bridal, in its mingled light and shadow, is but a type of life with its woven threads of joy and woe.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1856. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. XI., No. 4.—WHOLE No. 264.

HON. JAMES BUCHANAN AND JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

We present upon this page authentic likenesses of the Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN of Pennsylvania, and the Hon. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE of Kentucky, the Democratic nominees for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States. We are indebted to Mr. Brady, of New York, for the fine photograph of Mr. Buchanan, from which our drawing was made. Mr. Brady has executed portraits of all the nominees now before the people for their choice, and they form an attractive addition to his famous gallery, 359 Broadway. Our portrait of Mr. Breckinridge was drawn from an ambrotype taken expressly for us by an artist of Lexington, Ky. Mr. Buchanan was born in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, April 13, 1791, and early distinguished himself by his aptitude and love of study. After a thorough classical training he studied law, and made that his profession. In the war of 1812 he enrolled himself as a volunteer. In 1814 he was chosen a representative in the State legislature, and was re-elected to the same post, declining further service at the expiration of his second term. He was elected a member of Congress in 1820, and took his seat in the following year. He remained in the House until March 4, 1831. In that year he was appointed minister to Russia by Gen. Jackson, and accepted the trust. In 1834 he was chosen to fill an unexpired term in the national Senate, was afterwards elected for the full term, and re-elected. Under President Polk's administration he acted as Secretary of State. President Pierce appointed him minister to England, and he remained in London until the spring of the present year, when he resigned and returned to the United States. He has acquired an enviable reputation by years of honorable public service, and his popularity was attested by the enthusiasm with which his nomination was received by the members of his party throughout the country. Though vigorously attacked upon political grounds, no whisper against his private character has ever been breathed, nor is he denied the possession of distinguished talent.

Hon. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, the Democratic candidate for the office of Vice-President, is a native of Kentucky, and born about the year 1821 He received a finished education, and commenced life with a promise which his subsequent career has fulfilled. When the Mexican war broke out, he manifested his patriotism in response to the appeal of the government for volunteers by joining one of the fine regiments which his native State sent into the field prepared to shed their blood in their country's cause. This regiment was among those ordered to the support of General Scott, landed at Vera Cruz, and marched to the capital. This corps was admirably drilled and officered. Among his brother officers in Mexico, Breckinridge was as popular as he is at home in Lexington. In 1851, he was the candidate of his party for Congress in the county of Fayette, Henry Clay's district, and elected. He was opposed in this contest by the Hon. Leslie Coombs. He was also re-elected over Robert P. Letcher for a second term. He was offered by President Pierce the mission to Spain, but declined accepting it. He is described as a man of commanding figure, with an open, frank and resolute countenance, a good speaker and debater, and, in private, esteemed for his high chivalric qualities and pleasing address. His opponents recognize in him a "foeman worthy of their steel;" while that portion of Young America which marches under the Democratic banner, is of course pleased with the nomination.



HON. JAMES BUCHANAN AND JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY AND VICE-PRESIDENCY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

HEART SECRETS.

"AUNT DOROTHEA, why is it, I wonder, that we hear nothing from Eleanor—that we do not see her?"

Mary Latimer spoke in a low voice to her aunt, as they sat together in the curtained recess of a window in her brother's apartment.

"Indeed, my dear, I am as much perplexed as you are," was the answer, in the same subdued voice. "Her silence is somewhat unaccountable, I think."

Miss Latimer was silent and thoughtful. Presently she said:

"The reason must be, I should say, her uncle's unwillingness to have her expose herself further than she has already done to the fever. May not that be more probable than anything else?"

"I was about to mention that very thing myself, Mary. Yes—I think it must be so. Our warm-hearted little Eleanor would not forsake us else."

Again there was a brief silence, which was once more terminated by Miss Latimer.

"I am not more willing than Sir Edward himself that Eleanor should run any further risk; but, next to the recovery of Hugh from the fever, I believe my most earnest wish is to see her. I would at least send a message, or a letter, to her, if I were not apprehensive of objections on his part to even that."

"Better not do it, then, my dear. If he is afraid to have her come here while the fever is in the house, he would probably, as you think, object quite as strongly to having any one sent from here to Ashby Place."

A scarcely-audible sigh was Miss Latimer's only rejoinder. Laying aside the sewing with which she had been engaged, she crossed the apartment to the bedside of her brother, and silently regarded the unconscious face before her. The deep flush of fever was there. The fine features were sharpened in their outline by the wasting hand of the disease. The beautiful eyes, whose kind and tender glance had dwelt with such earnest affection on his sister's countenance, were half closed; they had grown larger and deeper; there were hollows there that told of a heavy and wearying illness. Their glance was not turned to hers now, as she looked upon him, for he was insensible to it. Nearly ever since the commencement of his illness he had been delirious, and his restless mental wanderings only ceased, at times, to be replaced by a state of partial stupor, like that in which he now lay. The tears gathered in Miss Latimer's eyes as she regarded him. "I wonder what Eleanor would say to see him now?" she thought. "Poor Hugh—*poor* Hugh!"

She bent silently, and touched her lips to the beloved brow, unconscious now of their pressure. Larger and heavier grew the tears that trembled, ready to fall from her drooping lashes, and dimly through them shone the golden gleam of the tiny, long-treasured locket, lying half-hidden in Hugh Latimer's breast. Silently she covered it from sight, and turned away with a dull pain at her heart. That little treasure, guarded so long, so tenderly, so *hopelessly!* Still he cherished it, though the gulf was wide that separated him from her he loved.

* * * * *

Slowly and wearily passed the days of Hugh Latimer's illness. At first, the disease had appeared comparatively light; but as time grew on, it gradually assumed an aspect of the gravest character. The physician's anxiety was fully visible to Mary's watchful eyes, and at her earnest questioning, he could not deny to her that Hugh's case gave him a great deal of uneasiness.

"It would be not only useless, but unwise," he said, "to conceal from you the danger in which he lies. Not many would recover from such an illness as his; but his constitution has been a sound one, and to that we may look for our encouragement."

Aunt Dorothea listened to him, looked anxiously in his face, and turned away to Hugh's bedside in utter silence. Mary heard, and a look of mute trouble that touched Doctor Gregg's kind heart filled her brown eyes.

"Only that," she murmured, in a voice of grief,—"only that!"

"My dear Miss Latimer," said the doctor, taking her hand gently in his own, and speaking in a subdued tone of earnest sympathy, "would that I might give you a stronger hope! I could ask for no greater happiness. But everything that human power can do, shall be done for him; the rest is in higher hands. Let me entreat you to have courage. The life that is so dear to you, I trust may yet be preserved."

Faint, indeed, was the prospect now; but faint as it was, Mary Latimer's hope was not quenched. The hope of her brother's life—how she clung to it! Hovering around his bed noiselessly as a spirit, night and day she watched by him, while he lay there insensible to her cares. Not once did she relax her vigils; not an hour's rest did she afford herself; never for an instant did slumber visit those anxious, care-filled eyes, during the time of her brother's peril. Vainly did her aunt and the good physician attempt to persuade her to allow herself the smallest period of rest. She would shake her head.

"No, no—not yet," she said, gently,—"not yet. Wait a little. If he recover, shall I not have rest enough? and if he dies—" The words faltered and ceased. Her heart was full of tears unshed.

And Aunt Dorothea could only resume her own sorrowful watchings in silence; while the physician, in his care for the brother, could but yield involuntary reverence to the faithful, unwearying devotion of the sister's heart. He, on his part, was almost unremitting in his attendance, now. The fever had nearly ceased its progress in the village, and of his remaining patients, Hugh's case was decidedly the most dangerous. Beside his pillow, then, he spent every hour he could gain, and with alternating hopes and fears, awaited the result.

It was on the day of the crisis that Miss Latimer, while watching in tearful suspense by her brother's side, was told that some one from Ashby Place had come to Briarfield, and desired to speak with her. Up to this time, not a single word had been received from Eleanor. Now it was with a troubled heart that Mary left the chamber, and sought the messenger who waited below.

It was Lucy Elmore; and instead of being sent by Eleanor, she had come unknown to her.

"For, Miss Mary," said Lucy, "Sir Edward has utterly forbidden my mistress to come near your house on account of the fever, though she wished to come, and he knows it would give her no more harm than she got by going to the village before she came. She would very gladly have come to see you, Miss Mary, and I know she thinks it very hard that she should be told not; but she does not dare disobey her uncle. So I thought I would come, whether he liked it or not, just to let you know the reason of her not coming."

"I am glad you did," said Miss Latimer, gently,—"I am glad you did, my good Lucy, though, perhaps, I am to blame for saying so, for you may have put yourself in danger by your kindness in coming hither."

"O, I do not fear that, Miss Mary,—I do not fear that, in the least," said Lucy Elmore; "and I shall stop at Betty Williams's on the way back, and change my dress, so that my coming will do no harm at Ashby, either. Then Mr. Hugh is very ill, indeed—is he not?"

The tears fell from Miss Latimer's eyes.

"Yes, Lucy, he is very ill—very ill, indeed. I do not know whether he will recover. For three days he has not moved, or unclosed his eyes."

Lucy could not help crying herself.

"I am very sorry for you, Miss Mary," she said, "and so, I am sure, will my mistress be. But, indeed, I hope he may get better."

Miss Latimer thanked her; and then, as Lucy rose to go, bade her give her love to Eleanor, and gave her many affectionate messages for her.

"And tell her," she added, with a faltering voice,—"tell her that by to-morrow noon, my brother will be either pronounced out of danger, or he will be dead."

With a heart full to overflowing, she went back to Hugh's bedside, to watch and weep in silence. We will not linger over the night of suspense that followed. Let us rather hasten to record the hour of rejoicing in the dawn of the new day, when the first ray of returning consciousness beamed on Mary from her brother's eyes, and the sister's love was rewarded.

* * * * *

Very slow indeed was the progress of Hugh Latimer's recovery, at first; but when he once began to gain strength, it proceeded now rapidly. In three weeks' time he was able to walk out, leaning on the arm of his happy sister Mary, alternating with Aunt Dorothea, or the good physician, whose happiness was scarcely less than that of those to whom he had been the instrument of restoring the life that was so dear to them.

Meanwhile, though the fact of Hugh Latimer's recovery was well known at Ashby, they saw nothing of Eleanor. On the day after Lucy Elmore's visit to Briarfield, Mary had received from Eleanor an affectionate yet sad letter, full of earnest and tender sympathy, and deploring the necessity which compelled her to refrain from meeting her. "I long to see you, Mary, to tell you with my own lips how I feel for you; to express my sorrow for your brother's danger, and, side by side with you, unite my prayers with yours for his restoration. But I am utterly forbidden to visit either Briarfield or Woodthorpe at present, or even to go in that direction, and I dare not—*dare not* disobey my uncle. Forgive me, Mary, for telling you of this prohibition; believe me, it wounds me as deeply as it can you; but, Mary, I could not bear that you should think me *willing* to neglect you in your great sorrow."

For some time after the commencement of his recovery, Hugh had not mentioned Eleanor's name, though Mary knew that he thought of her continually. Often he sat in deep thought for hours, and many a time he unclosed the tiny golden case concealing Eleanor's likeness, to behold the lovely pictured face within.

One day he leaned on the back of her chair, as she sat sewing.

"Mary," he said, "did Miss Ashby come here during my illness?"

"Once she came," answered his sister, in a low voice.

"When?"

"The third day."

"And not afterwards?"

"Not afterwards, Hugh."

He rose and turned away in silence.

"Idiot!" he said, mentally; "why do I dwell on this? What is it to me whether she came or not? What a mad passion is this that I cherish so hopelessly! Is she not another's?"

With stern brow and gloomy eyes, he was pacing the floor from side to side, when Mary came and put a letter into his hand.

"Read it, dear Hugh," she said. "It is from Eleanor."

He read it and sighed.

"Well, Mary, it has *nothing to do with me*, after all. Come—let us go somewhere. Have you no visits to make?—no poor people, or sick, or lame, or blind, to minister to? Take me somewhere, for pity's sake!"

She put on her bonnet, ordered the chaise, and in five minutes was driving slowly along the road towards the cottage of old Dame Wilton. It was not long ere they reached it. Hugh tied the horse beneath an elm, at a little distance, and then they went up together through the garden to the door.

But it opened before they had gained the rose-covered porch, and forth from the cottage came Eleanor Ashby. She paused involuntarily on seeing them, while her pale cheek colored with surprise and pleasure. Then she came forward with a look of sincere, earnest happiness.

"O, Mary—Hugh!"

There was a thrill through all Hugh Latimer's frame as he beheld her,—a deeper one as she thus in her gladness unconsciously addressed him and gave him her hand. His own trembled as he touched it. He could scarcely speak calmly to her. Mary's arm encircled her tenderly and with unspeakable joy.

"O, Eleanor—*dear* Eleanor," she uttered, "I little thought to meet you here! It is so long—so long since we saw you!"

The tears quickly filled Eleanor's eyes.

"I knew it," she said, in a sad voice; "but indeed, indeed, Mary, I could not come to you. My uncle—"

She hesitated. She felt unwilling to allude to her uncle's harsh command. Mary understood her, and tenderly pressed the hand she held.

"I know; but now—*now* he need not fear. He will let you come now, that it is all over?"

Eleanor could not speak directly. She shook her head, and turned her face aside to hide the tears that would fall, despite her efforts to repress them.

"What—not now, even? Tell me, Eleanor," said Miss Latimer.

"No, Mary," she said, in a suppressed tone. "He is very strict—very severe. I cannot come. He will not let me. I can scarcely go out at all now, except Morley is with me. He came here with me to-day, and is coming for me in a little while to go home."

At that moment Morley Briancourt drove up in the chaise to the gate, and, with a slight frown, alighted and entered. With astonishment and anger he beheld the three standing there together; but hiding the dark agitation he felt, he advanced towards them. Hugh Latimer had turned his head towards him, and for an instant the glances of the two met. In that brief moment, each read the other's feelings. Then their eyes were withdrawn from each other.

Mary Latimer just glanced towards Morley as he approached, and then pressed Eleanor's hand with a tender, earnest, sympathizing clasp.

"At least, then," she said, "we can think of each other."

"Yes—yes. That, at least, Mary, he cannot surely forbid it."

"And now, good-by, Eleanor. Remember us, will you?—and Aunt Dorothea, who loves you so?" And Miss Latimer pressed a silent, eloquent kiss on her friend's lips.

Eleanor could not raise her eyes for tears. She held out her hand to Hugh.

"Good-by, Mr. Latimer."

"Miss Ashby—Eleanor, good-by." Again he lifted his eyes to the face of Morley Briancourt; then turned them to the sweet, sad countenance of Eleanor once more, and with a tender, lingering pressure of the hand he held, released it, and went in with his sister.

"I am ready, Morley," said Eleanor, in a sad tone, turning to him.

He gave her his arm in silence, and conducting her to the chaise, seated her in it, took his own place, and drove rapidly homeward. She did not speak once during the whole way, but sat with her eyes cast down, in sorrowful thought. Morley Briancourt was burning with suppressed anger the while. He had done his best to prevent Eleanor from meeting with the Latimers, and the discovery of this meeting to-day aroused his deepest ire; but he would not let Eleanor suspect it. Indeed, jealous as he might be, his passion for her was too deep for his jealousy to cool it, and he could not but manifest towards her the same tenderness as ever.

He kissed her hand as he led her into the house, on their return, and while the passionate pressure of his lips was yet warm upon it, turned away, and sought his servant, Humphries.

"Humphries," he said, "let me know whenever any message or letter is brought from Briarfield hither. Either you or Sir Edward Ashby's valet will receive it, *and bring it to me*—to me alone."

There was a little dark figure, with coal-black hair, and black eyes that shone with malice on Morley Briancourt, crouched down close by in the shrubbery. The bright eyes followed, gleamingly, both master and man, who walked slowly along, and stealthily, among the bushes, he skirted the walk, following close upon their steps.

CHAPTER XI.

AN UNWELCOME CONFESSION.

THREE weeks had passed from the time when Eleanor encountered the Latimers at Dame Wilton's cottage; and during all that time, she had heard nothing from any of them. Her uncle, naturally cold, gloomy and taciturn, was of late more so than ever; and while he controlled her movements with a strictness that was severity itself, she hesitated to rebel against his commands; for she could not but think that some secret anxiety troubled him.

She was perplexed by the silence of Mary Latimer. It seemed strange—unaccountable. Every day she thought of it, and every day it grew stranger to her. Miss Latimer herself had offered to communicate with her—why then did she fail to do so? Eleanor could not know that all this time the Latimers themselves were awaiting some token from her in answer to the letters and messages that had already come from Briarfield to Ashby. For such had come at different times, though of late they had ceased coming; for not one had been answered. Morley Briancourt had carried out his plan—that of putting a stop to the communication between Eleanor and her friends. Everything that had been sent had been received either by Hawkins or Humphries, who were always on the watch, and conveyed by Sir Edward's consent to Morley Briancourt himself, who took care that they should never reach their intended destination. He saw the perplexity of Eleanor from day to day, as she failed to receive any notice from Briarfield. He saw that she felt concerned—even sad, at times, respecting the matter; but this only made him the firmer in his resolve. And as the time passed on, and she seemed to think more of it, and dwell on it for hours together, his jealousy, which had been for a time quieted, was thoroughly roused again. He watched narrowly, to see that she did not herself send to Briarfield, to Mary; but this she did not do. She waited to know first the reason of Mary Latimer's seeming silence. He redoubled his vigilance, that no chance word or line from thence should reach her, after all, and bring to light the act by which he had terminated their communication. The letters which Miss Latimer sent her friend he read carefully; and in more than one of them were passages which, although written without any motive such as he attributed to them, still stung him to the most angry jealousy. They were those in which she spoke of Hugh.

Now, he did not retain that invariable self-command which formerly had enabled him so well to control his emotions, let their nature be what they might. The inward disturbance that he experienced was outwardly visible. His passion for Eleanor grew daily stronger, and the conflict between that and his jealousy made him moody and irritable. He could not bear Eleanor out of his presence. She never rode out now but he attended her; he regarded her with alternate suspicion and confidence. His manner to her, at once abrupt and tender, passionate yet distrustful, betrayed the pitiful workings of his mind. It could not fail to impress her, so visible was it, with unpleasant emotions, even though she was unable to tell the reason of the change in his manner. She felt that he loved her, but it was his jealousy that, all unconsciously to herself, made the knowledge painful to her.

There was one, meanwhile, watching them both, unseen. It was Pequin the dwarf. Morley believed that the secret of the intercepted letters was known only to Sir Edward, himself and the two valets. He had no suspicion that every movement of his was observed by an eye, vigilant and unwearying, from hour to hour, from day to day, week in and week out. He rested secure in that belief for the time being.

But the state of continual uneasiness regarding Eleanor could not endure long without some decided movement on his part to remove the occasion of it. The time when Eleanor would be of age was drawing nigh. The agreement had been that the marriage should take place at that time. But even the space of time intervening seemed too long to Morley. One evening, therefore, requesting an interview with Sir Edward, he expressed his desire that the hand of Eleanor might be bestowed on him at an earlier period.

The baronet appeared to agree unquestioningly to every suggestion of the young man with regard to Eleanor. Nay—he even seemed to dread thwarting or disputing him. He immediately, therefore, signified his perfect readiness to adopt this measure, and directly addressed a letter to the elder Briancourt in London, requesting his presence at Ashby.

It was about a week after this that Morley had gone out—an unusual thing of late—to ride alone. To Eleanor, this was actually a relief, for his continual presence troubled her. A little while after his departure, she ordered her own horse, and also went out in an opposite direction. After enjoying a brief ride, none the less pleasant for being solitary, she set out again for home. Slowly she rode, to prolong the unwonted enjoyment; but soon the stacked chimneys of Ashby rose above the trees, scarce more than half a mile distant. She fancied Morley Briancourt, if he had returned, pacing the lawn, waiting for her appearance; perhaps coming down the great avenue to meet her. The old feeling of trouble and perplexity came back at this. Doubt, weariness and impatience at once filled her mind again.

But Morley Briancourt did not come to meet her. He was not in the great avenue when she entered it; and when she came in full sight of the lawn, he was not there either. But whom, instead, did she see? Two persons stood together just within the hall door: in one of whom she recognized her uncle, Sir Edward Ashby; in the other, the father of Morley Briancourt. Yes—it was he, most certainly. A slight feeling of surprise accompanied this discovery, for Eleanor had not heard of his contemplated visit; but, prepared to give him the friendly greeting with which she had ever met him, she rode forward, at a slightly accelerated movement, to welcome the new-comer.

Preserving, at the usually sober age of fifty, not a few of the attractions which had marked him at a much earlier period, still handsome, graceful, plausible and self-possessed, Mr. Briancourt was one who would universally have been termed an extremely fine-looking and agreeable man; and with his elegant exterior, his bland and pleasing manners, and easy address, he certainly presented a most remarkable contrast to his friend, Sir Edward Ashby; so remarkable, indeed, that you would have marvelled at the intimacy existing between these two men; you would have wondered how they could ever have been so attracted one to another, as voluntarily to form the alliance which promised to make their union yet closer.

Something like this passed through Eleanor Ashby's mind, as she drew near the mansion; but she had no time to dwell upon this enigma, for Mr. Briancourt, immediately on perceiving her, left the side of his companion, and hastened to meet her. She held out her hand with a friendly smile and a pleasant greeting, as he approached.

"My dear Eleanor," he said, in answer to her graceful and friendly welcome, "I am charmed to behold you again. I need not ask concerning the state of your health; I see—that lovely bloom leaves no necessity for the question. But where is your knight, fair lady? He should be at your side, and yet I do not see him."

"Indeed, sir, I do not know," answered Eleanor, quietly, as she received Mr. Briancourt's hand and dismounted from the saddle, —"indeed I do not know. Then he is not at home?"

"No, but doubtless will be, shortly," rejoined the gentleman, drawing the hand of his fair companion within his arm, and proceeding with her across the lawn, while the groom appeared to take Selim to the stables.

"Then you have not yet seen your son?" asked Eleanor.

"Not yet; but he cannot be far distant, for is not Eleanor here?" returned Mr. Briancourt, with graceful gallantry, touching the hand of the young lady to his lips. "There can be no doubt that he will return shortly. I wish very much to see him. It is some weeks since I had that pleasure."

"Yes—you must be impatient to see him," said Eleanor.

By this time they had reached the hall door, where she was received by Sir Edward with a constrained salutation. She immediately repaired to her dressing-room, leaving her uncle and his guest together.

"Well, Victor," said Sir Edward, coldly, as he paced back and forth in the hall, "I trust you are as well satisfied as ever?"

A peculiar smile rested on Mr. Briancourt's lip—a smile of calm security and self-content, as one who has gained possession of a prize whose value he is confident of.

"O, perfectly—perfectly," he answered. "Why, Ashby, I fancy I have got the best part of that little bargain which we made so many years ago, or, rather, Morley gets it. I' faith, though—but I am tempted to wish I had secured the hand of the charming Eleanor for myself."

Sir Edward Ashby's cold and gloomy countenance never betrayed any sign of the feelings with which he heard this. He made no reply, but continued his walk to and fro, with his eyes bent downward, beneath their cloudy brows. Mr. Briancourt, occupied with his own reflections, failed to notice him.

"However," he went on, presently, "it is not to be helped now; the matter is too nearly settled. Well, Ashby," and he turned to his host, "so Morley wishes this marriage hastened—does he? Lover-like! But who can wonder at his impatience to win so fair a wife? And, doubtless, my dear friend, you are not unwilling that he should have her now?"

"Victor, this is hardly the place," said Sir Edward, "to discuss—"

"Ah, you are right, my dear sir. Well, let us talk this matter over in the library. We shall be sufficiently secure there."

Sir Edward Ashby summoned a domestic, and bidding him, when Morley Briancourt should come, let him know that his presence was desired in the library, repaired thither with his guest.

Meanwhile, Eleanor, in her own apartment, was busy at the toilet, with her maid. She saw, shortly, from the window, Morley Briancourt returning homeward across the park; and Lucy, having occasion to run down stairs on some errand for her mistress, reported, on coming back, that he had immediately gone to the library, where Sir Edward and Mr. Briancourt were, "and they are all shut up there together now," she concluded.

"Shut up together, Lucy?" echoed her mistress, remarking Lucy's peculiar mode of expression.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Eleanor; doors and windows, too," answered the maid,—"doors and windows, too. I should rather open them, I think, this warm weather, instead of closing them so tightly, as I saw Sir Edward doing just now."

Miss Ashby thought so, too, though she did not say so, since Sir Edward Ashby was not answerable to her for his actions, and still less to her maid. But it seemed to her something strange that her uncle and his guests should be thus closeted together in so secret a manner, almost at the very first moment of Mr. Briancourt's arrival, and some slight curiosity moved her concerning the nature of their business. It was evident that Lucy, as well, marvelled somewhat in regard to it, but she said nothing.

She did not see either of them until dinner, and then nothing betrayed in the countenance of either the nature of the business which they had been transacting so privately. Her uncle, though in some measure reserved and taciturn as usual, maintained also his usual air of stately courtesy, undisturbed and unruffled. The elder Briancourt was elegant, graceful and courtly as ever; his fine conversational powers, his delicate and brilliant flashes of alternate wit and sentiment in full force. Morley Briancourt had resumed his customary ease and fascination of manner, but wore yet a slightly subdued air; and Eleanor fancied that his bearing towards herself was one of even perceptibly deeper tenderness than usual.

It was so; and there was also, in his feelings, what gave no outward sign—a dark and restless agitation, the offspring of his fears and apprehensions to which he had been subject for the last few weeks, so fearful was he of losing the prize which he had all but won. Perhaps, too, the memory of the murderous deed he had lately done haunted him.

When Miss Ashby left the table, instead of proceeding immediately to the drawing-room, she went out upon the lawn, and thence passed into the avenue, whose graceful elms were already silvered by the mild radiance of the full moon, that chequered the broad, smooth path with its yellow beams falling through the leaves. Somewhat to her surprise, she was almost directly joined by Morley, who had left the dining-room nearly as soon as herself, contrary to her expectations. He took her hand as he reached her, and drew it gently within his arm.

"I am glad to find you here, dear Eleanor," he said, tenderly. "I have much to say to you. Will you listen patiently and respond favorably?"

"Nay, Morley," said Miss Ashby, with an attempt at carelessness of manner. "I must first know what the matter is of which you would treat. I promise you to listen patiently, but the response must rest on conditions."

She could not see it, but his brow suddenly darkened. He answered directly, however, with even deeper tenderness than before.

"Then if that is the case, my beloved Eleanor, I must throw myself on your mercy, trusting that you will not refuse to grant the plea I am about to make. Eleanor," and encircling her form with his arm, he drew her closer to his side, "it is a long, long time now since we were betrothed. You were a child then, and that was all, but a beautiful, graceful, impulsive creature, lovelier than any vision my boyish dreams had ever painted. And I was a youth, ardent, impassioned and warm-hearted—a lover of beauty in every form. And I loved you, my beautiful one! Do you remember those days, Eleanor?" and bowing his head, he gazed with a passionate glance into her dark eyes.

Eleanor's cheeks were burning with a crimson flush. With the doubts, fears and perplexities which had harassed her mind so painfully, even yet distracting her, this fervor of her lover's language was deeply embarrassing. Her heart swelled; a sense of suffocation almost overpowered her, as, during the pause that followed his words, his ardent glance fascinated hers. She averted her head to escape from it.

Morley Briancourt's breast was filled with a sudden triumph. He mistook the signification of her blushes, her confusion, her averted glance. He said to himself, "My fears were groundless: she is mine still; she has no suspicions. Maida deceived me."

"You remember those days, Eleanor, when I first learned to love you?" he said again, pressing his lips to her throbbing brow that burned beneath their touch.

"Yes, Morley, I remember," she answered, nerving herself to calmness with a sudden effort.

"And then," he went on, "we parted. A year passed, and another, and yet a third, and then we met again, and you, my sweet Eleanor, were grown to womanhood. If you had fascinated me in your childhood, how much deeper was the passion with which you inspired me then! How I adored you—how I worshipped my beautiful idol! But though I was permitted to look forward to a day when I might call you my own, that day was set far in the distance. I remonstrated, prayed, entreated, that it might come earlier, but in vain. I was permitted to behold you but once every year, and from year to year I prayed for the time of my trial to be shortened. But it was of no avail. And now seven years have passed, and still the contract parts us for yet almost another twelvemonth. At length your uncle has consented that, if you are willing, our marriage shall take place without further delay. He granted me this to-day. Eleanor, my beloved, give me *your* sanction now. Say that you will be mine—that we shall be united soon." Standing beneath the beautiful moonlight, with his arm about Eleanor's form, as his words died away on the warm night air, he drew her closer to his breast. He pressed his lips tenderly—passionately to hers. "Eleanor, my beloved, my darling!" he murmured again.

His earnest words, his ardent, impassioned tones thrilled through her. But a strange heaviness pressed upon her heart. A wild and painful sense of her own desolation—of her need of knowledge and guidance in this hour, filled her breast. She could not answer.

"Speak, Eleanor," uttered her lover, softly.

Still she was silent, pale, motionless, her troubled eyes downcast. Suddenly she started, sprang from his embrace, and stood at a little distance with her hands clasped and her glance fixed upon the earth, her head half bowed, as one who listens for some sound.

"Eleanor, what is this? what—" But Morley Briancourt could not utter more. Disappointment, and anger, and astonishment flashed in his glance for an instant. Then, recovering himself, he approached her. "Eleanor—dearest Eleanor, will you not answer me?" he said, tenderly. And he was about to clasp her hand in his own, but she moved back a step, waving him off.

"No—no, Morley; not now—not now!" she uttered, in a clear but agitated tone. "I am going. Do not speak to me; do not follow me." She turned away, leaving him there. She sped silently up the avenue, crossed the broad moonlit lawn, and paused only when she had reached her own apartment.

And while Morley Briancourt, with muttered curses, strode hastily away in the same direction to join his father, unable to account for this incomprehensible scene, there crept from behind a great elm a little, imp-like figure, that threw up its long arms and danced about with strange, wild, uncouth gestures, and gave utterance to a low, triumphant chuckle. And then it, too, sped away, noiselessly as a spirit, through the broad moonlight. With its grotesque motions, and rapid, shuffling gait, and elfish shape, it looked a strange, eerie thing enough. It might have been taken for a dog, or an ape, at a distance. You could scarce have told truly what it was.

But Eleanor Ashby had heard, and was safe.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FRIENDLY WARNING.

Eleanor Ashby's cheek was paler than usual, when, a few moments after she had so abruptly left Morley Briancourt's side, she regained her own apartment. She had heard something which both startled and perplexed her. It was a voice that whispered, during the silence which succeeded her lover's entreaty, the single word "Beware!" Down there under the elms in the great avenue it had sounded seemingly by her very side. No living form had been visible besides her own and Morley's, and yet a human voice must have uttered that word. It was not fancy that had deceived her; it was not the night wind sighing through the arches of the interlacing elms; it was not the rustle of the whispering leaves. There was no deception whatever in the matter. The sound had been that of a voice as much human as her own, and so plainly distinguished as to denote the close proximity of the one who breathed it, although not another being had seemed to be near her, except Morley himself.

That it was intended for her, she did not for one moment doubt. Its meaning, following as it did on Morley Briancourt's very last words, and preceding her answer while her mind was in a state of the most trying perplexity, she interpreted at the moment. Perhaps the very hesitation she herself had felt in the nature of her answer had helped her to do so, suggesting immediately the purpose and signification of the words whispered by this invisible monitor. They presented themselves as a warning against the step she had been expected to take, in accepting Morley.

He could not have heard them, as was evident enough, and yet Eleanor wondered that he had not, when they reached her ears so plainly. He was in ignorance, then, of the cause of her sudden departure. What would he think of it? how account for it? she asked, mentally. But such queries as these were not to the purpose. The main thing of consequence now was the mystery itself, for a mystery it was, so far. She wished to know who had been concealed near her, to utter these words; why the warning had been given, and what was the interest which had prompted it. All these questions were to be solved.

The first, as she dwelt on it, was almost immediately met by a thought which flashed suddenly across her mind in the midst of her perplexity. She remembered Maida the gipsey. Was not this secret warning from the same source as that which she had received from her only a short time since? Was not Maida herself the one who, to-night, had given it? The mystery—the secrecy of the thing was associated, in Eleanor's mind, with her. True, the gipseys had vanished from Penshurst Common, but might not Maida still remain? And especially if her purpose in this matter had been an earnest and sincere one, which now Eleanor was not so skeptical about as she had been before.

She had fixed on an hypothesis certainly reasonable enough, but one which Morley Briancourt himself had deprived of probability, when his own hand had ensured Maida's silence, when his own dagger had drank her life-blood, and the dark waters of the Wye closed over her, in a midnight gone by.

"Lucy," said Miss Ashby, to her maid, "have you seen of late any of the gipseys who were at Penshurst a short time ago?"

"No, Miss Eleanor. They were gone the very day after you went there, if you recollect."

"Yes—I know—I know," returned Eleanor. "But are you sure none of them remained?—not a single one?"

"It might be possible," answered Lucy Elmore, thoughtfully; "but I have not seen one of them since they went. Why, Miss Eleanor? Have you seen them?"

"No—no. I only wished to discover whether any had remained in the neighborhood—that is all, Lucy. You need not say to any one that I asked you."

And she fell into thought again. Of the conviction that Malda was the author of the warning which she had so mysteriously received to-night, she could not divest herself. She had made light of her first caution; now, she only wished to behold her once more, to gain something more definite—more satisfactory from her; to learn, if possible, the meaning which lay concealed beneath all this enigmatical obscurity.

And should she not learn something further? She resolved at least to wait and see,—to ascertain exactly her own position, and be enabled to discern clearly the state of safety or of peril in which she stood with regard to her projected marriage with Morley Briancourt, before she took another step in the matter. She herself had been undecided whether to marry him, without, at the same time, being aware of any serious reason why she should refuse him. The repetition of Maida's warning convinced her that it was not one to be passed by unheeded; that there was a reason for its being given. It decided her to wait awhile, at least, till she discovered that reason. She wished she might behold her invisible monitor, who, it was evident, was hovering near her, while she knew it not. She could not guess how soon that wish would be gratified.

Morley Briancourt, from the avenue, had, meanwhile, gone straight to his own apartment, where he paced the floor from side to side with moody haste, his arms folded, and his brow shadowed with a dark look of inward anger, disappointment and impatience.

"What does she mean?" he muttered to himself. "Can it be that, after all, I am too late?—that she intends to put an end to this? Ah, I have waited too long—too long! But if this fellow—this Latimer, of Briarfield, has been the one to baffle my hopes, he shall repent it! And yet, what makes me such an idiot?" he went on, with a smile of self-assurance. "Is she not bound to me irrevocably? For what can break her uncle's promise? And so long as my father possesses his present power over him, I have nothing to fear. *Her* consent, even if she should refuse to give it, will be unnecessary. He must give her to me, or he is at my father's mercy!"

A knock was at the door, and directly Victor Briancourt entered.

"Well, how speeds the wooing, Morley?" he asked, lightly; and an easy smile diffused itself over his countenance as he advanced to the chimney-place with a careless, buoyant step, and threw himself into a cushioned arm-chair,—"how speeds the wooing, Morley?"

"Faith, I can scarcely tell myself," answered the son, with a frown. "Eleanor is in an incomprehensible mood to-night. I have gained no answer from her, for she scarcely heard me mention the object of the interview, before she left my side with a degree of haste by no means flattering, and for what reason, is beyond my power to tell."

"A strange caprice, by my word!" said the elder Briancourt, in a careless tone; "but nothing more—nothing more, rest assured, Morley. To-morrow will bring everything into order."

"You think so?"

Morley Briancourt paused within a little distance of his father's chair as he asked the question.

"Think so? My dear fellow, what in the world should prevent it?" asked his father, nonchalantly, playing with his watch-seals,—"what in the world should prevent it?"

"May not her own will do so? I confess I fear—"

"What?" And on the gentleman's lips rested an undisturbed, graceful, self-confident smile.

"That this Hugh Latimer, of Briarfield, yonder, has become already my rival."

"Well—and if he has, what then?"

"A great deal of trouble may be anticipated."

"I beg your pardon: I must differ from you there. You said something, if my memory serves me rightly, relative to her will, as being exercised in the matter of this marriage. Do you recall the fact, my dear Morley, that she has, or will be supposed to have, *no* will, except such as agrees in every point with that of her uncle? And he, in his turn, has no will but what is subservient to mine. He is completely in my power. I can do with him what I please. Therefore, you need give yourself no uneasiness whatever. He is to give you his niece in marriage, at such a time. The fact is an extremely simple, and at the same time, an indisputable—an unalterable one. You see it?"

"Yes."

"You will, then, I presume, mention to our fair Eleanor the matter in debate, some time to-morrow again?"

"Excuse me: I prefer that Sir Edward himself should receive her agreement after this."

Victor Briancourt laughed.

"Cool, on my honor, Morley!" he said. "Why, he can be but a lukewarm lover who yields to so slight a mortification as that occasioned you to-night."

"Lukewarm?" Morley Briancourt's brow flushed, and his eye kindled. "Lukewarm?" he repeated. "Nay; *you* are light, and gay, and trifling in your nature, and yet you know the strength of a Briancourt's passions. No lukewarm love is mine. Eleanor Ashby has roused its fiercest power."

His father smiled quietly.

"To the utter exclusion, I believe, of a certain fancy which you must remember?"

A slight frown darkened the brow of Morley.

"I have no desire to revert to that, at this time. It has cost me trouble sufficient, I should judge, already."

"That is your own fault, my dear fellow," said the elder Briancourt, lightly. "But, after all, a very venial one, taking your extreme youth into consideration. It is well that it cost you no more. Well that you were enabled to evade the consequences as you did. You have destroyed the papers, I trust, years since?"

"On the contrary, they are in yonder box, within my dressing-case."

"You are careless, Morley."

"I think not. They are as safe there as if burnt, and I have no fear of their ever doing me any harm."

"Nevertheless, take my advice and burn them. They may fall into hands which might do you an injury yet. And now, will you oblige me by accompanying me to the library? Sir Edward will wish to see you, undoubtedly."

They went—the father and son.

But a few moments had the door been closed behind them, ere a small dark figure crept out cautiously from behind an Indian screen in one corner, and darting across the floor, also left the room. It was Pequin the dwarf. * * *

Morning dawned, and Eleanor, at the usual hour, prepared to meet her uncle and his guests at breakfast. They were all there—Sir Edward, and Victor Briancourt, and her lover. Eleanor had slightly shrunk from the prospect of encountering Morley this morning; but she must necessarily do so, and therefore endeavored to think as little as possible of last night's occurrences, that she might do it with as much composure as she could command. She felt that Morley must have experienced considerable annoyance at her strange and unexplained conduct, and this consciousness of having appeared somewhat singular in her proceedings, was not a little embarrassing. However, she went quietly into the breakfast-room, and met him there.

His manner, as he bade her good-morning, was somewhat reserved, bearing still the mark of the feelings she had aroused the night before; and yet there was a blending of impatient anxiety, of tenderness and passion, in his manner, and in the expression of his eyes, as they rested on her face with a glance that seemed striving to read her feelings towards him. She saw that it was so, and dropping her eyes, passed him and took her seat.

Sir Edward, she observed, was even more silent and reserved than usual, and spoke little. Mr. Briancourt alone preserved his customary demeanor—one of graceful and careless ease. And she herself, as may be supposed, was also comparatively silent. Mr. Briancourt's easy nonchalance alone gave anything like life to the party, and still the greatest degree of constraint was perceptible among the other members of the little party. The baronet scarcely looked up once; spoke but rarely, and then with as few words as might be. Eleanor mentally revolved the probable reason. Was his taciturnity connected in any way with her? It seemed allied to that of Morley.

The unsocial repast was concluded shortly. Immediately on rising from the table, Sir Edward requested his niece to accompany him to the library. She felt now that it was on the subject which Morley had broached last night that he was about to speak. A feeling of unquiet and troubled apprehension filled her heart; but she obeyed, without a word. Mr. Briancourt stood by the glass doors looking out upon the lawn, as she left the room; and Morley's eyes were fastened on the pages of a book which he had taken up. He did not raise them until she reached the door, near which he was sitting. Then they were turned for an instant to her face, with a glance filled with inquiry, and immediately withdrawn.

She followed her uncle, and in five minutes found herself seated opposite him, at the library table.

"I have called you hither, Eleanor," he said, "for the purpose of conferring with you on the subject of your marriage with Morley Briancourt."

That was it, then? Eleanor merely bowed, and he went on.

"It is now some years," he said, "since this matter was arranged. As a child, you were, in a manner, betrothed to Morley. The fact that you were to become his wife, on arriving of age, has, I believe, always been fully understood by you."

Eleanor bowed silently.

"That period is not far off," he resumed. "Morley is desirous that the marriage should take place early in June. You gave him, I believe, no definite answer last evening, when, as he tells me, he consulted you on the subject. Therefore—" He paused a moment, and leaned his head on his hand, apparently considering.

Eleanor, meanwhile, sat startled and confused. What course she should take she could not tell. She had not counted on matters being brought to so decided a crisis so soon.

"Therefore," continued Sir Edward, raising his head, "I have myself to request that you will name the day when—"

To the relief of Eleanor's agitation, at that moment there was a knock at the door. Sir Edward rose to open it, and found there a domestic, who informed him that a visitor in the drawing-room requested to see him. It was Mr. Vernon, the son of a brother magistrate of the baronet, come on some business from his father. Sir Edward turned to Eleanor, still holding the door open.

"You will excuse me," he said, "for a few moments. I will return shortly, if you will have the goodness to await me here."

He went out, and Eleanor was left there alone.

"What shall I do? What course shall I take?" she said, to herself, in a troubled tone. "O, if I could only tell what is best!"

Suddenly, it seemed within the very room, a strange, sweet, peculiar voice half recited, half chanted the following words:

"Gentle maid, beware—beware!
If the day thou wouldst not rue thee,
Shun the snare that others spread;
'Ware the evil they would do thee!
List the voice that gives thee warning,
Treat it not with slight or scorning;
Give its accents timely heed;
Well 'twill serve thee at thy need.
For few there be, like thee, that know,
But foe be friend, or friend be foe!"

The sound ceased.

"O who is it that addresses me? Surely I have heard that voice before!" uttered Eleanor.

There was a movement—a rustle in the silken drapery of a window near, and forth from his concealment stepped her monitor.

"Pequin!"

"Pequin, at your service, fair Eleanor; and come to show you a plot of which you are ignorant. We have met but once before: then you took my part against one who would have hurt me; now it is my turn. Pequin is not so insignificant that he cannot help you when you need help, and show you your way when you cannot see it yourself."

"Help me? O, if you could! But what do you know of my need? How did you come here? What—"

"Nay—let me do my errand, fair Eleanor, and do not lose the little time you have. I will show you something. I will show you the character of the man who would wed you, and takes care to guard against rivalry. See!"

A writing-desk of Morley Briancourt's lay on the table. With a key which he possessed, the dwarf quickly opened it, drew forth a thin packet of letters, and placed them in Eleanor's hand. They were those which Morley had intercepted—Mary Latimer's letters. Perplexity and astonishment pervaded Eleanor's breast as she examined them; but before she had time fully to comprehend the matter, Pequin touched her arm.

"Keep them; they are yours, you see, though your jealous lover has kept them himself, and still fancies them safe. But come now—come with me. Do not speak, but do as I bid you for a little while, and other secrets shall be unfolded to you—secrets that concern you and *your safety*. So have no scruples, but do as you are told, fair Eleanor. Hasten! You must know all before Sir Edward's return."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

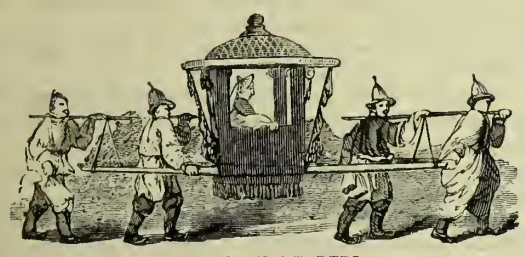
CHINA AND THE CHINESE.



CHINESE TRADING JUNKS.



HUSBANDMAN'S DRESS.



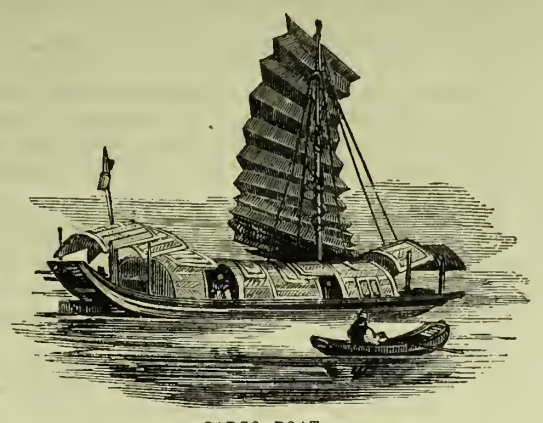
PALANQUIN BEARERS.

We present on this page a number of neat designs illustrating the industry and habits of the Chinese—that curious people about whom so much interest is felt, and so little, comparatively, known.

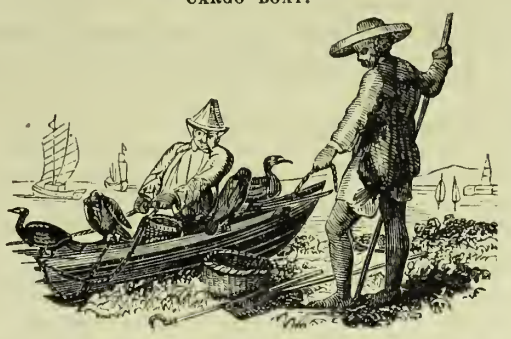


RICE BOWL AND CHOPSTICKS.

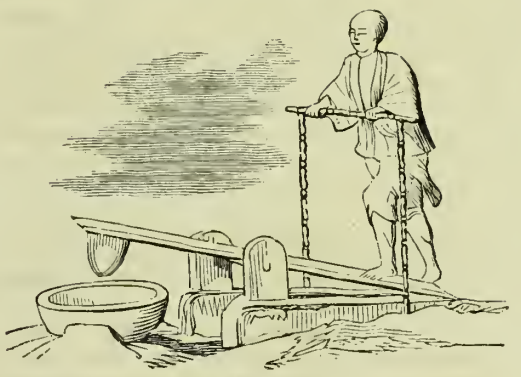
Our first engraving represents a Chinese trading-junk under sail, a most cumbrous contrivance, and yet not unlike, in the build of the hull, the European vessels of the 16th century. These junks are caulked with a putty composed of burnt gypsum and oil, and have flat, unwieldy sails of matting and flat keels. The cargo-boat shown in our next illustration is used for the conveyance of grain on the great canal. They are about 100 tons burthen each. The



CARGO BOAT.



FISHING WITH BIRDS.

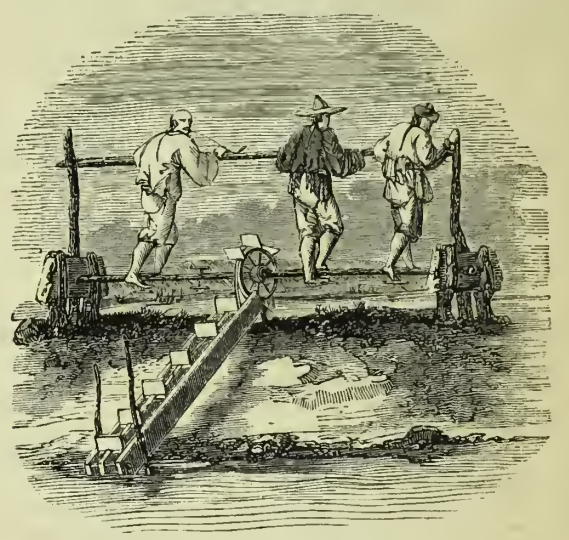


CHINESE MILL.

Chinese flower-boat, or hwa-chow, is employed by the wealthy classes for pleasure sailing on fine evenings. It rides high on the water, and has the same quaint peculiarities as the other boats. The Robinson Crusoe-ish individual in the next engraving is a Chinese husbandman. The garments of the Chinese farmers are well adapted to shield from the weather. The next engraving shows a fisherman's boat, with the trained birds that save him the expense and trouble of hooks and lines, and bait in capturing his scaly prey. These birds are cormorants, excellent swimmers, divers and fliers. They are trained as men rear spaniels and hawks, and one man can readily take care of a hundred. When a large fish is seized, these birds help each other, one taking the head, the other the tail. The boatman stretches out an oar—the bird perches on it, is relieved of his burden, and then flies off to continue his sport. As they are very voracious the owners have a ring clasped or a string tied tightly about the neck. The next engraving shows an irrigating machine used by the Chinese. A tread-mill keeps in motion a chain on which are fastened a number of square boards running in a trough which hold and draw up the water. The principle is the same as that of the chain-pump so extensively used in this country. The picture next in order represents a palanquin such as is now used in the East by persons of rank. There are four bearers. Palanquin travelling is prevalent in China, where, according to Mr. Davis, in the streets a "mandarin of high rank would be considered degraded except in a chair with four bearers." Throughout Asia the roads are so bad, and labor is so cheap, that palanquins and sedans are used to a very great extent. Our next illustration shows us the method of cotton bowing practised in India and China. The carder uses an elastic bow with a tight string. He places it in a heap of the material, and having pulled the string with some force allows the bow to recoil; the vibration of the string scatters the cotton about and separates it into fibres freed from knots and impurities. Our next illustration shows us the Chinese mill, or pestle and mortar, a simple but effective contrivance worked with a treadle. The next print of the series delineates a Chinese rice bowl with the chopsticks, which supply the place of a spoon or knife and fork. The opium pipe of the Chinese, shown in the next picture, bears some analogy to the tobacco pipes of other countries. The dignitary with the peacock's feather seems to highly enjoy his deadly and



FLOWER BOAT.



CHINESE IRRIGATION.

orbidden luxury. The Chinese mill, the last object delineated, is worked by hand with a lever, but has two stones, something like a corn mill. In almost everything the Chinese differ from us—marking the direct antagonism of the East and West. That they are an ingenious people is undeniable. They have made many discoveries, but few improvements. What they are capable of when the Central Flowery Land is thrown open to European arts and sciences, remains to be seen.



BOWING OF COTTON.



OPIUM PIPE.



RICE MILL.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IT MAKES ME SAD TO ROAM.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

It makes me sad to roam amid the halls
 Where heaven-born art and godlike music reigu;
I, joyous child—I frequented those halls—
 A transient passer, now repair again;
Art from her nicest touch the chisel drops,
 Painting her glowing brush suspends in air—
Music's high thrilling tones abruptly stops;
 Ah me, I weep harsh tears with black despair—
The Muses cry "Avaunt! ye have no heritage here!"

It makes me sad to roam amid the marts
 Of busy industry and toiling strife;
For din and clatter sing, "Gold costs the smart
 Of many aspiring soul and gladsome life."
But time rolls on, as chariots roll along,
 Save that he steals with stealthy pace and slow,
While Industry peals up her burdened song,
 And naught except the grave is free from woe—
The wheel of life turns swift—I, too, must onward go.

It makes me sad to roam amid the haunts
 Where once my gleesome steps in gladness danced;
Fashion nor riches now supply my wants,
 Nor touch one chord in all my soul's expanse.
Surrounded by a crowd I breathe alone;
 The tones of friendship greet my ear in vain—
Or, if I heed them, I again bemoan
 A tone once dear—remembrance's dulcet pain;
And from the reverie I start, yet sigh to dream again.

[Translated from the German for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MARIETTE:

—OR,—

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

BY H. E. HOUSTON.

La Napoule is only a small town on the coast of France, and yet it is known throughout the whole province. It lies embosomed in evergreen shades, midst dark pomegranates and bright palms. People say that the finest grapes, the sweetest roses, and the most beautiful maidens are there, and I can well believe it, though that is not the reason why La Napoule is so celebrated. You shall see.

Though all the maidens of La Napoule were called charming, the little Mariette was doubtless a wonder among wonders. She was always called little Mariette, though she was not smaller than a person of seventeen years generally is. Indeed, her forehead just reached the lips of a full-grown man. The Chronicle of La Napoule had very good reason for talking about Mariette. I should have done the same had I been in the place of the Chronicle, for Mariette, who until now had lived with her mother Manon at Avignon, turned the whole village of La Napoule upside down. Not the houses indeed, but the people and their heads, and perhaps not the heads of everybody, but certainly those whose heads and hearts are ever in danger from the proximity of a pair of soul-full eyes. I know that very well.

Mother Manon would have done better had she remained in Avignon, but she inherited a little property in La Napaule, some land with a little vineyard, and a neat house pleasantly placed in the shadow of a great rock, between olive trees and African acacias. That is more than every poor widow has, and Manon was, in her own opinion, happier than if she had been countess of the whole province. But the good woman fared all the worse for so thinking. She did not foresee the misfortunes that awaited her; nor had she ever read in Homer how a pretty woman could bring whole countries into turmoil and discord.

The little Mariette had hardly been a fortnight in the house between the olives and African acacias, than every young La Nepouloese knew that Mariette lived there, and also that in the whole province there was no more charming maiden than in this self-same house. When she passed through the place, flitting lightly with floating drapery, wearing in her bosom an orange blossom or rose-bud, with the ribbons of her hat shading her sweet face, even the sourest old people talked to her, and the young ones were silent from admiration, and everywhere in her path would open on the right hand and the left, doors and little windows, with "good morning, Mariette," "good morning, little Mariette," and she nodded gaily and smiled both right and left. When she went to church, all hearts, especially those of the young men, forsook Heaven, all eyes the holy priest, and the lingering fingers forgot the beads of the rosary. That must have given great offence, especially to the devout.

About this time the young women of La Nepoule became suddenly pious, for they were very much vexed; and they could hardly be blamed for it, as since Mariette's arrival more than one swain had grown cold, and more than one lover had forsaken his betrothed. The young people spoke no longer of marriage, but of separation. They sent back their plighted faith and their rings. The old people joined in the ill feeling of their children. Quarrels and strife spread from house to house.

"Mariette is the cause of all this," said the devout maidens; then their mothers repeated it, then the fathers, and at last the young men took it up.

But the little Mariette, enclosed in her innocence and purity, like the first opening glow of the rosebud through the dark green of its chalice, guessed nothing of all this trouble, and remained good through all. After a while first the young men praised her and said, "why trouble the pretty, harmless child—she is without guile?" Then the fathers said—then the mothers—and last the pious maidens; for who could help being won by Mariette's sweet voice? Before six months everybody had spoken to her and already loved her. She could not believe that she was so much beloved, as she could not before believe that she was so much disliked. Everybody now wished to atone for their injustice towards Mariette. Compassion heightened the tenderness of affection, and all were friendly to the pretty child, kindly greeting her and inviting her to all the rural dances and plays. But alas! all men have not the gift of compassion, but have hearts as hard as Pharaoh's. This comes doubtless from the natural wickedness of men since the fall.

The young Colin was a striking instance of this. He was the richest farmer and land-proprietor in La Napoule. His vineyards and olive gardens, citron and pomegranate groves, could not be counted in one day. But one thing well proved his natural hardness of heart—that he had reached the age of twenty-seven without ever thinking for what purpose young maidens were created, though indeed, some people, especially ladies of a certain age, thought Colin the best young man under the sun; they admired his figure, his frank, open manners, his smile, which they said must have been granted him as absolution for sins forgiven. But on such persons' judgment it is not well to depend. Meanwhile everybody in La Napoule had become fond of the little Mariette—all except the hard-hearted Colin, who remained cold to the lovely child.

When any one spoke of Mariette, he was dumb as a fish; if he met her in the street, he turned red and white by turns, and glanced spitefully at her. When, in the summer evenings, the young people collected near the ruins of an old castle by the borders of the sea, to dance or sing, Colin was not absent; but as soon as Mariette appeared, then the spiteful Colin became silent, and would not sing any more for all the gold in the world. It was a pity, for he had a sweet voice and every one liked to hear him sing. The maidens of La Napoule all looked upon Colin with favor, and he was friendly to all. As we have said, he had a roguish glance that the young women liked, and when he laughed he was worthy of being painted; but, naturally enough, the neglected Mariette noticed him scarcely at all—and she was quite right. Whether he smiled or not, it made no difference to her; she did not care at all for his roguish glance—she was still right. When he told stories, which he often did, she bantered her neighbors and pelted, now Pierre and now Paul, with uprooted weeds, laughed and chattered, and did not even hear Colin. That vexed him, perhaps, for he often broke off in his relation, and went gloomily away. Revenge is sweet. Manon's daughter had triumphed; but after all, Mariette was a good girl, and her heart was tender. If he was silent, she was sorry—if he was sad, she lost all wish to laugh—if he was absent from a pleasure gathering, she did not wish to remain—and if she was unseen, she wept more tears than Magdalene, though she had not half so much to cry for.

The priest of La Napoule, called Father Jerome, was a man of seventy years. He had all the virtues of holiness and only one failing—namely, that by reason of many years he was deaf. On that account he preached chiefly to the children and youth of the village, who listened to him very attentively. It was true that he preached from only two texts, but then his entire religion was contained in these. One was: "Children, love one another," and the other, "Children, the ways of Heaven are wonderful." The young people tried to be obedient to the first commandment, and hoped to gain the wonders of Heaven. Only Colin with the stony heart would pay no attention to it. He was designing though he did not so appear.

It was the time of the state fair at Valence. Everywhere was gay and busy life, and though perhaps but little money, much pleasure. Mariette with her mother Manon, was there, and Colin was present also. He bought numberless gifts and knicknacks for his lady friends, but for Mariette not a sou's worth, and yet he was continually at her heels; but she did not speak to him nor he to her. Anybody might see that he was plotting mischief. Presently Mother Manon came out of a stall near by, and said:

"O, Mariette, see this beautiful pitcher! A queen need not disdain to touch her lips to it. Only look! the border is pure gold, and no flowers could grow in gardens more beautiful than these, and yet they are only painted; and see, Mariette, in the midst of Paradise, how tempting the apples look on the trees—one almost wishes to taste them. Indeed, Adam could not resist, when the lovely Eve offered one to him; and see how lovingly the little lambs play by the side of the old tiger, and the snow white dove with green and gold throat nestles close to the hawk as though it wished to coo to him."

Mariette could not admire it sufficiently.

"Such a pitcher is too beautiful to drink out of," said she; "if I had it I would put my flowers in it, or at least glance into Paradise. We are, to be sure, only at the fair at Valence, but when I look at this pitcher, it seems as if we were at the gate of Paradise."

So said Mariette, and she called all her young friends to come and admire the pitcher. Soon these stood by it—the young maidens and men—and finally nearly half the population of La Napoule had seen and admired this most wonderful pitcher. Very beautiful it seemed, made of the most costly and clearest porcelain, with gold and bright borders. To the inquiry, "What is it worth?" the answer was—"one hundred pounds;" then the questioner would be silent and go sadly away.

When, finally, there were no more people around the stand, Master Colin came quietly up, laid the hundred pounds on the table, and ordered the merchant to pack it carefully in a box, as he should take it away with him. He told his design to none. He had not gone far, before he met the judge's servant, old James, who was coming from the fields. James was a very good man, but excessively stupid.

"I will give thee a crown, James," said Colin, "if thou wilt carry this box to Manon's house and leave it there, and if anybody should ask where thou gottest it, tell them a stranger gave it to thee, but do not betray my name, or I shall never forgive thee."

James listened with attention, took the fee and the box, and went toward the little house between the olive trees and acacias. On his way he met his master, the Judge Hautmartin, who asked what he was carrying.

"A box for Mother Manon,—but, master, I cannot tell where I got it."

"Why not?"

"Because Master Colin never would forgive me."

"It is well that thou canst be so silent—it is too late now, though. Give me the box. I shall go to Manon's to-morrow, and I will deliver the box to her and not betray that it came from Colin. It will spare you a walk and do me a good turn."

James gave the box to his master, for he was accustomed to obey him in all things without contradiction. The judge carried it to his room and examined it by the light with great curiosity. On the cover was neatly written with red chalk, these words:

"For the beautiful and beloved Mariette."

Judge Hautmartin very well knew that this trick was probably Colin's, and that mischief lurked behind it. So he opened the box cautiously, lest a rat or a mouse might pop out, but when he saw it contained the wonderful pitcher that he had seen at Valence, he was silent from very fright, for the judge was equally learned in right and wrong, and knew well that the dispositions of men were evil from their youth up. He saw immediately then that Colin wished to bring Mariette into trouble by means of the pitcher—for the people who saw her with it would naturally imagine some absent lover had presented it to her, and would therefore cease their attentions to her. Then Judge Hautmartin kindly thought he would banish all such suspicion by presenting the pitcher to Mariette in his own name. Besides, he loved the pretty girl in secret, and would rather have liked it had she followed toward him the maxim of Father Jerome, "Children, love one another."

To be sure, the judge was a child of seventy years, and Mariette thought the text could not apply very well to him, but, as Manon said, he was a very intelligent youth—had money and influence from one end of La Napoule to the other. When the judge spoke of marriage, Mariette always ran off; but Manon remained and did not appear in the least shy of the tall, lean man, for though indeed Colin was considered the handsomest man in the place, the judge had, in two things, much the advantage of him—namely, in many more years and a great, great nose. Yes, this nose always preceded the judge, like a satellite, to foretell his coming, and was a real elephant among ordinary noses. Well, with this elephant, his good intentions and the pitcher, the loving judge went the next morning to the little house between the olive trees and the acacias.

"For the beautiful Mariette," said he, "nothing is too costly. Yesterday you were pleased at Valence with the pitcher. Permit me, beloved Mariette, to lay it, together with my loving heart, at your feet."

Manon and Mariette were both astonished when they heard the speech and saw the pitcher. Manon's eyes sparkled, but Mariette hesitated and said:

"I will not take either your heart or your pitcher."

Then Manon grew cross, and said:

"But I will accept both heart and pitcher for you. You little fool, how much longer are you going to scorn your good fortune? Who are you waiting for? Do you expect a duke to marry you, that you repel the judge? I know better how to choose for you. Judge Hautmartin, I shall deem it an honor to call you my son-in-law."

Then Mariette went out weeping bitterly, but Judge Hautmartin struck his nose with the palm of his hand, and spoke wisely:

"Mother Manon, hasten nothing; the little dove will in time submit—when she knows me better. I am not impatient, I understand women, and before a quarter of a year goes by, I shall possess Mariette's heart."

"But his nose is so big!" murmured Mariette, who had been listening behind the door, and secretly laughing to herself.

The quarter of a year passed away, and Judge Hautmartin had not put even the tip of his nose into Mariette's heart. But during this quarter of a year the little Mariette had several other troubles. The pitcher brought her much vexation, and there was yet more than this. For a fortnight nobody in La Napoule spoke of anything but the pitcher, and everybody said, "it is the gift of the judge, and the marriage is already decided." Though Mariette told all her companions that she would sooner throw herself into the sea, than marry Judge Hautmartin, the wicked maidens only bantered her so much the more, saying: "Ah, how delightful it must be, to rest in the shadow of such a nose!" This was the first trouble.

Then Mother Manon had a habit of sending Mariette every morning to rinse the pitcher in the spring by the rock, and fill it with fresh flowers; thereby she hoped to reconcile Mariette both to the pitcher and the heart of the giver. But she only succeeded in making her hate both gift and giver all the more, and her labor at the spring was only a grief to her. Second trouble.

Again, when she came in the morning to the spring, twice a week there lay on the rock beside the water, the most beautiful flowers, already arranged, as if made on purpose to adorn her pitcher, and on the stalks there was always a strip of paper on which was written, "Loved Mariette." Mariette could hardly believe that there were yet fairies and magicians in existence, but as the flowers were continually on the rock, she took them because they were better than wild flowers, though she would not even

smell of them because she supposed the breath of the judge's nose had breathed upon them, and the strip of paper she tore in bits and scattered it in the place where the flowers had been laid; but that did not vex Judge Hautmartin at all, for his love for her was as great in its way as his nose was. Third trouble.

At last it came out in conversation that the judge was not the giver of the flowers. Who then could it be? Mariette was very much astonished at this unlooked-for discovery, but she took the flowers more kindly from the rock and even smelled of them. But who put them there? Mariette was unlike all other young maidens—very curious. She guessed first this and then that young man in La Napoule, but this could not be guessed out. She waited and watched, far into the night—she rose early, but she gained nothing by all her watching and waiting, and still twice a week in the morning regularly, there lay always in the same place the wonderful flowers, and with them the constant strip of paper bearing the sigh, "Loved Mariette." Such a thing must have made even the most indifferent a little curious, but curiosity at last brought trouble. Fourth trouble.

One Sunday morning Father Jerome preached as usual from the text, "The ways of Heaven are wonderful." And the little Mariette thought, "perhaps they will be wonderful enough to reveal to me the invisible flower-giver, for Father Jerome was never wrong."

One summer night, when it had been very warm throughout the day, Mariette could not sleep; so she sprang lightly from her couch when she saw the first dawn of morning glance through her windows. She dressed herself and went out to bathe her face and arms in the cooling spring. She took her hat with her, in case she should walk a little way by the stream. She knew a secret place to bathe, but before reaching the bathing place it was necessary to pass behind the house and then descend through palm trees and pomegranates. This time Mariette could not pass, for under the youngest and straightest tree lay in deep sleep a young and slender man—by him a basket of the most beautiful flowers, and besides, a strip of paper could be seen, upon which breathed the customary sigh. How could Mariette get by? She stood still and trembled in every limb. She wished to return home, but hardly had she advanced a few steps than she found herself nearer the sleeper, and remained standing; yet from the distance she could not see his features. Now or never was the time to gain a secret. So she tripped lightly by the palms, her curiosity prevailing over her fright, and took a good look at the sleeper, who slept as soundly as though he had not slept before for four weeks.

And who was he? Who indeed, but the most mischievous Colin! It had then been he, the first old enemy of the good maiden, who had brought her into so much trouble with the pitcher and also the affair with the judge. He had then brought her the flowers to torment her curiosity. What for? He hated Mariette—he conducted himself in all company in a most unpardonable manner to her. He vexed her when he could; and when he could not he avoided the good child. To all the other maidens of La Napoule he was affable and friendly—to all but Mariette. Only to think! he had not once invited her to a dance, and she danced most charmingly. There he lay, detected—caught! Mariette thought of revenge—what trick should she play him? She took the basket of flowers and threw them softly over the sleeper, but the strip of paper with the usual "Loved Mariette" upon it she looked at, then hid it quickly in her bosom. Perhaps she wished to keep it as a proof of his mischievousness. Mariette was cunning, and she could not go away without repaying Colin's trick by one equally roguish, so she pulled from her hat the violet-colored ribbon and wound it round the sleeper's arm, then she tied it with three knots, and left Colin fast to a palm tree.

"When he awakes, how astonished he will be! And how he will wonder who has played him this trick. Of course he can never guess," she thought to herself, and then went slowly into the house.

The next day Colin put another trick in execution. He appeared to wish to mortify the poor child publicly. Ah, she had not dreamed her purple ribbon would be known in La Napoule, but Colin knew it only too well. He wound it proudly round his hat, and wore it where all the world could see it, as a trophy, and every young man and maiden in La Napoule said, "it is Mariette's;" and then they called Colin a villain.

"How is this, Mother Manon?" cried Judge Hautmartin, as he neared Manon's house, and he cried it so loud that his great nose echoed wonderfully. "What does it mean, that my affianced gives her hat ribbon to the young farmer, Colin? It is high time that the marriage was celebrated; after that, I shall have a right to speak."

"You have a right now, judge," answered Manon; "if the affair stands thus the marriage must take place quickly."

"But, Manon, Mariette has always refused her consent, and she never seemed friendly to me. If I ever seat myself by her side, she springs away like a deer."

"Judge, only prepare the wedding feast."

"But if Mariette resists?"

"We will surprise her. We will go to Father Jerome early on Sunday morning, and the ceremony shall be performed very quietly. We will make him understand that. You are of the most authority of any one in La Napoule, and he must listen to you; yet Mariette need know nothing about it. I will send her in the early morning to Father Jerome of an errand, so she can guess nothing. Half an hour after, we will both of us come; and then quickly to the altar."

"And if Mariette should say no, there?"

"What matters it—the old man cannot hear, you know? But be silent about this to Mariette and everybody else."

This was the agreement between the two. Poor Mariette did not dream what fate awaited her. She was thinking how spiteful it was in Colin to make everybody talk about her, and yet she in her heart forgave him. She told her mother and her companions that:

"Colin found my lost band; I did not give it to him. He is only teasing me."

Mariette was entirely too good.

One morning, early, Mariette went as usual with her pitcher to the spring, but this time there were no flowers on the rock. Perhaps it was too early. The sun had not yet risen from the sea. There were rustling steps—then Colin appeared, bearing in his hand the flowers. Mariette turned crimson, and Colin stammered:

"Good morning, Mariette."

But the greeting did not come from the heart, he could hardly bring his lips to utter it.

"Why do you wear my ribbon so publicly, Colin?" said she, setting the pitcher down on the rock. "I did not give it to thee."

"Thou didst not give it to me?" said Colin, and he turned white with vexation.

Mariette was a little ashamed of her falsehood—she lowered her eyes and said, after a pause:

"Well, I did give it to thee—but thou hadst no right to wear it so openly. Give it back to me."

He untied it slowly, and his grief was so great that he could not conceal the tears in his eyes.

"Sweet Mariette, let me keep the ribbon," said he, softly.

"No."

Then his partially concealed vexation turned to desperation. He glanced with a sigh towards heaven, then on Mariette, who still stood devoutly by the spring with dejected eyes and drooping arms. Then Colin pulled the purple ribbon from the basket of flowers, and cried:

"Take everything from me now."

And he threw the flowers so violently on the splendid pitcher that it fell to the ground and broke in bits. Mother Manon, who had been watching from the window, had heard and seen all; but when she saw the beautiful pitcher broken, she lost all power of seeing or hearing more. She had no words to express her dismay, and when she saw through the narrow window the flying guilty one, she leaned against the sash with such violence, that it fell out of the crumbling stone and broke to pieces. So many misfortunes would have put any one else out of countenance, but Manon soon recovered herself.

"It is fortunate," said she, "that I was witness to this mischief. He shall go with me to the judge, and pay me for the window and the pitcher."

But when Mariette brought in the pieces of the much valued pitcher, and Manon saw Paradise lost, the good Adam headless, Eve with only one limb remaining, the serpent erect, but the dove broken in two—then Manon burst forth into a rage against Colin, and said:

"It is plain this work came from the evil one's own hand."

And taking the pieces of the pitcher in one hand and Mariette with the other, she went to the court where Judge Hautmartin was. There she made her complaint, and showed the broken pitcher and the lost Paradise. Mariette wept bitterly. The judge, when he saw the wonderful pitcher broken, and his beautiful Mariette in tears, fell into so great a rage against Colin that his nose became as purple as Mariette's violet band. He ordered his constables to bring immediately before him the guilty person. Colin appeared. Mother Manon told her story with great willingness to the judge, the constables and the clerks, but Colin did not listen. He bent over to Mariette, and whispered:

"Forgive me, dear Mariette, as I forgive you. I have broken your pitcher unintentionally, but you have broken my heart."

"What is the meaning of all that whispering there?" cried the judge. "Listen to your accusation, sir, and defend yourself, if you can."

"I shall not defend myself," said Colin. "I broke the pitcher without intending to."

"That I can well believe," said Mariette, softly. "I am as guilty as he, for I vexed him and he broke it in anger. He could not help it."

"Goodness!" screamed Manon, "will the child take his part? Judge, speak! He has broken the pitcher—let him deny that, if he can, and also that I broke the window by his means."

"You can deny neither, Mr. Colin," said the judge, "so pay three hundred pounds for the pitcher, and for the window—"

"No," said Colin, "it is not worth so much. I bought it at Valence for Mariette, and gave one hundred pounds for it."

"You bought it, Sir Impudence!" shrieked the judge, and he turned in his whole face like Mariette's ribbon, but he could say no more.

Colin grew angry at the implied reproach, and said:

"I sent the pitcher in the evening of market-day to Mariette by your own servant. There stands James at the door—he will prove it. James, speak—did I not give thee the box and tell thee to carry it to Mother Manon's house?"

Judge Hautmartin wished to interrupt them, but the simple James said:

"I gave it to you, you know, judge. You met me with Colin's box and promised to carry it to Mother Manon. There stands the box under your papers yonder."

This was James's story, and Colin motioned him to go out until he should be wanted.

"Very well, sir judge," began Colin, "but this trick will be your last in La Napoule. I know very well that you have tried to gain favor with Mariette and her mother, by means of my property. If you need me, perhaps the high-sheriff of Grasse will tell you where I am."

So saying, Colin went out. The wise judge was sorely perplexed by the turn affairs had taken, and did not know what he did in his confusion. Mother Manon shook her head. The affair was very dark and mysterious.

"Who will pay me for the pitcher?" said she.

"To me," Mariette said, with glistening eyes, "it is already paid for."

Colin was gone several days from Grasse for the high-sheriff, and came back early one evening. Judge Hautmartin had finally reasoned away all suspicions from Manon's mind, and swore he would sooner cut off his nose than Colin should escape without paying three hundred pounds for the pitcher. Then he and Manon went to Father Jerome about the marriage, and impressed it upon him that Mariette, as a good daughter, would not resist the marriage. The good old priest promised just as they wished, though understanding only a part of what they screamed in his ear. When Sunday morning came, Manon said to her daughter:

"Dress yourself well and carry this myrtle wreath to Father Jerome. He needs it for a bride."

Mariette attired herself in her Sunday best, took the wreath and without suspicion carried it to Father Jerome. On the way she met Colin, and as she told him where she was carrying the wreath, he said he would go with her; and as they went along Colin gently took her hand, and both trembled as if they were guilty of some crime.

"Hast thou forgiven me, dear Mariette?" spoke Colin. "What have I done that thou shouldst be so cold to me?"

But she only said:

"Be quiet, Colin; you may keep my ribbon and I will keep your pitcher. Is not that sufficient for you?"

"O, Mariette, I would give all I possess if thou wouldst look as kindly on me as on others."

She said nothing, but as they went into the church, she glanced sideway at him from her beautiful eyes, and lisped:

"Loved Colin!"

Then he stooped and took her hand, and they went into the room where Father Jerome was, in his robes. The young people seemed in a dream, and remained standing by one another. I don't know whether it was the effect of the kiss of the hand or awe of the priest. Then Mariette gave Father Jerome the myrtle wreath. He laid it on her brow and said, "Children, love one another;" and exhorted this young woman in a most touching manner to love Colin—for the poor man had only half heard the name of the bridegroom by reason of his deafness or had forgotten it, and so thought Colin surely was the bridegroom. The old man's words moved Mariette to tears, and she cried:

"Ah, I love him indeed, but he hates me!"

"I hate thee, Mariette?" answered Colin. "My soul has lived only in thee since thou hast been in La Napoule. O, Mariette, how can I hope to believe thou lovest me? Is not all La Napoule at thy feet?"

While they were thus talking to one another, the good priest imagined they quarrelled; so he put his arms around them both and said:

"Children, children, love one another."

Then Mariette sunk on Colin's breast, while his arms enclosed her, and both faces beamed with silent transport. They forgot the priest—the whole world. Colin's lips were pressed to Mariette's sweet mouth—it was only a kiss, but a kiss sometimes contains a great deal. They had so lost all recollection that almost without knowing it, they followed the delighted Father Jerome into the church, and to the altar. There were a few devout ones in the church who heard with amazement Colin's and Mariette's marriage. Some of them left their prayers to be the first in La Napoule to announce that "Mariette and Colin were married." When the ceremony was over, Father Jerome felt very much pleased that he had succeeded so well, and met with so little opposition from the couple who were to be made one, and he led them into the parsonage.

At last Mother Manon came, breathless. She had awaited at home the arrival of the judge, but as he did not come, she set out to meet him. New troubles were yet to come. She learned that the high-sheriff, together with several of the police, had taken the accounts and records of the judge for examination. In the same hour, the Judge Hautmartin was arrested for his misdeeds and imprisoned.

"Certainly, the godless Colin has brought this about," was Manon's thought, and she hastened to the church to excuse to Father Jerome the delay of the marriage.

There the good man, smiling with pride at his work, hastened to meet her, and by his side the newly married pair. Now forgot Manon in good earnest both thought and speech, when she saw what had happened, but Colin had more ideas now than he had ever possessed before in his life. He spoke of his love, the broken pitcher, the judge's falsehood, and how he had unmasked the evil-doer to the police at Grasse. Then he prayed for Mother Manon's blessing and pardon for the marriage. Father Jerome, who did not understand a word of what was passing, received an entire and satisfactory account of the nuptials; and, taking the hands of both, said, with an upturned glance:

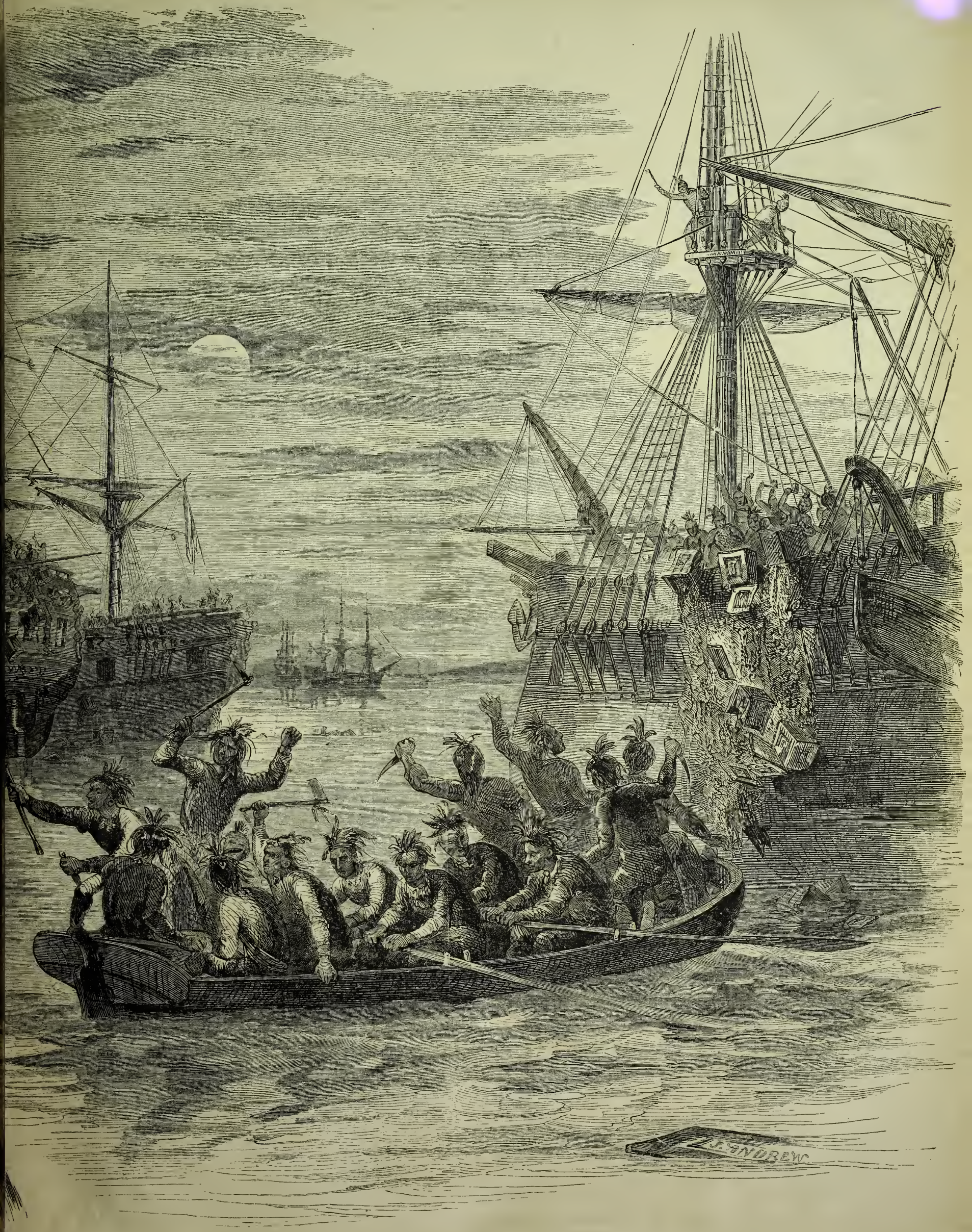
"Surely, the ways of Heaven are wonderful!"

The broken pitcher was ever afterwards preserved in the family as a precious relic, and it is to be presumed that Colin and Mariette ever after lived very happily.

To prove a man a fool is more likely to make him angry than to make him wise. A quiet exposition of truth has a better effect than a violent attack on error. Truth extirpates errors as grass extirpates weeds, by working its way into their place, and leaving them no room to grow.—*Wigglesworth.*



THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.—DESTRUCTION OF THE



EA IN BOSTON HARBOR, DECEMBER 16, 1773.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO EDITH.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

What shall I wish for thee, dear little girl?
While the sunbeams toy with each glossy curl—
Thou art looking so archly into my face,
With a winning smile and bewitching grace.

I would wish thee a life exempt from all care,
A path decked with roses—no thorns to be there:
But this may not be, for sunlight and shade,
Thorns and roses alternate this bright world pervade.

Now is thy springtime of life, little one,
Hope-gilded flowers life's paths overrun;
Sweet is their fragrance, but transient their day,
The visions of youth all too soon fade away!

I would wish thee a treasure all fadeless and pure—
Our Father can give what will ever endure—
A claim to the mansions where death may not come,
Where the loved and pure-hearted are ever at home.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"Up—up—higher yet," said a feeble voice, as I was trying to find my way to the room of a poor woman, who had sent for me to see her die. The voice was that of another poor creature, who was lame, and who was painfully toiling up the dark, narrow stairway behind me. "Higher—one flight higher." "Good heavens!" I inwardly exclaimed, "can this feeble thing go up and down these steep stairs, and take care of the sick woman and her child, without murmuring; and shall I—strong in health and limb, with the fullness and affluence of life about me, and the spirit unquenched within me—shall I complain of the interminable height!"

But in truth I panted, and was weary before I got to the top. O, the sickening misery of poverty in the city! If one must be poor, give him at least a chance where earth, and air, and water are free; where the pinching blasts that come to him from the hillside are not so terrible to the human frame, as the chill that penetrates and fills the damp, cold attic, reeking with the scents that years on years have left on the unwholesome walls, and the soiled floors, to which your feet almost cling as you step across them.

To such a place was I now conducted. It was so dark when I entered, that I was obliged to wait several minutes before I could distinguish a single object. At length I began to see more clearly, and on a ragged bed I beheld a figure which I knew to be Jane Walker's, because it was in her name that I was entreated to go to this house. Amidst all the squalor and poverty that surrounded her, from the miserable rags that covered her emaciated limbs, and the dim light that entered the room, there was one thing gleamed up pure and beautiful. It was the face of a little child. It was sitting at the head of the bed, playing with a broken toy, and smiling as sweetly as if its surroundings had been of the most splendid and attractive nature. The lame woman had seemed intuitively to feel that whatever of misery was in the room, the child must not partake of it; and the rosy face had been freshly washed, and the matted hair had been smoothed, and its garments were clean, if not whole.

I reverenced the woman for this involuntarily act of reverence towards the nature of a little child. It showed that poverty and wretchedness had not dimmed the spirit of truth and piety within her, if she could thus recognize the beauty of that infantile nature, and separate it thus from surrounding stain. The thought of "God's possible angels" must have been in that woman's heart; and the blessing which that poor heart needed must one day come back to her. But beautiful as this seemed to me, in the brief moment in which I had time to reflect upon it, I was recalled from it by the sight of Jane Walker's sufferings, and the evident gratitude which she felt at my coming so soon after her message.

"And where have you been, Jane, since I saw you last? Indeed, I am sorry enough to see you thus."

"I know you would be," she said, speaking with some difficulty. "I could not help sending for you, to tell you all my troubles, and to beg you to see to my little one when I am gone. Poor lame Martha sees to her now, but winter is coming on and Martha must go to the poorhouse—but, O, *can* I think of little Mary going there?" And she cast a look of unutterable love to the little creature perched up behind her pillow.

I gave her some drink that stood beside her, for she coughed painfully, and then she resumed:

"You know, Mrs. W.," said she, "when I was married at your house, how favorably you and every one thought of George Walker. And indeed you did not think too well of him then. He was all that he seemed to be—steady, temperate and industrious. He had a little shop by himself, and everybody liked his work, and mine, too—for I bound every shoe that he made. We got along well. The shop was close to our little home, and indeed made a part of it; for I could step through a passage directly into it, and often carried my work in and sat and chatted with him. He used to say that his work went off lighter. We lived so three years; then we lost our baby. I think George was never himself after that."

She paused, seeing something in my looks, I suppose. I was only thinking of the way in which woman ever strives to find excuses for man's failings.

"After that he seemed different. I thought he did not like so well to have me go into the shop; and I thought, may be, it was my black clothes and my sad, thin face that troubled him. So I would just put on the dress that pleased him, and put on a smile, and walk in before him with a cheerful word or two.

"But lately I had seen two men there, and George sent me back whenever they came in, saying that he had business with them. O, how lonely I felt to be thus thrown out from his presence, when I was dying with grief for my baby. I used to go to its little grave then, and weep; and when I went back, George would be angry at my pale face and tearful eyes. I felt that something was wrong with him, but I did not know what it was. Sometimes he would not be in bed all night, but would stay in a garret chamber that had no window except in the roof. I had used this to hang my clothes in when it was too cold to go out, but now he locked the door, and would not let me go in. He said these men had stored something there, to keep out of the way of their creditors.

"'Well, surely that's not right, is it, George?' said I, one day. 'Ought not they to give up what they have to pay their debts?' He laughed at what he called my ignorance, but I turned away dissatisfied, and feeling that he had not the same sense of right that I had.

"One night, the man whom he called Stickney, the youngest and best-looking of the two, came and knocked at the door, and called George down from his bed. It was about one o'clock, and my poor husband had been tossing and moaning all night, never shutting his eyes, and I not daring to ask what was the matter. I had begun to be afraid of him, for he was growing very fierce and cruel to me, in words, if not in actions. This little Nelly was then only a mere baby.

"When he went down so hastily to see Stickney, he forgot to shut the window which he had opened, and I could not help going to it to see what the man wanted at that time of night. I heard him tell George that Buzzell (meaning the other man who kept with them so much) had gone off, and he was afraid he would bring it all out. The rest of the conversation was in low whispers, and presently they went up to the garret, where I heard them moving about until daylight. Then Stickney went off.

"While I was getting breakfast, George asked me if I should like to go to New York. I laughed at the idea, and asked him what he meant. 'I mean just this, that I am going there, and I want you to pack your largest trunk, and be ready this afternoon.' There was something in his eye that made me afraid of saying anything more, and I agreed to be ready, thinking all the time that it would be so strange for a little quiet body like myself to take such a trip with my child. In the forenoon George sent me out on some pretence, and when I came in, he was packing my trunk. I laughed, and told him I should take everything out again.

"'No, no, indeed you must not. I have placed everything just right here.'

"'Indeed you have not, George. Baby's little nice frocks must go in above our heavy clothes.'

"He took them out again, and told me to go and get dinner. When I came back, the trunk was packed full, but several things were left out which I fully expected to get in. He would not let me try, however, and I had to take a bag for the rest.

"We started in the cars at four o'clock, and arrived at New York in the morning. I was vexed to see Stickney in the cars, but George did not speak with him, and I breathed a little freer. I could not bear the sight of him; and when I looked at him involuntarily, I absolutely turned ill and faint. Somehow, I felt that he was leading George on to his ruin, in some way that I could not make out.

"We went to a miserable, low place, where the scent of tobacco, and of something worse, filled the air, and impregnated my baby's pure little dresses. I was sick, and George was cross and out of spirits. Stickney came in and out our miserable, dirty chamber whenever he chose, and once I saw George opening my trunk while Stickney stood by. My husband caught my eye, and I heard him say, 'Not now; wait till she is in bed.'

"It was somewhere near morning I judged—for I had been awake some time—when I heard a noise at the door, and I called George to get up and see who was there. He did not hear me, for he was stupid with the liquor which he had drunk the night before on pretence of pain in the stomach. I therefore jumped out of bed, threw on my dress, and opened the door. Three men were in the passage, and they pushed the door wide open.

"'Not in here, sir!' I said to the one who came first. 'You must be mistaken in the room.'

"'Not at all,' said he, 'we want your husband.' I do not know what I thought, but nothing like the truth certainly, for I waked George myself, and allowed them to come in.

"'You will rise and dress you,' said the man, 'and meantime you, Ross, will guard the door, while Burnham and I look over this lady's trunk.'

"By this time George was awake, and was staring stupidly at the men, who had taken my trunk, and were turning out the contents. I could not have spoken then if it had been to save my life. I held my baby fast, almost fearing that these creatures would take her away from me. When all the clothes were out, the man took a chisel from his pocket, and began to rip up the bottom of the trunk. A few strokes of the chisel brought out a piece of the bottom, and displayed underneath a large quantity of thin papers which resembled bank bills. All at once I knew what had come upon me. My husband was a counterfeiter! I had heard of such things being done, and I knew that it was a great crime; but I did not know what the penalty was, so I kept very calm.

"'Shall we take the woman, too?' said one of the men.

"'We must do so,' he answered; 'the things are found in her trunk.'

"This then was why George had brought me here—to hide his own sin. In that moment all the love I ever had for him went out. It seemed so selfish and deceitful for him to make me the instrument of his own guilt! And as if to complete the sensation, that horrible Stickney walked into the room. He started at sight of the officers, for he had gained access only by the man at the door deserting his post for an instant to secure George, and he had no idea that any one was there but ourselves. I ran and placed my back against the door, which he was trying to reach again, and exclaimed, 'This is the man—he is the very one who has done all this.' In a moment he, too, was secured; but O, the look which he gave me! Never shall I forget it! It haunts me yet. I have not much more to say, nor much more strength. I was acquitted and set free, but George and the other man were sent to prison. I fell sick, and could not take care of my baby. This poor lame woman found me on the church steps, where I had fallen, and brought me to her poor chamber, where she has taken care of me ever since. I have this terrible cough, and I know it is killing me. I knew where you lived, and I thought if you would take my child, and place it somewhere out of the reach of its father, I would die happy."

It was true; Jane would not see another day. She had exhausted her little strength in telling me this sad story, and she had not told me probably half her sorrows. I knew there must be some terrible cause for her utter hatred for the husband she had loved, but I forbore to question her further. I sent Martha out for comfortable things, and having put some biscuit dipped in wine and water into her lips, and bade her not talk any more, I promised her that I would see to her child, and that she should never know who her father might be. "Thank God! thank God!" she said, and soon she lay in a quiet sleep.

I went out for an hour, and when I returned, it was to find that she had rallied a little, and had asked for her child. It was sleeping, but I laid it on the bed before her, on which I had just put some clean clothes. Martha had taken off its dress, and put on a clean night-gown, and no child of a noble house ever looked sweeter or lovelier than little Nell. Her mother's pale lips moved, as if in prayer, over her, and with her last remaining strength she held her to her bosom once more, and then motioned to me to take her. I obeyed, and put the child into the rude crib of boards nailed together, which Martha had made for her. When I turned back to the bed, Jane was sleeping the tranquil slumber of the dead.

I took little Nelly away from that room; she at least had no further right to be there. I carried her to the house of a friend whom I had met in my walk the day before, and who was mourning the loss of an only child. She gazed upon me when I entered with Jane's child in my arms, and asked eagerly whose it was. "Yours, Mary," I said. "God has surely sent this poor forsaken child to supply the place of your lost darling. Look at her!" And as I spoke, little Nelly woke and stretched out her hands to the beautiful lady in whose lap I had placed her. The sweet rosy cheek, the dimpled mouth with its seed-pearls just peeping from the red lips, the beautiful wavy hair so like her own darling's—I did not need to say a word more. It was a mute compact; and just then her noble husband came in and sealed it with a kiss on the little white brow.

Nelly has fallen into the right hands. Her new parents are not wealthy, but they have enough to bring her up respectably; and in their management of the little one, I know they will be kind, tender and judicious. I have ever thought it the sweetest and loveliest of all charities—that of taking a little child from the depths of poverty and the influence of evil, and acting the parents' part towards it. So much of this beautiful charity exists in the world, and so finely has it succeeded (for in no case have I yet known a child so nurtured that has not turned out well), that I am surprised at all childless people who do not try the same method of doing good, and, at the same time, of making themselves happy. Only yesterday I met a gentleman and his wife leading along a little pet of two years old between them. "Ah," said I, "I suppose you begin to think she is your own by this time"—"*Begin* to think so!" they exclaimed. "Why, we took her when only ten days old, and it would be difficult to think anything else."

My thoughts went back to that child's birth (of which nothing is known definitely), and I wondered what would have been her state now had not these noble-hearted beings taken her to their bosoms. My answer lay in the sight of two or three other children, who were playing by a door-step, the largest ones tyrannizing over and throwing down the smallest, and all of them encrusted with the marks of poverty, dirt and wretchedness.

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Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OLD LETTERS.

BY LILLIE LIGHTFOOT.

O little sheets of glistening white,
How many thoughts you bring,
Of dear loved friends, and by-gone days,
When life was in its spring;
As one by one I read these o'er,
How memory wakes again,
And brings before me all the past,
Of pleasure and of pain.

Tho one whose name is signed to this,
Now treads a southern hall;
She is a planter's cherished bride,
And dearly loved by all;
Heaven's peace be with thee, gentle friend,
In thy home so far away;
May thy new-found friends be kind and true,
As those of thy childhood's day.

How delicate *this* writing is—
How lady-like and clear;
It brings to mind the gentle face
Of one who's very dear.
Well, she's a wife and mother now,
And round her husband's home
She sheds the cheerful, steady light
Of affection pure and warm.

Ah! well I remember the hand that wrote *this*,
The hand that's now chill and gory;
He bade me "good-by" with a smile on his lip,
And a heart that was beating for glory.
He sleeps in the far-off summer land,
Where he fought his country's foe;
He fell 'neath the folds of the starry flag,
In sunny Mexico.

O, lift this up gently—the name on *this*
Is now carved on a marble stone,
That tells when she entered into bliss,
Our dear, our stricken one.
We pillowed her baby upon her breast,
And laid them beneath the sod;
There they sweetly sleep in the still churchyard,
Till the trumpet-call of God.

And *this* package of letters too dear, too prized,
Were all traced by one dear hand;
'Tis long, long months since I trusted my eyes
To the spell of this magic wand.
I must not, I dare not open them,
Or my heart will bleed afresh,
To think that we who so deeply loved,
Should be parted by aught but death.

I could better have borne to lay him down
On sweet Mount Auburn's breast,
And felt that his spirit was watching o'er me,
From his home in the land of the blest.
They say he still loves me, and the heart that was mine
Is heavily wasting for me;
O, help me, Great Heavon, to keep in the path
Where duty is leading me.

But the heart that was yours, my only love,
Can ne'er be another's home,
And though we are parted forever on earth,
We shall meet in heaven, mine own.
O, I will never look at these letters again,
For it always brings the tears,
To think of the friends of childhood's day,
And the love of my riper years.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PARISH SPECTRE.

BY C. MINOT KENDALL.

A QUARTER of a century ago, the good people of the village of N—— were thrown into commotion from two causes. The one, that they had lost their schoolmaster, who had been enticed into a neighboring town by the offer of a salary of six hundred a year, two hundred in advance of what he had been receiving; the other, that a strange apparition flitted about in the old churchyard of late, to the terror and sore perplexity of all its well-disposed citizens.

The first admitted of something like a remedy, for another teacher could be procured; but the latter was an affair with which they did not know precisely how to deal. Few doubted this spectral existence, for Deacon David Sampson had seen it with his own eyes, although it fled from him, as if conscious of the dignity of the position which he occupied in the church. Several old ladies and village swains had caught a glimpse at it—the latter while returning from the nocturnal sparking of their sweethearts. O, it was well authenticated. Although this was the favorite topic, yet the more matter-of-fact subject of a new schoolmaster demanded immediate action, and was discussed accordingly.

"Good morning, 'squire," said the deacon, meeting 'Squire Noddle in the post-office, "any letters for me this morning?"

"Yes, several."

If one were to judge from the variety of his professions, he might pronounce the 'squire a man of varied attainments; for he not only acted as postmaster, but played the parts of justice of the peace, apothecary and green grocer, and all very acceptably to the villagers of N——.

"Ah, very correct," said the deacon, regarding one of his letters with a close scrutiny; "a good writer, spells correctly, and uses very decent grammar."

"An application, I should surmise," said the little 'squire.

"Even so; and he very properly writes that he shall do himself the honor to apply to me in person, as chairman of the school committee, to-morrow," replied the deacon, with an air of consequential dignity.

"Then, deacon, it will be the legal mode to notify the members of this board to meet for the examination of the candidate."

"Such was my purpose; and I pray Heaven, that the next master may be above the temptation of filthy lucre. To think, that after all our kindness to Master Slater, that he should treat us with such ingratitude; it only shows the depravity of human nature."

"Do you know, deacon, that I think it is well that we are rid of him—for he was always complaining how difficult it was to support his family upon so small a sum; and then his health began to fail, and he was continually pestering the board to increase his salary."

"True, 'Squire Noddle; and I have no doubt but that it was all ordered for the best."

"By the way, deacon, my clerk, Jason, says he encountered the spectre last night. I had sent him at a pretty late hour to take some medicine to old Farmer B——, and when he returned, as he was passing near the churchyard, it suddenly appeared to him."

"These are indeed sad times; but call the boy, that I may question him."

Jason made his appearance with hands reeking with molasses, and looking evidently surprised at the unusual summons.

"The 'squire tells me that last night you saw the—the—you know what I mean," said the deacon, with becoming gravity.

"The ghost?—yes, sir, I am willing to make my affidavy of it."

"You are sure that you are not mistaken?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, confidently, and giving particular emphasis to the sir.

"What was it like?"

"It was white and formed somewhat like a horse, only it seemed to have wings, and got over the ground at a two forty rate."

"How long did it last?"

"I rather think I didn't stop long in those parts; but the last I saw of it, the ghost was taking a regular bee line for your house, Deacon Sampson, and going like the very—"

"No profanity, young man!" interrupted the party addressed. "Now, 'squire, when we get this school business settled, we must see to this affair, for it is a duty which we owe to the community and to ourselves."

"Have you consulted with our minister about it?"

"Yes; but he treats it with rather an unbecoming levity, I must say, for one of his calling."

"Yet he would be just the man to assist us."

"True, but we must depend upon ourselves, for I am confident that he will not move in the matter; in fact, he as much as told me that it was beneath the dignity of any man to descend to such idle superstitions."

"This to a man of your years? I am surprised!"

"And so was I; but it is our duty to bear one another's infirmities with all meekness and forbearance."

"That is gospel, deacon; but we have also law, and I like a little of both."

"Ah, that reminds me that I must foreclose on Widow Rickett's estate; it was part of my errand to you this morning. The mortgage was up, and during the last year I have not received one cent of interest."

"I am your man," said the delighted Noddle. "Put it through, for the law justifies a man in recovering his own."

The rumor having spread through the village that a new teacher would make his appearance on the morrow, as many as could find time to gratify their curiosity, assembled at the post-office to await the arrival of the mail-coach in which he was expected. In due time it arrived, and a pale, student-looking, handsome young man leaped lightly from it, and inquired for the residence of Deacon Sampson.

He was neatly but plainly dressed; and Jane Sampson, the pretty daughter of the deacon, as she opened the door in response to his knock, thought she had never seen such a beau ideal of a man. Her father was also pleased with him, and after some little talk caused the examination to come off at once. The young man bore the ordeal with patience, and answered the nonsensical questions of the deacon and the squire without any show of contempt; while he delighted the minister with his familiarity with the more subtle depths of scholarship.

The examination over, the young man retired to await their decision in the sitting-room, where the blushing Jane was to entertain him. The consultation was brief. He had placed satisfactory letters of reference in their hands, and the minister spoke warmly in his favor, because he was convinced of his qualifications, and hoped to find in the young man a congenial spirit, to explore with him those beautiful regions of classics which were his passion. The deacon advocated him, because he had paid proper respect to his dignified position, and thereby evinced his good sense. The 'squire was in ecstacies, because he had worked out his favorite problem with a mere dash of his pencil. And so it was unanimously decided that Bradford Dale was accepted as the teacher of our parish, in place of Aristides Slater, resigned.

The deacon offered him board in his own family, which a glance from the blue eyes of Jane caused him at once to accept. Time passed on, and he became quite a favorite with both old and young, while his scholars were declared to make wonderful progress. Meanwhile, the spectre continued his visits, which had the good effect to keep children within doors, while it put the young men, and not a few of the old ones, to the inconvenience of making a wide detour to avoid the churchyard in their nocturnal walks.

In vain young Dale sought to convince the good people that their fears were illusive. Many had seen it with their own eyes, and could not be brought to doubt the evidence of their own senses. So that at last, determined to unravel the mystery, he announced to the deacon his intention of passing a night with the spectre.

'Squire Noddle heard of this, and offered to accompany him, for though he possessed but little courage, yet he felt that he would be comparatively safe in the presence of a man whose talents he felt were equal to almost any undertaking, while the affair would be sure to give him personal reputation in the village. So one dark night at a late hour they bent their steps towards the churchyard, the 'squire being armed with a rusty horse-pistol and an enormous bludgeon.

As they slowly wandered amid those stone memorandas of affection for the departed, Bradford fell into a gloomy reverie. He thought of the time when he had seen his own parents laid in their quiet resting-places; of the joys of parental love which he had so briefly known; of the endearing smiles his mother had lavished upon his boyhood; of the affectionate counsels of his father, until a sense of dreariness came over him, which, for the time, made him forget the object of his visit into this solemn place.

A convulsive grip upon his arm dispelled his dark dreams in a moment, and he turned to see the 'squire speechless with fear, pointing to some object which was revealed in the distance. He at once hurried forward, dragging with him his companion, whose teeth were fairly chattering with terror. Finding, however, that the object receded as they advanced, he wrenched his arm from the convulsive clutch of the 'squire, and commenced a vigorous pursuit. His active limbs enabled him soon to gain a near approach to the spectre, when, to the horror of the worthy Noddle, he saw the young man disappear as it were into the very jaws of the earth.

He fired his pistol in the air, and then his little dapper legs flew like drumsticks, as they bore their quivering trunk to the nearest house, which was the deacon's, where he fell fainting into the arms of that astonished man, who had opened the door. It was some time before his scattered senses returned to him, and then the terrible tale was told. They had seen the spectre in the form of a snow white winged horse; and when Mr. Dale had outrun him, and came near to it, the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed him up. The deacon was paralyzed with wonder; but Jane, having no faith in such spectral agency, with tearful eyes besought her father to go to the churchyard, for that doubtless he had fallen and was seriously hurt. But when she found that his fears were superior to her entreaties, she declared that she would go alone. She hastily threw on her bonnet and shawl, and got outside the door, when her father and his friend seized her, declaring that it would be perfect madness on her part to attempt such a thing.

At that moment Noddle shouted, "The Spectre!" and made a leap into the house. The father and daughter looked up, and saw in the distance what seemed to be a winged steed, while some dark object was evidently pursuing it. On it came, and the deacon's heart beat quickly, as he saw it approach directly towards his own house. In a few moments the distant hills echoed with his gruff peals of laughter. He had recognized his old gray mare, which young Dale was driving home.

The mystery was easily solved. While Bradford was running in the graveyard, the arch of an old tomb had given away beneath his weight, and down he went into it. He was somewhat bruised, but not severely hurt; and when he recovered his self-possession, he at once saw the difficulties of his unpleasant position—for although he had made a speedy entrance, yet an egress was not so easy a matter. The aperture was not much larger than his body, and that in the centre and considerably above his reach.

He dared not make any attempt upon the sides, for fear of bringing the whole upon his head; nor did he relish the idea of passing the night in this place. At length he thought of an expedient. He groped about, and found that the tomb was not without its silent inhabitants; and although he felt that, under any other circumstances it would be sacrilege to disturb those wooden tenements of dust, yet by piling them up directly beneath the opening, he was enabled to regain the surface, when the first object he saw was our parish spectre, the deacon's mare, quietly feeding near him. She at once started off, and then the mystery of the wings was manifested.

It was no more nor less than the old faded blanket, which was confined to the body by a kind of half belt, which the motion of the animal caused to flap up and down in the wind, not very unlike the action of a pair of wings. The grass grew rank in the churchyard, and no doubt that was the reason that caused the old four-footed lady to stray from the pasture in which she was placed at night. The deacon took the precaution afterwards to lock her securely in the stable, and the parish was no longer troubled with a spectre.

The schoolmaster is now known as an eminent lawyer; and his accomplished lady, endeared to a large circle of friends by her companionable qualities, has of course for many years ceased to subscribe her notes as Jane Sampson. The deacon and his friend have both passed away; but they often took their grandchildren upon their knees, and related to them the story of "The Parish Spectre."

PUGNACITY OF INSECTS.

It is a singular fact that the smallest varieties of insects seem to be actuated by feelings similar to those possessed by the larger animals—they all have propensities to rob and despoil, defend their homes, are jealous, revengeful and disputative, and war in armies. Bees, if hard pressed for food, will attack with great force the inhabitants of a neighboring hive, with intent to rob them of their provisions. The white ants have a portion of their community set apart for the duties of war; and they exhibit in their operations a most perfect knowledge of insect tactics. Some of these ant battles have been described by naturalists, and appear to have been conducted with a valor and skill which would have done honor to the chosen troops of a Napoleon, or the volunteers of a Taylor.—*Beard's Lectures on Nature.*

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

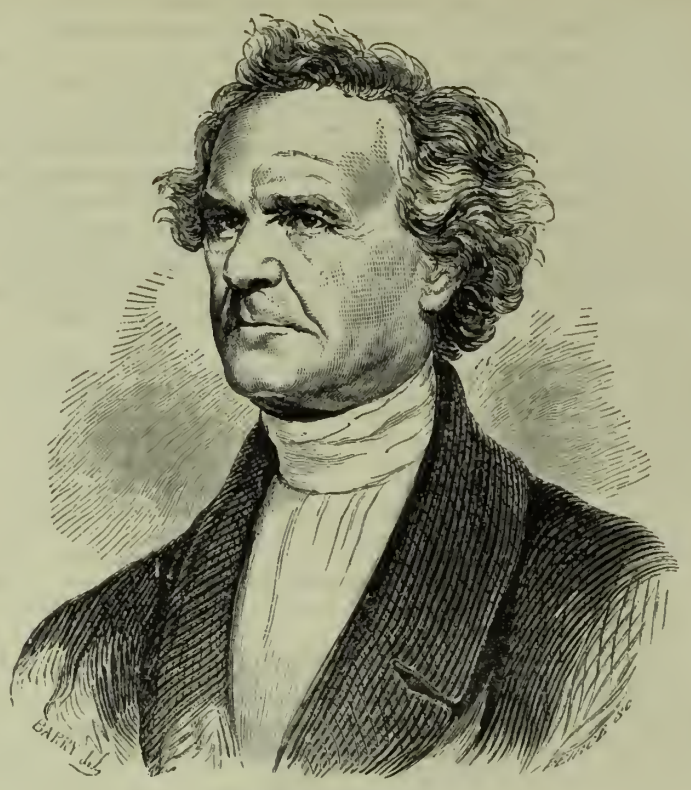
AUTHOR OF THE "AIRS OF PALESTINE."

The portrait on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry, from a daguerreotype by C. Seaver, Jr., and is a correct likeness of Mr. Pierpont, as he now appears. The head is a very striking one, the countenance being one of those that, even on a casual glance, we associate with genius and energy of character. John Pierpont was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, April 6, 1785. He belongs to a family distinguished for the intelligence and high character of its members. His great-grandfather, the Rev. James Pierpont, was one of the founders of Yale College. The early years of the subject of our sketch were surrounded by the happiest influences. His mother was a gentle and pious woman, whose religious and moral teachings were listened to with reverence and profit. In one of his latest productions, her son says: "Her words and prayers were my young spirit's dew."

"That dew that blessed my youth—
Her holy love, her truth.
Her spirit of devotion and the tears
That she could not suppress—
Hath never ceased to bless
My soul, nor will it, through eternal years."

We may suppose young Pierpont's literary advantages were good, and that he was a diligent student, by the fact that we find him entering Yale College at the age of fifteen. He was graduated in 1804. Like many young graduates, who choose to be independent from their first step into the world, he commenced life as a teacher, making his first essay as an assistant of the Rev. Dr. Backus, in an academy of which he was the principal before being elected to the presidency of Hamilton College. His engagement occupied a portion of the year 1805, and at its termination he went to South Carolina, where for nearly four years he was a private tutor in the family of Col. William Allston, who resided a part of the year in Charleston and the remainder on a fine estate on the Waccamaw, near Georgetown. Here the future poet was enabled to extend his acquaintance with nature, and to contrast her productions under a genial sky with the stern and bold features of his own New England. While residing in the South he commenced the study of the law, and continued it assiduously after his return to Connecticut, in 1809. In 1812 he was admitted to the bar in Essex county, Massachusetts. Had he continued in his chosen profession, we have no doubt he would have risen to eminence and fortune. With a logical and cultivated mind, quick in its operations, a powerful command of language, a forcible delivery, he united the qualities that command success at the bar. But his debut was made at an unfortunate season. The breaking out of the second war with Great Britain caused a general prostration of business, and gentlemen of the bar suffered from a lack of cases. Moreover, his severe studies had begun to tell upon Mr. Pierpont's health, and he felt that it would be dangerous to continue to lead an active life. He accordingly engaged in mercantile pursuits, commencing his new experiment in Boston, and following it up in Baltimore. He was unsuccessful, however, as a merchant—a fact attributable not to his inaptitude but to the hard times in which he embarked in trade. His abandonment of business occurred in 1816, and now, in the cultivation of his literary tastes, he found a solace for his worldly disappointments. He had already produced a sensation, in 1812, by a poem delivered before the Washington Benevolent Society of Newburyport, his then residence. He now (1816) published his "Airs of Palestine," a poem prepared originally with a view to public recitation. It contains about eight hundred lines, is written in the heroic measure, and its theme was the power of music and the universality of its influence—sacred history furnishing a large number of the illustrations. As a work of art, it is one of the most elegant compositions written on this side of the Atlantic, and, produced at a period when American art was in its infancy, its impression on the public was proportionably great. It was first published at Baltimore; two more editions were published at Baltimore, and it was before long republished in England, in a work entitled, "Specimens of American Poetry," with a commendatory preface by Roscoe of Liverpool. It abounds with lofty and tender religious sentiments, with beautiful descriptions of natural scenery, and with striking dramatic pictures. One of the finest passages describes a moonlight night upon the Arno, in Italy. The sound of the convent bell suddenly strikes the ear:

"Hark! 'tis a convent's bell: its midnight chime;
For music measures even the march of time.
O'er bending trees, that fringe the distant shore
Gray turrets rise:—the eye can catch no more.
The boatman, listening to the tolling bell,
Suspends his oar;—a low and solemn swell,
From the deep shade that round the cloister lies,
Rolls through the air, and on the water dies.
What melting song wakes the cold ear of Night?
A funeral dirge that pale nuns, robed in white,
Chant round a sister's dark and narrow bed,
To charm the parting spirit of the dead.
Triumphant is the spell! with rapturous ear,
That uncaged spirit hovering, lingers near;—
Why should she mount? why pant for brighter bliss?
A lovelier scene, or sweeter song than this?"



REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Mr. Pierpont, soon after the date of the publication of his poem, commenced the study of theology with great earnestness, completing his course at the divinity school in Cambridge, in 1818. In the succeeding year he was ordained as minister of the Hollis Street Unitarian church in this city, with which he remained connected for many years. From time to time he has written a great many poems, chiefly lyrical. His hymns are beautiful compositions; his odes, written for public occasions, glowing, spirited and vigorous. As Moore said of Sheridan:

——"he ran
Through each mode of the lyre and was master of all."

His services to the cause of education have been great: and his "First Class Book," an admirable reader, has enjoyed a prodigious popularity. Mr. Pierpont has taken an active part in the great movements of the day, moral and political. He was an early and zealous advocate of the temperance cause. He has never courted popularity in his course, but always acted from conviction, so, that while he has often provoked enmity, he has always secured respect. In 1835 and 1836, Mr. Pierpont passed a year abroad, visiting the principal cities of England, France and Italy, and those of Greece, Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor. No man was ever better fitted to enjoy such a tour, and though he has not published his experience in a set record, its influence is traced in several of his minor poems.

LITTLE FALLS ON THE MOHAWK, N. Y.

The second picture on this page is an accurate representation of the village of Little Falls, New York, with the broad Mohawk pouring through the valley, and descending in cascades which give the name to the town—one of the pleasantest villages in our country. Here the river, after reaching the eastern boundary of the so-called "German flats," a vast plain, once the bottom of an immense lake, rushes through the rocky pass cut by the current. To facilitate the passage of boats on the Erie canal, the shore has been cut away, walls erected and sufficient space obtained to allow the waters to descend through a series of locks to a lower level. There are here five locks, each of eight feet lift. The village is situated on both sides of the river, and on the Utica and Schenectady railroad in a most charming valley, 75 miles from Albany. The river descends 42 feet in three-fourths of a mile. The village contains churches of five denominations, a bank, two newspaper offices, and manufactories of machinery, paper, woolen goods, flour, etc. The population in 1853, was estimated at 3000.



VIEW OF THE MOHAWK LITTLE FALLS, NEW YORK.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

PRECEDENCE.

From time immemorial, and in all countries, men and women have found fertile matter for wrangling in questions of precedence. Indeed, the grand battle of life is to decide who shall be first and who shall be last. The "highest seat in the synagogue" s striven after with frantic zeal. There are many curious illustrations of the point.

An English lady, whose husband occupied a high judicial post n Demarara, set the whole colony in an uproar as soon as she arrived, by her determination to assume the lead at all assemblies. Of course this presumption made a good deal of trouble and was stoutly contested. The husband took his wife's part, and supported her exactions, by alleging the etiquette adopted in the mother country in similar circumstances. As the governor stood in opposition to the judge, the dispute was referred to Lord Bathurst, then colonial secretary, who did not deem it worth while to interfere, and the question was left an open one. In similar circumstances, General Elliott, when commanding at Gibraltar, showed less reserve and less disdain for the contending parties. He decided peremptorily, that, everywhere and on every occasion, the precedence of ladies should be regulated by age—that the first place should be accorded to the oldest lady of the company, and so on down to the youngest. As soon as his decision was known, it became very difficult to force the honors of the lead upon any one. Since relative position indicated age, there was a perfect struggle of emulation and courtesy among the fair ones in the fortress, each now being willing to yield to her fair friends, and claiming no honor for herself. This adroit decision put an end to squabbles for precedence, for a time at least, among the upper ten of Gibraltar.

MUSIC ON THE COMMON.—The public seem heartily to appreciate the eloquent music discoursed on the Common by our best bands on stated evenings of each week. It is a pleasant spectacle to look down from an eminence on the "sea of upturned faces," while music, moonlight, gas and beauty make up an irresistible combination of attractions.

THEATRICAL.—Tho old pit is to be restored to the National Theatre, whereat the "b'hoys" rejoice most exceedingly. We presume that there will be no prohibition of peanuts among them for the future.

SPLINTERS.

.... The British engineers employ photography in taking views of places, field works, batteries and other engineering operations.

.... One mode of expressing joy for peace, in England, was the distribution of cakes and coffee to the poor.

.... Lord Palmerston, though seventy-two, rides on horseback. Sir Robert Peel was killed by a fall from his horse.

.... In Paris, if a man criticises the emperor, he gets at least six months in jail and $100 fine.

.... The trainer of Ellington, the winner of this year's Derby, won $90,000 by his unexpected victory.

.... George Francis Train, Esq., now of Australia, but a Boston boy, lately paid us a visit to this city.

.... Mrs. Bishop writes from Sidney, that they drink at dinner ardent spirits or alo, but never water.

.... At the Worcester Medical Association, this brief toast was given—"Prof. Morrow—friends numerous—enemies minus."

.... Ristori has made a sensation in London. Rachel has been sick—no chance to regain her laurels.

.... The next fair of tho American Institute will take place in the Crystal Palace, New York, in September.

.... It is said that jewels are hired of the dealers to figure as bridal presents in these sad days.

.... It is a suggestive fact that among the many Mormon immigrants to this country there are no Irish.

.... The German Turners, who lately had a celebration in this vicinity, lookod finely on parade with their banners.

.... Coins of an earlier dato than Cæsar's invasion, have been found in an old house in Marseilles.

.... A Boston apothecary lately got this order—"A dose of calomore and jollop for a woman 80 yrs. maid in pils."

.... One year ago, Clinton, Iowa, was not known on the map. Now it has 1000 inhabitants, three hotels, lots of stores, etc.

.... An English blacksmith, in giving evidence, says a lock can be easily picked when the key is left in it.

.... Some person asserts that the roots of the common burdock make a beverage equal to the best Java.

.... An "Early Rising Association" has been formed in England. The members must be out of bed before 5 1-2 A. M.

.... A large number of American oaks have been planted on the Quai de Tuileries, Paris, and are flourishing.

.... The Emperor of Austria has offered to send the remains of the son of Napoleon I. to France.

.... The Empress of France lately made her appearance at a court ball covered with lace and diamonds.

.... S. S. Osgood, the American artist, has been travelling extensively in the Holy Land of late.

.... Brooklyn, N. Y., is finally to have water works. Brooklyn is a beautiful city and finely located.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

While we are quietly pursuing our task of amusing our readers, our political contemporaries are all busily engaged in advocating the claims of candidates for the highest office in the gift of the nation, repelling attacks upon their principles and character, and diving deep into the records of the past in search of precedents and antecedents. The shibboleths of party are heard in the streets and in the railroad cars. Every now and then some great procession moves through a town or city with banners and music, like an army on the march. Town halls resound with eloquence; men, suddenly inspired, take the stump, and the air is vocal with eloquence from one end of the country to the other. This is rather warm work for the dog-days. To be sure, the voting occurs in November; but all the work of the campaign is done when the thermometer daily disgraces itself by getting high. If the canvass occurred in the winter, there would be a great saving of fuel to our citizens, for political excitement is much better than anthracite or hickory to keep the blood in healthy circulation.

An intense excitement pervades the whole community on the eve of a presidential election. This excitement sometimes leads to lamentable acts of violence—but very seldom. Occasional collisions of hot spirits are incidental to all great gatherings for any purpose, the only exception being under a despotism, where the presence of hireling bayonets prevents any outbreak or demonstration. Yet this very universal excitement is not an unhealthy exhibition of popular energy—nor is once in four years too often for the popular mind of the whole country to be stirred up. Jefferson tells us that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and the interest of men in public affairs could not be kept up to the proper tone, if our chief magistrates were chosen to serve for a long term of years. That even the intense excitement of which we have spoken is a healthy one, is demonstrated by the aspect of the people immediately after a hotly contested election. Every one acquiesces in the popular verdict. A calm falls upon the multitude. Whichever party triumphs—the victory is the victory of the whole people, for it is the simple result of the mechanism of government transmitted by our fathers, to which we have all sworn fealty. No matter what bitter disappointments are felt—rebellion never rears its head. The persons and property of the victors are safe—their position only can be assailed through the press.

To the foreigner, who sees us in our moments of political excitement—who listens to the fulminations of the tribune, who reads the fierce philippies of the press—who sees the march of armies with banners, who overhears vehement disputes in the streets, it would seem that the defeat of one or the other powerful party at the polls must necessarily be resented by the initiation of civil war. One day he sees surging multitudes uttering party cries and denunciations—the next a universal calm, and the very same men who so lately thundered at their opponents, smilingly acquiescing in their victory. Some such phrases as "better luck next time," or "never say die," "beaten, but not conquered," are the proverbial safety-valves of political disappointment.

Of course it would be much better if we could all keep cool, and discuss great questions calmly, and never quarrel with our opponents, and never bet on elections, and behave otherwise in an exemplary manner—but human nature will be human nature, and is not quite angelic, and therefore it is not worth while to moan about its incidental weaknesses.

STRAWBERRIES.

New York is the greatest strawberry market in the world. In 1855, 50,000 bushels of this delicious fruit were sold in that city, against 12,000 bushels in Philadelphia, 12,000 bushels in Cincinnati, and 10,000 bushels in Boston. New York city received from all sources, in 1855, 8,000,000 baskets, the value of which, at the wholesale price of 2 1-2 cents a basket was $200,000, the consumers paying nearly double that sum. Formerly four of the New York baskets were estimated to hold a quart, but it now takes five to make that quantity. The New Yorkers think the fruit is fresher when put up in these baskets, than in the Hingham boxes used here. We think they are mistaken. Strawberries are probably more profitable than any crop raised by the market gardener, although they require constant labor to keep them clear of weeds. This is balanced by the fact, however, that they require only moderate manuring. There are many varieties, but Hovey's seedling commands the highest price in the market, on account of the great size of the berries.

AGASSIZ "SOLD."—At a very learned discussion on stratas the other day, at the house of the learned professor, a Mr. B——, of this city, asked if there were any strata of precious gems. "No, noue whatever," replied Professor Agassiz. "I've heard of one," said Mr. B——. "Impossible!" was the rejoinder. "O, yes," said B——, "and it was called a *strata-gem!*"

CUSIOSITY W(H)ETTED.—Somo English travellers were visiting an elegant private garden at Palermo, Sicily; and among the little ornamental buildings, they came to one on which was written, "Non aperite," that is, "Don't open." Of course they opened it—a tremendous jet of water was thrown full in their faces. Such contrivances are common in Italy.

MUSIC.—If Jenny Lind again visits these United States, as she proposes, she will be welcomed back with enthusiasm, and will have no difficulty in exchanging Swedish notes for American gold.

OUR PORTRAITS.—Having presented likenesses of Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Buchanan, in the order of their nomination, we shall follow with a fine portrait of Col. Fremont, now being engraved.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

The spirited original picture, another of our national series, from the pencil of Billings, which occupies the whole of pages 56 and 57 of this number, cannot fail to be highly appreciated. When the obnoxious revenue acts were passed, the leading patriots, including many of the ladies of America, who indeed, set the example, formed associations agreeing to abstain from tea, from which article the British government expected to derive a large income. They adhered to their resolution with great constancy. Lord North then allowed the East India Company to export tea to America without paying export duty, thinking that if the Americans could get it at less cost than the British, they would be willing to pay the duty. He was mistaken. The ship Eleanor, Capt. James Bruce, and the ship Beaver, Capt. Hezekiah Coffin, arrived with cargoes of tea in Boston harbor, Nov. 20, 1773. A public meeting of citizens was immediately called, and it was resolved that the tea should not be landed, and that the ships should be sent back. The governor and council refused to clear the ships without landing the tea. The consignees, menaced by the populace, sought refuge from violence in Castle William. Meetings were held in Faneuil Hall and the Old South, and the patriots resolved to maintain their position. The authorities continued obdurate. The captains of the vessels were willing to clear if permitted, but the collector of the port refused to grant them leave, and ships of war guarded the entrance of the harbor.

At dark, on the 16th of December, a large party of men, disguised as Mohawk Indians, some of whom had attended the popular meeting in the Old South, on the afternoon of that day, rushed to Griffin's Wharf, where the tea ships lay, shouting, "Boston harbor for a teapot!" There were about one hundred and forty banded together, a few disguised as Indians, the remainder with their faces blackened for fear of discovery, as it was a moonlight night. They boarded the ships, broke open the hatches, and in the space of three hours broke up 342 chests of tea and threw their contents into the dock. This revolutionary act excited the astonishment and wrath of the ministerial party; its fame circulated throughout the land; in the great seaports no person ventured to receive the tea, and the company's ships were compelled to return to England. Some of our first citizens participated in this deed, and long afterwards, when crowned with fame and years, related with pride their agency in this bold execution of the popular will.

The locality depicted is near the foot of Gridley Street. A crowd are collected on the end of Griffin's Wharf, cheering the patriots. A boat filled with them, in their Indian disguise, is pulling off—but their comrades are already engaged emptying the contents of the ships. There are some half dozen in view with the "Mohawks" on board of each. The full moon in the sky is an historical incident, it being nearly as bright as daylight when the daring deed was committed.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Robbins, Mr. John Ladd Flanders to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Holbrook; by Rev. Mr. Alger, Mr. James Lodge to Miss Mary Langdon Greenwood; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Johnson S. Ennis to Miss Mary McClosky; by Rev. Mr. Binney, Mr. Samuel G. Lane, of Leominster, to Miss Mary S. Binney.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Samuel Caldwell, of Boston, to Miss Amelia A. Reynolds.—At Lynn, Mr. James M. Emerson to Miss Hannah Graves.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Jabez H. Merrill to Miss Lydia A. Kimball.—At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Ichabod R. Rogers to Miss Clara Russell.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. George H. Stevens to Miss Hannah M. Sumner.—At Raynham, by Rev. Mr. Carver, Nathan W. Shaw, Esq. to Miss Sarah J. King.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. John Kershaw to Miss Maria Connor.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. John C. Reynolds to Miss Helen M. Soper.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Bushnell, Dr. Rufus Woodward to Miss Jenny Fox.—At West Boylston, by Rev. Mr. Cross, Mr. F. C. Hardy to Miss Delia Maria Price.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Edward Manchester to Miss Lucy J. Slocum, of Fairhaven.—At Whitingham, Vt., by Rev. Mr. Ballou, Hosea B. Ballou, Esq. to Miss Adelia A. Murdock.

DEATHS.

In this city, Hon Luther Stearns Cushing, 53; Miss Chloe A. Lee, 41; Mrs. Mary B. Backus, 34; Mrs. Mary Jane Page. 24; Mrs. Mary Elizabeth, wife of Professor Honeybun, 25; Mr. William A. Field, 62; Mr. George Balterman, 24.—At Charlestown, Widow Fanny Godsoe, late of Portsmouth, N. H.—At Roxbury, Mr. Jesse E. Henderson, 48; Mrs. Mary A. Hall, 53; Mrs. Celia Colegate, 57.—At Dorchester, Mr. E. Henry Preston, 48.—At Newtonville, Mr. George W. Badger, 34.—At West Newton, Mrs. Sarah P. Stephenson, 26.—At Quincy, Mr. Henry A. French, 28; Mr. John Wren, 37.—At Waltham, Mrs. Eleanor S Treat, 31.—At Stoughton, Mr. John Atherton, 30.—At Salem, Mr. Joseph Marshall, 58; Mr. Rodney C. Fletcher, 43; Mrs. Helen Miranda Chamberlain, 22; Widow Mary F. Hovey, 38; Mr. Nicholas L. Derby, 48; Capt. Pyam Dodge, 82.—At Ipswich, Widow Judith Manning, 74.—At Gloucester, Miss Lydia Ingersoll, 80.—At Danversport, Mr. Samuel McIntire, 72.—At Pepperell, Ebenezer Lawrence, M. D., 86.—At North Andover, Mr. Parker Tyler, 78.—At Kingston, Capt. William Bradford, 39.—At Newburyport, Miss Mary Upton Pease, 42.—At Taunton, Mrs. Sarah Jane Parkin, 28; Mrs. Hannah Leonard, 28.—At Oxford, Elnathan Jones, Esq., formerly of Boston, 76

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BIRTHPLACE OF OUR SAVIOUR.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

Six miles from Jerusalem, nearly in a sontherly direction, is the poor, degraded town of Bethlehem. It is elevated and excessively rough for cultivation, on account of the vast amount of bits and fragments of coarse limestone which are strewn over the surface of the arable land. Bethlehem, in the Hebrew, means *bread town*, or the place of bread. *Ephratah*, which signifies fruitful, was appended to it at an early period in Jewish history, on account of the productiveness of the soil.

Some travellers describe Bethlehem to be beautifully located on the brow of a hill, with *one broad street*. To me there is not a single beauty in or about it. On three sides of the main straggling village of low, one story, rough stone houses, almost windowless, the hills rise to considerable elevations, and present immense patches of bare limestone on which there is neither tree, shrub, nor grass. From the village southerly, there is a rapid descent to the Dead Sea, some seven or eight miles distant, I imagine, from the time it required to walk my horse from the great plain of Jericho, through the wilderness where John preached, up to the Convent of the Nativity, at Bethlehem.

During the imperial rule of Rehoboam, the town was fortified, according to the then prevailing system of walling points intended to be strongholds of the government. Not a vestige of the masonry remains, referable to that distant period. Being on the direct line of travel from Jerusalem to Hebron, more importance was probably attached to the place while the Jebusites held possession of the former, and King David held his royal court for seven years in the latter city.

From an attentive examination of the region in and about Bethlehem, it is evident that the land must have been considered exceedingly valuable at some distant epoch of its history, from the circumstance that all the hills, far back from the town, perhaps one or two miles, were terraced from their bases to their tops. Even the solid limestone was cut like stairs, so that by covering them with earth, a prodigious extent of surface was thus gained for cultivation.

It presupposes a dense population, that led to such economy. And it also shows that the demand for food was such as to warrant the enormous expense of time, money and human labor required for an agricultural undertaking so extraordinary, at any period during the occupancy of the twelve tribes in the Holy Land.

Two events occurred in Bethlehem to give it an undying renown. It was the native town of David, the poet and king of the Jewish nation, by divine appointment; but more illustrious for being the birthplace of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind. As far back in the chronicles of the children of Israel, as when they were under the guidance of magistrates called judges, the town existed and seems to have been considered an old town. It belonged to the tribe of Judah. Jesse, a descendant of Obed, the father of David, resided in Bethlehem; and if the particular well from which the king longed for a draught of water, on his father's land, is the one still pointed out by the guides, it is easy to show some of the land which belonged to him. He is said to have had his property principally in sheep.

Modern Bethlehem looks old enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic antiquarians. If any of the dwellings are of clay they escaped my observation; and the same may be said in regard to brick structures. I can only recall to memory the principal feature in the outside appearance of the houses—rough, square blocks of stone comprising the walls. Others may have discovered a broad street; but the widest that myself and companions passed through on horseback was barely wide enough to permit a horse or camel coming towards us, to pass by without friction.

Flat roofs are another anomaly to persons from snowing sections of the United States, not only in Bethlehem, but throughout Asia Minor. It is not necessary to have pointed or inclined roofs to favor the sliding off of bodies of snow, as none falls there below the peaks of Mount Lebanon.

As a whole, it is now a dirty, neglected village, with narrow streets and crooked lanes. Nothing cheerful, social or inviting is discoverable in it to the civilized stranger. There are considerable enclosures of olive trees near by the village; and very rude stone wall land divisions here and there. Just at the north of the village there are large piles of small stones, thrown together, it was presumed, to clear the land of the incumbrance. The inhabitants are Arabs, speaking, of course, the Arabic language. They are a swarthy, black-eyed, coarse black-haired race—having a restless, wild expression. Nowhere in Palestine are the females of a more unrefined appearance. A majority of them were pretty tall, with high cheek bones—walking about in a single blue cotton garment, something like a farmer's frock. Every one of them, in door or out, wear veils over their faces—which, with the masses is nothing but a piece of cotton cloth, as hard in texture as their blue tunics.

Females have no position in that country, whether native or of foreign birth. They are very considerably in excess over the males, and always will be so long as the present mode of raising recruits for the army consists of stripping a settlement by surprise, of all the men capable of bearing arms—who seldom ever return when once in the army. No woman would hazard her reputation by exposing her face to the gaze of a man, however low her condition in the social scale. Even little girls of a tender age seem instinctively to cover their faces when a man is in sight. They contrive to liberate one eye, partially, in passing or ranging through the streets.

Sheep and goat-raising is the main business now, as in ancient times, with the Bethlehemites. Unpromising as the surface of the land appears, however, with the miserable cultivation it has, it yields amazing crops. Neither composts nor manures are used. The fertility of the soil appears to be exhaustless. A constant decomposition of the limestone most largely contributes to this curious and satisfactory result.

Sitting on my horse one day, I saw a farmer at a short distance in a field, sowing grain. He scattered the seeds freely in the customary manner, but on ground in no manner of way fitted to receive them, according to American notions of farming. He was followed by a miscellaneous troop of birds, of different plumage and sizes, whose little bills seemed to pick up the kernels as fast as he scattered them.

A few rods in the rear, another Arab farmer was driving a yoke of miserable, feeble cattle. Their horns were gnarly, in ridges, similar to a ram's and hardly half developed, besides pointing at different directions. The yoke was a long, straight stick, with long pins let through holes each side their necks. It is not uncommon to see the cattle at the extremities of one of these yokes, all of ten feet apart.

Nothing could have been more primitive than the plough with one handle. Perhaps the coulter, tipped with a bit of iron, was nothing but the crook of a limb from a hard wood tree. He held in his right hand a pole, about six or seven feet long, quite the size of a rake handle, armed with a sharp iron goad at one extremity, and a dull, rude chisel at the other. He ploughed in the grain which escaped the industrious pursuit of the birds. Occasionally the plough caught a root of a grape vine, or some other similar obstruction, which, if the cattle had not the strength to drag the plough through, was cut off with the chisel. It was painful to witness the severity and cruelty practised with those goads. A sharp needle thrust into the haunches is abominable, but it is the custom, and therefore followed by all preceding as it will be by succeeding generations.

At best, the furrow was superficial, and consisted essentially in turning over the stones, and a very little soil over the grain. What I thus witnessed, brought to mind the parable of the Sower. The Saviour actually stated a well-known fact in husbandry, at that day, which he saw, and the same thing is practised now, as it was eighteen hundred years ago. Hence it was no poetical description in the parable, as suggested by biblical expositors.

Kindness to birds and horses is a distinguishing trait in the character of the Mohammedans. I have often had an opportunity in Egypt of seeing birds instantly take wing on discovering persons dressed differently from the fellahs, or farmers, but remain quite unconcerned in their presence. They have no guns, while hats and coats indicate to their small intelligence, absolute destruction.

It possesses a most excellent soil for barley and wheat. Barley is the principal crop, easily raised and requires the least attention. Grapes will grow anywhere in Syria, but attain their fullest size and flavor in Palestine, as does the fig also. Wine of an admirable quality, which is really nothing but the pure juice of the grape, might be made in almost unlimited abundance. It has the color of sherry; is mild and delicious. In Jerusalem, the man with whom I lodged told me he manufactured his own wine from grapes brought in from the surrounding country by the Arabs, which could be afforded by him at fifteen cents a gallon. No grapes are cultivated expressly for wine-making, except, perhaps, a few vines by the monks in the Greek and Latin convents, here and there among the mountains. Mohammedans use no wine, and hence none being required for their own consumption, all they make by gathering wild grapes is clear gain out of the Christians and Jews.

Radishes, melons, beans and some other garden pulse are grown abundantly in Bethlehem. Poultry, too, is raised to any amount, according to the demand, but always exceedingly cheap. Eggs may be had extremely low.

Honey abounds. Stacks of bee-hives may be seen close to the houses in Bethlehem, consisting of earthern pots, a foot or so in diameter, by two in length, piled up their sides, one above another, like logs of wood. The outward end is covered over with a sheet of clay, leaving a small hole in the centre for the entrance of the bees. Each pot has a colony. When full, the owner knocks in the clay with a pole, pulls out the sheets of virgin comb, leaving a little to keep the bees at home, claps on a new sheet of clay, and labor is immediately recommenced.

Fig trees attain the dimensions of our largest apple trees, many having a trunk one foot in diameter. It is a clean, beautiful tree, very much resembling a field beech, as observed in old pastures in New Hampshire and Vermont. Their productiveness is amazing, and if there was any market for the fruit, the profit would be most satisfactory.

At the eastern end of the village, there is a large stone edifice, standing on a foundation of limestone. It is the Convent or church of the Nativity, covering the manger where the Lord Jesus Christ first appeared on earth. A winding road passes by it down hill towards the Dead Sea.

In coming up from the Dead Sea, the traveller comes through a winding gorge of the mountains, and the first view of Bethlehem exhibits a kind of inclined oval basin facing the east. Exactly in front, is a high mass of rock, on the top of which stands the convent.

Just before reaching the centre of the basin, there is a lot, containing, to appearance, about four acres, which has formerly been enclosed by a wall, now in ruins. A stone edifice stood nearly in the middle, which has been thrown down and the blocks of hewn stone scattered about. A few old olive trees are growing in the midst. This is the exact field, says all tradition, where shepherds were watching their flocks when the glad tidings were announced to them that the Saviour had been born at the inn of that day, or properly, stopping-place for strangers, now called caravansaries, at the top of the rock where the convent stands to mark the holy place. Panoramic views of the convent are quite common, but it would be difficult to exhibit on canvass the appearance of the interior.

Originally, the Church of the Nativity, which is embraced in the convent, is said to have been erected by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine. How many times it has been destroyed and rebuilt since, no record declares. Certain it is, that the present building is comparatively modern.

The place called the manger appears to have been originally a kind of grotto or cave in the limestone, which are numerous in Palestine. If it was enclosed in the original premises of the caravansary presumed to have been on that spot, the shelving roof of rock might have been used for sheltering horses and sheep from the violence of rain storms, which are severe and copious there in the rainy season. Without discussing the subject of whether the sacred place was an elementary stable or not, no shadow of doubt is in the way of believing that the Saviour was born just where the perpetually burning lamps indicate the great event occurred.

Close by it are two stone boxes, or technically, sarcophagi. One contains the bones of St. Jerome, the translator of the Bible known as the Vulgate. In the other, the bones of Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian, a native of that once proud city, Cæsarea, which Herod the Great made the capital of Judea, now without a solitary house of any description, or a human being residing within its former jurisdiction.

The convent is inhabited by indolent monks, and the unceasing quarrel maintained between the Latin and Greek monks for the exclusive control of the manger, is disgraceful to any party professing Christianity.

In 1851, there was a hole in the stone floor, perhaps three quarters of an inch in diameter, which shows where a large silver star had been placed, to indicate where the star rested which was followed by the wise men from the East. It had been stolen a year or two before, by being wrenched from the bolt in the floor. Grave negociations between the French and Russians, for the honor of fastening down another star, are fresh in recollection.

Upon what authority the population of Bethlehem is fixed at three thousand, is unknown. I was there on the day of a fair, when neighboring villagers came in with various vegetable products for sale and exchange; and lively as the scene was, the strangers added to the inhabitants, it struck me, fall far short of three thousand.

Weaving on the ground, by the most primitive contrivances imaginable, may be seen in passing by the doors. I even saw a woman in the road, sitting on the ground, weaving a reel of cotton cloth, of good texture. Seeds of cotton are all separated from the wool by the fingers, and the cotton spun on a wooden spindle, twisted adroitly and rapidly by the thumb and fore-finger of the right hand.

Beads, rulers, paper folders, little boxes, etc., made of olive wood, are manufactured as holy keepsakes for travellers. The Jews peddle a variety of small articles of the same kind. Mechanical and artistical skill are in a low state in Syria generally, except among the manufacturers of jewelry, in which the work vies with European ingenuity.

Not many Jews are seen in Bethlehem. It is not one of their favorite stations on account of holy associations, like Hebron and Jerusalem. Between Bethlehem and Jerusalem, however, there is a square structure of hewn blocks of limestone, precisely where Rachel, the ancestral mother of the Hebrew nation, died in childbirth. Delegations of foreign Jews are frequently arriving and departing from the venerated grave. Their respect for it and their prayers, when their eyes are first gratified with the sight, are characteristic.

When a traveller arrives at the convent, which is of necessity on horseback, groups of idle boys collect about the door to examine the stranger. When he re-appears to depart, he is beset by the hawkers of small wares, already described. They have learned the veneration which foreign Christians entertain for everything down to a pebble, from their locality, and take advantage of it by palming off lots of articles, no doubt, which had their origin somewhere else.

A luncheon is always procurable in the convent, of wine, bread, cheese, butter and dried fruits, if out of season for fresh grapes, figs and oranges. No price is fixed for the entertainment, but it is expected they will be paid for, generously, of course.

From a cursory ramble through Bethlehem, and the positive evidence of its former large population when the mountains were terraced, patient explorations by digging would bring some curious remains to the surface. Stone coffins are frequently found in tilling the land, at great elevations in Mount Lebanon, and they, no doubt, abound not far below the surface in the valley of Bethlehem. Near the pools of Solomon, which were magnificent achievements in their day for supplying Jerusalem with water, future archæologists, it is safe to predict, will make interesting discoveries.

Hebron, however, and the whole plain of Jericho, to the antiquarian, to say nothing of Jerusalem, whenever the civilization of the people is sufficiently advanced to protect and encourage explorations, will yield up memorials of infinite importance, to illustrate the ancient condition of the Canaanites and Jews.

Among well bred people, a mutual deference is affected, contempt of others is disguised, authority concealed, attention given to each in his turn, and an easy stream of conversation maintained without vehemence, without interruption, without eagerness for victory, and without any airs of superiority.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The three principal lumber markets of the Union, are Chicago, Albany and Bangor. —— The steam fire engine "Miles Greenwood" was weighed on approved scales at the City Yard a few days since, when its weight was found to be 17,126 pounds, or a little more than eight and three-fourths tons. —— "Patriotism," said Samael Johnson, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel." —— In the Atlantic mills, in Lawrence, are 176 female operatives who have worked there for three years or more. Seven of them have worked there seven years. —— There are 120 colleges in the United States. The students exceed 12,000. —— Since the loss and starvation of two children in the Union township, Bedford county, Pa., the mother has died from excessive grief, and the father is lying in a critical condition from the same cause. —— The canker worms infest the trees in large districts in West Cambridge, Somerville and Medford, destroying the foliage. Some large orchards look as if fire had swept through them. —— The steam navigation of the western waters is said to employ fifteen thousand officers and men. —— Heretofore the name of a vessel once recognized by the government, could not be changed except by a special act of Congress. A law has recently been passed vesting the power to make such changes in the secretary of the treasury. —— Five hundred tons of ordnance stores, including 20,000 muskets, have just been shipped by the government from New York to California. —— An organ, to cost twenty-five thousand dollars, has been ordered for the Music Hall in this city. —— Deacon Benj. Ilsley, an old and highly venerated citizen of Portland, died suddenly during service at the Federal Street Baptist Church, on a recent Sunday. His head was observed to hang one side by those near him, supposed in a fainting fit. He was immediately taken out of the church, and died without a struggle. His age was 86. —— This country never saw so prosperous a time, as the one in which we live. To whichever side one looks one is amazed at the unbounded prosperity, enterprise, wealth and progress which meet the eye. —— Decency is a matter of latitude. In Turkey a man with tight pants on is considered so great a vulgarian that he is not tolerated in respectable society. To spit in the presence of an Arab is to make the acquaintance with his cheese-knife. In Russia that man is considered low who refuses a warm breakfast of fried candles. In this country vulgar people are such as keep good hours and live within their income. —— The ship-yards at Baltimore are now in a more prosperous condition than for several years past, and there will be twice the number of large class vessels launched this year that there were last. —— The New York Sunday Courier understands that Barnum has received an offer from the Sydenham Crystal Palace in England, of five thousand dollars a year to go over there and take charge of one of its departments, and the editors learn that Barnum thinks seriously of accepting the proposed offer. —— Vestvali is a Pole by birth, and is unmarried. She is accompanied by her brother, and intends to return to Mexico in the fall, where she is idolized. —— When a buffalo, in his way across the prairie, comes upon a spot, where one of his kind has recently shed his blood, he sets up a gathering cry, or roar: one after another, the whole herd, summoned by his indignant bellow, hasten to the spot, and toss up the earth, with hoof and horn, till they have wiped out the stain. —— Rev. Edward Anthon, rector of the Episcopal church in Taunton, is about to remove to New York, to become assistant minister at St. Mark's Church, in that city, of which his father, Dr. Anthon, is rector. —— A company of capitalists is about making another attempt to raise the sunken steamer Atlantic in Lake Erie. They design to sink and fasten to her hull a great number of buoys, somewhat resembling empty casks.

WHY THEY ANNEX.—The reason why our British friends keep so busy annexing kingdom after kingdom in the East, may be found in the prodigious wealth of the storied land. Of precious stores of gold, Nadir Shah, in 1740, carried away not less than £2,500,000. In Jahanquier's biography, he relates that a golden platform round his throne weighed forty tons: and the tomb of Akbar cost eleven millions of dollars.

GONE OFF.—Colonel Colt, of revolver reputation, was recently married at Middletown, Connecticut, and with his lady, is now making the European tour. No doubt he will be extensively lionized abroad, for his arms have made him famous everywhere. "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," but six times is he armed who has a Colt's revolver.

TOO BAD.—By a blunder of the types, a bookseller's advertisement lately announced, instead of "The Virginia Comedians, or Old Days in the Old Dominion, by a Lawyer of Richmond,"—"The Virginia Comedian, or Old Dogs in the Old Dominion, by a Sawyer of Richmond."

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—The new president of this society is Ira Chase, Jr., Esq., of the firm of Chase Brothers, an active business man, and well qualified for the post. Mr Carlos Pierce, the retiring president, has been presented with a splendid service of plate.

THE GREAT BORE.—Many intelligent persons who have recently visited the Hoosac Tunnel, predict that it will be completed in five years. We hope it will, but we must confess it appears to us a "hard road to travel."

THE COMEDIANS.—Mr. and Mrs. John Wood, of the Boston Theatre, have summer engagements at Washington, Baltimore and Montreal. Wherever they appear, they are sure to please.

Wayside Gatherings.

Vast numbers of grasshoppers have again made their appearance in California.

The Emperor of Brazil has been elected an honorary member of the New York Historical Society.

One hundred and thirty-two farmers are at present in the Connecticut House of Representatives. There are also seven farmers in the Senate.

A new lighthouse, which is to be ninety feet in height, is now in course of erection on the Louisiana side of the Pass into Sabine Lake, Texas.

The Grand Trunk Railway has been opened as far westward as Guelph, a distance of 87 miles from Toronto, and extending towards Port Sarnia, the terminus of the road.

The New London Star learns that the $200,000 necessary to be raised to extend the N. H. & N. L. Railroad to Stonington has been subscribed, and that the road will be put under contract at once.

The Wheeling Intelligencer does not remember a time when a greater number of citizens of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, and Eastern Ohio, were making preparations to go West. The fever appears to be at the highest point.

There are at present sixty-three factories situated in different parts of California in which quarts grinding and extracting the gold by machinery is carried on. Thirty of these are driven by steam engines, the others by water wheels.

The editor of the Eastern Argus has seen a butterfly caught in Buxton, that measures about five inches between the tips of his wings when spread; the body is an inch and a half long, and three quarters of an inch round. The colors are exceedingly beautiful.

The submarine cable connecting Ogdensburg with Prescott, Canada, has been successfully placed in the St. Lawrence River, thus putting New York and Canada in direct communication. But fifteen minutes were required to stretch the wire the entire distance, one mile.

A monster owl was lately killed in Hardwick, Vt., whose extended wings measured *six feet* from tip to tip. There was one of equal size killed at that place some time since. They were both white, and did not surrender until several rifle balls had been fired into them.

During a recent thunder storm, the lightning came down upon a pasture of Charles Titcomb, of Kensington, N. H., descending perpendicularly into the earth for about thirty feet, so as to form a good well of water. The hole is as big as a barrel, and it was formed, like the holes of the chipmunk, without throwing out any earth.

Near Monticello, N. Y., a flock of pigeons lately settled, nearly twelve miles in length. The wild pigeons seem to gather from all parts of the country at certain seasons for important purposes. Perhaps they hold conventions and nominate candidates, and lay down platforms—who knows!

In Fort Bend county, Texas, a man walking in the forest, leaned upon a stake driven into the ground. The stake broke, and lo! a fancifully arranged cell formed by bricks was disclosed, nearly even with the surface of the earth. In the cell was $1500 in gold and silver. It is supposed a robber hid the money there.

The lady editor of the Clyde (New York) Times thinks that "just the time" for ladies to walk is in the morning, when the sun just illumines the landscape; when the song-birds joyfully trill their melodious notes; when the flowers send forth their sweetest fragrance; when all nature is lively, lovely and refreshing.

Ira Davis obtained a drove of young cattle in Litchfield, Londonderry and Hudson, N. H., under an agreement to pasture them in Washington, in the same State, drove them to Hillsborough, and sold the whole lot. The roguery was discovered, and the cattle recovered. Davis, it is supposed, got $1000 or $1500 for the whole.

Lafayette sent for a hogshead of earth from Bunker Hill to be placed over his body at his interment. The selectmen of Boston received the application from his agent. It was taken from the spot where General Warren fell, and accompanied with a certificate that it was "genuine," signed by three of the oldest veterans of the town.

The people of Bernardston, Franklin county, have organized the "Powers Institute," with the $10,000 given by the late E. E. Powers, of Georgia, a former resident of that town, and have taken measures to put the institution into operation as soon as possible. A committee has been appointed to procure plans and estimates for a suitable building.

Two hundred and four inhabitants of the counties of Mackinaw, Chippewa, Delta, Emmett and Sheboygan, in the northern part of Michigan, have addressed a communication to Governor Bingham, representing the suffering to which they have been subjected by reason of Mormon depredations, and praying some relief from the nefarious conduct of their troublesome neighbors.

A singular mode of robbery has been detected at Dublin. A man used to send a large press by the Liverpool steamers, headed "this side up." In this press was a compartment in which he hid himself. At night, when all was still, he would get out and rob the warehouse of valuables, and retreating to his hiding-place, would be safely conveyed with his plunder to his own house.

Madame de Bodisco goes to Paris on the first of August steamer, and thence to St. Petersburg, where her sons are in the imperial service. Waldimer de Bodisco, now attached to the Russian Legation, has lately returned home. He is a nephew of the old baron, and has a brother who served in the Imperial Guard during the war, but has since resigned, and is to marry a Polish princess.

Owen Cooney, of Chicago, was married lately to Miss Cynthia Robinson, of Leyden Centre, Illinois. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Alexander Robinson, formerly a chief, in the right of his wife, of the Pottawottamie Indians, who once inhabited all the broad prairies round Chicago. He was descended from Scotch blood, mingled on his mother's side with the Indian, and was a gentleman.

The Dumfries Standard relates that at Barjarg porter-lodge, a cat had her litter of young ones taken from her and drowned. Next day, while the bereaved cat was wandering about in the fields, she lighted upon a little leveret. She gently took up the tender foundling, carried it home, deposited it on the bed from which her own kittens had been ruthlessly taken, and tended it with paternal care.

A gentleman residing at Livingston parish, La., has a very singular plant in his garden, which appears to be a sort of connecting link between the animal and vegetable worlds. The plant is about three feet high, and its stems reach the ground. At the end it is armed with a small sharp substance with which it pierces insects and lifts them into its calyx, where they are grasped by the plant and appropriated to its support.

Foreign Items.

Receiving a Crimean medal in pawn subjects a pawn broker to a penalty of £20, under a recent act.

Crimean letters to May 31, mention the report that 70,000 masons are to rebuild Sebastopol after the departure of the allies.

It is stated that the Austrian government had resolved to erect the Lombardo Venetian provinces into the kingdom of Upper Italy.

The family of the late Mr. Cobbett are erecting a monument to his memory in Farnham churchyard, in lieu of the one put up shortly after his decease.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert have made a joint contribution of £500 to the fund for the erection of a memorial church at Constantinople.

A marble statue, beautiful and in perfect condition, has been dug up in making excavations for the foundations of a church in Atlantis, Greece; it is of life size, and represents a youth leaning on a column.

The French emperor's intention of visiting Algeria in September, is again a matter of public interest in Paris. It is current that the emperor intends to apportion fiefs in Algeria, which are to be bestowed as rewards for public services, so as to found great territorial families.

Galignani's Messenger quotes a Neapolitan journal, called the "Eco dell' Esperienza," as an authority, for the following proofs of royal mercy: that no capital punishment had taken place in the Two Sicilies for twenty-four years, and that during that time 9894 political prisoners had been pardoned!

Sands of Gold.

.... To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride.—*Swift.*

.... No ashes are lighter than those of incense, and few things burn out sooner.—*Landor.*

.... Covetousness, like jealousy, when it has once taken root, never leaves a man but with his life.—*Tom Brown.*

.... One should not dispute with a man, who, either through stupidity or shamelessness, denies plain and visible truths.—*Locke.*

.... If it be true that there can be no calumny without malice, it is equally so that there can be no malice without some desirable quality to excite it.—*Landor.*

.... There is no benefit so large, but malignity will still lessen it; none so narrow, which a good interpretation will not enlarge. —*L'Estrange.*

.... Men are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, what has no root whatever in their serious convictions.—*Channing.*

.... If the sacrifices to virtue are often hard to make, it is always joy to have made them, and a person never repents having done a good action.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

.... Names that lie upon the ground are not easily set on fire by the torch of envy, but those quickly catch it which are raised up by fame, or wave to the breeze of prosperity.—*Landor.*

.... It would be most lamentable if the good things of this world were rendered either more valuable or more lasting; for, despicable as they already are, too many are found eager to purchase them, even at the price of their souls.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

The fellow who dammed up the Mississippi with a chip, has been sent for to cure the cancer at the tropic.

Five glasses of whiskey and a gallon of beer, will enable one to see a sea-serpent even on dry land.

In this dollar-and-cent-age, when utility is the great god of our idolatry, if Mount Calvary were to stand in the way of a railroad, it would be carted away as so much rubbish.

A rich journeyman printer is found out west. He is being exhibited with ring-tailed monkeys, wild hogs, shaved horses, three legged calves, and other trinkets.

At a recent exhibition of a menagerie, an elephant was seen to pick up the loose hay with his trunk, when an Irishman exclaimed, "What sort of a baste is that atin' hay with his tail?"

My opponent, Mr. Speaker, persists in saying that he is entitled to the floor. Whether this is so or not, I shall not inquire. All I have got to say is, that he will get floored if he interrupts me again.

A fashionable gent tripped up on an orange-peel, the other day, and broke his neck. A brass locket, three cents in change, a bottle of hair oil, and a whalebone cane, are awaiting redemption at the coroner's office.

The Gloucester News tells of a man who lost a favorite cow, and who wound up his eulogy on her by saying: "She was as handsome as a schoolmarm." It must be a great relief to know that the question of a schoolmarm's beauty can now be so easily decided.

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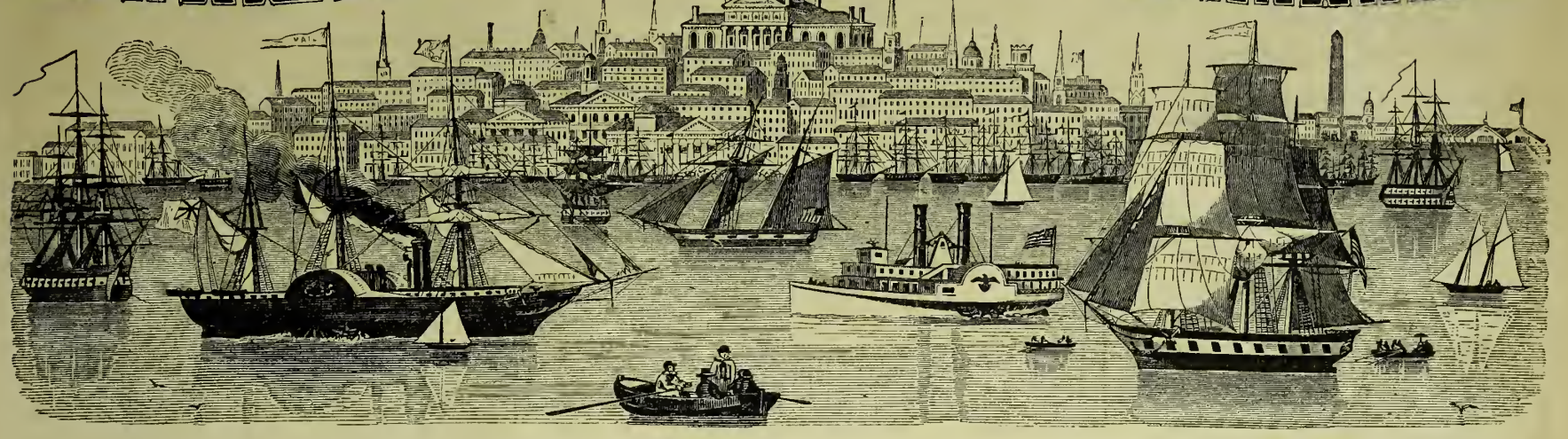
THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ISAAC, ST. PETERSBURG.

The magnificent structure accurately delineated on this page is one of the noblest church edifices in the Russian empire. Our engraving not only delineates its magnificent façade, its towers and its lofty, elegant and elaborate dome, but the adjacent buildings; and shows us the characteristic life of a Russian street—the mounted troopers, groups of officers, a pleasure carriage, and ladies and gentlemen promenading. The drawing has the minute fidelity of a daguerreotype. Isaac of Dalmatia, whose name is given to this cathedral, was the patron, in the calendar of the Greek church, of Peter the Great's birthday. Accordingly the church in the navy-yard of the infant city was built in honor of that saint, of timber only, Peter feeling certain that this indication of his wishes would induce his successors to erect a more pretentious edifice. This first church was burned down, and he built another of stone. In 1763, a marble one was substituted, and in 1817, the Emperor Alexander ordered the Chevalier de Montferrand to make such additions as should render the building worthy of the position it occupied in a fashionable quarter of one of the most splendid cities in Europe. Montferrand was directed to leave the east end standing. A year was occupied in erecting suitable buildings for the accommodation of the machinery, engineers and army of workmen destined to be employed on the building. The foundation stone was laid August 6, 1819. During the next year ten engines were busy in driving 10,762 piles, which the marshy nature of the soil required, for the support of the ponderous superstructure. Then the whole surface was covered with two layers of blocks of granite, beautifully wrought, although they were to remain fifteen feet below the surface. They serve as a base to the walls of the cathedral, of which the more important are granite, to the level of the pavement, the remainder being constructed of compact masonry of picked stone, laid and rammed like street pavements. The crypt formed below the church is approached by granite staircases, each nine feet wide, and contains twenty stoves for heating the church. The portico on each front consists of twelve Corinthian columns, each of seven feet diameter and fifty-seven feet long, in one block. They are the largest monoliths yet employed for such purposes; those of the Pantheon, at Rome—only forty-seven feet—exceeding in size all those of antiquity remaining. The dome is surrounded by twenty-four columns, each forty-two feet, and the bell towers have similar ornaments, thirty feet each in height. This series of one hundred and four monolithic granite columns is unsurpassed in number, size and costliness, by any similar work of ancient or modern art. A remarkable fact was discovered in their excavation, viz., that the unanimity with which the workmen were made to place their tools, to raise their arms and deliver their blows, detached such enormous masses from the living rock with little expenditure of time or trouble. The celebrated erection of the obelisk in the Vatican loses its importance in comparison with the raising of the first column of the portico of this cathedral, which was fixed in its place in forty minutes, before the present emperor and empress, the grand duke, and a crowd of highly excited spectators. The twenty-four columns of the dome each weighed in the quarry sixty-six tons, and each was raised one hundred and fifty feet into its place, in two hours, by the efforts of 300 men, in perfect silence, the ringing of a bell giving the signals of command. The first was placed Nov. 28, 1837, and all were finished in two months of Russian winter. The main walls of the building above the granite plinth are faced externally and internally with white marble from Finland and Italy, where new quarries were opened, for which roads were made and bridges and houses built, to obtain a marble superior to that of Carrara. The roofs are of bronze or copper on iron framing. The groups in the tympanum, or triangular space in each pediment, with the figures at the angles and on the summit, are of plaster electro-bronzed, as are also the twenty-four bronze angels, nine feet high, each weighing 34 cwt. The balustrade beneath the figures is also bronzed. The dome, which has a very beautiful outline of high merit, is, internally, avowedly constructed on the principle of that of St. Paul's; but instead of timber, brick and stone, the Russian dome is of iron, filled in with vases like our garden pots, which the architect deemed the best mode of obtaining the junction of strength with lightness. Externally it is covered with bronze, divided by 24 bold ribs, and gilt in three thicknesses of leaves of sterling gold. This operation was entrusted to the supervision of three of the principal gilders of the city, who rejected every leaf that showed any, however slight, defect on being tested. The gilders worked in glass masks, with air-tubes like an elephant's proboscis, down to the knees, to avoid the effects of the mercurial amalgam, the electro process not then being known. Deprived of the easily imagined effect produced by the reflection of the sunlight, this ovoid of pure gold relieves itself at twilight in simple majesty against the azure sky; but its greatest glory is at night, when a thousand sparkling lights are constellations surrounding the far-beaming emblem of our religion. Interiorly, the cathedral is divided into a Greek cross, with the dome, as usual, at the centre, and four square chapels, each surmounted with a campanile at the angles. Amongst the more striking decorations are 40 bronze angels, each 21 feet high. The centre nave is 175 feet long, and 53 wide; the total length, 268 feet—the total width, 153 feet; ornamented at the east end by an iconostasis, or altar-screen, 150 feet long and 70 feet high, of white marble, encrusted with porphyry, jasper, and other precious stones, and enriched with eight Corinthian columns of malachite. The great bell, of worn-out and recalled coin, weighs 1800 pouds, the diameter is eight feet. The large bells are similar in form, but differ in their embellishments. The paintings throughout the cathedral, at present, are in oil. They are in three tiers, painted on a gold ground, in most glowing colors, before which are pendent massive silver lamps.



CHURCH OF ST. ISAAC, AT ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1856. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. XI., No. 5.—WHOLE No. 265.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

The engraving on this page is by John Andrew, after one of Billings's spirited and characteristic designs made expressly for our journal. The State arms are conspicuous within the circle; the device on the shield being three ploughs, superimposed with a horse's head above, the supporters being a graceful figure of Liberty and Ceres with a horn of plenty. On one side a cider-mill worked by hand, and on the other a group of young men and girls picking and harvesting apples, represent the agricultural character of the State. A locomotive in the distance shows the modern improvements that science and capital have introduced. The scene below is in striking contrast with the upper portion of the design. It carries us back to the days when the shore of the Atlantic was the hunting-ground of the red man. Surrounded by his listening countrymen, the medicine man of a tribe is discoursing of grave matters to his auditors. The earliest settlement in New Jersey was made in the county of Bergen, between the years 1620 and 1630, by Dutch emigrants from New York. Being joined by Danes and Norwegians, who, in 1638, were followed by a number of Swedes and Fins, a colony was formed on the Delaware River, the land on each side having been purchased of the aborigines as far as navigation extended. In 1664, the territory between the Connecticut and Delaware rivers was granted to the Duke of York, brother of Charles II., and, as the grant included New Jersey, the Dutch were dispossessed, and the territory conveyed to Lord Berkley and Sir George Carteret. Philip Carteret being sent over as governor, fixed on Elizabethtown as the seat of government in 1665. In 1676, the province was divided, the western part being annexed to New York, and the eastern remaining a separate colony under the direct dominion of the British crown. Twenty years afterwards it was surrendered to Queen Anne, and incorporated with New York; but in 1738, both provinces were again placed under the immediate rule of the crown, and so remained till the war of the Revolution. The republican constitution of the State is dated July 2, 1776. During the war with Great Britain, the heroic State of New Jersey made many sacrifices, and her sons gave their treasure and their blood freely in furtherance of the popular cause. Here was fought the battle of Trenton, and the State is full of memorials of those trying and heroic days. The whole amount of the State debt, January 1, 1854, was $65,000. Value of the productive property owned by the State, $252,174 12; whole amount of productive school fund owned by the State, $395,043 59. There are 189 common school districts in the State. It contains 30 banks. There is a State Lunatic Asylum at Trenton. The face of the country at the north is rather mountainous and broken, the central part is undulating, and the south level. The agriculture of the State is very productive, even the sandy lowlands producing the finest fruit through liberal culture. Among the most important works of internal improvement are the Morris Canal, the Delaware and Hudson Canal, the Camden and Amboy, the Patterson and Hudson, the New Brunswick and Trenton, the Morris and Essex, and other railroads with divers branches. The last census shows a population of nearly 500,000 persons, including 22,000 free colored persons. The climate of the State is mild.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ASTOUNDING REVELATION.

In silent astonishment, Eleanor obeyed. Passing from the room through a side door, she accompanied the dwarf through a long corridor, leading along the rear of several apartments, till they entered a door at the extremity, opening into a small room which was seldom used. A small square closet led from this, and was situated just at the back of the apartment which Eleanor had left with her uncle awhile before. Here the dwarf half paused.

"Be silent now," he said, in a whisper, "and enter here. Have no scruples with those who are unscrupulous themselves. Do not leave this closet until you are fully acquainted with what is going on in yonder. Go! You have a right to a share in this business; it concerns your fate."

Noiselessly he opened the door; and the next instant she found herself shut up in the little dark closet; and yet not quite dark, for opposite the door was a small window, opening into the breakfast-room, and covered only by a blind, through which the faintest light came, but still not sufficient for her to distinguish plainly any object about her. Through this blind it was easy to see and hear everything passing in the breakfast-room adjoining, while all in the closet itself was invisible.

At a table in this room, Victor Briancourt and his son were seated, with pens, ink and paper strewed about before them.

* * * * *

"Sixty thousand—sixty thousand! payable to Victor Briancourt on the day of the marriage of his son, Morley Edmond, with Eleanor, daughter of the late Sir James Ashby, of Ashby Place, etc., etc.; and a life annuity into the bargain. Really, my dear boy, that opportunity of *obliging* Sir Edward has been quite a good thing for me. I have lived quite at ease ever since it was presented to me. I may say, I think, without flattery, that few men would have thought of turning it to such golden advantage. A goodly fortune for myself, and the Ashby estates for you, with simply the loveliest incumbrance that could well be, in the shape of pretty Eleanor herself Not badly managed—eh, Morley?"

"Not by any means, if it all succeeds. But—"

"If—but! Excuse me, but this is rather ridiculous, my dear fellow. You suspect that this Hugh Latimer has managed to rival you in her good graces. It is mere nonsense to think so. That he may have tried—that he would have deemed himself only too fortunate to do so, I do not for an instant doubt. But you have succeeded in preventing their meeting for so long a time, that I have not the least apprehension in that respect. Those letters it was well to suppress, however; for, though they were only from the sister, they might have had an effect little to be desired."

"As it is, she never has even suspected that any were sent. Humphries took them whenever they came. I dare say Miss Latimer and her dear brother are wondering at this moment why Eleanor never acknowledged those precious missives."

"Sir Edward was only too willing to help you in this affair, I suppose?"

"Willing! He had but to say the word, and he gave his orders to her directly that she should go no more to Briarfield. He would have shut her up a prisoner if it had been necessary, rather than lose the means—the only means of fulfilling his bond to you."

"Ha, ha! I am glad he feels his need of fulfilling it so religiously. It leaves me less trouble. You see plainly, Morley, that, feeling his obligation to me, as he does, there can be little that would prevent him from meeting it. If Eleanor, even at this late hour, should, from any caprice, refuse to marry you, he would not allow that to deter him from his purpose. He *must* make her yours, whether she is willing or not."

"And mine she *shall* be!" * * *

This was the conversation in the breakfast-room. The door of Eleanor's closet was locked by the dwarf, till she had heard it through.

It was a full hour, ere, after leaving the library, Eleanor and Sir Edward Ashby returned thither. He found Eleanor seated where he had left her; her face paler than it had been when he went out, with some inward agitation depicted upon it in the expression of the troubled yet almost stern eyes, and the slight compression of the lips. He saw it and half paused, ere resuming his seat, regarding it with an involuntary questioning glance. But immediately recollecting himself, he made some slight and formal apology for having kept her so long waiting, and took up the subject again, where he had left it off.

"I observed to you, I think," he said, "before leaving you, that I wished you to appoint a day when this marriage shall take place. If convenient, it would be desirable that you do so to-day—now, if you will. The sooner the matter is definitely arranged, the better, perhaps, it will be."

He waited, expecting her to answer; but she sat quite silent, with her hands clasped, resting upon her lap, and her eyes fixed upon the floor. If he had observed her more closely, he might have seen that within the clasp of those small hands, was a packet of papers; that the fingers were closed tightly together about them, and that her seemingly set glance moved to these more than once. It was then that Eleanor was seeking strength for a new-formed resolution. She neither moved, nor spoke, nor raised her eyes for a little while.

"Eleanor, you comprehend me, I think?" he said, frigidly, after a moment's pause. "I stated, I believe, with sufficient plainness, that I desired you to fix *at once* on the day of your marriage."

"I have considered, sir," now answered Eleanor, calmly, "what you were pleased to say to me. But I do not wish to appoint the day of which you speak."

He regarded her with a cold and slightly perplexed air.

"O then you leave it, I presume, to the option of Morley?"

"On the contrary, I do not wish to have it appointed at all."

She uttered the words in a tone of quiet yet resolute decision that could not well have been mistaken. But her auditor seemed for a moment unable to comprehend or credit its full meaning. He started and turned pale. His eyes were fixed on her face with a look of almost agony. His lips, grown suddenly livid, moved with unspoken words. His thin fingers clutched nervously.

"Eleanor—Miss Ashby," he said, at length, in a hoarse tone, "I do not quite understand you, I think. Will you have the goodness to speak a little more explicitly? What is it that you mean?"

She looked at him for a single moment without speaking. In the emotion she beheld, was the evidence of the importance he placed upon the bond which he had given to Victor Briancourt, and which required her for a sacrifice.

"Well, well, Miss Ashby," said he, recovering himself, as he saw that her attention was attracted to his emotion, and shrinking angrily from her glance, "I believe I am entitled to an explanation from you. Why do you not give it?"

"I mean, sir," she said, "that I have reasons for declining altogether the honor of this union with Morley Briancourt."

He started, and half rose from his seat; his features working, his lips quivering, his whole frame convulsed with an unaccountable emotion.

"You decline! you—" He stood there, unable to finish, for the terror and wrath that inspired him.

And Eleanor Ashby, trembling at the storm she had raised, pale as death, but nerving herself to courage, sat silent.

"Eleanor Ashby, *dare* to say that again!" he uttered, finally, in a voice hoarse with inward passion.

She did not waver or shrink.

"Sir, I have said it," was her answer. "I repeat it!"

"You *will not* repeat it, Eleanor Ashby. You cannot—you *dare* not!" he uttered. "What is the meaning of this? How have you the insolence to oppose me? What accursed spirit prompts you to break the bond of years—the promise given for you, and agreed to by you? Tell me your reason—tell me, I say, this instant!"

He paused, trembling with his own violence—a violence that agitated and shocked his niece; but she would not give way. A two-fold reason actuated her in her decision, for she would have died rather than submit to a measure which made her hand an object of deliberate sale, and the man whom she had learned to despise, she would never marry in any case. She could not prolong this scene. She had come with the fixed purpose of declining her motives, of showing him the knowledge she had so strangely gained; but his passionate violence unnerved her.

"Sir," she said, "I cannot tell you now. This evening I will do so. Meanwhile, I must seek an interview with Morley Briancourt. Now I pray you to excuse me from prolonging this discussion."

With a grave but respectful inclination to her uncle, she slowly left the apartment. Sir Edward Ashby remained standing for a moment, when she had left him, perfectly silent and motionless, thunderstruck, as it were, with his eyes fixed on the door by which she had disappeared. Then, with a form that trembled from head to foot, and a countenance rigid and pale as death itself, he sank gradually into his arm-chair. A little while he sat there, leaning his head upon his hand, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, with a cold and gloomy stare of despairing misery. It would have been hard to tell why this single act of Eleanor's should thus affect him; but an indescribable expression of anguish rested upon his features. The tempestuous fury of a short time since had entirely disappeared. He was weak, helpless, miserable now.

Soon he rose, and pouring a goblet of water from a pitcher upon the table, drank it slowly. It seemed slightly to restore him. He walked back and forth, across the apartment, for a few moments, and then rang the bell.

"Tell Mr. Briancourt," he said, to the servant who appeared, "that Sir Edward Ashby requests the favor of an interview with him here."

The man, evidently struck by the strange alteration in his master's countenance, bowed silently and withdrew.

The baronet resumed his seat by the table, and shortly Mr. Briancourt entered. His quick eye marked the lingering expression of misery upon the countenance of his host, and an almost imperceptible cloud darkened his own brow. But he came forward with a smile.

"Well, my dear sir, what said our fair Eleanor?" he asked, lightly.

"She informs me," answered the baronet, slowly, "that—" He paused, hesitatingly. His paleness increased. He looked nervously at Mr. Briancourt, and then turning away, rose and commenced pacing the floor again, with a half-suppressed groan.

"Well, my dear friend?" said that gentleman, with an air of utter carelessness, leaning back in his chair, with folded hands.

"That," went on Sir Edward, as if every word were wrung from him with the most exquisite torture, "she has found reasons for declining the honor of Morley's hand."

"She has, eh?" observed Mr. Briancourt, with easy indifference. "Well, that is simply what we had all suspected before. Of course you showed Eleanor that she had expressed her intentions too hastily, without due consideration?"

"Victor," said the baronet, and his tones were hasty and agitated, his glance one of deprecating anguish,—"Victor, I could not; I must tell you the truth. I was unable—"

"Tut, tut, my dear friend," returned Mr. Briancourt, smilingly, "how modest you are! You really undervalue your own powers of persuasion. I really cannot bring myself to believe that you allowed our fair friend to leave you without having exhibited to her the mistake she had made in declining this alliance."

"It is too true!" groaned the baronet.

"Still, I beg your pardon, but I can scarcely credit it of one who has *so much reason for enforcing obedience in this case.*"

His voice and manner were perfectly bland; his fine gray eyes rested with the utmost softness of expression upon the face of his host.

"Victor, Victor, have mercy!" uttered the baronet. He groaned with agony.

Mr. Briancourt did not seem to hear. With that same soft glance and tone, he said:

"I cannot help thinking, my dear Sir Edward Ashby," and he laid peculiar stress upon the last three words, "that *had I been in your case*, she would have been persuaded to change her mind."

"*I could not persuade her*, Victor!" murmured the miserable man.

"O, well, there is time—there is ample time. You will confer with her again to-morrow, or this evening, perhaps, and then, doubtless, we shall come to the point satisfactorily enough." And Mr. Briancourt rose with a friendly smile from his chair, as if about to take his departure.

"But, Victor, I fear," said Sir Edward, tremulously, "she—"

"My dear sir, there is nothing whatever to fear," smiled the guest. "You will, *of course*, open the subject with her again, as I said, either this evening or to-morrow?" He spoke very softly, with the utmost politeness and deference of mien.

The baronet writhed.

"Yes, yes! I will do anything—everything. But you know her. She is an Ashby—her father's child. And she says she will not marry your son."

"She will not?" echoed Mr. Briancourt. His utterance was slow, moderate, smooth. "She will not? O yes, Sir Edward, *she will*; or—" He paused—a pause of significance.

The baronet shuddered through every limb. Mr. Briancourt approached, and took his hand.

"My excellent friend," he said, "you really are wanting in confidence. As I remarked before, you fail to place a sufficient estimate upon your own abilities. I am quite sure you can bring your fair niece, my future daughter-in-law, to reason. And the incentive to action on your part, too; it is a remarkable one, you remember." He pressed his host's icy fingers meaningly, and glided from the apartment.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER TURN OF THE SCREW.

For hours had Eleanor Ashby remained in the solitude of her own apartment, meditating upon the discovery she had been enabled, through the means of Pequin, to make. Resentment and indignation filled her as she thought of Morley Briancourt's late proceeding. It was no longer a matter of mystery—the silence of Mary.

And as she thought of the *reason* of the suppression of this correspondence, she trembled and blushed with confusion and shame. Jealous—and of Hugh Latimer! She covered her face with her hands. The bare suggestion of a possible cause for such a feeling on Morley Briancourt's part, presented now for the first time to her mind, sent a thrill to her heart, and suffused her cheek with a vivid color that came and went a thousand times in a moment. Hugh Latimer!

Rousing herself from these reflections, with a still burning cheek, she drew her desk towards her, and proceeded to pen a brief note to Miss Latimer, concerning the intercepted correspondence. She did not say to her that Morley had been instrumental in the work. She merely said: "I have not, since we met, heard a single word from you, or received one of your letters, until to-day." She did not mention the name of Hugh. The letter, which, had not justice required it, she would have shrunk from sending at all, was sealed, directed and despatched immediately to Briarfield by Lucy; and then Eleanor sat down to think once more, and prepare herself for the approaching scene with Morley and her uncle.

There was a bond between her uncle and Victor Briancourt which gave the promise of her hand to Morley, and certain large sums of money to his father, with the accession of the Briancourt family to the estates and titles of Ashby, in return for some secret obligation of Sir Edward, contracted in former times to his friend. Of the nature of this obligation, Eleanor could form no idea; but she was persuaded that it was a mysterious—even a fearful one, by the hints that had been dropped in the conversation between the father and son, and by the inexpressible dread Sir Edward exhibited of losing the power and means of fulfilling the contract. She shrunk from increasing the violent excitement he had betrayed; and with long and serious thought, resolved not to mention to him her suspicion of his secret, whatever it might be; but yet, to

adhere firmly to her resolution of resisting all attempts to make her wed with Morley. The affair of the letters alone would she mention. This would be sufficient for her purpose.

Resolving to make the business as brief as possible, and nerving herself to firmness, she prepared to encounter Morley. It was evening when, for the first time since morning, she met him in the drawing-room.

He was deathly pale. He had learned from his father of her refusal to marry him, and he had been brooding over it all day. He met her now with a countenance colorless, gloomy and severe, like his manner in addressing her.

"Well, Eleanor," he said.

He had remained standing. She also stood. Her clear, calm eyes were raised to his.

"I have withdrawn, sir," she said, gravely, "all share in the contract made some time since between my uncle and your father, respecting my marriage with you. You are probably already aware of this fact?"

"I am. It is to learn your reasons for this unwarrantable step that I have come hither."

"My reasons for this unwarrantable step! You shall have them. I think they will be sufficiently satisfactory. You will not be at a loss to understand them, I think. Here they are!"

She laid on the table that stood between her and Morley the packet of intercepted letters. He started at the sight of them, knowing them but too well. His brow flushed, then grew black as midnight. She saw the effect.

"I think this matter requires no further explanation," she said, quietly; and taking up the letters again, she left the room without another word.

And shortly, Morley Briancourt went also, to seek his father, his countenance betraying suppressed but deadly feelings of excitement. He swore an oath, now, to possess her at any cost.

From the drawing-room, Eleanor now repaired to the library, where she knew her uncle awaited her.

He sat there by the table, his head resting on his hand, and his face white as that of a ghost. Half rising, as she entered, he motioned her to a seat opposite to him.

"Well, Eleanor Ashby, you have come?" he said, harshly.

"I have come, sir," she answered.

"To give me your *reasons* for refusing to wed Morley Briancourt. Well, let us hear them—these admirable reasons." And his voice, trembling though it was, had a sarcastic sneer in it. "Let us hear them. But let me warn you beforehand, Eleanor Ashby, they will have no weight with me."

"They should have, sir," answered Miss Ashby, "if you had not yourself assisted in laying the foundation for them. As it is, you are already familiar with the circumstances connected with them. This will show you what I mean." And she gave him the letters which he had helped to intercept. "There is no force, sir, sufficient to make me wed a man who is guilty of the dishonorable act performed in the suppression of letters intended for me by friends."

He looked startled, confounded, angry, as he beheld them.

"How did you come possessed of these?" he asked, trembling with wrath.

"That I cannot tell you, sir," she answered. "But I will say, at least, that it was by no contrivance on my part. They were in Morley Briancourt's writing-desk yonder; but I did not take them thence, nor persuade another to do so; for I was unaware of their existence till this very morning. I have learned how he intercepted them—with your connivance."

"Well, it is all out then. You may or may not know the reason for which Morley suppressed these letters; it does not matter."

"I do know," she answered, with a deep blush, "and am ashamed of the motives—*for which there was no occasion*—which prompted the act."

"Never mind—never mind!" he said, sternly. "That will make no difference. You will marry Morley Briancourt. It is my command."

"And I cannot obey it," said Eleanor. "You are determined, but I think you cannot have forgotten the resolution I expressed in the interview of this morning."

"I have not indeed forgotten it," he answered, hoarsely; "but as I do not recognize your right to make such a resolution, I do not consider it of any consequence. You are the betrothed bride of Morley Briancourt, and as such, he claims the fulfilment of your promise to him. If you are not prepared to render that fulfilment, I shall find it necessary to enforce it."

Eleanor trembled with excitement and agitation; but her clear eyes were fixed full and proudly upon her uncle's face, and she subdued, with a strong effort, the quiver that ran through her nerves, as she answered him.

"Sir," she said, "I have signified my unwillingness to wed the son of your friend; and while you deny my right to oppose your will and his in the matter, I refuse to acknowledge your title to enforce my obedience contrary to my wishes. You are my uncle and my guardian, but that is all; and your relationship to me is not such as to warrant you in compelling me to a measure repugnant to me. None but a parent has the right to assume the tone with which you address me; it has that authority to which I will not submit."

"Then I shall teach you how to do so!" uttered Sir Edward, with a white and passionate countenance, his whole frame agitated, and his lips trembling with wrath. "Eleanor Ashby, you shall wed him to whom I have promised you; you shall wed him, I say, spite of every power on earth. Dare not oppose me! You shall be his bride ere this month is out, or—" Rage and excitement rendered him unable to finish his threat. His thin hand was clenched convulsively. For a moment, he seemed about to suffocate. Finally he dashed his hand down upon the table with fearful violence. "Go to your room, girl!" he thundered,—"go to your room, nor dare to leave it until I bid you!"

The sight of his terrible wrath had almost overpowered Eleanor. At first she had scarcely strength to rise from her chair. But she struggled to collect her energies.

"Do you disobey me?" ejaculated her uncle, madly, stamping with fury,—"do you disobey me? Away this instant, or you shall know what it is to thwart me!"

"Hold, sir!" uttered Eleanor, sternly, restored to herself by his brutal tyranny, and rising to her full height,—"hold, sir! Remember, it is a woman whom you are addressing, and that woman your brother's child. I go, but I dare you to place a restraining hand upon my freedom. No prisoner will I be in the house that was once my father's; no gaoler's power shall limit Eleanor Ashby's liberty within these walls!"

He recoiled once or twice while she spoke, as though she had struck him, and as often his eyes blazed with wrath at her air of royal defiance. She passed slowly out from his presence, calm, and proud, and pale; and as the door closed behind her, he sunk upon the seat from which, in his fury, he had risen, and a groan of mingled rage and agony broke from his white lips.

"O," he muttered, "for means to crush that girl's spirit, or to rid myself at once and forever of Victor Briancourt's power! The fiends tempted me into it! O for rest—rest—rest once more upon this earth!"

With an expression of the most bitter anguish, he threw himself forward upon the table, and bowed his head upon his hands. His whole frame shook with emotion.

Suddenly there was borne through the apartment the sound of a faint, prolonged moan—a fainting, dying moan, as of a spirit passing from the clay. He started from his seat with a shudder of horror, his wild eyes almost bursting from their sockets, the great drops of perspiration standing out upon his pallid, wrinkled brow.

"What's that?" he uttered, in a strong, quick, terrified whisper,—"what's that?"

He waited, with shaking form, holding tremulously by his chair for support, and listening in awful suspense. But the sound had gone; all was silent.

"Fool!" he murmured, weakly, to himself,—"fool that I am! It was but the night wind sighing through the room. My fears make a child of me."

Slowly and with a hand that quivered as in an ague fit, he wiped away with his handkerchief the drops of moisture from his cold forehead. But still his fearful eyes wandered wildly to every corner of the apartment with a nameless dread. It was as if he expected some apparition to appear before his horrified vision. Slowly he sank once more upon his seat, with his elbows resting upon the arms of the chair, and his skeleton fingers clutching nervously together as he folded them within each other; and still, ever and anon, his frightened, wandering glance roved fearfully about on every side.

There were shadows in the room—shadows dancing hither and thither on the walls, as the light airs floated in from some open window, and made the lamp-flames flare this way and that. He was afraid of them. They inspired him with a nervous dread. To his excited fancy, they took a thousand fearful, ghostly forms that were horrible to look upon. He could not bear them. He rose, and with stealthy steps, looking about him on every side as he went, advanced to the windows and shut them close. It was a hot night; the air was stifling. But no matter for that: he could not bear the shadows; anything rather than them.

But they were there still. The draught from the sudden closing of the windows made the shadows flare more wildly than ever. He sprang from his seat again, and rang the bell with mad violence.

"More lights here!" he shouted to the servant who came.

The man stared wonderingly at his master, and retreated quickly from the apartment to execute the order. He was startled at the sight of that ghost-like face, that harsh, strange voice. And truly no wonder. It would not have taken a great stretch of fancy to believe Sir Edward Ashby mad.

It was better when the other lights came. There was not a corner of the great room now that was not flooded with a blaze of radiance. He walked back and forth with less of fear this time. The shadows tormented him no more. The moan he had heard, he said assuringly to himself, was nothing but the night wind. There was nothing to make him afraid—nothing; and so he walked to and fro securely, and thought, as he walked, of his stubborn niece, Eleanor, how she had refused to marry her lover, how she had defied *him*, how she had dared him to control her. But he *would* control her. She *should* marry her lover; she should be his tool to fulfil the contract he had made so many years ago with Victor Briancourt; and Sir Edward Ashby, as he said these last words to himself, shuddered fearfully again, and stopped his walk. But with the next words, he resumed it. "Yes—she should wed Morley, and then the contract would be fulfilled, and *he* should be safe—safe at last. Victor Briancourt would say so; he would give back that hateful paper, written and signed in blood. Ha! What was that?"

Again through the still apartment sighed that faint and awful moan; and he started, with the ejaculation of horror dying into silence on his white lips, his eyes fixed, his flesh creeping, every hair standing erect upon his head.

There was something that fell upon the floor before him with a dull, dead sound, causing him to spring back with an involuntary shriek. Then, as if moved by an invisible power, he crept forward, with his glance fascinated awfully by it. His tremulous fingers advanced to touch it—advanced by no volition of his own. A trance of agony enwrapt him. What was it that he clutched? Up before his eyes he held a small rusted dagger, with great splashes and stains of red upon its corroded blade. And even at that moment, on his own right hand there fell a single drop of human blood.

A horrible cry, a scream, a yell of agony, found its way from his laden breast. It pierced through every room, rang through every corridor, penetrated to every corner of that vast old mansion. Not a soul was there from end to end of the house but shrank appalled at the sound. They rushed from every side in one direction, servants and all. Straight to the library, from whence that awful sound had come, and there upon the floor lay the master of Ashby Place, as one dead.

It was strange, but no one saw anything of a dagger; no one remarked any stain of the sanguine drop that had sullied the hand of Sir Edward Ashby. And no one saw the dwarf, perched in a lofty, dark nook, at the very top of the book-shelves, beneath the ceiling.

CHAPTER XV.

WORKING OF A TROUBLED MIND.

It was a strange, almost inexplicable mystery. They talked of it in subdued whispers all over the house—of the strange and fearful shriek that had rung out upon the midnight air from the walls of the old library—a shriek so terrible that many believed it to have been uttered by no human voice, and of the death-like swoon in which Sir Edward had been found lying there upon the floor. Various were the surmises in regard to these things, but nothing definite or satisfactory could be learned. Among the domestics of the household, however, the general belief was that he had been visited by some ghostly apparition—some evil thing or other; for it was an incident most favorable to their love for the marvellous; and the fact of its having occurred at midnight added strength to this view of the affair.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that Victor Briancourt and his son were not those to enter into such a belief as this; but they held their peace, and allowed the people of the household to account for the occurrence as they pleased; for both allowed that there was a shadow of mystery in the affair.

They had carried him immediately to his chamber, and dispensing with all assistance from others, resorted to every means in their power to restore him. But their utmost efforts availed nothing, and finally it was found necessary to despatch a messenger for a medical man, who shortly arrived, in all haste, at Ashby.

The syncope into which the baronet was plunged, resisted, however, for an alarming length of time, every appliance of the physician's skill, and his grave countenance testified to the anxiety which he felt. Both Victor Briancourt and his son also gave undeniable evidence of uneasiness, as the time wore on, and the patient lay still in that deathlike state. Of more than uneasiness, if one looked closely; for upon the dark brow of each was stamped a gloomy, lowering shadow of almost unbearable suspense. In the heart of each there were hugged dearly cherished expectations that hung for fulfilment upon his life. They would crumble into dust if he should die now. He must live—he *must* live, they said to themselves; he *could* not die yet. And moment after moment they watched for hope in the physician's face, and moment after moment they grew more uneasy—more anxious.

And, meanwhile, the domestics were gathered together in the great kitchen of the mansion, talking of the affair in fearful whispers, and exchanging their various and ever-changing surmises concerning it, in low voices scarcely raised above a whisper, so strange a thing it seemed.

And in her own apartment, Eleanor sat with her maid, pretty Lucy Elmore, who went ever and anon to Sir Edward's valet for tidings concerning the state of his master, and then went back to Miss Ashby to report his answer, as dictated by the medical attendant. That Eleanor felt astonished and concerned at this sudden indisposition of her uncle, it is, perhaps, needless to say; but it was with solicitude that she thought of his dangerous state; but it was unaccompanied with that deep tenderness, that painful and affectionate anxiety, which she would naturally have experienced had he ever treated her with that kindness, ever manifested towards her that love which he should have extended to her, his ward and his niece. He had never taken any pains to endear himself to her; on the contrary, he had been cold, distant, reserved. She had never learned to love him, and now it was as if she had heard of the illness of a stranger, only that a stranger could not have treated her so harshly as he had treated her that evening. But she tried to forget this now.

In the apartment of the patient, the attendants still watched for some sign of returning life to animate the cold form before them. And at last, when the dawn was just beginning to steal up the eastern heavens, it came. Sir Edward Ashby was safe. But that was all. The tidings were sent out to those waiting of the household. But he was very weak, and it was only by the slowest degrees that full consciousness was restored to him. For a long time he was powerless to move or speak.

But he was safe. It was enough for Victor Briancourt and Morley. They were at ease once more. The medical attendant, after satisfying himself concerning his patient, and giving manifold directions concerning him, took his departure, promising to call again in the course of the morning.

And so the sun rose brightly over Ashby Place, and the day shone fair and beautiful, but softly fell its beams into that quiet chamber through the draperied casements. And slowly Sir Edward Ashby's faculties returned to him. He lay there, gradually and painfully collecting his perceptions and his recollections; and the two—the father and son—watched for him to speak. But it was a long time ere he did so. Once or twice his glance was turned to their faces, rested there a moment, and was withdrawn,

to remain fixed for a longer time upon some other object, with an expression of one endeavoring to realize his own situation, and seeking to recall things past.

By-and-by a sudden flash lighted up his eyes; a strong and fearful shudder ran through his frame. He closed his eyes with a quick and agonized contraction of the brow, a spasmodic convulsion of the features. Victor Briancourt touched his son's arm warningly, and bent forward. Suddenly Sir Edward re-opened his eyes, and looked up to meet the gaze of his friend.

"Victor," he said, in a sharp whisper,—"Victor, that dagger—where is it?"

A faint flush rose to Mr. Briancourt's forehead. He thought the sick man insane. He cast a quick, meaning glance towards his son; then answered soothingly to Sir Edward:

"My dear Ashby, you must be perfectly quiet. Presently I will tell you everything you wish to know."

"No, no!" uttered the baronet, shuddering again; "I must know now—this instant. Victor—Morley," and he turned his gaze from one to the other of them, "tell me—ah! but I forgot: you were not there; you did not see it. But it must be there now. Go, get it and hide it—quick!"

Morley Briancourt looked at his father.

"He is not wandering," he said; "he knows us, you see. What, then—"

"Wandering?" echoed Sir Edward, catching the word,—"wandering? No! I am as sane as you, Morley Briancourt. Don't think me mad. But that—the dagger!" and he glanced with shivering fear from the son to the father,—"the dagger! How did it come? Victor, tell me. And the blood on my hand; you have washed it off—have you not? you did not let it be seen, eh?"

"Ashby, you have been dreaming, that is all. Try to forget the dream, and think of something pleasanter," said Victor Briancourt.

"Victor," uttered the baronet, struggling suddenly to rise, and resting, with trembling frame, upon his arm, while he spoke with tremulous energy, "I tell you it was no dream! I stood there in the library, and that dagger fell to the floor before me! That was human blood that fell on my hand—the blood of—" He paused and writhed in agony. "O, Victor," he exclaimed, "I tell you again it was no dream! It was too horrible—too real! I saw that dagger as plainly as I see you now. I felt that warm blood fall upon my hand. I shrieked aloud. O, it could not have been a dream!"

He sank back, and covered his face with his hands, quivering in every limb with excitement. Mr. Briancourt grew pale; he looked alarmed at Sir Edward's agitation, yet perplexed by his earnest and impressive words. He thought rapidly a moment; then turned to Morley, saying, in a low voice: "I see it all now. He was dwelling on dungerous subjects, last evening. He nursed his own morbid fancies until he gave way to their power in insensibility. They must indeed have been awful, for him to retain their impression still."

Then addressing the still shuddering baronet once more, he endeavored to persuade him of the extravagance of his belief in the reality of what had been only fancy. He declared to him that nothing like a dagger had been visible on their reaching him—that there had been not the shadow of a stain upon his hands. Morley corroborated his father's evidence in the strongest terms of assurance; and their combined assertions at length quieted Sir Edward, and induced him to believe that the cause of his illness was really nothing more than his own fancies. And finally the baronet yielded.

A nervous shock, such as he had endured, would have been productive, in the case of many another man, of the most alarming results. In that of Sir Edward, it happened that, beyond its first effects, he experienced from it no serious consequences. He continued very weak during the day, but at evening he came forth from his chamber, leaning on the arm of Mr. Briancourt. His countenance was extremely pale, but possessed, in a great degree, its usual cold, unmoved expression, and he conversed with his guests with his old self-possession. Striving to forget the events of the preceding night, he endeavored to regard them only as a vision of his own distorted fancy, which Victor Briancourt and his son also believed them to have been; and horrible as they had been, he felt the necessity of banishing them, and not allowing them to deter him from giving his attention to affairs which at present demanded it.

These affairs were connected with the rebellion of Eleanor. Sir Edward did not leave his room until after the usual dinner hour, and then he found Miss Ashby seated at her embroidery in the drawing-room; for she had not, according to his orders, confined herself to her own apartment that day. He scarcely replied to her respectful inquiry for his health; but with chilling harshness, intimated to her that obedience to his commands would not be unbecoming in her, and ordered her instantly to retire to her room, and remain there until he recalled her.

Eleanor's cheek flushed for a moment, and her spirit rose in defiance of this unwarranted authority; but she would not willingly thwart him, and rouse him into an excitement that might prove dangerous to him, ill as he had been. Therefore, she retired in silence; but it was with a heart throbbing with sorrow and indignation.

As it happened, Lucy Elmore was passing the drawing-room door at the moment; and sympathy and anger were stamped upon her countenance, as she heard Sir Edward's harsh orders, and witnessed the voluntary obedience of her mistress. She paused on the great staircase till Miss Ashby reached her, and then said, earnestly:

"Dear Miss Eleanor, how can you submit so quietly? It is wicked in him!"

"Hush—hush, dear Lucy," said Eleanor, kindly, endeavoring to repress her own tumultuous feelings; "you must remember he is my uncle."

"I do remember it," answered Lucy, humbly,—"I do remember it. But for all that," and the tears rushed down her cheeks, "I can't forget how overbearing he is. I declare, if you were not here, nothing should tempt me to stay here another hour. I wish you would go away, Miss Eleanor, and take me with you."

"O, Lucy, I wish I could!" uttered Miss Ashby, passionately, the tears springing to her own eyes.

At that moment, as they reached the stairhead, Lucy touched Miss Ashby's arm quickly, with a sudden start, as if something had alarmed her; but motioning for silence, passed hastily along the hall to Eleanor's chamber.

"Lucy, what was it—what startled you?" asked Miss Ashby, in a tone of surprise, as they stood within the apartment, and the door was closed behind them.

"O, did you not see, Miss Eleanor?" uttered the girl, eagerly. "It was Mr. Morley Briancourt. He heard what we were saying. Didn't you see him gliding so silently into that niche on the landing till we passed? I dare say he is going down stairs this moment."

Quick as a flash, Eleanor threw open the door. Yes—there he was, gliding stealthily down the hall stairs. He *had* heard the remarks of the two, as they came up stairs, while he was passing along the hall, and had concealed himself, as Lucy saw, not only that they might not believe themselves overheard, but also for the mean purpose of overhearing the continuance of their conversation.

"Aha!" he said to himself, as he stole out from his concealment, and down to the library, without dreaming that he had been seen, "so my pretty bird would escape—would she? Well, we must clip her wings—we must clip her wings! And that pretty little maid must be disposed of forthwith, or we shall have trouble. Sir Edward shall know of this." And he entered the library. But nobody was there, and he proceeded to the drawing-room, where a conference ensued between the three, lasting a long time.

"So he heard, did he?" said Eleanor Ashby, indignantly. "Well, never mind, Lucy,—never mind. Let them know it. For O I *do* wish I were safe hence!"

She gave way to the intensity of her feelings in tears; and Lucy, poor girl, wept with her; for she had been Eleanor's own foster sister, and Eleanor's troubles, which had never been concealed from her, were as her own.

It was late when Eleanor retired; and not until her mistress was prepared for repose, would the faithful Lucy betake herself to her own couch in the ante-room. Then tears were on the cheeks of both.

It was late the next morning when Miss Ashby awoke; for notwithstanding her troubles, she had slept the sound and peaceful slumber of youth. Lucy was not yet awake, but she started from sleep at the sound of her mistress's voice, and dressing with alacrity, proceeded to attend to Miss Ashby's toilet.

Eleanor was unusually thoughtful. During the whole time she was engaged in dressing, she was debating the question of obedience or disobedience to her uncle. "Shall I keep my room, as he bids me do?" she said. And then she asked herself: "What right has he to imprison me? Shall I yield?"

"Dear Miss Eleanor," said Lucy, "you do not mean to stay in here all day, do you? I had forgotten till this instant about what Sir Edward said last night. I slept so soundly that it all went out of my head. But you did not forget it, I dare say?"

"No indeed, Lucy," said Eleanor, sadly,—"no indeed. But I am sure I do not know what to do."

"O, I would go out—I am sure I would go out!" replied Lucy, earnestly. "I think you ought to go, indeed, dear Miss Eleanor; for if you stay in until he bids you go, I am afraid you will not go soon, and to be deprived of exercise in the open air would soon make you ill, for you are out so much generally."

She turned, as she ceased speaking, to leave the room on an errand for her mistress; but what was her astonishment to find that she could not open the door, although she had withdrawn the bolt!

"Let me try, Lucy,—let me try," said Miss Ashby, coming forward. "It is difficult to unclose, sometimes. I think I can open it."

But the first effort convinced her of her inability to do so, for the door was locked on the outside. This was clipping the bird's wings, indeed. Indignation and astonishment were depicted on Eleanor's face.

"A prisoner in my own apartment!" she exclaimed. "Has it come to this? Why, then, indeed, I *will* be free!"

"O, there is Harry Longworth!" said Lucy, looking from the window. "Shall I speak to him, dear Miss Eleanor?"

"Yes. Tell him to come up. He can undo the outside bolt, Lucy," answered Miss Ashby.

There was no one else in sight. Harry Longworth heard Lucy's call, and coming below the casement, heard with indignation that Miss Eleanor and she herself were both fastened in their room. Instantly he ran into the house.

"Now, Miss Eleanor," said Lucy, joyfully,—"now we shall get out!"

But the captives were doomed to disappointment. Scarce had Harry Longworth reached the corridor leading through the wing where Miss Ashby's apartments were, when he suddenly found Sir Edward Ashby standing by his side. And Eleanor and her maid, from their new-made prison, heard him say, "Go down stairs, sir, and henceforth meddle not with my affairs. *Go!*"

Harry hesitated a moment, his stout young frame thrilling with indignation. Then he turned away, saying to himself, "I go, my master, but I shall come again at a better time."

In five minutes more, Sir Edward's valet was stationed at the door, to guard it, and Will Humphries set to watch in another place. Then Sir Edward went down stairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TURKISH PEOPLE.

I have frequently noticed Turkish boys as beautiful as Astyanax. Ottoman children of both sexes are indeed remarkable for the sweetness and dignity of their behaviour. The latter arises from being brought up in the harem. The father takes no part or apparent interest in their education, and the young mind is left entirely to the sweet influences of maternal love, which is usually strong in Oriental society, from the fact that female life is confined to a narrow and exclusive sphere. Filial and maternal affection, retained throughout life and touchingly manifested on all occasions, is the result of this training. From the strong admixture of Circassian blood, and to a limited extent that of the Greeks, the Turkish is the most perfect type of the human race. Freedom from excitement, political or moral, exemption from the corroding cares of business, and that happy alliance of movement and repose in the open air which the Turk so much loves, conduce to the development of manly beauty, and are highly favorable to longevity. The Moslems, among whom I move, are silent and statuesque, men of the graceful beard, and flowing robe of the Orientals, combine the dignified bearing of an ancient Athenian with the majestic gravity of a senator of Rome. The confined and fretful life of the harem is, on the contrary, destructive to female charms. Married at the age of twelve or fifteen years, Turkish ladies become ugly at twenty-five, unendurable at forty. Their mode of dress also seems to render the beautiful less beautiful, the uncomely more uncomely. Their unangelic way of sitting cross-armed and cross-legged on the bosom of mother earth, after the manner of their lords, gives them distorted spinal columns, round shoulders, while the universal habit of smoking contributes to convert the rich tints of Circassian beauty into the shallow wrinkles of premature age.—*Correspondent of the New York Herald.*

TUNNELS.

The United States have 67 tunnels on canals and railways, the longest of which is about one mile.—England has 48 canal tunnels of an aggregate length of 40 miles; the largest being over three miles, on the Huddersfield Canal. She has also 79 railway tunnels, 49 of which amount to 33 miles, the longest being three miles.—The largest tunnel of which I can find a record is one in the district of Schemnitz, in Hungary. Its length is variously stated at from 10 1-2 to 11 1-2 miles. It is used to drain an extensive series of mines, and also for the transportation of ore on railway cars.—In France, there are 56 tunnels on railways, eight on canals, 36 of which are an aggregate length of 54-4 miles. The largest of small size is 7-45 miles, and that of large dimensions 3-5 miles. The Rouen and Havre road has eight tunnels; Paris and Lyons also eight.—On the German railways are ten tunnels. The great "Gallerie d'ecoulement" of the Clausthal mines, through the Hartz Mountains, is 6-5 miles long. It was commenced in 1777, and completed in 1800 (twenty-three years), and cost a little more than $350,000. Some authorities state this tunnel to be 7-5 miles long.—In Sardinia, there is a tunnel two miles long, through Mount Giovi, on the Genoa and Turiu railway. On this road, in 25 miles through the Appenines, are nine tunnels.—In Mexico, there is a tunnel 21,659 feet in length, named Nochistongo, constructed at Lake Tumpango, in Mexico, to drain the lakes in the valley.—*Capt. G. B. McClellan, Corps Engineers, U. S.*

A "ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE."

By the death of the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Edmund Lyons becomes father of the present premier duchess of England. The "romance of the peerage" has few prettier chapters than this. The young Earl of Arundel and Surrey was travelling in Greece, when he was attacked by fever, and his life was despaired of. He was removed to the house of the British minister, Sir Edmund Lyons, at Athens, when a "ministering angel," in the person of Sir Edmund's fair daughter, became his nurse, and, by her devoted attentions, was believed to have saved the life of the young heir of the oldest ducal house in England, at the hazard of her own. The gratitude of the young earl to his fair preserver took the usual shape; but, as soon as Sir Edmund Lyons found reason to suspect what was going on, he wrote to the earl's father, informing him of his son's convalescence, and begging that he might be removed, since he knew that his daughter had no pretensions to mate with such illustrious lineage. Sir Edmund's letter displayed so much honorable feeling, and the young man's attachment seemed so insurmountable, that the consent of the parents was obtained. They were married, and "they lived happily ever after," as the story books say.—*Liverpool Mail.*

COMMERCE.

What has commerce done for the world, that its history should be explored, its philosophy illustrated, its claim advanced among the influences which impel civilization? It has enabled man to avail himself of the peculiarities of climate or position, to make that division of labor which tends to equalize society, to distribute the productions of earth, and to teach the benefit of kindly dependence. It unites distant branches of the human family, cultivates the relation between them, encourages an interest in each other, and promotes that brotherly feeling which is the strongest guaranty of permanent friendship. People differing in creed, in language, in dress, in customs, are brought in contact, to find how much there is universal to them all, and to improve their condition by supplying the wants of one from the abundance of the other. The friendly intercourse created by commerce is slowly but surely revolutionizing the earth. There was a time when man met only on the field of battle, and there was but one name for stranger and enemy. Now, wherever a ship can float, the various emblems of sovereignty intermingle in harmony, and the sons of commerce, the wide world through, in consulting their own interests, advance the cause of humanity and peace.—*G. R. Russell.*

MOUNTAINS.

Mountains are to the rest of the earth what muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are, in the mountains, brought out with force and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion and strength; the plains and lower hills are the repose and the effortless motion of the frame when the muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath its lines of beauty, yet ruling those lines in their every undulation. This, then, is the first grand principle of the truth of the earth. The spirit of the hills is action—that of the lowlands repose; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and rest, from the inactive plain, sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs—with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads—lift up their Titan hands to heaven, saying, "I live forever!"—*Ruskin.*

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

This is one of the very best and most popular pictures of the Scotch Wilkie. The scene lies in the interior of a farmer's cottage, which, though plainly furnished, exhibits every attribute of comfort. There is the old-fashioned chimney-place and smoke-jack, the high plate rack and the substantial dresser. While one of the girls is holding a candle, the good man, by a simple combination of his fingers, projects the shadow of a rabbit on the wall so perfectly that the baby in the arms of the mother is dancing with delight as she recognizes the imitation. Who has not been a spectator of such domestic exhibitions which have cost nothing but good will and good humor? who has not been by turns actor and spectator? It is by means of such sports that the hearth has a charm for infancy; that it becomes the theatre for pleasures and affections; that it creates charming memories destined to adorn, like so many graceful pictures, the family interior, and render it forever dear to us. Such amusements are, moreover, a revelation of habit; they testify the solicitude of the father for his children, the need he has of their joy, his aptitude to make himself small to approach their size, his complaisance to retrace the path of life to begin to feel again with them. It is the proof of an ingenuous and complaisant affection, as all sincere affections are. The stooping of the man to the child has something touching in it. We love this subjection of strength to weakness, this humility of him who knows much in the presence of him who knows nothing. "I always distrust the man," says Rousseau, "who loves neither children nor flowers.' It is, in fact, by sympathy with these graceful inferiors that one betrays his instincts. The anecdote of Henry IV. going on all fours to amuse his children at the moment an ambassador was introduced, and asking leave to finish the tour of the room, has proved more in favor of his goodness of heart than twenty political acts justly praised by history. The pleasures offered by the world are often transitory—sometimes fatal, almost always enervating; those of the family, on the contrary, strengthen and renew themselves, for we do not borrow them from others, but from ourselves; their source is not in painful efforts, but in our character, which they serve to develop.



THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

RETURN FROM THE BEACH.

The sun has sunk in the west over the far horizon, leaving a few light clouds to drift over the concave arch of heaven; the cool air of evening wafts those cool and invigorating odors ever rising from the deep; the ebbing tide has left a broad expanse of sea shore, level and smooth as a ball-room floor, except that here and there are drifts of seaweed, intermingled with curious aquatic shells, and now and then a crustaccous animal not swept away by the refluent tide. Here and there, too, the channelled rocks break the monotony of the sea beach. In front, a fisherman's wife who has just been down to the fishing-boat, is pacing her way home, barefooted, with her youngest child upon her back; beside her an elder girl is bearing home a portion of the scaly spoils. The attention of the little group is attracted to the action of a spaniel who has made a point at a crab, without appearing particularly anxious to attack an animal which is amply provided with the means of self-defence. In the distance the clumsy and stout-built fishing boat is discharging its freight, partly into a horse cart, and partly into the fisherwoman's baskets. A toilsome life indeed is that led by the fishermen and their families. Exposed to all weathers and to all vicissitudes, liable at any moment to wreck, their success and their remuneration are precarious. But to the men there is the charm of adventure in the life they lead. If they are exposed to danger, there is the excitement of meeting and overcoming it by skill and resolution. The mariner finds the same sort of fascination in the management of his bark that the Arab does in the guidance of his trained charger, and many of them, we are convinced, would find less real enjoyment in a quiet life on shore than in the amphibious career to which destiny has assigned them. Then the charms of home seem doubly bright from a temporary deprivation of them; the welcome is warmer in proportion to the dangers that preceded it. But with the women the case is different. Their hearts are tried by these repeated absences of those they love —husbands, sons, brothers and lovers. They feel the constant pressure and imminence of danger without any of the excitement called forth to meet it, and their nights oft are those of anxious watching.



RETURNING FROM THE BEACH.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPEAK GENTLY.

BY MRS. J. C. P——.

Forbear! for one word more may crush
The weary, aching heart;
You know not what has been the cost
To bear its bitter part.
Perhaps the world has darkly frowned,
And marred hope's blooming flower;
Then kindly speak one gentle word,
'Twill have a magic power.

Perhaps no ray of love has fallen,
To light her darkened way;
No soothing word to bring her back,
When she was wont to stray.
As dewdrops to the drooping flower
Restore its bloom again,
So gentle words will soon relieve
The heart of half its pain.

If thine has been a happy lot,
No clouds thy life o'ercast,
Chide not the hapless, erring one,
Whose days of joy are past;
With smiles unite the links of love,
That rudely have been riven,
And be the first to guide him to
The path that leads to heaven.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE EAST-INDIAMAN.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

"MR. DALE, you remember that you promised, sometime, to tell me your own story."

"Yes, Johnson; and as all seems quiet, and you have Williams on the lookout, I will give it you before I go below. It is a short story, and soon told. My father, when yet a young man, was a merchant of good property in Boston, and married a beautiful girl of poor family, to whom he had been engaged for several years. In this, he was thought not to have acted wisely, as he might easily have formed a wealthy and influential alliance. But at all events, he did rightly in keeping his troth, and in his life he received the reward of his truth, for he never knew unhappiness till, in an evil hour, his chief clerk, in whom he had placed the utmost confidence, was carried away by temptation, and decamped with a large amount of his employer's money. The loss coming at a moment of great commercial depression, proved the pecuniary ruin of my father. He bore up well against misfortune, for in the love of my mother and the esteem of his friends (among whom were numbered his many creditors), he found all the consolation which this world could give. Nevertheless, something was to be done for the support of his little family, and impatient of dallying with necessity, he accepted a supercargo's berth on board an African trader; not a slaver, or in any way connected with that trade—for he would have abhorred the very idea. When the ship returned, it brought the news of his death on the Guinea coast. My mother did not long survive. My brother and myself fonad for a few months a second home. But we were then cast adrift once more, and when I was fifteen, made our first, and poor Bob's only voyage at sea. My brother is dead, and that same sea has long been to me both father and mother.

"So there you have the whole of it, my friend; and now I must leave you, and get a bit of sleep. I need not tell an old sailor like yourself, the need of a sharp eye and a ready hand."

And now the Fire-fly, guarded only by Johnson, and Williams the midshipman, sped through the silent night, bearing its freight of desperate and blood-stained prisoners. The Fire-fly, a fast sailing schooner somewhat noted in the slave trade, had been captured two days previous, by the brig Richmond, the second lieutenant of which was placed in command of the prize. The crew afforded him was gharingly insufficient; and out of his three or four companions, only one could be depended on for aught beyond mere straight forward courage. This one was our friend Johnson; a hardy seaman, who, several years the senior of Dale, had been shipmate with the latter since the commencement of his naval career.

Hours passed on. The little lamp swung slowly from side to side, and its dim light scarce illumined the murky atmosphere of the Fire-fly's cabin. There were but four berths in the cramped apartment, and in one of these lay the anxious and watch-worn master of the craft. Presently a tall form crept noiselessly down the companion-way and approached the sleeper.

"Mr. Dale!"

It was in the lowest whisper, yet the lieutenant instantly waked.

"Well, Johnson?"

"Sorry to disturb you, sir; but s'pose I must tell you that some of those villains for'ard seem a little uneasy like. 'Feard there's mischief brewing, sir."

With a sigh for the luxury of sleep denied, Dale stood once more on the cabin floor. He had turned in without removing a single garment, and his first motion was to take a brace of pistols from the breast of his jac .et.

"Look out for the deck, Johnson," he said; "I will wake Peters. Tell Williams to fire on the first who shows his head out of the forecast.e without permission. If you want me, strike twice on deck."

Johnson nodded obedience, a d disappeared on deck. The master approached the sole remaining slumberer and shook him lightly by the arm.

"Come, Juanita!" exclaimed the dreamer, pettishly—"none of your pinching, or—"

"Here, you dead-head!" whispered the lieutenant, "you are in Fayal, are you? You'll find your mistake, if you are not out of this quickly! Curse the frigate! Must they give me a crew of four to manage these devils, and but one man out of the whole?"

Half a dozen loaded muskets stood in readiness by the gangway, and the middy, roused up by main force, stood on the steps just below Lieutenant Dale, who, near their head, remained watching the aspect of matters on deck. For a moment or two all was perfectly quiet then, and the young commander had almost concluded the warning of Johnson to be a premature one, when he caught the sound of a single voice at the fore-hatch. It was answered gruffly by the middy, Williams, retorting the commands of his master. Dale hearkened for a moment, but all was still. The lieutenant turned to his attendant.

"Peters," said he, "there's work before us. If I had caught but the wind of an oath, I should have been content. But as it is—hand me one of those muskets and bring the rest to the main-hatch. Be lively now. The main-hatch for *you*."

At the sound of fire-arms forward, Dale was in the waist, and at scarcely more than a bound was by the side of Johnson and Williams, who, having got the hatch hauled over, were pressing it down to its fastenings, although their efforts were hardly adequate against the upheaving of the mass below. It was secured, however, and Dale retired to the quarter deck, bidding Peters, as he passed, to "haul taut on his eyelids," if he desired to fall in with Juanita once more. A glance into the binnacle and a look aloft.

"Wind son'-west and a half-breeze: well, it might be worse," soliloquized the youthful commander; "two or three days will bring us well up to Cape Vincent, and then good-by to all our troubles."

A stifled noise below him for a second transfixed him to the spot. With forefinger mechanically uplifted, he listened for the repetition of the sound. It came once more—a dim, dull grating.

"Good heaven!" was the instant thought, "they are sawing through the bulkhead into the cabin!"

He knew that not a moment was to be lost, and accordingly, with quick but noiseless foot, lowered himself down the companion way. Midway down the steps—unlucky chance—lay some object unseen in the dim light of the cabin, and the foot of Dale pressing thereon, lost its hold. The crash with which he brought himself up, as once alarmed the foe. With a loud shout, the quick blows of an axe told heavily on the maimed wood, and hardly had the lieutenant time to deliver his fire, before, leaping through the disjointed partition, a dozen men threw themselves upon him. In an instant he was down. Then a sturdy voice rang through the smoky tumult, and Johnson was at his side. Cutting right and left, thrusting and crowding, the hardy tar bravely seconded the efforts of his superior, and three of their opponents already lay beneath their feet—then a sudden sickness blinded Dale, and he knew no more, till sustained by his sturdy mate, he found himself leaning against the lee bulwarks. A crowd of ruffians encompassed him, and in the darkness he was scarce able to mark the conflicting passions which seemed to sway the conquerors.

"Toss them over!" cried a deep, hoarse voice. "Pietro and Varnum are food for sharks, and why not these flash gentry? Over with 'em then!"

"Fall back, men—fall back!" replied a brawny, dark-skinned man, who now pushed forward in front of the angry group. "No violence, no violence! softly and coolly! Besides, if you will have man for man, why even help the sea-lawyers to yonder two gentlemen who are lying asleep on the main-hatch."

At a sign from their leader, two or three fellows dragged the dead bodies of the two midshipmen to the side of the vessel. Dale's blood ran cold at the sight of their mangled and gory forms.

"You see, your honor," continued the speaker, addressing Dale, with an insulting sneer, "these gentlemen have got very sound asleep in their watch. Don't you think a dip would learn 'em better manners for the future? His honor says ay—over with 'em, boys," he added, to his grinning comrades.

And the next instant the corpses of Peters and Williams plashed heavily in the water alongside. The boat was now ordered to be lowered, and the lieutenant and his companion were obliged to enter. The painter was about being cast off, when Dale ventured to inquire for provision and a boat compass.

"Excuse us, captain," replied the former speaker, "we are bound on a long cruise, and it would really be inconvenient to spare anything at this time. I would suggest that *one of you provision the other*. I have tried it myself in times past, and found it to work capitally! Anything further, your honor?"

"Cast off!"

"Hola! Qui va la?"

Johnson rubbed his eyes and raised himself in the boat; while the lieutenant still continued insensible from hunger and the weakness caused by his wounds. They were close aboard a large merchant ship, whose bulwarks were lined with gazers. An officer in half uniform, standing in the mizzen shrouds, repeated the hail.

"Hola! mes hommes, qu' etes vous?"

Johnson was just able to articulate through his parched lips:

"American."

"Pauvres hommes, pauvres hommes! oui—yes: Americain: vait mes braves, till I vill send to you un batteau."

More dead than alive, the famished men were borne on board the Josephine, and into her spacious cabin—one of the state rooms of which was appropriated to their use.

It was two or three days before Dale was suffered to leave his bed and mingle with the other occupants of the cabin. Among these, he found a young man (somewhat older than himself), who was returning from India, where he had been a partner in a wealthy house, with the purpose of establishing a connecting house in France. John Morland had been a schoolmate, though not a very congenial one, of Dale. However, Morland seemed glad to meet an old acquaintance, and undertook the task of making him *au fait* with his fellow-passengers. There was Monsieur de Bernis, returning from his travels. There were two sallow-faced, rather gentlemanly-looking men, who were attached to the great house of Antoine, Bartua & Brothers, of Marseilles. Last, but most important of all, Morland whispered that Monsieur Guillaume Moran, the heavily built man, with dark, bilious skin and beetling eyebrows, had been in former years governor of the island of Timea, and was now returning to France with the reputation of immense wealth. He was accompanied by his daughter, a girl of sixteen.

All this seemed to Dale rather an uninteresting inventory. But when, at the table, he met Adele Moran, one of the most beautiful creatures who ever grew up in the sunny luxuriance of the tropics, he was quickly forced to alter his opinion. Dale was impressed with her beauty at first sight, and the charms of her wit and sensibility ere long completed his enchainment.

The Josephine had hitherto enjoyed a prosperous voyage. But on the third day of his being about, Dale, going on deck, perceived the approaching change. The light sails were already in, and the master was looking to leeward with an anxious eye. Following the direction of his gaze, Dale saw the cause of this preparation. Well up from the horizon, but far astern and out of the line of their course, he marked a nucleus of vapor, hardly to be distinguished by a landsman even when his eye was directed full upon it. But Dale well understood the tempest which was coming on. The waves rose and fell with a tremulous motion. The vaporous cloud increased in size and peculiarity of tint, and as the quickly uttered orders of the master were obeyed in unwonted silence, the hearts of all seemed depressed by the thick atmosphere.

Scarcely had all been made secure, when the sea lifted in fiery foam, and then the whirlwind swept over the watery and snow-white level. The Josephine careened to her rail. The fore-to'-gallant-mast snapped like a pipe-stem. The next instant, as a racer gathering every limb for the course, she rose and with a mad bound leaped on her way. For half an hour Dale buffeted the storm—then he pushed back the slide and entered the companion-way. Hardly had his foot left the deck when the ship lurched; a single cry—the rush of water—and then a sharp, sudden pause. As quickly as he could, Dale got on deck and ran to the wheel. The decks were full of water—no one on the quarter. With all his strength at the wheel, Dale succeeded in getting it a-starboard, singing out at the top of his voice:

"Haul aft the lee fore-braces! Haul for your lives, men!"

The order was obeyed. There was a moment of doubt. Then the groaning ship gradually came in command, and swept forward before the wind.

At length, however, the tempest spent its fury. As soon as it had sufficiently abated, Dale turned his attention to the state of the vessel. The Josephine had lost her fore-to'gallant mast and a few booms. No other damage had been done, for the ship was thoroughly built and almost new; and as soon as the water had been pumped out, was proved perfectly sound. And now that the most imminent peril had passed, Dale saw that his authority was no longer to be allowed—for presently, on giving some new direction, the second mate came aft.

"Ah, my fine sir," he said, with an insolent air, "perhaps you think yourself really the master. But I'll have you to know it is my turn, now that Captain Victor and his mate are gone."

"It's a wonder you did not ask for the post before," said Dale, with a contemptuous glance at the speaker. "However, I am perfectly willing to resign my honors even now."

A week had passed of calms and head winds; things which at any other time would have been quite unacceptable, but which were now even agreeable to Dale. As long as he could breathe the same air with the beautiful East Indian, appropriating now and then a smile or a kind word, the young lieutenant seemed quite reckless of wind and weather. As for the rest, the large part which he had held in the preservation of the ship, established him in the favor of his companions. Even the black-browed M. Moran relaxed from the cold demeanor he had hitherto maintained. For some reason, however, the lukewarm friendship which had been maintained between Dale and Morland, had given place to growing constraint and dislike on both sides.

The sun had gone down. The cool even set in, and the lieutenant came on deck to enjoy the night air. He was leaning against the round house, listlessly gazing out upon the sea, when the rustle of a dress caught his ear.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Moran, is it you?"

"Yes, monsieur; it is so pleasant that I cannot be confined below. How soft and refreshing is the air!"

"Yes, mademoiselle! If all sea-going were like this, a sailor's life would be pastime indeed."

Adele made no rejoinder, but after a short pause, turned with a timid and embarrassed air to the young lieutenant.

"Do you know, my friend, that I have been impressed—I know that I am very foolish to give way to such feelings—but I have felt that some great danger impended over us. I cannot help it—yet I am not superstitious; neither am I often given to presentiments. They say it is all folly, cowardice, they would say, I suppose. But you sailors; you are brave, used to hardship and danger; and yet you sometimes have such feelings, do you not?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; yes. The thing often happens; the bravest are ofttimes touched by the shadow of coming evil. I have seen those who never had met danger but with merriment, grow pale with incomprehensible foreboding. But forgive me, mademoiselle, I alarm you: you will readily perceive that these things are not to be depended upon. Nor should I have spoken so gravely, had not your words called up a sad event in my own life."

"Ah, monsieur; and that?"

"The death of my brother."

"At sea, monsieur?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. And since I have said so much, I will say more. We were orphans—cast on the world with none to rely on save Providence and ourselves. But our parents had bestowed on us a good education and an honest example, and these were no small matters. Well, not long after they died, we shipped on board a Sicily-bound ship. Our fellows were not hard-hearted, but they were rough and rude, and we were all the world to each other. On our voyage back, my brother Robert, who had become quite a sailor, attracted the admiration of all by his agility and cheerful demeanor; and all went well till one night when I found him sitting on his chest, with the signs of sadness visible in his countenance. I asked the cause of his dejection.

"'I hardly know myself,' he replied. 'There's something weighing on me that I cannot get rid of. Let us shake hands, Charley. You have always been a good brother to me, and if anything should happen, don't forget poor Robert.'

"For an instant his manner overcame me; but recovering myself, I attempted to rally him out of his low spirits, but without success, however. As we belonged to separate watches, I was soon called from his side. During the night a gale sprang up. Toward morn, Robert, with five others, was on the foreyard, when a sudden squall struck the ship and three of the number were lost overboard. My brother was among them, and I never saw him more."

"Ah, *quelle pitie!*" exclaimed Adele, as Dale finished his narration; then, looking at her companion, with a charming sympathy depicted in her countenance, she added: "And I also have neither brother nor sister. Ah, if I had only a brother like yourself, what joy it would be—and then—"

Their eyes met, and Adele, as if with some sudden thought, flushed deeply—her eyes fell.

"And then?"

Adele turned pale and averted her head. Dale felt a strange throbbing of the heart, and hardly conscious of what he did, he pressed the taper hand of Adele within his own.

"Adele! I love you! Not indeed with a brother's love, but with a love far stronger and more enduring. Will you pardon me? Nay, will you—*can* you return it in any degree?"

The bosom of the maiden swelled with a suppressed sigh. She raised her eyes to meet the glance of her companion. Then quickly withdrawing them, with a sudden cry she snatched her hand from his grasp. Dale followed the direction of her gaze, and saw Morland standing a short distance off, his features distorted with cowardly malice. Meeting the menacing look of the young officer, the intruder retreated to the companion way. Assured of his departure, Adele trembled and fell to weeping, while Dale, supporting her with his arm, gently reproved her agitation. Then it was that he learned, to his surprise and dismay, that Morland, who had in the course of business acquired great wealth, some months since had made suit for, and received the promise of her hand from her father; this, too, in spite of her unconcealed dislike, and the rebuffs which his attentions had received from herself. The utmost that her remonstrances could effect, was the present postponement of the marriage, which she was assured was irrevocably determined.

"You know not the bitter antipathy I have against him," continued Adele, with a passionate earnestness. "But it is said—and I know but too well, what will be the end of my happiness. So cowardly in spirit too, as he is. So smooth-tongued in your presence, did you but know with what slanders he assails you behind your back!"

"Silence!" exclaimed a deep voice.

It was M. Moran, who, darkly frowning, drew his daughter's arm within his own.

"As for you," said he, addressing Dale, "I have only to remark that the less frequently you intrude your companionship on myself or my daughter, the more agreeable to me will be your conduct."

Marking the sudden glance of entreaty which Adele threw upon him, Dale refrained from a reply. M. Moran was evidently disappointed—for, bending his thick brows over his eyes, he shot a fiery look at the young man and again addressed him:

"Your effrontery is but of a piece with the rest of your character. Do not deceive yourself into the belief that I cannot read that character truly."

Our young lieutenant had need of his utmost self-control, so insulting was the tone in which these words were conveyed. So steady and concentrated was the gaze with which he returned the overbearing regard of M. Moran, that the latter involuntarily yielded; and biting his lip in anger, retired with his daughter on his arm.

"So," thought Dale, "the enemy has been at work. My friend Morland, finding me his antagonist in love, has set himself at his school boy tricks once more. It is by *his* aid that M. Moran has been enabled to read my character *so truly*. Ah, I must have a care; for meanness and cunning are at all times dangerous foes."

The clear, bright star-light illumining the waters, soothed the tumult of his thoughts, and disposed him to dreamy reveries. But from this forgetfulness he was aroused by the distant gleam of canvass. Springing at once into the mizzen rigging he was able to distinguish, about four miles off, perhaps, and a little forward of the starboard beam, a felucca which appeared to be ranging down upon them. Still further north, and apparently more distant, was presently seen another. Dale watched their motions with intense interest, and then silently swung himself on deck. As his foot touched the planks, he was accosted by the second mate:

"What do you make them?"

"Pirates!" said the lieutenant, looking full in the face of his interrogator. "It might puzzle you to understand fully the signs by which I judge—but I am as well assured of their character as if they were already aboard of us."

The man turned pale, and nervously inquired what was to be done.

"We must fight them," said Dale. "But in the meantime we must put about and make a run, in order to gain time and to separate the enemy as far as possible?"

"But is there no chance for escape?" exclaimed the terrified man, already completely cowed by the approach of danger.

"None. Knowing the speed of these vessels, I can tell you that, with no more wind than we now have, we could as well outsail our fates."

"We are lost then!" exclaimed his companion.

"Not so!" replied Dale, in a cheerful voice, although his heart chilled at the thought of Adele and the peril to which she would soon be exposed. "Not so. I have been in worse straits than these, and got off safe, too. But pardon me, my friend—I suppose it is not your trade to manœuvre a fighting ship. It *is* mine: and it is nothing against your own ability to say that I can doubtless carry on such business better than yourself. Are you willing to try my skill, and put the command, for the time being, in my hands?"

"With all my heart," replied the mate, whose swaggering air had now altogether vanished. "Get us out of this trouble, and I'll grant you master of your trade."

In obedience to her helm, the Josephine fell off from her former course. Instantly sail gathered on the strange craft, as they bore in chase. The case was now clear. The command was at once yielded into the hands of Dale, who issued his orders with a calm confidence which went far to inspire a like feeling in the dejected crew. As soon as all necessary dispositions had been made alow and aloft, the crew and male passengers were mustered, the small arms delivered, and each assigned his proper place and duty. The ship's guns, four in number, were placed in the hands of their appointed crews, who, for a short time, were exercised in pantomimic warfare.

All this while the pursuers were rapidly approaching—and soon the craft first seen, a sharp-prowed felucca, apparently completely manned and armed, was close aboard. The two larboard guns of the Josephine were ordered to be brought to windward; and as the ship luffed, a ball from the felucca passed abaft her foro-rigging. Instantly Dale called out loudly in French:

"Tack ship!"

At the same time the men had been directed to give no heed to the orders for tacking ship. But the pirate, overhearing the words, and perceiving the gunners with their lighted matches, luffed immediately in order to avoid a raking fire.

"Now, my lads!"

The broadside of the Josephine was poured directly over the bows of the corsair, raking him fore and aft with murderous execution. The ruse had fully succeeded. Taking advantage of the smoke and the confusion on board the Algerine, Dale ranged to windward, wore ship, and ran directly on his antagonist, striking her between the main and after masts, and cutting her almost completely in two. One short struggle with the drowning wretches and the victory was secure—when, in the very moment of triumph, Dale, pierced by a sudden wound, fell from the quarter rail and sank under the counter.

Nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before his disappearance was generally known. On inquiry being made, Morland declared that he had last seen him at the taffrail, and that, struck by some falling spar, he had doubtless gone overboard. But an old tar who had been stationed near the main hatch, now said that he last saw Dale at the quarter rail, with one hand on the mizzen shrouds, and that the only person near him at the moment was Morland himself. All eyes were immediately turned upon the latter, whose trembling limbs gave rise to instinctive suspicion. Some of the men, running to the rail, sought for signs of blood. But in the midst of this, a lad shouted from the spanker boom:

"Huzza, men! here he is—bear a hand!"

A rush was made aft, while Morland, cowering in conscious guilt, shrank from among the crowd. As fortune would have it, the topping-lift had parted during the fight and fallen overboard. Coming in contact with Dale as he drifted past, the rope was grasped with instinctive tenacity, thus sustaining the officer, till, discovered at length, he was hauled on board amidst the shouts of the crew. As he was borne below, the low exclamation which came from his lips more surely indicated the wretched murderer; on whom the infuriated sailors threw themselves with the purpose of summary vengeance. Already the gripe of the halliards was round the neck of the stupefied wretch.

"Hold, my lads!" cried Johnson, interposing between the executioners and their intended victim. "Take care—you are too fast. At all events, spare his life, on condition of his making a clean breast and owning his misdeeds."

"Spare my life!" exclaimed the reviving culprit, "spare my life, and I will confess. Yes, I did strike him. He was my rival. I hated him. You know I had cause," he added, addressing M. Moran, who, with folded arms, sternly regarded him.

"Wretched man!" replied the former. "Confess the truth, and the whole truth—or be silent."

"It is—it is the truth. I hated him; I slandered him; I struck him: but I—I had cause—"

"To the yard-arm with the liar!" cried a hoarse voice from among the crowd.

And the body of the culprit swung instantly in the air. M. Moran, with some of the less violent of the crew, sprang to the rescue and Morland was lowered on deck. But life was nearly extinct; as much through the effect of terror as from physical injury. In half an hour he breathed his last.

M. Moran's behaviour toward the wounded lieutenant was now entirely changed. Possessed of some medical skill, he devoted himself assiduously to the case of his patient, and in a day or two had the satisfaction of seeing him once more on his feet. Nor was the gentle service of woman altogether without effect toward this rapid recovery. On the morning of the third day, M. Moran, entering the state-room of Dale, found the latter already awake.

"My friend," said the East Indian, with an agitated countenance, "I have some questions to ask you. To be brief then. Your parents—are they living?"

"They are both dead."

"What was your father's employment?"

"He was a merchant, originally. Ruined in business by a dishonest clerk, he accepted the post of supercargo on board an African bound ship, and before his return home died from disease contracted on the voyage."

"It is as I have surmised," exclaimed M. Moran, bowing his head on his breast. "Look on me. I am that dishonest clerk. Do not spare your abhorrence. Nevertheless, I have not gone unpunished for my heavy sin. An embittered temper and a life of constant remorse have been my portion. Some years after my arrival in the Indies, I endeavored in some measure to repair the injury which I had done, and accordingly employed an agent to seek out my former master, and make restitution in my name. But the family had entirely disappeared. 'They were all dead,' my agent assured me, 'and there were no heirs to whom the desired payment could be made.' I then established a hospital with the gains of crime. I was loudly applauded for my benevolent deed—and these praises only added to the stings of conscience. As for yourself, I had become perfectly convinced that not one of my injured master's family was in existence Furthermore, the slanders of the wretched Morland conspired to deceive me with regard to your parentage, as well as personal character. Be not implacable. Accept what it is in my power to do. I am rich—my wealth is yours. If there is aught more—"

"Ah, M. Moran," interrupted Dale, there is one gift, compared with which, your wealth is of little consequence. Adele—"

"Ah! Well—she will answer for herself."

And Adele did answer for herself. And six months after, the bells of the little church of Autun-a-la-Mer rang forth a merry peal while Lieutenant Dale led a blooming bride from the altar.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SIBERT'S WOLD. A Tale by the Author of the "Sunbeam Stories." Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 253.

This charming little story needs no other passport to a wide and warm welcome than the name of the authoress. Brilliant and pure, it is a literary gem that will sparkle by every fireside.

HERTHA. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated by Mary Howitt. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp 383.

A domestic story of Swedish life, written in the best vein of the author. It opens with a scene that reminds us of the old spirit that first awakened thousands of readers to a new source of literary delight when the first translation from Miss Bremer appeared in this country. We gather from the tale that woman has wrongs to be righted in Sweden, as well as in America. She has certainly found a vigorous champion. The book is feelingly dedicated to the memory of the late A. J. Downing. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By CHARLES DICKENS. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co.

Mr. Peterson deserves the thanks of the admirers of "Boz"—and they embrace the whole reading public—for this elegant and convenient edition of the most delightful of his works. And we are glad to learn that the two volumes before us are only the pioneers of a series in the same form. The whole will embrace twenty-four volumes, and contain all that Dickens has written. Those before us contain no fewer than twenty-five illustrations, and the succeeding ones will be illustrated in the same liberal style. This edition cannot fail to command an extensive sale.

THE INTELLECTUAL MULTIPLIER. By JAMES ROBINSON. Boston: Robinson & Richardson. 1856.

This little work comprises concise and easy methods of multiplying numbers mentally, and is designed for the use of public and private schools. There is no one, however, who may not study it with advantage. The author is well known by his Arithmetics, which are in general use.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. REED & Co., 13 Tremont Street, have just issued, "When I saw Sweet Nellie home," "My Sailor Brother's Grave," and "Mother's dead and gone." Very pretty original songs.

OLIVER DITSON, 115 Washington Street, has just published "Speak Gently," by W. V. Wallace, "Take now this Ring," from Sonnambula, the "Rhine Maidens," by Stephen Glover, and "Ho, for the Kanzas Plains!" by J. G. Clark.

HENRY TOLMAN, 219 Washington Street, has for sale the following new music published by William Hall & Son, New York: "I mourn for my old Cottage Home," "Allie by the Willow Tree," "Why that Tear?" "Star of my Home," "Do you really think he did?" the "Vale of Rest," songs and ballads; also, the "Alice Polka" and "Etude Mazurka."

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

A clever story by that clever writer, the authoress of "Olive." "The Head of the Family," etc. Like her previous productions, it is a narrative of domestic life, inculcating a good moral. For sale by Redding & Co.

CLARA: or, *Slave Life in Europe*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 533.

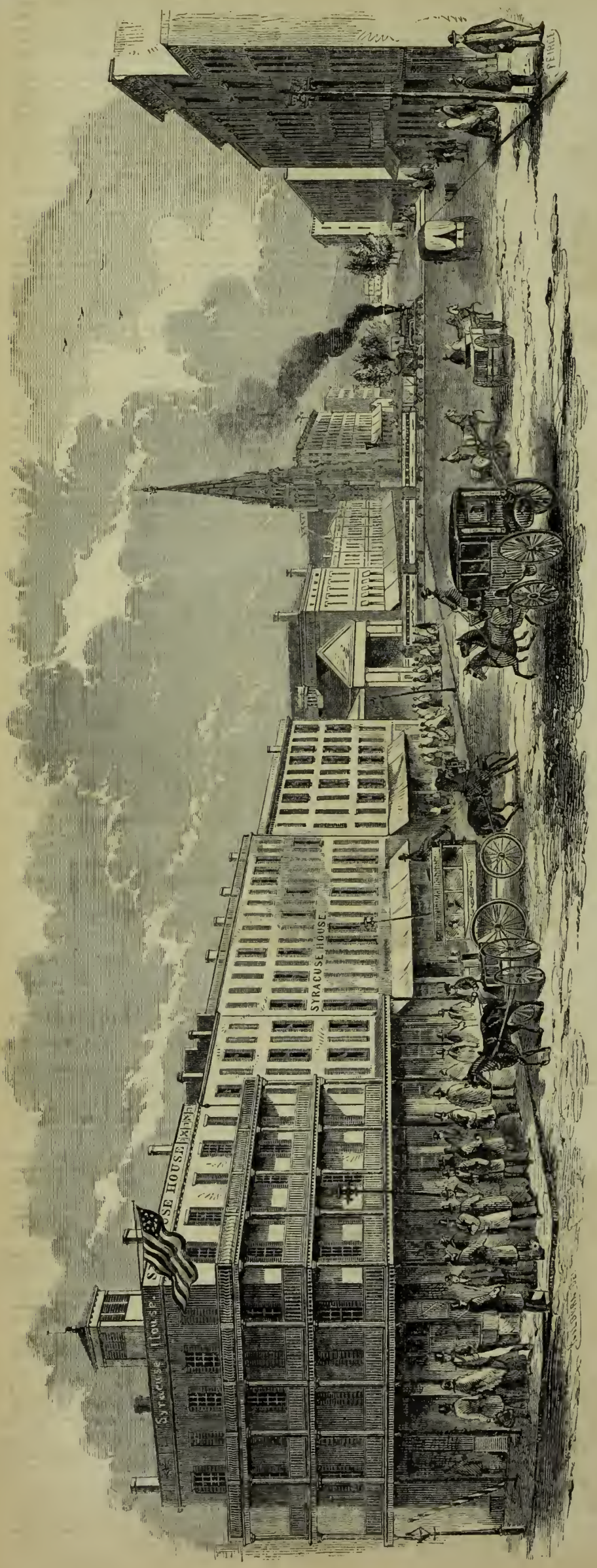
Haklander, the author of this deeply interesting story, is the Dickens of Germany, and this work is the highest manifestation of his dramatic power. He shows in it that all classes in Europe live in a certain state of servitude, and that society has fetters as galling as physical chains. A great variety of characters are strongly delineated. For sale by Redding & Co.

WESTERN AFRICA. By Rev. J. LEIGHTON WILSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 527.

The author is a missionary, who has spent eighteen or twenty years in the country he describes so vividly and accurately. Besides his own experience, he has availed himself of the labors of other travellers and explorers. The book is liberally illustrated, and is a work of sterling value. For sale by Redding & Co.

RAISING THE VEIL. By BALL FENNER. Boston: James French & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 288.

This book contains a variety of dramatic scenes sketched from the life in our police and other courts. It is embellished with portraits and biographical notices of prominent court and police officers.



VIEW IN SALINA STREET, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

The faithful set of illustrations which we present on this and the opposite pages, were drawn and engraved expressly for our paper. Mr. Kilburn is very happy in delineations of this sort. Syracuse is situated in Onondaga county, about one hundred and thirty miles east of Albany, and is really a very delightful place—thrifty, prosperous and commercially important; its inhabitants are also noted for their habits of industry and sobriety. The streets of the city are regularly laid out, and are fine, broad thoroughfares; and the place is one of the finest and most flourishing cities of Central New York. Its salt works are extensive and wonderful, giving employment to a vast number of people, and being a rich source of profit to the citizens engaged in the manufacture. The great Erie Canal passes through the centre of the town, while the Central Railroad, running within a short distance of the canal, affords still more extended facilities for enterprise and commerce. The land which contains the salt springs is owned by the State of New York, and the wells are dug and the water pumped at the expense of the State, while the manufacturer pays a per centage of one cent per bushel for all he realizes. But Syracuse is also largely engaged in the building of machinery, steam engines, farming utensils, etc. The present population is estimated at about 50,000. Our first view is in Salina Street, one of the finest and most active streets of the city. The large building on the left is the Syracuse House, one of the best hotels in the place. Beyond is seen the depot of the New York Central Railroad, with a train of cars crossing the street, which here intersects the railroad at right angles. The next building to the depot contains stores, and the Onondaga County Bank, and the Bank of Syracuse. Beyond is the First Presbyterian Church, a fine gothic structure; still further beyond are the Washington stores. On the opposite side of the street, near the railroad, is the Globe Hotel, another fine hotel. Our view is taken from the banks of the canal, corner of Genesee Street. Our next view is the Syracuse Market, a brick building, situated in a fine square. The New York Central Railroad passes in the street in front of this building. The police-office is located in the Market Building. Our next illustration, sketched for its picturesque appearance, is the Unitarian church, on the corner of Lark and Burnet Streets; Rev. Samuel J. May is the pastor. Our remaining view is the Onondaga Orphan Asylum. It was established in 1841, and incorporated May 10, 1845. It is a spacious brick edifice in Fayette Street, Eighth Ward, and occupies a beautiful, commanding site. At the time of its erection, 1845, it was used as an academy; but owing to certain causes, it was converted into a home for the helpless orphan. At present, and for several years past, it has been under the maternal care of Miss Eliza Clark, who has in a highly satisfactory manner directed the domestic affairs of the institution. The school has been taught by the Misses Frances and Miranda Sloan. John Durnford is president, and Ira H. Cobb is secretary of the institution.

A POISONED VALLEY.

A singular discovery has lately been made near Batten, in Java, of a poisoned valley. Mr. Alexander Louden visited it last July, and we extract a paragraph from a communication on the subject, addressed by him to the Royal Geographical Society. It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley; and following a path which had been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it, with a couple of dogs and fowls, for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the mountain, the party dismounted and scrambled up the side of the hill, at the distance of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. When at a few yards from the valley a nauseous, suffocating smell was experienced, but on approaching the margin, the inconvenience was no longer found. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about thirty feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, bears, deers, and all sorts of birds and wild animals lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley, appeared to be a hard, sandy substance, and no vapor was perceived. The sides were covered with vegetation. It was proposed to enter it, and each having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening smell was experienced, without any difficulty of breathing. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo, and thrust to the bottom of the valley. At the expiration of fourteen seconds he fell off his legs without moving or looking around, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the company, and went to his companion. On reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and only lived seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a quarter.—*Washington Union.*

CAUSES OF CONSUMPTION.

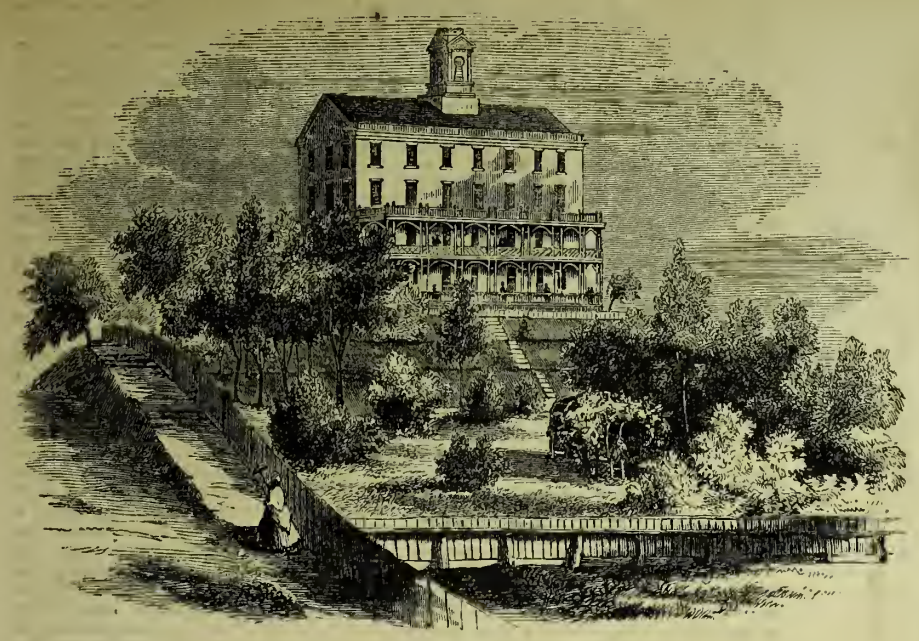
Females suffer from the destructive habit of "tight lacing." To think that intelligent beings should sacrifice health and life to a misconceived idea of beauty, is unpardonable. In the statue of the *Venus de Medici*, or any of those fine statues of antiquity which are justly considered as models of the perfect female form, it will be seen that the waist is large and the chest full. By "tight lacing," the stomach is compressed and digestion interfered with. But the greatest evil is the *dead grip* of the unyielding band that encircles the lungs, and stifles their natural expansion. Who has not witnessed in these instances the rapid and labored breathing, showing itself, where only it can, in the upper part of the chest, as if the lungs were ready to burst the bonds so unnaturally imposed upon them? Strangulation is taking place as effectually as if a rope were around the neck. Suicide is being committed; consumption is being invited. And yet every year new implements of torture are imposed, thus to sap the foundations of the life and health of thousands! Besides the effects already alluded to, "tight lacing" paralyzes the nerves on which pressure is exerted, compresses the blood-vessels, and produces injury in many other ways. Its subjects take the power of the Almighty into their hands, and hurry themselves into eternity before the allotted time. The "shortness of breath," and the impossibility of drawing a deep and full inspiration, that follow this process, are easily explained. Under the continued pressure many of the air cells become closed, and without doubt permanently, so that by artificial means a pair of lungs naturally of a good size are thus made small for life. Vigorous health will support the graceful curves of the osseous framework of the body without the necessity of artificial props. Let the chest have free expansion; let the blood vessels perform their office untrammelled by fashionable fetters; leave to the nerves the power of sensation, and to the blood its purity and vigor, and the grand temple made for God's spirit to dwell in will appear before us in all its perfection and beauty! There are other causes, however, why the mortality among females from consumption is greater than among males. The occupation of most females precludes out-door exercise. If the advocates of "woman's rights" would first of all inculcate the right of every woman in the land to out-door exercise, pure air, and, in fact, complete physical development, and the duty of every one to secure these, they would be conferring on their fair countrywomen a real and lasting benefit.—*Dr. G. D. Sanborn.*

CONSUMPTION OF PERFUMERY.

We learn from a foreign journal that full 150,000 gallons of perfumed spirits are yearly consumed by British India and Europe in titillating the nose. One French house alone annually uses 80,000 pounds of orange-flowers, 60,000 pounds of cassia-flowers, 54,000 pounds of rose-leaves, 32,000 pounds of violet, 20,000 pounds of tube-rose, 16,000 pounds of lilac, besides other odorous plants in still larger portions. Flower plants exist in the south of France, Turkey in Europe, Turkey in Asia and India. Nor is England without the cultivation. In Mitcham, lavender is extensively grown, and produces a plant unrivalled in the world—four times the price of French lavender; the same spot is noted for its cultivation of roses. Nor is this extensive use surprising, when we consider the quantity of flowers necessary to produce an essence; a drachm of otter of roses requires at least 2000 rose blooms. This, however, is nothing to jassamine; the price of its essential oil is £9 the fluid ounce. Of course there is a good deal of "manufacture" going on with the more expensive fumes. The rose leaf geranium does duty for the rose. The "perfume of the magnolia is superb," says our author; but "practically, is of little use to the manufacturer," from the scarcity of the plant, and other causes; the purchaser, however, gets a combination of half a dozen articles instead, and if he is satisfied with his "essence of magnolia," who has any right to complain? The perfume of the lily and the eglantine evaporate to such an extent under any known treatment that they are never used.—*New York Mirror.*

STEAM POWER ECLIPSED.

The London Morning Chronicle announces an important discovery. It is stated that a great experiment "was recently tried at Vincennes, in the presence of General Lahitte and the officers of the fort. The secret of compressing and governing electricity is at length discovered, and that power may therefore now be considered as the sole motive henceforward to be used. A small mortar was fired by the inventor at the rate of a hundred shots a minute—without flashing, smoke or noise. The same power can, it seems, be adapted to every system of mechanical invention, and is destined to supersede steam, requiring neither machinery nor combustion. A vessel propelled by this power is said to skim the water like a bird. The inventor had already petitioned for a line of steamers from L'Orient to Norfolk, in the United States, which passage he promises to accomplish in forty-eight hours!"



ORPHAN ASYLUM, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A YANKEE MAN-TRAP.

Ethan Balch was not swearing exactly; yet he was undeniably wishing uncharitable wishes, respecting the future of certain Englishmen, and using exclamatory expletives to do it with. It was August the 15th, 1813, and Mr. Balch was walking slowly homeward from the sea-shore of New London county, Connecticut; and as he went, he whittled. The precise expressions in which he indulged were these:

"Consarn them darned Britishers to darnation! Blame their everlastin' pieters! I hope to gracious the plaguy old boat'll go slam daown with 'em, sarse and all!"

Then, after a pause, he added:

"Jest as ef I mightn't 'a knoan they' 'a done it! Ef I'd only kep her hum till night, and crep' raound, I could 'a gone strate into New London jest as *easy!* Near abaont two hundred dollars gone slap-dab for nothin'! O, good thunder!" cried the mourning young Yankee, in the bitterness of his soul, as this crowning misery rose afresh in his mind.

It is no wonder that he was seriously displeased; for the British, then maintaining a strict blockade upon Commodore Decatur, who, with the frigates United States and Macedonian, and the brig-of-war Hornet, had run up the River Thames, had that day made prize of a certain small craft, in which, together with her cargo, was invested a full moiety of his private worldly estate.

Nevertheless, with continuous whittling and many quaint execrations, home went Ethan, and told his sad tale to his parents, who sympathized with him and were grieved.

"Who wuz there in the boat, Ethan?" asked Mr. Balch, senior.

"That's the wust on't, father," said the junior gentleman. "I've got to go 'n' tell Marthy Robbins; and what on 'arth she'll say, I do' no. They wuz Peleg and Zack Robbins; and them darned everlastin' rotted pizen cusses has got 'em, and the boat besides, and sarse enough to keep the fleet a week."

"Wal, my son," said the old gentleman, "I rather guess you'd better go right over 'n' tell her, and hev it done with. She'll take on some at fust, that's sartin; but the boys 'll come back some time anuther, and she 'n' Missis Robbins kin come 'n' stay with us ef they're a mind to. I guess we could 'tend up to that 'ere little farm, a while."

For Mrs. Robbins, the widowed mother of "Marthy," and of Peleg and Zachariah, owned and occupied, with her children, a small farm near by, and carried on the same; and the capture of her two stout sons had, of course, left the farm quite bare of men. Ethan walked moodily over to Mrs. Robbins's house. He was welcomed warmly by the two women, but received their greeting with so much embarrassment, that they perceived that something was wrong.

"What on 'arth's the matter with ye, Ethan?" asked the old lady, cocking back her head so that she could peer at him through her spectacles, which usually abode some ways down on her nose; "you're shorter 'n pie-crust, seems to me."

"Perhaps," said Miss Robbins with a small smirk, "he didn't want to come. 'Taint necessary to come here unless you enjoy it, Mister Balch."

"Well, well!" expostulated the disconsolate Yankee, "don't go to plaguin' a man when he's in trouble a'ready. I *didn't* want to come, and it's the fust time; and you know it, Marthy. But 'twasn't cos I wasn't glad to see *you*. I s'pose I might jest as well out with it. Them ere darned British has ketched the boat, and Peleg and Zack along with it."

An outhurst of lamentation from the women interrupted the further progress of the tale, which Ethan's awkward attempts at consolation did not avail to quench. They gradually recovered themselves, however, and proceeded to inquire how it happened.

"It was," Ethan said, "by means of a well-known row-galley belonging to Admiral Hardy's flag ship, the Ramilies seventy four, which had already captured many small coasting craft, and which had secured its booty, in the present instance, hy 'snakin out,' as he described it, with joint use of sails and oars, the fair breeze with which the Martha (as Ethan's boat was named) had set sail, having unexpectedly died away nearly to a calm."

Miss Martha Robbins having cried a good deal, did now, as womankind are often apt to do, experience a sudden and not very reasonable reaction into anger; and chose to insinuate, first, that her lover had very cunningly avoided any personal risk to himself, by sending her brothers off with the boat alone; and, secondly, that anybody who hadn't brains sufficient to keep him from such losses as that, was hardly likely to make a thrifty or a prosperous helpmate.

These aspersions Ethan vigorously repelled, asserting that "the boys" had chosen to go together, both desiring to visit New London; and that, as three were not necessary for managing the boat or for selling the cargo, he had given them their own way; and as to the latter part of the accusation, he inquired:

"I want to know ef you think a man ort to hev brains enough to know exactly when it's a' goin' to fall calm out on the Sound, ten hours ahead?"

But, Miss Robbins being, as we have insinuated, a womanly woman, vouchsafed no answer to these considerations, which he urged by way of argument—argument being a thing totally unknown and unintelligible to the majority of the female sex—and of the male, too, for that matter. And she accordingly said over again what she had said before, rather more loudly and earnestly; and having thus refuted Ethan in the discussion, she informed him that unless he could get her brothers out of the captivity into which he had been the means of their falling, he need not look upon her face again.

Ethan remonstrated, and even Mrs. Robbins ventured a few mild expostulations, but all in vain; the Yankee damsel's blood was up, and the discomfited lover, not considering that it was highly complimentary to him that his lady love should take it for granted that he was simply able to rescue the prisoners from the whole British fleet, pursued his homeward way in much dejection of mind.

"I wish to gracious they'd been fifty men in her!" he exclaimed; "'twould a ben frustrate fun to jump up and gin 'em a volley, clust in!"

Then, his keen Yankee intellect, pursuing the train of thought thus started, a scheme suggested itself to him which seemed to promise him both a fair revenge and the means of liberating the two brethren of his obdurate mistress. Hastening homeward, he consulted with his father, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in gaining his co-operation. Early next morning, the two men, harnessing up the old farm-horse, drove speedily over to New London, and procuring introductions from one or two gentlemen of standing in that place, who bore witness to the trustworthiness and abilities of the bearers, they proceeded up the river to Norwich, near which place the three American war-vessels were moored.

With the customary formalities, they were admitted on board of the Macedonian, then Commodore Decatur's flag-ship; and, having introduced themselves and presented their testimonials, they proceeded to request his assistance in carrying out the scheme which they unfolded to him. After careful investigation and inquiry, the mode, time and manner of proceeding were agreed upon, and Decatur agreed that a sufficient number of marines should he at the appointed place upon the afternoon of the succeeding day; and, having partaken of the refreshments which the hospitable sailor set before them, the well satisfied Yankee farmers set out on their return.

We pass over to the next day, at a little past noon. At that time there crept out of Mystic River, taking the inside passage between Ram Island and the mainland, a sailboat, heavily laden and managed by two men. With a fine breeze from the west of north, they steered along, close hauled and hugging the shore, until they had passed Long Point, perhaps a third of the distance between the mouth of the Mystic and New London light. They could now see distinctly the lofty hulls and towering masts and rigging of Sir Thomas Hardy's fleet, riding at single anchor inside of Fisher's Island; the two seventy-fours looming up in the warm air, and attended, as it were, by the smaller Orpheus and Eolus frigates, and hy two or three gun-brigs and tenders. After passing Long Point the sailboat stood rather further out to sea.

"Don't bear away too fur, father," said Ethan—for he and Mr Balch, senior, constituted the boat's crew—"they'll smell a rat."

"No they wont, my son," said the old gentleman, luffing a little, however. "They don't give us no credit fur knowin' how to handle a boat; I reckon they'll hev to allow we kin manage a frigate, though! There they he, Ethan!" said the old man, his eyes brightening with excitement. "Set still—set still. They've got good glasses; they'll see us. Make b'lieve you don't see nothin' on 'em."

And sure enough, as he spoke, there shot out from behind the Ramilies the long, low, black row-galley, which had been the means of so many petty depredations along the coast. Hoisting a lug-sail and bracing sharp up, she steered, with the double impetus of sail and oar, straight across, in a direction to cut off the deeply-laden and slow-moving boat.

"Aint it a'most time to go about, father?" asked Ethan, after ten minutes of rather uneasy silence.

"Don't git worried, my son," said the old gentleman, drily. "Your father's sailed a great many boats. We was to run ashore with them two high trees in range, wasn't we?"

"Yes—there's a peeled pole on the beach, jest at the spot."

"Wal, I reckon we kin see them fellows aboard the galley now," said the elder Balch, with a grin. "You kin be jest frightened as you please."

And he pretended to espy the unfriendly pursuers for the first time; and with an elaborate display of terrified haste and awkwardness, the boat was put about, and steered straight for the beach, now nearly half a mile distant. The English galley, hereupon, slightly varying her course, came in direct pursuit. Ethan and his father, as the foe approached, hy way of maintaining the deception, crouched out of sight, occasionally popping up as if to watch the enemy, and then quickly hiding again.

"*Peek-a boo!*" said Ethan, looking up a moment. "We shall he hard aground in three minutes, father. They're coming up, hand over hand. There's the pole on the beach."

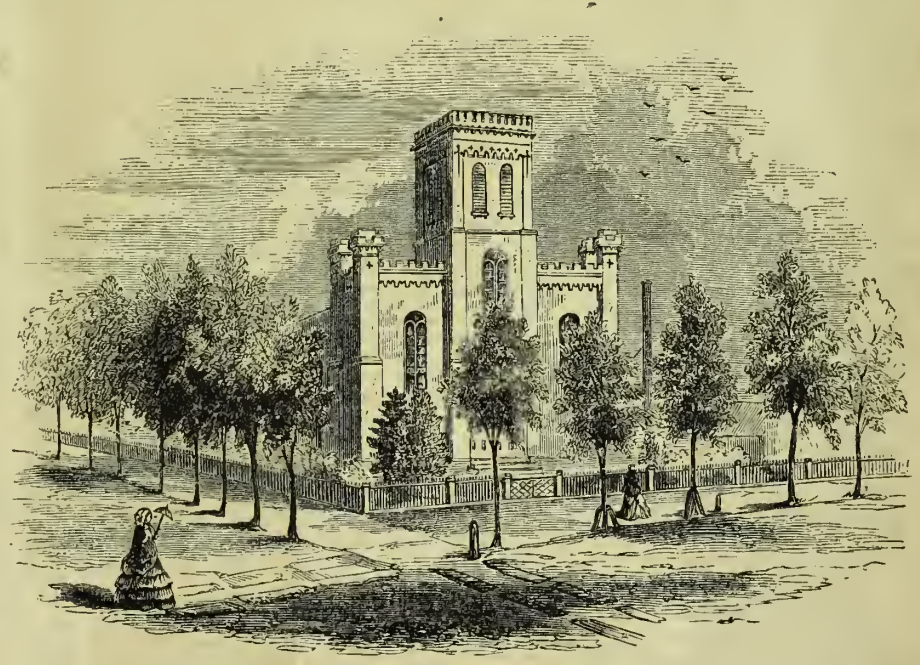
"Come well aft, Ethan," said his father, "let's run her well on."

"Hello, there, you Yankee lubbers!" hailed the English lieutenant, now within three rods, "if you beach the boat, we'll shoot you!"

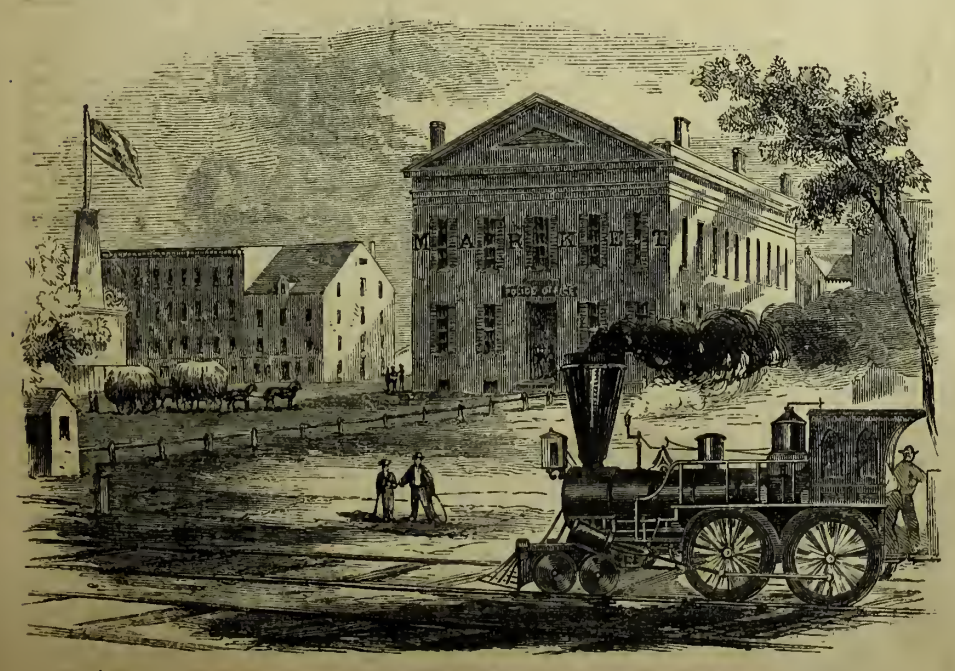
But as he spoke the boat grounded, and the two men quickly disappeared over the steep sand-hills bordering the shore. The English galley grounded fast on the sand in full pursuit. As she stopped, fifty American marines rose from behind the crest of the sand-hills, poured in a fatal volley, and rushing forward captured the remaining crew. One third of their number were dead or desperately wounded, the lieutenant and two or three others being all that were unhurt out of thirty men.

"You've paid rather more 'n 'ts wuth," said Ethan, pointing to the load of cobble stones. "I reckon we're even with ye now for hooking that boat-load of garding-sarse of mine, day before yesterday, and ketching them two fellows."

In the exchange of prisoners, shortly after negotiated, the liberation of the Messrs. Robbins was secured, and this fulfilment, by Ethan's means, of the hard commands of his lady-love, restored and even enhanced the amicableness of the relations heretofore existing between them.—*New Haven Palladium.*



UNITARIAN CHURCH, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



MARKET, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A TRUTH.

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.

"This world is but a weary world,
And friends at best are few;"
Thus sang the poet sweet and sad,
But yet, alas! too true—
For friendship is a golden flower
That buds, but seldom blooms;
Its richest blossoms in an hour,
Oft fade within the tomb.

It scarce may bear the chills of this
Cold world, and shrinks away
To one, where it is crowned with bliss,
And fades not in a day—
For what the poet sadly sang,
Indeed is all too true,
"This world is but a weary world,
And friends at best are few."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

COLOGNE—ITS USES AND ABUSES.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

"Now, this is what I call a little *too* bad, too ridiculous, too scandalous, too everything that's bad, awful, unreasonable and unbearable; and I'm not going to put up with the nuisance any longer, so!"

This emphatic assertion, together with a choice and extensive variety of kindred sounds, having continued for a considerable period to emanate from the room next adjoining my own, between which apartments there was but a slight and imperfect barrier—several boards of the partition having been forcibly displaced, partly to form book shelves, and partly to facilitate communication. These sounds, I say, having continued for some time, and being considerably disturbed thereby, I laid down my book in despair, and lifted up my voice in fretful remonstrance.

"What the deuce has come to you now, Tompkins, that you must kick up such a bobbery?" I asked, in the tone of a man who don't care a snap for the cause, and is only anxious to put an end to a disagreeable effect.

"'What's the matter?' Matter enough! too much matter altogether?" he replied, pacing hurriedly back and forth across the strip of carpet by the side of his bed. "Things have come to such a pass, that a man can't leave his mouth open half a minute, without some one stealing the eye teeth out of his head. By what method of reasoning, I should like to know, can it be shown that I ought of right to furnish cosmetics and perfumery, hair brushes and combs—yes, and I verily believe teeth brushes, too, if the truth could be known—to the entire chambermaid world? Now, there's my hair brush completely filled with coarse red hair, at least a fathom in length, which clearly never came from my head, nor from any of my friends. No, the most superficial examination is sufficient to convince the most skeptical that it had its origin on the cocoanut of a female Celt, and one of the ugliest of her species at that. Then there is that preventive of baldness I bought the other day—it must have been a very superior article, for it cost two dollars, and had a name that couldn't be pronounced at any price—twice only did I apply that expensive fat to my locks, and now it is gone completely, stock and finke, the vessel that contained it presenting every appearance of having been scoured. Nor is that all; no longer ago than yesterday, I bought of Asa Fetida, the perfumer, a quart bottle of very superior eau de cologne water." (It may be as well to state in this connection, that Tompkins never enjoyed your advantages for acquiring the French language; neither is he remarkable for that quick perception of the fitness of things, for which you are distinguished.) "A whole quart bottle," he continued, "holding it up for my inspection, "and now you perceive it's half gone—yes, *more* than half, at least eleven-twentieths has been appropriated; and that, too, before I had even once drawn the cork. But I'll put a stop to this business, I will! I'll take everything I've got and lock it up in a chest, and throw the key away; nail the covers down, put a rope round it, and seals on the lid. I'll—I'll—no, I won't! I'll do nothing of the kind! Let 'em steal, if they want to; let 'em steal! I'll fix the thieving dam—sels!"

Muttering fiercely to himself, he bounced back into his own room, and for several minutes there was a confused sound of bottles, glasses and vials being moved about; liquids being turned from one vessel into another, and the sharp pop of hastily drawn corks. But as Tompkins is somewhat given to the study of chemistry, and is always trying experiments to the imminent risk of blowing himself and the house up together, I paid but little heed to his manœuvres; and having presently completed the performance, whatever it was, he run his head into his hat, and his feet out of the house, leaving me to enjoy the society of one of the most agreeable and fascinating young fellows in existence, but whose name modesty forbids me to mention.

Relieved of Tompkins's presence, I fell to work upon my book again, and was speedily absorbed in the perusal of an extremely laughable and ridiculous burlesque article in a late magazine, in which the writer, affecting to be in earnest in mistaking assertion for proof, endeavors to show that Shakspeare was not Shakspeare; and that the plays attributed to that gentleman were in reality written by John Knox, William Tell, or Franklin Pierce, perhaps—no matter who, but anybody rather than Shakspeare himself. I was highly pleased with the sober face that was placed upon the absurd arguments, and fully appreciated the amusement it must have occasioned the author, that many quite sensible people were unable to perceive at first, that it was intended as a broad satire, and nothing else. While laughing fit to kill myself at the quiet humor of the thing, some one tapped at the door, and little Carrie Grummet, the landlady's daughter, put her head in to inform me that Miss Mary M——, with a couple of lady friends, were in the parlor below, and that she would introduce me, if I wished.

This announcement put me in a tremendous flutter, for I had for a long while been desperately enamored of the young lady, and vainly seeking to make her acquaintance; and now that the long hoped for opportunity had arrived, I could think of nothing but wedding-cake, bridesmaids, "home, sweet home," and all that sort of thing. Hastily diving into my hat, coat and boots, and giving my cravat an extra touching up, I fetched myself a series of dabs on the head with a hair brush, and caught up my cologne bottle. It was empty—it always is. Not to be disappointed in the matter of a trifle of perfumery, however, I made no bones of grabbing up Tompkins's flask, and saturating with its contents the biggest half of a large towel, with which I industriously scoured my countenance, for the double purpose of removing any accidental discoloration, and more to dispel the lingering traces of pipe-smoke, that usually clings to those fellows who are given to the consumption of niggerhead and short-stemmed T. D.'s, and for which delightful odor I am somewhat renowned. These little essentials completed, I composed my features into an interesting Byronic expression, and descended to the parlor. The lovely Miss M——, her two friends and Miss Carrie Grummet had grouped themselves in a picturesque attitude by the draperied window, as girls are apt to do. I, of course, feigned a little bit of surprise at seeing them, as though my coming into the room was the merest accident; while they, on their part, manifested considerable astonishment at the singular coincidence of my being in the house at the same moment they were, notwithstanding they had despatched Carrie to hunt me up not five minutes before. However, the introduction passed off with the usual accompaniment of bows, squirms, hand shakings and protestations of delight, and seating myself in the midst of that bunch of loveliness, I did the agreeable, as I flatter myself I know how.

For a time "all went merry as a marriage bell." The girls chattered, and giggled, and gave themselves silly, pretty little airs, and talked charmingly in an affected tone, which they supposed—like many other young ladies—to be infinitely more pleasing than their own natural voices—and perhaps it was—while I, in the meantime, did my utmost to worry myself into the good graces of the bewitching Miss M——; nor do I think my efforts were altogether unsuccessful. If I am not grossly at fault, that discerning young beauty became most intensely interested in me before I had been in her society three-eighths of a minute. It is possible, however, I may be mistaken in this latter particular; for I find, upon reflection, that I am apt to form the same opinion of every woman with whom I have any conversation whatever—even if it be no more than to ask her pardon for stepping on her dress and tearing off a flounce. But be that as it may, things went on delightfully for a while, and I was enjoying myself hugely, when I became aware of a very singular change in the conduct of the young ladies. An expression of puzzled surprise gradually extended itself over their pretty countenances as they looked at me, or cast an amused and inquiring glance at each other.

I was wholly at a loss to account for this singular state of things, and redoubled my efforts to remove the cause, and place myself in an interesting light. But it was in vain I chattered and rattled away my best stories and most amusing anecdotes. Equally in vain that I shot killing glances at Miss M——. Instead of returning them with interest, as at first, she hid her face in her handkerchief, while her form shook with ill-suppressed laughter. Amazed, I looked at the others; they were all similarly employed. A proper degree of self-respect demanded that I should be angry at this treatment—and I *was* angry, I assure you. Starting to my feet, I delivered myself of a most vigorous and staggering noun, which it is unnecessary to give here, as it doesn't look as well in print as it sounds in the mouth of an angry gentleman, but which any curious reader can readily find in the dictionary, by simply looking in the right place. The immediate effect of my energetic ejaculation was to cause the girls simultaneously to remove their handkerchiefs from their faces, give one glance at me, and explode in a perfect storm of laughter, wriggling and twisting about, and doubling themselves up, as people do in such cases, fairly shrieking with mirth, while I stood stupidly gazing at them with my eyes protruding, and my under jaw depending—an excellent model of enraged bewilderment. At length one of the young ladies with better wind than the others, managed to gasp between her paroxysms:

"What *is* the matter with your face, Mr. Jinx?"

"My face!" I replied, indignantly; for the question seemed rather personal, and wounded my vanity in a particularly tender point.

"Yes, what *does* ail it?" they all exclaimed, in a breath, and again relapsed into their absurd cachinatory convulsions, precipitating themselves on to the chairs and sofas, completely exhausted with the violence of their emotions. All the more horrified because of my perfect ignorance that anything whatever was wrong with my face, I glanced hastily round in search of a looking-glass. There was none there—mirrors are not the fashion now, I believe. In an agony of spirit, I darted out of the room, up the three pairs of stairs, into my own apartment, and at a mirror.

Thunder and Mars! what a sight!—*such* a mug! My forehead and nose were as black as the prince of Pandemonium's boots, while the steel-mixed stripes that crossed my cheeks, and gave to my countenance the pleasing appearance of an animated gridiron, were rapidly deepening in color, and promised speedily to become of the same hue as the rest of my nigrescent visage.

With a prolonged howl of terror, I sank into a chair, and gazed dismally at my claws, which I now for the first time perceived were undergoing the same fearful and unaccountable change in color. Horrible thought! Could it be that I was about to be transmogrified into a negro, as a punishment for my ultra southern sympathies? Instinctively I raised my hand to my hair and lips, to ascertain if the one was becoming woolly, or the other increased in dimensions. For the moment I really thought such to be the case, and a tremulous squeal of despair betokened my utter hopelessness. I started at the sound of my own voice. It did not seem like the moan of a respectable white man; there was more of the genuine Guinea snicker in the intonation. Only those who have been suddenly transformed in a similar manner can form any estimate of my feelings at that moment. Like the Frenchman upon learning the death of his whole family, and loss of his fortune, I was *dissatisfied*—yea, more, a thousand times more, I was annoyed. But how to get out of the scrape was the question—ay, that *was* a question! Suicide, of course, suggested itself to my mind as the most reasonable, indeed the only means of escape from myself, and from my dreadful predicament. But a moment's reflection convinced me that I had not hit upon the right plan; suicide would not conceal the disgrace of the monstrous and unnatural event. Surgeons would examine my body, and carefully investigate the cause of the change. Books would be written about it, newspaper paragraphs innumerable would "go the rounds," and to theremotest posterity my name would be handed down, through the medium of short articles in children's books, headed "An authentic account of Aristides Jinx, the white man who suddenly, and without any provocation whatever, turned into a nigger." Notwithstanding I have always considered it the height of human blessedness to achieve undying fame, this particular sort of immortality in no way reconciled me to my fate. "I will go to Africa!" I exclaimed, with animation, as I began to take a brighter view of the matter. "Yes, I will go to Africa, and among the people of my own color introduce the arts and sciences. I will become a great man among them—a prince—the king of Nogo perhaps, or some other equally powerful empire. And who knows," I continued, warming with my subject, "who knows but what, at no very distant period, it may be my fate, like a second somebody or other, to lead the victorious armies of Ethiopia to conquest?—yea, why not follow still further in the footsteps of the immortal hero before mentioned, and a second time overrun with my barbarian hordes the fair provinces of what-d'ye-call-it, and bring proud what's-name an humbled and suppliant captive to my feet?" My exaltation of spirit was but of momentary duration, however; one glance at the mirror redoubled my despair, and in speechless agony I listened to the footsteps of some one ascending the stairs. It was Tompkins.

"Gracious, goodness, mercy me! Is that you, Jinx?" he exclaimed in horrified astonishment, while his great pewter-colored eyes dilated until they attained a preposterous size.

"I wish it was any one else *but* me," I groaned. "What do you suppose is the cause of it?"

"You don't mean to say—no, it can't be—yes, it *must*—"

"What?" I whined.

"That you have been at my cologne bottle."

"O, confound you and your cologne!" I exclaimed, in a fury that he could think of anything so trivial at such a moment. "If you grudge the little cologne I used, I'll give you barrels of it—oceans of it! Yes, as I'm fully decided to commit suicide, I leave you the whole of my large fortune, to be expended in the purchase of cologne, to repay, if possible, the fraction of a spoonful I used from your bottle."

"It wasn't cologne you used," faltered Tompkins, in a penitential tone. "I turned it all out; and to come it on the chambermaid, and spot up her handkerchiefs, I substituted a—I didn't think you'd get hold of it, Jinx, positively I didn't—I substituted an allfired strong solution of—of—"

"Of what?" I gasped, beginning to get a faint glimpse of the case.

"Of nitrate of silver."

"The same they make indelible ink and hair dye of?" I asked, with a dismal consciousness of its permanent effect upon any material with which it comes in contact.

"Zackly!" responded Tompkins, with the air of a man who has relieved his mind of a great burthen.

As the horrible suspicion concerning the change of hue in my epidermis began to depart from my mind, a depressing sense of mortification and injured vanity oppressed me—not like a night-*mare*, but like a night-elephant; and to this day, Tompkins stoutly maintains that I visibly blushed clear through the blackness of darkness that overspread the anterior portion of my unfortunate skillet, as I recalled the humiliating scene in the parlor. With vivid distinctness the whole ridiculous affair passed in review before me, as I thought with a squirm of inexpressible sheepishness of what must have been the sensation of the young ladies as they beheld my countenance gradually growing darker and darker, now in stripes, now in patches, and anon alternating between the two, like the fantastic glancing of the northern aurora, until my forehead and nose loomed forth in magnificent and dusky hideousness, gracefully shaded off by the lighter and variegated tints of my cast-iron cheeks, while stupidly unconscious of the charge, I ceased not to smile and prattle, and do my prettiest to look bewitching, until the girls, unable longer to conceal their mirth, exploded as aforesaid. It would not bear thinking of! Frantic with shame and rage, I sprang from my chair, rushed into Tompkins's room, and seizing the unlucky bottle—the cause of all my misfortunes—by the neck, sent it humming through the open window, fourth story, accompanying its flight with a volley of smart but wicked adjectives, which were excusable, I think, under the circumstances.

"Now, Tompkins, what do you propose to do to get me out of

this scrape?" I asked, when my vengeance against the unconscious bottle had been satisfied.

"Why, I suppose the application of the proper chemicals will remove the worst of it," replied that gentleman, vainly endeavoring to hide a grin at my decidedly picturesque appearance.

"The *worst* of it!" I groaned, sinking upon the sofa. "Well, go ahead, and get something quick."

Tompkins vanished into his own room, and soon returned with a vessel of villanous smelling liquid and a sponge.

"Lay down so I can come at you," he said, stripping up his sleeves to the work. Without a word, I proceeded to morigerate (see Webster). "I'm not exactly sure that this stuff is precisely what we want," he continued, in a hesitating tone, as he bent over me. "Perhaps it would be as well only to touch up the nose at first, and see what effect it has on that; and if it don't work to suit, why, we shan't have spoiled the whole groundwork."

With a despairing moan, I closed my eyes and turned my mug to the zenith, while Tompkins, shaking with suppressed laughter, sopped away with his sponge at my devoted nasal organ.

"Well, how does it look?" I asked, after an interval of several minutes.

"Why, the black comes off fast enough," he replied, in a tone indicative of doubt; "but—but I don't exactly know whether the color that takes its place will be altogether to your taste."

The idea was disagreeably suggestive; and springing from my recumbent position with such impetuosity as to capsize Tompkins and his dish of acid, I made for the glass. Ah, what a sight was there, my countrymen! That noble feature, the nose, stood forth from the surrounding blackness of a gorgeous purple hue, beautifully shaded off at the edges with a tawny green running into the black.

"That will do, Tompkins," I said, with the calmness of desperation, as I paced the room. "You needn't get any more of that *stuff!* I prefer a uniform black to any variations of color your skill can produce."

"I wouldn't feel so badly about it, Jinx," he replied, really affected at the sight of my quiet misery. "It will all come right in time. All you've got to do is, to stay quietly in your room two or three weeks or a month, by which time you'll have a complexion like a new-born baby—that is, not *too* new; say about three mo—"

Before Tompkins could finish his speech, the door was thrown open, and a man—a stranger—entered the room. "Mr. Aristides Jinx?" he asked, drawing a paper from his pocket.

"That is my name, sir!" I replied, walking fiercely up to him. "What the deuce do you mean by coming into a gentleman's room without knocking?"

"I've a warrant for your arrest, sir," he replied, with a glance of astonishment at my face.

"My arrest! for what?"

"For an assault with intent to kill, and dangerously wounding policeman N. O. Greatshakes while in the discharge of his duty."

"When? Where?" exclaimed both Tompkins and myself, in the greatest amazement.

"'Bout half an hour ago, directly in front of this house, with a heavy glass bottle," replied the officer with professional brevity and conciseness.

This announcement by no means tended to diminish the amazement of either Tompkins or myself; but as I had not in my anger noticed, or even cared, what became of the bottle after it left my hand, I of course could not undertake to say it had not knocked down one, or even a dozen policemen. There was nothing for it but to plead guilty and back out of the scrape as well as possible. But it was in vain we both protested it was all an accident—that no assault was intended; equally in vain that I directed his attention to my face in confirmation of our statement. The officer shook his head: "He was very sorry for my face," he said, "very sorry; for it did look uncommon bad. But law was law, and when a chap got into a scrape, he would have to face it. He would himself be very happy to let me off, but his orders were peremptory for my arrest." He further intimated that, by going before the magistrate who issued the warrant, I might possibly be admitted to bail—though that he considered somewhat doubtful, as several persons who had been witnesses to the assault had given their evidence that I used harsh and blasphemous language toward the complainant at the time of throwing the bottle, and there could be little doubt that the act was malicious and premeditated.

"Curses like chickens always come home to roost," I muttered, quoting the *fowl* and musty proverb. I saw there was nothing to be effected by standing there talking; so calling a coach, Tompkins, the officer and myself got hastily in and drove off. I, with my face buried in my handkerchief, as though dissolved in tears, thereby leading the spectators to suppose from my emotion that I had committed some horrible crime, for which I was arrested, and was now crying about it, like a spunkless booby.

But I will not dwell upon the events which followed. The magistrate, being satisfied of my innocence of any malice, permitted me to go on my own recognizance, and having spent the entire afternoon under the hands of a skilful chemist, I was enabled to appear at the police court next morning with a countenance bearing a striking resemblance to the half-finished portrait of a peculiarly uninteresting negro, who had but partially recovered from small pox in the worst form. Having convulsed the court by my story and my appearance, I was let off with a severe reprimand. But I understand there is a civil suit commenced against me for "damages," by the wounded policeman, who doesn't seem to be satisfied with the damages already received at my hands—which, by the way, are the only description of damages he is likely to get; for if a jury of my peers can by any device compel me to raise five dollars, I should like to see 'em try it on about now.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE COUNCIL FIRE.

A TALE OF THE GEM OF THE JERSEYS.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

"What a pity an ex-governor of West Jersey will make a chimney of his throat, and scent his house with this vile tobacco smoke."

"Nay, it is rather a pity that I and my friends have to hide our pipes when we see the Lord Proprietor of Pennsylvania approach. But come in, friend William, and sit thee by the open window."

The fault-finding visitor who entered was no other than William Penn, who had returned from England to control his flourishing colony. His host was Ex-Governor Jennings, a crafty old Quaker, who was ever haunted by a remembrance of his own perfidy in money-getting, and always apprehending a similar crooked policy in others. Yet he was a man of wealth, and at the time when our story commences, several of the most solid men of Western Jersey had assembled at his comfortable house in Burlington, that loveliest of all the pleasant towns on the Delaware. No traveller now passes through it without admiring its shaded streets, and conceding that it is worthy of being called "The Gem of the Jerseys," yet it was far more picturesque a hundred and fifty years ago. Neither college, nor hall, nor cross-crowned Episcopal residence then adorned it, but the green streets were bounded by the neatest of white stone cottages, their gables covered by climbing plants. The venerable shade-trees, whose branches now entwine across the streets from side to side, like the arches of a gothic cathedral, were then in their prime. Neither was the foliage dense enough to shut out the beautiful waters of the Delaware, slightly ruffled by the breath of heaven, or rippled by some swift canoe. Commerce did not exist, for Philadelphia is near at hand, yet there was no lack of settlers—families of the right stamp too—for in all the Jerseys there was not so quiet, so healthy, and yet withal so cheerful a settlement as Burlington on the Delaware.

The crafty old Jennings evidently felt mortified that so eminent a co-religionist as William Penn had detected him indulging in the forbidden weed, and he endeavored to apologize: "Let me assure thee, friend William," he remarked, "that we do not smoke to-day from inclination, but as a preparation for the morrow."

"And for what revelry dost thee prepare?" inquired the lord proprietor, with an incredulous air. "Are some of Lord Bellamont's roysterers to come down from the Manhattan, or does the gay governor of Baltimore intend to honor thee with a visit?"

"Neither. But the Leni Lenapes invite us to attend their council to-morrow, and as we hope to induce them to emigrate, we do not wish to offend them by making wry faces over the Virginia weed."

"A good excuse. Tell me, though, will the savages give a quit-deed to all their hunting-grounds?"

"We hope so. Yet there is some pretended old claim or other that we must get set aside."

"If justice so decrees, friend Jennings. Be just, above all things. But where is thy daughter, the comely Patience?"

"I will seek her;" and as the governor is finding his daughter, we will avail ourselves of the privilege of romance, and introduce our readers to her, as she sits busily sewing in a summer-house in the garden, on the river-bank. She was a well-formed, graceful young woman, with bright black eyes, and her prim cap could not conceal her curling black hair. Her features, though pale and abstracted, had a decidedly independent cast, and the quick trotting of her small foot showed that her mind was not in repose. It had been her misfortune to lose her mother at an early age, and the selfish temperament of her bigoted father had driven her, as it were, into ways of thinking ill in accordance with the principles of her sect. The plash of a paddle startled her! Another moment, and a warm flush restored the color to her cheeks, as a canoe shot up to the summer-house, and a stalwort young man sprang to the shore.

"Walter Pike?" she exclaimed, the eloquent glances of her fine eyes welcoming the new-comer.

"None other, dearest Patience," replied the young man. "But why so sad? Surely you do not doubt me?"

"Nay, Walter, I do not doubt thee, but I doubt myself. That thou wert innocent and persecuted I am confident—that thou won my affections I have never denied—and yet my father—"

"Will never suffer thee to wed such as Walter Pike," interrupted the governor, with a voice half choked with rage. "Thinkest thou, miserable varlet," he continued, addressing the indignant young man, "that my daughter, with her ample dowry, is to be thrown away on such as thee? Go to. Hurry into the house, Patience, and tarry there, bearing in mind that thy husband is to be goodman Bloomfield, who can support thee. As for thee, pretending youngster, be off. I will see that the lord proprietor keeps thee at his rectangular town henceforth—meanwhile, go to the wharf, where thou belongest."

"You speak harshly, governor," said Walter, with emotion.

"I intended to."

"But will you not listen to me for a moment?"

"Not for a second. My time is not for thieves."

"Let me tell you, then," replied Walter, losing his self-command, "that my name is freer from guilt than your own. Ay, start not! Great, and wealthy, and saintlike as you are, I, the poor boatman of Governor Penn, do not quail before you, and you may yet be glad to give me your daughter's hand."

Ere he had finished speaking, the incensed governor had turned away, and the young man, leaping into his canoe, slowly floated down the Delaware, lost in thought. He was the orphan son of John Pike, one of a party of Puritans who had left Newbury, in Massachusetts, about 1666, and founded a town in New Jersey, which they named Woodbridge, after the minister they had left at home. The elder Pike was soon taken into Governor Carteret's council, and went down upon the Delaware, where he concluded an important land treaty with the Indians. But his prosperous course received a sudden check. A trading house at Amboy belonging to a Quaker named Bloomfield, was robbed, and the goods were traced to John Pike's house. In vain did he protest his innocence. A jury found himself and his young son Walter guilty of felony, his property was confiscated, and while under this imputation the father died.

At first Walter felt himself an outcast, but he was comforted by his school-boy sweetheart, Patience Jennings, who had been sent to school at Woodbridge. Nerved by her love, and animated by her advice, the young man determined to go forth, in his own strength, and seek the good name denied to him at home. Happy age, when hope ever lights up the future as a path to prosperity, and makes present difficulties appear but as the stepping-stones to future distinction. Walter reached Philadelphia with what proved better than money or friends—a vigorous intellect, a strong arm, and an honest heart—all of them inscribed on his modest yet manly countenance. The very day after his arrival, he was fortunate enough to obtain a situation as bargeman for the lord proprietor. An adept in the management of the Indian canoe, Walter was soon selected by William Penn to accompany him, and as the young many's sturdy paddle strokes sent the frail bark over the water, his employer drew from him a sketch of his life. Walter related everything with great innocence, and his heart beat wild with joy when, after he had concluded, William Penn deliberately remarked:

"Young man, thy father and thyself have been deeply wronged. Providence will see thee righted."

From this Walter began to have hopes of ultimately proving his innocence, and the return of Patience Jennings to Burlington gave him frequent opportunities of seeing her. She gave him ample grounds to know that she was not insensible of his attachment, but frankly told him that her father had promised her hand to another.

Thus two long years passed away, during which time Walter became a great favorite with William Penn, who committed many important trusts into his hands. The young lover continued, however, to act as boatman whenever the lord proprietor visited Burlington, where he was always kindly greeted by the blooming Patience, the flame of abiding love casting a glow over their stolen interviews. One evening, as Walter was making his canoe fast to the wharf, an Indian came running down, in high delirium, and plunged into the stream. To rescue him from a watery grave was but the work of a few moments, yet from that moment "The War Eagle" became the young man's devoted friend. Spurning "fire-water," the warrior appeared to regard his deliverer with paternal care, bringing him rich furs, soft moccasins, and delicate game, significantly remarking: "You see—Indian never forgets."

But to return to our narrative, which we interrupted in order to introduce the characters, and to explain their relative positions. On the morning after William Penn's arrival at Burlington, almost all the able-bodied men went up the river about half a mile, to attend an Indian council. It was fully attended by the savages, also, for it was rumored that this would be the last time that the Leni Lenapes would meet in the home of their fathers.

At least one thousand warriors were present, each in his full war-dress, and armed with bow and arrow, ponderous war-clubs, or heavy stone axes, while a few had blankets and hatchets of European manufacture. The sachems sat upon a slight eminence, while around them were the warriors, arranged according to rank, in semi-circular lines.

When the English approached, a warrior who officiated as master of ceremonies, conducted them to seats, and a dead silence ensued. Then "War Eagle," standing in the centre of the ring, addressed them in tolerable English.

"William Penn is the father of the pale-faces, and it is good that he should be here. His brother Jennings wishes to buy what is left of our hunting-grounds. Let him listen. They were sold years ago. When the red men ruled here there came a pale-face named Pike—and to him the Leni Lenapes sold these lands. The War Eagle was young then. He loved the fire-water, and his heart was weak. A pale-face persuaded him to steal goods, and to hide them in the wigwam of Pike, and fire-water was his pay. The War Eagle did so. The sachems of the pale-faces accused Pike as a thief. Their council convicted him. He died of a broken heart, and his son went forth a beggar. Still they gave the War Eagle fire-water, and he did drink. But one day Pike's son saved the War Eagle from death, and he has drank no more fire-water since. To-day he will atone for his wrong. Here, William Penn, is the old writing by which the Leni Lenapes sold their hunting-grounds to Pike."

"And who was the instigator of this foul crime?" asked William Penn, as he reached forth his hand to take the parchment, which made Walter Pike a wealthy man.

"Nay," exclaimed Jennings, springing to his feet, but the inward struggle had already taken place, and with an unintelligible cry, he sank to the ground, a corpse. Just when he had expected to have his long-arranged plans crowned with complete success, a divine justice had not only thwarted them, but had exposed his long-concealed villany.

"The Great Spirit has punished him," said War Eagle.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," devoutly responded William Penn.

A year past, and the star of Walter's love shone brightly through the benighted thoughts of Patience Jennings, who found herself helpless and alone after her father's sun of prosperity sunk into his dishonored grave. They were married, and settled down upon their large estate near Burlington, whither the War Eagle came every year, on a visit from the new hunting grounds of the remnant of his tribe, west of the Susquehanna.

THOMAS COMER,

OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

The portrait on this page is from the pencil of Mr. Charles Barry, and the design is made from a photograph by Whipple & Black. It is one of the best likenesses we have ever published, and felicitously reproduces the beaming and genial expression which characterizes "honest Tom Comer." Mr. Comer was born in Bath, Somersetshire, England, but he has passed the better part of his life in this country and in this city. He made his first appearance in English opera in his native city and was well received. He first appeared on the London boards in 1816. His first appearance in this country was as "Forage," in "Turn out," at the Bowery Theatre, New York, in 1827. He was a favorite member of the old Tremont Theatre, and many an old play-goer will doubtless recall with pleasure his "Dandini" in "Cinderella," during the first run of that opera. Mr. Comer was, while on the stage, very happy in dialect parts—made a very good Irishman and a highly acceptable Jew. His "Moses," in the "School for Scandal," was always considered a nice bit of acting; and long after the leadership of the orchestra was committed to his care, he was frequently summoned behind the footlights to enact favorite characters which none could fill better. For several years Mr. Comer was connected with the Boston Museum, in the capacity of leader of the orchestra and musical director, and Mr. Kimball's various brilliant spectacles have been rendered yet more attractive by the original music composed for them by Mr. Comer. He is now attached in the same capacity to the Boston Theatre, and exhibits the zeal and fire of youth in the discharge of his duties. Enjoying a high professional reputation, the subject of our sketch is equally esteemed in private life, and no man has a wider or more attached circle of friends. Long may he live to wield the leader's bow in the beautiful establishment managed by Mr. Barry, and which even the satirical Beauvallet has acknowledged to be one of the finest, if not the very finest in the world.



THOMAS COMER.

VITALITY OF INSECTS.

If the head of a mammaliferous quadruped, or of a bird is cut off, the consequences of course are fatal. But the most dreadful wounds that imagination can figure or cruelty inflict, have scarcely any destructive influence on the vital functions of many of the inferior creatures. Luenhoek had a mite which lived eleven weeks transfixed on a point for microscopical investigation. Valliant caught a locust at the Cape of Good Hope, and after excavating the intestines, he filled the abdomen with cotton and stuck a stout pin through the thorax, and yet the feet and antennæ were in full play after the lapse of five months. In the beginning of November, Redi opened the skull of a land tortoise, and removed the entire brain. A fleshy integument was observed to form over the opening, and the animal lived six months. Spallanzini cut the hearts out of three newts (in Scotland called asks), which immediately took to flight, leaped, swam, and executed their usual functions for forty-eight hours. A decapitated beetle will advance over a table, and recognize a precipice on approaching the edge. Redi cut off the head of a tortoise, which survived eighteen days. Colonel Pringle decapitated several libellulæ, or dragon flies, one of which lived afterwards for four months, and another survived for six months; and what seems rather odd in connection with this circumstance, he could never succeed in keeping alive those with their heads on, above a few days at the farthest.—*Ballou's Dollar Monthly.*

DEER STALKING IN GERMANY.

The landscape on this page represents a glade in a forest at Coburg, Germany, with a number of sportsmen engaged in the amusement of deer-stalking. The sportsmen at the foot of an ancient oak are watching for a shot at a deer bounding past their station, while a noble buck has just breathed his last at their feet. This forest scene is sketched in the ancient domain of the dukes of Saxe Coburg—the birthplace of Prince Albert. Some few years since, the Queen of England visited this place, and deer-stalking was among the amusements got up for the entertainment of the royal guest. It was a specimen, on a very grand scale, of what in Germany appears to be considered as sporting, but which is, in fact, the wholesale destruction of deer driven into a confined space for the purpose, and deprived of all chance of escape. They call it a deer hunt; but it has none of the characteristics of that noble sport, and is, in fact, the same practice to describe which the term battue has been used in England. It is, however, the mode of sporting adopted in the country, and which has, in some shape or other, existed for centuries; and those who resort to it do not seem to associate with it any idea of unnecessary cruelty, or to be aware that in thus depriving the object of sport of the power of indulging its instinct of flight, they are losing one at least of the great charms of sporting—the excitement of pursuit. The place chosen for this exhibition of skill in shooting at a living target, was distant three or four miles from Reinhardtsbrunn, and about fourteen or fifteen from Gotha. Here stretch the skirts of the great Thuringian range, which break into magnificent hills, of very great height and covered to their summits with the pine. This plateau was enclosed on all sides with a sort of wall of white canvass and network sufficiently high to prevent the possibility of any of the deer escaping. In the centre, and for the purpose of this exhibition, there was erected a sort of pavilion, open at the sides, formed of fir branches and leaves, and decorated with heather, forest flowers and berries. In the interior of the enclosed space were also the chasseurs, or huntsmen, of the duke, all clad in brilliant uniforms of green and gold, looking more like soldiers than sportsmen. Shortly after it was announced that the royal party were coming, and in a few moments the carriages were seen winding round a hill facing the place of battue, the band striking up a lively air. The queen was attended by a large retinue of English nobility and princes and princesses of Germany. Her majesty the Queen of England and the other ladies were, on alighting, escorted to the pavilion before described. Easy chairs (a rather odd association with "sport") had been placed there, on which Queen Victoria, the Queen of the Belgians, and the Duchess Alexandrina sat during the greater part of the time the work of destruction was going on. They were accompanied to the pavilion by Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians, the Prince of Leiningen, and Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg. The other gentlemen took up a station in another part of the enclosure, which was deemed favorable for shooting the deer. As soon as the party were all thus arranged, the process of driving in the deer commenced, and after a little time the shooting began. As a herd bounded by at the full reckless speed of terror, in a few minutes after the discharge of the guns, one, two, three or four of the noble animals might be seen suddenly to halt, stagger and fall, struggling for a brief space in the agonies of death. Soon the field became gradually more and more covered with the slain, as the herd that rushed wildly about the enclosure grew thinner and thinner, till at last there were not enough to justify an aim. At this part of the display came the crowning act of the sport. The dead or dying deer were either dragged, or carried suspended from poles, across towards the pavilion, where the huntsman plunged his enormous *couteau de chasse* into their throats. All sporting must, to a certain extent, be attended with a degree of necessary cruelty; still its more harsh and revolting features are becoming gradually softened down, or concealed from view. Not to pursue the subject to a wearisome length, this continuous shooting, relieved by music, lasted for upwards of two hours, until either nearly all the deer were killed or the rest were allowed to escape, and then the royal party prepared to return. In England, deer-sporting is noble and manly. A deer-stalker in the Highlands goes through fatigues, and sometimes encounters dangers, which, if undertaken in a campaign, would fill a soldier's budget. English stag, fox and hare hunting, in like manner, involves great fatigue and labor—the huntsman almost earns his game. Mind and body are alike braced and nerved by the pursuit. Above all, the poor brutes are given a fair start and fair play. All the chance nature gives them they keep—it is skill and perseverance against fleetness and cunning.



DEER-STALKING IN GERMANY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Archdeacon Coxe, in his memoirs of this great captain, whom Macaulay handles so glovelessly in his last volume, represents him as having retained his mental powers to the very last; but Pope, with more truth probably, gives a very different picture of his closing moments:

> "In life's last scenes what prodigies surprise,
> Fears of the brave and follies of the wise:
> From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
> And Swift expires a driveller and a show."

There is a similar passage in Churchill:

> "What bitter pangs must humbled genius feel
> In their last hours to view a Swift and Steele;
> To drivel out whole years of idiot breath,
> And sit the monuments of living death!"

By the way, speaking of Marlborough, Tom Taylor relates the following anecdote: On one occasion, when the great Lord Chesterfield was present, the Duchess of Marlborough was urging the duke to take some medicine contrary to his inclinations. At length she said, vehemently, "Do, my lord, take it. I'll be hanged if it wont do you good." Lord Chesterfield added, slyly, "Take it, my lord, it will certainly do you good *one way or other.*"

A NARROW ESCAPE.—A young Irishman at Bristol, England, lately had a needle run into his breast and broken off in the casing of the heart. A surgeon laid the heart bare, and extracted the piece of steel. It is averred that the heart itself may be pierced by a sharp instrument without causing immediate death.

IDA PFEIFFER.—This enterprising lady is off again on a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. If she lives to get back, she says that she will wander no longer, but seek a quiet place wherein to await the coming of death. A small chest contains all her wearing apparel, books, etc., for a three years' voyage.

PRESERVING FISH.—The Russians keep fish perfectly sweet for a long time in the hottest weather, by dipping them in hot beeswax, which forms an air tight covering. Our trouting friends in New Hampshire will please remember this, and lay in a good supply of wax.

FRANCE AND AMERICA.—The government of France does not propose to interfere with this country on account of the recognition of the Walker government in Nicaragua.

THE FROG BUSINESS.—This is quite a lively branch of business in New York. At many of the restaurants frogs are a favorite dish, not only with Frenchmen but Americans.

SPLINTERS.

.... Cod liver oil cures consumption by promoting a restorative process in the system. Its efficacy is undoubted.

.... Kossuth lately realized $1900 from two lectures in Edinburg. He is on an extensive lecturing tour.

.. A new theatre is to be erected in Paris, called the "Theatre of the Imperial Prince."

.... The English have found out that our available militia force numbers two and a half millions of men.

.... Love is a common cause of suicide among women, and the immoderate use of ardent spirits among men.

.... Well-dressed swindlers are in the habit of eating their meals at the New York hotels, and never paying for them.

.... The New York Sunday Times says it is nonsense to talk of "French without a master;" the French will always have one.

.... The citizens of Liverpool and Manchester have issued peace addresses to the citizens of this country.

.... It is said that false swearing has become so general in the New York courts, as to excite the alarm of the bar.

.... The entire stock of the Albany Bridge Company, $500,000, was subscribed for a few weeks since.

.... An English coachman lost a large sum bet on Palmer's acquittal, and committed suicide in consequence.

.... Miss Mary E. Wormley, author of "Anabel" and "My Cousin Veronica," was lately married at Newport, R. I.

.... Madame Ristori is 150,000 francs the richer for acting three months in the great city of Paris.

.... Lady Byron, the widow of the great poet, has purchased the late Samuel Rogers's house in London.

.... The story that Adelaide Phillips had been thrown from her horse and injured, was a sheer fabrication.

.... Mr. Samuel Elliot is the new professor of literature and history in Trinity College, Hartford, Ct.

The Maine State Agricultural Society will hold their fair at Waterville, October 28, 29, 30 and 31.

.... The late inundations in France are estimated to have rendered 40,000 of the inhabitants homeless.

.... Arabia is still in a state of insurrection, refusing to recognize longer the authority of the Sultan.

.... About a million and a half of dollars are spent annually in fire-crackers for the fourth of July.

.... Leaves composted with brine-slacked lime make an admirable manure for fruit trees.

.... The Smithsonian Institute has a surplus of over $125,000 ordered to be invested in State stocks.

.... The cholera has begun to show itself in Northern Russia. It is feared that it will extend far and wide.

THE FINE ARTS.

No one should embark on the career of an artist—and by that term we do not include the professor of the plastic arts alone, but of music and architecture, as well as painting and sculpture—without being thoroughly satisfied of his vocation. For, in all of the fine arts, mediocrity is fatal. It is not enough that a young man can draw accurately a head, a figure or a flower, or model in clay a limb or an animal, or write a melody that does not wound the ear by incorrectness; he may do thus much, and yet evince only mechanical skill. But does he feel that inspiration which Carl Maria Von Weber, the great German composer, explained in a striking passage in his works? He said that "a beautiful landscape, a brilliant sunset or sunrise, a forest scene, everything, in short, he witnessed, presented itself to his soul in a musical form in concords or discords. Whatever he perceived resolved itself into music, and thus became truly impressive to his soul." It always struck us that this passage contained the key to the mystery of inspiration. Such a perceptive faculty must be inborn; it may be cultivated, but cannot be created or supplied by any process or assiduity.

So with the painter. When he reads the description of a striking historical scene, that scene must take actual shape before him; he must see, not vaguely, but distinctly, figures, expressions, costumes, groupings, blended in a harmonious whole. To express those conceptions, he must have had long practice in drawing and coloring; his memory must be a rich treasury of rare facts, and then he will be able to work out with certainty the visions of his mind's eye. Even in portrait painting—which Sir Joshua Reynolds thought he could teach to any boy of moderate capacity—there is the widest difference between the mechanical copy of features, in which no fault of proportion can be perceived, and the radiant speaking head through whose eyes the soul of the original is reflected back upon the spectator. The merely mechanical copyist of objects of nature, like the mere mechanical arranger of musical notes, may, in a low condition of public taste, enjoy a temporary success; but his name will never live, it will never be inscribed with those of the Angelos, the Raphaels, the Claudes, the Titians, the Mozarts, the Haydns and the Von Webers.

The student of the fine arts, then, must start with undoubted genius, and he must toil for years, like the humblest mortal, in the accumulation of his material, in the storing of his armory with weapons. Afterwards the production of master-pieces is an unconscious effort. "The definition of genius," says Hazlitt, "is that it acts unconsciously; and those who have produced immortal works, have done so without knowing how or why. The greatest power operates unseen, and executes its appointed task with as little ostentation as difficulty. Whatever is done best, is done from the natural bent and disposition of the mind. It is only where our incapacity begins that we begin to feel the obstacles, and to set an undue value on our triumph over them. Corregio, Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, did what they did without premeditation or effort; their works came from their minds as a natural birth. If you had asked them why they adopted this or that style, they would have answered *because they could not help it*, and because they knew of no other." * * * "It is not known that Corregio ever saw a picture of any great master. He lived and died obscurely in an obscure village. We have few of his works, but they are all perfect. What truth, what grace, what angelic sweetness are there! Not one line or tone that is not divinely soft or exquisitely fair; the painter's mind rejecting, by a natural process, all that is discordant, coarse or unpleasing. The whole is an emanation of pure thought. The work grew under his hand as if of itself, and came out without a flaw, like the diamond from the rock. He knew not what he did, and looked at each modest grace as it stole from the canvass with anxious wonder."

INDIAN CHARACTER.—Capt. Marcy, who, with Capt. McLellan, U. S. A., explored the Red River, in 1852, says of the Indians:—"They are, perhaps, as arrant freebooters as can be found upon the face of the earth; and they regard stealing from strangers as perfectly legitimate and honorable, and that man who has been most successful in this is the most highly honored by his tribe. Indeed, a young man who has not made one or more of these expeditions into Mexico is held in but little repute. In evidence of this, I was told by an old chief of the Northern Camanches, called Is-sa-keep, that he was the father of four sons, who, he said, were as fine young men as could be found; that they were a great source of comfort to him in his old age, and could steal more horses than any other young men in his band."

THE COAL TRADE.—The coal trade of Pennsylvania bids fair to eclipse that of the entire world. New fields are almost weekly being discovered, and new mines worked. The northern counties of Pennsylvania will ere long develop a startling amount of mineral wealth. All the hills teem with coal and iron.

GABRIEL RAVEL.—This admirable gymnast and pantomimist is going to leave the stage definatively. He took a final leave a few years ago, went to France, impaired his fortune by speculation, and returned to the stage to make up his losses. He has done so, and now makes his final bow.

MARINE DISASTERS.—During the first six months of the present year, the aggregate amount of property injured or destroyed at sea was nearly sixteen millions of dollars!

HOME AGAIN.—Among recent visitors from California, was Francis Tukey, Esq., so well known for years as our city marshal.

LOSSES BY FIRE.—The losses by fire in the United States for the last six months were nearly six millions.

AN AMERICAN BELLE IN CHINA.

Every one knows how degraded is the position of females in China. A young American merchant lately took his youthful wife with him to Hong-Kong, where the couple were visited by a wealthy mandarin. The latter regarded the lady attentively and apparently with admiration. When she at length left the apartment, he said to the husband in his imperfect English, or "broken China," "Wat you give for that wifey wife yonrs?"

"O," replied the husband, laughing at the singular error of his visitor, "two thousand dollars."

This our merchant thought would appear to the Chinese rather a high figure; but he was mistaken.

"Well," said the mandarin, taking ont his book with an air of business, "'spose you give her to me, I give you five thousand dollars."

It is difficult to say whether the young merchant was amazed or amused, but the grave air of the Chinaman convinced him that he was in earnest, and he was compelled, therefore, to refuse the offer with as much placidity as he could assume. The mandarin, however, was pressing, and went as high as 7000 dollars. The merchant, who had no previous notice of the value of the commodity he had taken out with him, was compelled at length to declare that American men never sold their wives after they once came into their possession, an assertion which the Chinaman was slow to believe. The merchant afterwards had a hearty laugh with his young wife, when he told her that he had just discovered her full value, as the mandarin had offered him 7000 dollars for her.

A CURIOUS BIRD.—Bailey, in his dictionary, an English work of the last century, says of the Baltimore oriole, that "being looked upon by one that has the yellow jaundice, cures the person and kills the bird." The same authority also gives the following accurate and veracious description of the humming bird. "The Humming Bird, which makes a Noise like the Whirlwind, though it be no bigger than a fly; it feeds on Dew, has an admirable Beauty of Feathers, a Scent as sweet as that of Ambergrease." A very valuable work for reference, certainly—particularly on scientific subjects.

EDITORS.—They are the daily chroniclers of the world—writers and compilers of history, geography, politics, law, religion, incidents of every-day life, of war, peace, crime, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, literature and love.

FAST.—Flora Temple, the mare that beat Chicago Jack on the Centreville Course, L. I., lately, is thought to be the fastest trotter in the world.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Samuel H. Woodcock to Miss Elizabeth A. Bunker; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Homer Coffin to Miss Ellen McGinnis; by Rev. Mr. Twombly, Mr. Thomas P. Sawyer, of Sedgwick, Me., to Miss Susan Choate; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Benjamin Roach to Miss Margaret Pollock; by Rev. Mr. Adams, of Worcester, Dr. H. G. Brigham to Miss Henrietta Mason. At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Wood, Mr. James B. Wood to Miss Ellen S. Oldham.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hoppin, Mr. Charles Meil to Miss Frances Georgiana Neail.—At Brookline, by Rev. Dr. Stone, Dr. J. W. Phelps to Miss Agnes Rebecca Burt.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Dennis, Mr. John Baldwin, of Chicago, to Miss Rebecca Fairbanks.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Ira Worcester to Miss Susan A. Caldwell.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. Samuel S. Willey to Miss Ann Donahoe.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Joseph W. Lombard to Miss Eliza A. Dunbar.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Patch, Mr. William D. Cloutman to Miss Ellen M. Hammond.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Ordway, Mr. Albert E. Eaton to Miss S. Melissa Perry, both of South Boston.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Joseph Eldridge to Miss Louisa Sanderson.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Kimball W. Stetson, of Kingston, to Miss Elizabeth T. Pratt, of Carver.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Joshua Brewster, 62; Mr. Reed Taft, 71; Miss Mary Lock, 32; Mrs. Mary E. Hodson, 79; Widow Jane Black, 58; Mr. Samuel Newcomb, 69; Mr. Charles H. Haynes, 25.—At Charlestown, Mr. William Belcher, 76; Mrs. Eliza A., wife of Isaac Blanchard, Esq., 59.—At Jamaica Plain, Miss Sarah B. Barnard, 23.—At Cambridge, Miss Susan D. Stone, 23; Mrs. Margaret Jennings, 68.—At Somerville, Miss Nancy A. Sawyer, of Boston, 49.—At South Malden, Mr. William Thompson, 59.—At Dedham, Mrs. Sally E Worthington, 65.—At Methuen, Mrs. Alma A. Morse, 22.—At Haverhill, Widow Hannah E. Clark, 71; Mrs. Mary A. Sargent.—At Lynn, Mrs. Margaret Cleary, 32; Mr. Elbridge Follett, 20; Miss Delia Joyce, 19; Mrs. Eliza B. Newhall, 34; Miss Anna B. Lewis, 28; Mrs. Lydia Appleton, 68; Mrs. Adeline Stephens, 18.—At Salem, Mr. George Soley, 52.—At Gloucester, Mr. John Dennis, 39.—At Newburyport, Miss Mary Jane Hills, 45; Mr. Theodore Dorrill, 45; Widow Elizabeth T. Moody, 91.—At Newbury, Miss Adaline Johnson, 42.—At Worcester, Mr. Reuben B. Haywood, 44; Mr. Merriam W. Chase, 37.—At Fall River, Mr. Gardner L. Colt, 43.—At Nantucket, Widow Temperance Green, 50.—At New Marlborough, Mr. Josiah Harmon, a revolutionary pensioner, 98.—At Concord, N. H., Mrs. Lydia Elliot, 103.—At Auburn, Dea. Nathan Knowlton, a soldier of the Revolution, 96.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NO.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

This no is a resolute word!
That 'tis oftentimes right to say;
When the voice of the tempter is heard,
Say no! as thou turnest away.

This no is a resolute word,
And oftentimes wrong to say—
When the heart with emotion is stirred
For the needy, O turn not away.

Say no to the follies of youth,
And no to the errors of age;
But yes, to the teachings of truth—
That ought all our moments engage.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

The room in which William Armitage sat was a perfect specimen of a bachelor's den. Books, articles of clothing, pictures, riding saddles and guns were distributed around without regard to order, and the whole room was impregnated with cigar smoke. A noble-looking dog was lying on a crimson sofa, on which the marks of his paws were plainly to be seen. A handsome mirror was broken in fragments, and a splendid lamp had shared the same fate, leaving traces of oil on the rich but soiled carpet, while the whole establishment evinced painfully the want of a woman's taste and love of order.

In a large arm-chair, before which was a table where stood coffee and toast, was the owner of this apartment. He was about thirty-three years old, with a fine figure and intellectual face, and bore an ease and suavity of manner that made him universally courted.

William Armitage was an only son. His mother—a really excellent, well-meaning woman, had committed one fault, growing out of her love for her son and her want of judgment. Having no other object on which to bestow her loving cares, she had centred them all on him; waiting on him like an infant, and pampering his appetite with dainties of her own composition.

"Whatever you do, William," said Mrs. Armitage, one day, when the vexed question of her son's future wife had arisen for discussion, "mind and get a wife that knows how to *cook*. That is the most important part to look out for. I have no patience with the reading misses of the present day. Let them learn to make a pudding."

Such words from a mother whom he loved, were not without their effect on his mind. He was intellectual enough himself—had talents—could talk well—but he was unfortunate enough to have formed his ideas of woman from a few specimens of an unfavorable kind for the exercise of his judgment. He happened to know a few really pleasing women who were not at all intellectual, and a few very talented ladies who were careless in their persons and households. So he stamped the whole sex with these two stereotyped labels—forgetting that what is really good and beautiful does not wear its estimated value pinned to it like dry goods, and that ladies sometimes disdain to throw their pearls before those whom they perceive are incapable of testing their worth.

He was just thirty when his mother died, and he removed to chambers of his own. He preferred this mode of life, because he could not bear to place another woman at the table where his mother had so long presided over his comfort. But he was growing weary of his freedom. He missed the attentive eye that saw and the active hand that remedied all his discomforts, and he began to pine once more for a well-regulated home.

And on this morning he was talking with Clement Linscott, on the subject of marriage; a welcome theme to Clement, for he had long hoped to see his sister Agnes the wife of his friend William, and joyfully responded to his wish of being introduced to her. William had, on several occasions, heard Clement praise his sister's housewifely qualities, and he had expatiated very largely on her perfect health, which was another grand theme on which William had talked. He would have no pale, sickly, sentimental or learned wife. She should be strong, active and healthy—all excellent things, it is true, and very desirable in man or woman. He found Agnes Linscott all this, nay, more—for she was very pretty. He married her, and taking her to a luxurious country seat, just far enough from his business to be pleasant, he surrounded her with all the elegances and comforts he so much liked for his own gratification.

His wife justified her brother's praises. She was eminently housewifely; and her health and beauty were all that he could ask. It was his delight to take home with him gentlemen whose own establishments would not permit them to take such a liberty—to bring them unexpectedly to his table, and to show to them how perfect was his wife's order and management—to point out the exquisite dishes which no hand but her own could touch, and to let them see how carefully she ministered to his tastes.

This was all very pleasant, unquestionably, to a man like Armitage. But, by-and-by, there was a change in that perfect household. Agnes became a mother, and the care of three young children, two of them twins, made inroads upon her health and strength, that left little for her usual attention to William's comfort. He bore it very bravely at first, for the new state of paternity was very pleasant to him. But the rosy hue of health had gone from the cheek of his wife, and she moped and sighed at the state of her household, and the necessity that existed for cares which she could no longer bestow. She was not formed to love children. She could not bear the disarrangement they must inevitably create in a pattern house like hers—and having no other resource, her life settled into a condition of joyless monotony.

And what was her husband's life? He went to town every morning before either wife or children arose—took his dinner at a hotel, because he could no longer command those exquisitely cooked dishes which she had once superintended—returned to find his children asleep, and Agnes lounging on the sofa. He was kind and good, and pitied her greatly, but he had no balm to offer her which could heal her. He sat by her, reading the books which were sealed fountains to her, longing to impart the pleasure which they gave him, but knowing that she could not receive it.

And on her part, it was very hard to see him prefer those tiresome books to her; and it was not long before the querulousness of sickness showed itself in her whenever he sat down to read. What could he do? That which was very natural under the circumstances. He tired of the monotony of his home. The cheeks and lips of poor Agnes grew sharper—her voice acquired a shrill tone—the children grew troublesome, and his neighbor, Mr. Crawford, gradually prevailed on him to make his house a frequent stopping-place in the city, instead of going out every night to his home.

Here he found society that his mind had been craving the last two years. Crawford delighted in drawing around him intellectual people, and appreciated those gifts in others which assimilated mostly to his own. Not less so was Mrs. Crawford. She was a rare blending of the best and most desirable qualities of woman. As a wife and mother she was all that could be asked—as a housewife, she was practical without being finical—as a companion, she was interesting, without being pedantic or a blue stocking. Her conversation, while it reached and embellished the highest points of literary taste, and touched skilfully upon matters of art and science, could still adapt itself to the lowest capacity, to children, and was equally the delight of the old, to whom she showed an attention and deference which was pleasant to witness. Her husband's eye turned towards her with a loving glance, mixed ever with admiration of her talents and goodness.

To William Armitage she was especially drawn from a similarity of taste. She knew little of his history—did not even know if he was married, or if she had ever heard, had forgotten it—and his frequent visits to her house had given her the idea that he was not. Had she suspected that in the next town there was a pale, faded cheek that was growing paler by his absence, she would not have rested until she had seen it grow brighter—but to her, Armitage was a being united by no ties to any other.

Accident betrayed the fact, however, and then she took her stand. That night she gave a pleasant party, at which she had collected a large number of intelligent and delightful people. She was in high spirits and entertained them nobly. She sang and played with spirit, and she talked even better. At a late hour she led her guests to a room where refreshments had been prepared, the quality of which showed that she was not deficient there; and, in short, she performed the various duties of a hostess with due regard to each and to the company she was entertaining. This night William Armitage was really sad.

"My poor Agnes!" he said to himself; "had she possessed half the qualities of this woman, she would not turn away from books that would so cheer her hours of sickness."

He forgot that he purposely avoided a woman of talent—that he had chosen Agnes for the beauty that had faded by this illness—for the health which had decayed—for the household skill that she was not able to practise now—but never for the taste and intellect that would have made these losses bearable, and thrown around her sick couch the charm of a cultivated mind, and the appreciation of her husband's learning and talents.

Stung by William's growing indifference, Agnes started from her couch one morning, after his departure to town, surveyed herself in the glass—noted her altered appearance, and came to the opinion at once, that if she could but regain her health, she should regain her husband's affection.

She would go to town—she would consult the old family physician—she would make an effort to get well. There was no carriage at home, for her husband had driven to town that morning. He might have asked her to go with him this bright, sunny day; but he had never asked her to ride out with him. Well, the hourly coach could take her, and in that she made her journey to Dr. Livingston's house.

To him she detailed all her sufferings; she kept nothing back—not even what she thought of her husband's growing indifference to her, and she begged him, with tears in her eyes, to do something to restore her lost health. Dr. Livingston was a kind, sensible and judicious man. He saw plainly how matters stood, and he pledged himself to mend them if he could. He prescribed for her, and made it a point that she should come to town every morning for a fortnight. This, he thought, would give her exercise and occupy her time. He would give her no medicine unless she came for her daily dose, which after all was the simplest tonic. His prescription worked well. Every day there was an added strength—an added color—but she did not let her husband see it yet. When he came home she still occupied her sofa, and no word was spoken of her daily visit to town.

The fortnight elapsed, and Agnes was decidedly better. Every day, with the medicine, the doctor had given her something pleasant to read, of which he had asked her opinion the next morning. Unconsciously, she had taken an interest in subjects of which she had thought so little before that they were perfectly new to her, and she began to converse earnestly with her old friend upon them all.

"Now, my little lady," said the doctor, one morning, "I remember that you used to sing well. Bring all your old songs up here, and practise singing with Lucy. It will strengthen your lungs. Remember, this is a part of the cure!"

She did so, and was surprised that she could sing so well, for not a note had she sung since her marriage. Lucy Livingston, the doctor's eldest daughter, was called in to aid her father in the work of curing Mrs. Armitage. Lucy drove her friend in the doctor's carriage, and several times enticed her into a horseback ride, avoiding those localities where they might meet Mr. Armitage. Lucy's brother accompanied them—a youth of fifteen—and a school friend of Edwin's joined them, making a sufficient escort.

Mr. Armitage, in his pursuits of business and pleasure, knew little of these proceedings. Agnes was lying on her couch every evening, with shaded eyes, according to the doctor's commands.

"I want you to burst at once upon his sight, renovated and dazzling," said he. "It will not do for him to see the change gradually. It must astonish, to be effectual."

And Agnes woke to new hope and renewed life. Her children became a source of pleasure indescribable. From their fresh, young life, she borrowed health and energy. She spent several hours each day in playing with and caressing them, walking about the fields and lanes, and gathering strength from every footstep she planted there. Two hours she devoted to reading; two to singing—for her lungs, the doctor said, but he had another motive. Three hours of the morning she gave to her visit to town and its incidentals—riding with Lucy, driving and conversing pleasantly. At the end of a month Lucy was to go out with her to her country home. She did so; and the first night of her visit was a memorable one, for it introduced Mrs. Armitage to her husband. He had lost sight of his wife for some time; or, thought of her only as a feeble woman, unable to minister to his intellectual life or his love of good eating, which in him were strangely blended.

When he arrived that evening, he found the sofa empty. He heard the sound of music in the drawing-room, and, going up softly, he saw, through a crevice of the door, Lucy Livingston seated at the piano, and by her side, a lady in a white dress, who resembled Agnes as he first knew her. The three merry children were playing about the floor, and the room wore a bright and cheerful look, in place of its usual darkness. He looked again. Was it Agnes, with that brilliant color, and that clear, musical voice, and that unusual dress? He stepped in softly and threw his arm around her as she stood. She turned, and a bright, warm blush came over her cheek, while he welcomed Lucy. He was obliged to release Agnes to the children who were clamoring for her to come and play with them; and for the first time he saw her engage in her children's sports. Everything he saw mystified him. He almost thought he had entered some other house than his own. In fact, his coming there at that early hour was wonderful; and he began to think that he was dreaming. He could not sufficiently admire his wife or her singing, and he made her sing again and again.

The next morning, Lucy Livingston asked him to ride with her for an hour. When he looked from the window he saw that the man had brought round three horses, and he threw open the window and asked him why he did so.

"Shure it's the misthress rides every day," said the man.

And indeed, there stood Agnes in her habit, waiting to mount her spirited pony, which she managed very skilfully. As they rode slowly under the shade of some trees, he said to Agnes:

"Read me this riddle, for I truly cannot guess it."

"I will do so, William," she answered. "I saw you through my closed hands, one morning, as I lay on the sofa, and your look was so dissatisfied that it stung me to the quick. I was really ill, but I resolved to take a decisive step. I would get well, or die—I sinfully perhaps thought. I would not see that look again if I could help it. I had heard you praise Mrs. Crawford, and I noticed that you praised her as much for her health and beauty and buoyant spirits, as you did for her intellectual attainments. I thought, 'I cannot have the latter, but I will do what I can to obtain the former. I cannot live without my husband's heart.'"

She then proceeded to tell him of her scheme, and the doctor's assistance. Mr. Armitage was delighted—but he blamed himself.

"And I left you, poor thing, here alone day after day for business, and night after night to hear Amy Crawford sing, without knowing that I had a singing bird at home. Believe me, Agnes, I am truly sorry for all the pain I have caused you, and my life will be too short to repay you for what you have suffered for my unpardonable neglect." He kept his word.

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from the best and most popular writers in the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

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☞ Sample copies sent when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is said of the celebrated Boerhaave, that he considered heat so prejudicial to human health, that he was never known to go near a fire! —— The Romans, before the time of the younger Pliny not only used glass, instead of gold and silver, for drinking vessels, but they knew how to glaze their windows with it, and they fixed it in the walls of their rooms, to render their apartments more pleasant. —— Subscriptions in aid of the sufferers by the inundation in France have been taken up in England. The Sultan has sent 40,000 francs, and subscriptions have been gathered in every part of Piedmont. —— The Paris correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser says the United States drew prizes at the Great Agricultural Exhibition for every article that was presented for serious competition, numbering five: Pitt's Buffalo Threshing Machine drew a first medal, and was sold to the emperor for 2200 francs; Manny's Reaper drew a first class medal; a barrel of Col. Alston's South Carolina Rice, do.; McCormick's Reaper, worked by Frenchmen, a second class medal. —— An Oxford correspondent of Notes and Queries mentions that the earliest instance he has found of *three* names, is Oct. 11, 1588, when Henry Donne Lee subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church. —— The first Baptist congregation was formed in London, in 1608. They are not near so numerous in that country as they are in America, where they made their appearance soon after the first settlement of New England, in the person of Roger Williams, and have grown to be one of the largest denominations. —— The largest cargo of corn that ever passed through the Welland Canal, or came into Chicago, arrived at that port a few days since, in the schooner Dreadnought, which brought 10,300 bushels. —— The submarine electric cable between Cape Ray, Newfoundland, and Cape North, Cape Breton Island, was recently brought by the steamer Propoutis, and has been laid. The length of the cable is 85 miles, and its weight 170 tons. She had also on board the cable to be laid down between Cape Traverse, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Formation, New Brunswick; length 13 miles, and weight 30 tons. —— De Bow's mortality statistics, compiled from the last census, show that the people of the United States are the healthiest on the globe. The deaths are three hundred and twenty thousand per year, or 1 1-2 per cent. of the population. In England the ratio is over 2 per cent., and in France nearly three per cent. —— The citizens of Montreal, of all classes, are vieing with each other in contributing their mite towards the entertainment of the 39th Regiment, just returned from the Crimea. —— As an evidence of the industry of the early Protestant reformers, it is stated that John Calvin entered the pulpit as a preacher, every day of the week. On Sunday he preached twice, and he delivered three lectures a week, as professor of theology. He wrote innumerable letters, and the public library at Geneva contains from twelve to fifteen hundred of his numerous sermons. He found time, also, to compose eight or ten folio volumes on the most elaborate and complicated subjects. —— The American Home Missionary Society is thirty years old, and is brisk and prosperous. Its receipts, last year, amounted to $186,611, exceeding by thirteen thousand dollars the receipts of the preceding year. It has nearly one thousand laborers, in active missionary service, at nearly two thousand different posts. Through its aid, about one thousand churches have been established on an independent foundation.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

There were in the British navy, on the 1st of April, 1856, according to official records, 367 vessels, of which 271 are steamers, carrying an aggregate of 3936 guns, and 96 are sailing vessels, carrying 3418 guns. Besides these there are 40 steam and sailing vessels used as store-ships, tugs, tenders, etc., without armaments—making the whole effective force of the British navy 296 steamers and 111 sailing vessels. Included in this are 25 steam gunboats, which mount only two guns, and 113 which carry only four guns. The highest number of guns carried by any one vessel (a steamer) is 130; four sailing vessels mount 120 guns, and there are four steam and four sailing craft which carry from 100 to 120 pieces of ordnance. The war fleet of Great Britain has kept pace with the great maritime improvements of the age, and is composed chiefly of vessels propelled by steam. Men-of-war navigated by means of sails, will probably in a few years become obsolete among the more advanced maritime nations. The superiority of steam is fully established.

A NEW DISEASE.—The Journal of Medicine publishes an article upon a disease of which very little has hitherto been written—phosphorus disease. Those who make much use of phosphorus in their daily work—as the operatives in lucifer-match factories—are subject, it seems, to a distressing affection of the bones, especially of the jaws. The affection is at first supposed to be a simple toothache; but, if not checked in the outset, it results in the death of the bone, and a long train of the most painful symptoms.

RAILROADS.—The United States Railroad Directory states that the railroads in the Union are over five hundred in number, besides some eighty branches, and the amount of capital invested in them exceeds seven hundred million dollars!

NOISY CARRIER'S BOOK AND STATIONERY CO., No. 77 LONG WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Incorporated according to an act of the Legislature of California, January 1, 1855. CHARLES P. KIMBALL, President.—TRUSTEES—Charles P. Kimball, Thomas N. Hibben, G. B. Haywood.—CHARLES GALAGAR, Agent, New York. 3—8m

IMMIGRATION.—The Norwegians have taken to coming over here in great numbers. There has been such an exodus that in some places property has fallen greatly.

GOLD.—The gold fields of Australia are yielding at the rate of 100,000,000 dollars a year.

Wayside Gatherings.

The editor of the Texas Indianola Bulletin says he saw one of the camels recently arrived from the Mediterranean carry a load of 1700 pounds.

An experienced drover, recently from the West, says that the supply of cattle is immense, and will soon be heard from in a general reduction of prices.

The State of Maine learns that Gen. Wendell P. Smith of Portland has been appointed U. S. Special Mail Agent for New England, vice Hon. Virgil D. Parris.

At Lloyd's great apprehensions are manifested that eight vessels, having altogether between 200 and 300 souls on board, have foundered at sea, with all hands, since last July.

The Merrimac river has been greatly used of late for infanticidal purpose. In the neighborhood of Lowell no less than three infant bodies were taken from the water within two days, recently.

The safe of the steamer Atlantic, which was sunk with that vessel about four years ago on Lake Erie, has at last been raised. The safe, it will be recollected, belonged to the American Express Company, and contained considerable money.

The Canadian House of Assembly has passed resolutions appropriating four millions of acres of land to aid in the construction of a railroad from Quebec to Lake Huron. This road is to be constructed on the north shore of the St. Lawrence.

A census just taken in Greece shows the population to be 1,043,154 souls. The increase on the population of the preceding year is only 1531, but this is explained by the fact of the cholera having in several provinces caused extraordinary mortality.

The Glendon Rolling Mills, at East Boston, were purchased by auction the other day, at a great bargain, by a number of our shrewdest business men. One of the number sold out his interest in the purchase for five thousand dollars.

A letter to the New York Tribune says: "The Empress Eugenie is likely to remain an invalid for life. Her feet are paralyzed, and though the physicians hold out the hope that a few days may restore her to her former health, still her recovery is considered very problematic."

General Harney is said to have conquered a complete peace with the Indians of the West, and all is orderly now amongst the red men on the Upper Missouri. He is encamped with a large force of dragoons and other troops at Fort Lookout, 68 miles below Fort Pierre.

There is good reason to believe that next autumn and winter we shall have provisions at reasonable prices. The high prices have at length stimulated production, so that we learn from the Western States, there never before have been so many fat cattle preparing for market.

The estimate of the journals most conversant with the grain trade, is that England will require for the next three months, or until the time of harvest, eight million bushels of grain a month, a large part of which must be mostly looked for from the United States.

The New Orleans Picayune notices a handsome piece of variegated black marble which was quarried in that State, and says it is now certain that there are iron, lead, sandstone, marble and coal in Louisiana. A scientific survey of the State might produce very valuable results.

A gentleman in Brooklyn, N. Y., recently sent a beautiful bouquet to a commercial friend in Liverpool, by the steamship Persia. The flowers reached their destination apparently as fresh and fragrant as if they had been gathered only the day previous, and remained in good condition for a full week after their reception.

A Frenchman was recently tried in San Francisco for stealing daguerreotypes. Upon trial, the prisoner, whose wife had recently deserted him, was proven to be afflicted with a monomania in appropriating every female portrait he could find, believing them to be those of his delinquent spouse.

To remedy Sunday sleepiness, which bothers so many good people who want to keep awake, the Christian Intelligencer says the patient must lift his foot seven inches above the floor, and hold it there in suspense, without support to the limb. Repeat the remedy as often as the attack comes on.

During six weeks, in the French provinces, nearly two hundred men have been tried and sentenced as members of secret revolutionary societies These are still widely spread, notwithstanding the constant vigilance of every description of agents in the service of the government.

The immense wealth of England is set down in value at £4,447,000,000. Its cultivated soil is valued at £1,700,000, its mines at £120,000,000, its dwellings and factories at £450,000,000, agricultural implements, live stock and manufactured goods each over £200,000,000, and its mercantile shipping at £40,000,000.

The cotton crop of the year will vary but little from the early estimates of three and a half million bales. The quantity received at the shipping ports up to the latest dates, was 3,414,000 against 2,500,000 last year, and 3,162,000 in the great crop of 1853. The excess over the receipts last year is now 825,000 bales, and over 1853, 292,000 bales.

The trade of Algiers with France is worth every year 120,000,000 francs. In 1853, the colony shipped to different French ports 1,000,000 hectolitres of grain, and the following year 2,000,000. The horse breeding establishments in the colony contain 2207 stallions, and 62,000 mares. The stallions are of the finest breeds, and were imported by the emperor from Central Arabia.

The population of the city of Austin, Texas, according to a census just taken, is 3034. The Times says that there is also a population of about two thousand residing on city out-lots. According to the analysis of that paper, there are among the denizens of the capital, 34 merchants, 35 lawyers, 14 doctors, 18 teachers, 57 Mexicans, and but one "gentleman." There are 32 laborers, 110 mechanics, and 638 slaves; 2 printing-offices, 7 churches, 8 common and two Sunday schools.

The Germans make great account of singing in their worship. The hymn is regarded as a very important part of the service. In many of the German churches little blackboards are placed conspicuously about the room, on which by means of movable figure blocks, the numbers of the hymns to be sung are presented to the assembly, from the opening of the house, so that the worshipper may look out his hymn at his leisure. The singing is unique—all joining—men, women and children; it is a perfect storm of song.

The physicians of Alleghany, Mich., have adopted a set of rules, one of which is something of a novelty in the profession. They mutually pledge themselves not to attend a patient unless the physician previously in attendance shall have been regularly discharged and satisfactorily compensated for his services; and, in case of the patient refusing to settle his back scores, they decline to attend him altogether. Being sick is a luxury; and if folks had to pay for it punctually, there are some who would indulge in it less frequently.

Foreign Items.

The horticultural fetes are perhaps the most attractive and delightful events of the London season, and the coming exhibitions are richer in promise than in any previous year.

M. Bergougnoux, formerly editor of the Toulouse Emancipation, was lately condemned to five years' imprisonment, for having in a public carriage spoken disrespectfully of the French emperor.

Mr. Charles Sontag, a young brother of the late Countess Rossi, made his *debut* at the Theatre Royal, Berlin, lately, and failed. He has a sweet voice, distinct enunciation, and a fine manly appearance; but even with these advantages and the prestige of his name, he could not succeed.

At the latest dates received in England from Melbourne, March 28th, the gold fields of Australia were yielding more largely than ever—at the rate of nearly £20,000,000 per annum; and the produce of the first three months of 1856 is nearly double that of the corresponding three months of 1855, being almost 700,000 ounces.

Belgium has been one of the most intensely Roman Catholic countries in Europe, but the tide appears to be turning in favor of Protestantism—the friends of the latter having fifteen missions, in which some four thousand persons are brought under Protestant influences and teaching. In Ghent a congregation has been formed, which now numbers a thousand persons.

Jonas Webb, a wealthy Englishman, and the original cultivator of the South Down race of sheep, is now exhibiting specimens of the breed at the Cattle Show in Paris. He was dressed in a peasant's blouse, under which he wore a magnificent chain, reaching to his girdle. Each link of the chain consisted of a gold medal received by the owner at some agricultural fair or other, as a prize for the excellence of his South Downs.

Sands of Gold.

.... He who strikes terror into others, is himself in continual fear.—*Claudian.*

.... The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her constant companion is humility.—*Colton.*

.... Serenity is no sign of security. A stream is never so smooth, equable and silvery, as at the instant before it becomes a cataract.—*Landor.*

.... Sensibility would be a good portress, if she had but one hand; with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain.—*Colton.*

.... Some men are more beholden to their bitterest enemies, than to friends who appear to be sweetness itself. The former frequently tell the truth, but the latter never.—*Cato.*

.... "What you demand is here, or at Ulubræ." You traverse the world in search of happiness, which is within the reach of every man; a contented mind confers it on all.—*Horace.*

.... He that finds truth, without loving her, is like a bat; which, though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes, that it cannot delight in the sun.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

.... Though judgment must collect the materials of the goodly structure of friendship, it is affection that gives the cement; and passion as well as reason should concur in forming a firm and lasting coalition.—*Fitzosborne.*

.... There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.—*Bossuet.*

Joker's Budget.

"Come, get up, it's time to rise," as Mr. Squizzle said to his railroad shares.

There is a shop kept by a lady in New York, in the window of which appear these words: "No reasonable offer refused."

Punch thinks that the carriage-drivers would make the best soldiers in the world, as no troops could stand their charges.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the maiden said to her lover when his face was buried in beard and whiskers.

Young Snobley (a regular lady-killer).—"How the gals do stare at one's beard! I suppose they think I'm a horficer just come from the Crimear!"—*Punch.*

There is a lucky editor in Canada. He says they have had a terrible winter, but with three tons of coal and a pretty wife, he has got through it very comfortably.

Miss Tulip, in speaking of old bachelors, says, that they are frozen out old gardeners in the flower-bed of love. As they are useless as weeds, they should be served in the same manner—choked!

If you would learn to bow, watch a mean man when he talks to a gentleman of wealth. A narrow-minded man can no more stand upright in the presence of a money-bag than he can throw a somerset over the moon.

A young man, directing a letter to his lady-love, wrote her name thus: "You Ness Brown." The postmaster was somewhat at a loss to know what to do with the letter, but he finally sent it to You Rope by the pack it.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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SPEARING THE NARWHAL.

This picture represents an Esquimaux, in his curious pointed canoe, spearing narwhal. Alone on the wild ocean, managing his double-bladed paddle with one hand, and his harpoon in the other, riding over the fish, he is preparing boldly to give him his death-wound. The narwhal inhabits the dreary realms of the polar ocean. Its general form resembles that of the porpoise; it has, however, no teeth, properly so called, but two ivory tusks or spears, implanted in the intermaxillary bone, but of which the right remains usually rudimentary and concealed during life. The left tusk, on the contrary, attains to the length of from five to seven or eight and sometimes ten feet in length, and projects from the snout in a right line with the body, tapering gradually to a point, with a spiral twist, rope-like, through its whole extent, where, by an oversight, the tusks have been transposed. In its structure and growth, this tusk resembles that of the elephant, being hollow at its base or root, and solid at its extremity. Formerly these horns or tusks were looked upon to be the horns of the fabulous land unicorn, and therefore they were valued as an inestimable curiosity, and sold excessively dear, till the Greenland fishery was set on foot, when they became more common and their real nature known. The use assigned to the tusk of the narwhal by Crantz, viz., that of uprooting marine vegetables on which to feed, is altogether a supposition. As the male only has this instrument developed, or generally the male, the female must be reduced to sad difficulties in the procuring of food; but in truth the position of the tusk renders such a use as is here attributed to it impossible. Moreover the narwhal does not subsist on marine fuci or algæ, but on soft animal matter, as mollusks and fish. Capt. Scoresby found the remains of cuttle-fish in the stomachs of several which were opened by him, and similar remains were also found in the stomach of one driven ashore near Boston. In general form the narwhal resembles the porpoise, but the head is small and blunt; the mouth is small and not capable of much extension; the under lip is wedge-shaped; the eyes are placed in a line with the opening of the mouth, at the distance of thirteen or fourteen inches from the snout, and of small size, being about an inch in diameter. The spiracle or blow-hole is a single orifice of a semi-circular form, on the top of the head, directly over the eyes. The fins or flippers are about fourteen or fifteen inches long, and from six to eight broad, their situation on the sides being at one-fifth of its length from the snout. The breadth of the tail is from fifteen to twenty inches. There is no dorsal fin, but a sharp ridge down the centre of the back. At an early age, the narwhal is blackish gray on the back; the sides are almost white, with spots of a dark hue, shown in the engraving. The narwhal is fleet and ferocious; and when it is irritated, a combat with it is rather a formidable and dangerous affair.



SPEARING THE NARWHAL.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

The picture before us places us in the centre of the studio of a Spanish painter of the 17th century. The light, artistically arranged, falls upon an interesting group. It streams down broadly on a canvass, before which sits a youth of sixteen or eighteen, his palette and brushes in his left hand, in his right that skilful pencil which, guided by a true inspiration, is tracing, in glowing colors, the sainted features of a Holy Mother and Child. So absorbed is the young artist that he has not heard the approach of footsteps. No shadow falling on his canvass, tells him that the master, whose judgment he fears and whose criticism he deprecates, is standing there, hushing to silence with a gesture the students that crowd aronnd him, and gazing with wonder and admiration on the performance of his pupils. A broad-leafed hat and plume shade his thoughtful brow. He gazes intently at the canvass, and gazing there he sees a glorious future expanding in perspective before the young painter whose hand has first moved under his guidance, bnt who is now animated by that divine spirit which no teaching can impart. A moment more, and the reverential hush of that group will be broken. The master will no longer be able to suppress his approbation. He will address to the young painter those words of encouragement which will dwell forever in his memory, and which in after years no praise or honorable award will equal in their effect.



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.

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ENTRANCE TO THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,

BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The sketch before us, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Eytinge, a very clever young artist of New York, has all the fidelity of a daguerreotype, and that life and spirit which the daguerreotype process cannot, of course, convey. The scene is the entrance to that splendid hotel—the St. Nicholas—pertly depicted under the pseudonym of the St. Bobolink in an English sketch of American hotel life we read recently. In sketching the outside features of this grand caravanserai, we shall say nothing of the architectural splendors of its façade, of the luxury and elegance and taste of its interior saloons and chambers, of its sumptuous tables and careful attendance, these being features perfectly well known. We have to do at present with the vestibule, the proscenium as it were, flanked by the establishment of Phalon, the prince of hairdressers, on one side, and that of Genin, the prince of hatters, on the other. What variety and expression we note in the dresses, attitudes and grouping of the almost speaking figures in the doorway, who are uttering their comments on the passers-by! Here is the bouquet-vender offering his cornet of flowers to a rather inappreciative crowd. The over-dressed female with the parasol will sweep by him in the amplitude of silk and crinoline, without deigning to notice him. The lady with the child has already passed. The pile of baggage and the carriage betoken a departure for the railroad cars or steamboat. A stately Turk, half European by his costume, but distinguished by the fez, paces on, smoking a cigar. An itinerant organ-grinder, and organ-grinders abound in New York, moves along bending under the weight of his instrument, surmounted by the indispensable monkey, and accompanied by the child that plays the tambourine. A staid Quaker and his daughter contrast with the fashionably dressed people near them—with the gentleman caressing his moustache, and the trussed up fop behind him. In front of Phalon's is an individual economizing time by devouring the newspaper as he walks. The whole scene is life-like and characteristic. In its variety and glitter it is the type of New York as it is—changed immeasurably from the days of Walter the Doubter, William the Testy, and Peter the Headstrong, the governors of the Dutch colony, immortalized by Diedrich Knickerbocker. Nearly all the principal streets have each their distinct character, but Broadway, in which our scene lies, is the epitome and *resumé* of New York. Through this great thoroughfare pour continuously the representatives of all the classes of this most cosmopolitan of cities. This is the common ground of the Irish laborer and the American belle—the old fogy and the young American—the titled traveller and the untitled resident—the steady, portly gentleman who has retired on his demi-million, and the thin and nervous individual who hurries to his place of business because he has or hopes to make his million. Rich and poor, gentle and simple, grave and gay, find the common path. As with the people, so with the buildings. Here is a rickety, tumble-down relic of old times—there a stately mansion. Here a splendid Gothic church rears its sculptured steeple high in air; there a theatre attracts attention by its huge lamps and huger show bills. Such is New York.



ENTRANCE TO THE ST NICHOLAS HOTEL, BROADWAY, NEW YORK

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BIRD IS FREE.

The sound of the retreating footsteps died away, and Eleanor listened with a sinking heart. Lucy Elmore's cheeks were crimson—her indignation at its height.

"And Harry Longworth has failed, after all," she said. "It is too bad. I could cry, Miss Eleanor! What shall we do now?"

"Indeed, Lucy, I hardly know," answered Miss Ashby, with a troubled countenance. "We are prisoners in earnest, it seems, with even a warder at the door."

"Yes—that is the worst part of the matter," said Lucy; "for now no one can come this way without being seen; and though I know Harry and the rest will not yield without another trial, it will be of just no use in the world; for that knave Hawkins will give the alarm; he will not let us escape, you may be sure. So there is no telling how long we may be forced to stay here. How long do you suppose it will be, Miss Eleanor?"

"Until I promise to marry Mr. Briancourt, or make my escape, Lucy," answered Miss Ashby.

"Then, dear Miss Eleanor, if we cannot get away, I hope you will choose to stay here forever, rather than marry him," returned Lucy, earnestly. "And I am sure I will gladly stay with you."

"Indeed, I should prefer to stay," said Miss Ashby. "I will not wed him, if they never release me, Lucy. But I am sorry they have imprisoned you also; for though, I confess, your presence is a comfort to me, it is too hard to deprive you of your liberty for my sake."

"O, do not say a word about that—do not say a word about that," said Lucy, gently; "for, indeed, Miss Eleanor, I should be a thousand times more unhappy if you were here alone and I could not see you, and had no way of setting you free, either. I do not care about the being shut up, for myself, but it is wicked that you should be."

Suddenly, approaching footsteps were heard, and Eleanor started from the seat she had taken, laying her hand silently on Lucy's arm. Both listened. The footsteps came nearer. They were those of Sir Edward and some other person. Eleanor and Lucy heard him pause and exchange some words with the man, Hawkins, who was stationed in the corridor. Then he approached the door; the fastenings were withdrawn, and he threw it open.

He stood there in the doorway, with one of the under-servants behind him. He just glanced at his niece and her maid, and then turning, spoke to the domestic, who entered, set down on a table a small tray, spread with the breakfast of the new made prisoners, and departed. Eleanor and Lucy stood regarding these motions in perfect silence.

As soon as the servant was gone, Sir Edward stepped into the apartment, closing the door partly, and still holding the handle. He looked colder—sterner than ever.

"Miss Ashby," he said, freezingly, "I have come hither to let you know that, for the present, your meals will be served to you in your own apartment, where you will remain, until you feel disposed to obey my commands."

"If, by your commands," returned Eleanor, "you have reference, as I suppose, to that respecting my union with Mr. Briancourt, I have only to say that I shall adhere to the resolution which I have already expressed concerning it."

"Then you will stay here until you have ceased to adhere to it!" said Sir Edward, harshly, and growing very pale.

Miss Ashby's cheek flushed with distress and agitation, that she tried hard to conceal under a calm demeanor and with steady tones, as she replied:

"I will not stay here if I can escape, sir, which, be assured, I shall endeavor to do; but however long I may be obliged to remain, my determination with regard to the union into which you would force me will continue unchanged. And the longer my imprisonment, the greater will become my detestation of Morley Briancourt. You may tell him so."

The baronet frowned heavily.

"We shall see!" he uttered, in an angry voice. "You will either consent to receive him as your husband within three days, or, at the expiration of that time, your consent will no longer be considered necessary. As for you," and he addressed Lucy, "you will also remain here with your mistress. You will neither of you find it so easy a thing to escape as, perhaps, you imagined it last night. Be careful when you express your inclinations the next time, that no one hears you." And going out, he fastened the door securely on the outside.

"What will they do, I wonder?—drag me to the altar by force?" said Miss Ashby, mentally. It was not improbable that they would do such a thing. He had said that, at the expiration of three days, her consent would no longer be considered necessary. It meant that she would be married without it. In three days! It was a short time.

"Lucy," she said, turning to her maid, with the unconscious tears standing in her eyes,—"Lucy, where could I find a place of refuge, safe from discovery, if I should escape from here? For if I can find means to leave Ashby ere these three days are at an end, I will do it. I will seek out some shelter where I may be free from these tyrannical persecutions."

"O, I am sure you would be safe at Briarfield, dear Miss Eleanor," answered Lucy. "They are your best friends. They would only too gladly take you away from here; and they would never let Sir Edward know where you were."

Miss Ashby stood silent for a moment, with her eyes cast down, in earnest thought, and an expression of troubled meditation upon her face.

"No, no—not there," she murmured, presently,—"not *there!*" And a rosy tinge dawned upon her pale cheek.

"Why?" said Lucy Elmore, earnestly. "I am sure you would be safe there; and I know there is not one of them who would not be happy to keep you away from that odious Mr. Briancourt. They all dislike him."

"No, Lucy,—I should not go there," repeated Miss Ashby, hastily, but gently. "And, indeed, I do not well know why I am thinking of going anywhere; for it is not at all probable that I shall get free from this place," she added. "Out in the corridor is Hawkins, to keep guard lest any one should attempt to release us again; and yonder," and she pointed from the window to the lawn, "sits Will Humphries, beneath that old oak, with a watchful eye upon our casements, that we may have no means of communication with any one that way."

"Ay—the insolent knave!" said Lucy Elmore, indignantly. "He is fit for such an office. He has done nothing but meddle, and watch, and spy upon your concerns, Miss Eleanor, ever since he has been here; sometimes from his own inclination, and sometimes from his master's orders, and often from both. I am sure if there had been any one except the servants who was not in league with young Mr. Briancourt, that saucy Will Humphries would have been whipped out of Ashby long ago. All the people in the kitchen know how his master sets him to watch when you go and come, and how long you stay, and where you go; and not a word or a token passes from Briarfield hither that Will Humphries's master and Sir Edward do not know it."

"I know—I know!" said Eleanor Ashby, bitterly, while a burning blush rose to her cheek. She turned away, and the hot tears rushed to her eyes.

Meanwhile, below stairs, in the library, Sir Edward, Mr. Briancourt and Morley were shut up in secret conclave, discussing the subject of Eleanor's rebellion, and the wisdom of the way fixed upon to put it down. Sir Edward had promised, if, in three days, she did not yield, to wait no longer, but force her to obedience. And it was no difficult matter, if there were none to interfere. They knew it. Poor Eleanor—poor Eleanor Ashby! A thousand times, with her brave and resolute spirit, she might declare that they should never make her, while living, the bride of Morley Briancourt, though they dragged her to the altar by force. Little she knew of her own weakness, in the scale with their cunning. Let but the third day go by, and her fate, if she escaped not, was sealed.

The people in the servants' hall, too, were tumultuously discussing the matter of Miss Ashby's imprisonment. A spirit of rebellious indignation prevailed among them. The ineffectual attempt of Harry Longworth to release Miss Ashby and Lucy, had influenced them still more against Sir Edward. They were all there, talking of the master, excepting the respective valets of the baronet and Morley Briancourt, who had been set to keep guard over the prisoners, being the only ones in the house whom Sir Edward could have bribed to do it. They were looked upon, consequently, with contemptuous disgust; and the scullion whom Sir Edward employed to carry up to Miss Ashby and Lucy their meals was in disgrace among the rest.

Harry Longworth was the centre of the assemblage. He had a deeper interest, even, than any of the others in gaining the release of Miss Ashby and Lucy; for, over and above his warm-hearted zeal in the cause of Miss Eleanor, his "young missis" (as he and all the rest called her, notwithstanding she was not the mistress of Ashby), he was Lucy Elmore's lover, and they all acknowledged his right to the greatest share of sympathy of any of them. It was a sore point with him, too, that Mr. Briancourt's valet should be empowered to keep guard against the escape of the prisoners; for it was well known that Will Humphries aspired to the favor of pretty Lucy Elmore, and was triumphant in the post he now occupied, for he was in some part repaying the grudge he owed to Harry Longworth, her accepted lover. Harry, accordingly, was consulted by the rest in various plans for the release of Miss Ashby and Lucy; but none of them seemed practicable, and the poor fellow was at his wit's end between trouble for them and indignation at Sir Edward's mode of treating them.

So passed the day; and Eleanor and her maid remained in durance still. Their dinner and tea was brought up, Sir Edward himself accompanying the servant, as before, but merely for the sake of seeing that they made no attempt to bribe her; for he departed without a word, directly after the maid had set the things down.

Night came and passed, and Eleanor, unclosing her eyes to the dawn, realized, with even greater dread and anxiety than the day before, the unhappiness of her situation. Yet, repressing as far as she could, every outward evidence of her concern and distress, she encouraged Lucy, by her example, to cheerfulness; for the poor girl was in sad trouble for her mistress. And this second day passed like the other, to bring another night, that was this time a night of watching for Eleanor; for she could not close her eyes, and while Lucy slept, she kept a silent vigil.

Morley Briancourt experienced a feeling of triumphant security, meanwhile, in the nature of the plan adopted to bring his fair bride-elect to reason, as well as to prevent her from escaping his hands. These three days, passed by Eleanor in captivity, he spent in sauntering dreamily from room to room, walking in the park, whence, unseen, he could watch her casement, or in secret conferences with his father. He waited for a message from Eleanor, signifying her surrender; but he had prepared himself to look for unyielding resistance, as well; and in either case he felt that she was equally in his power. He sent a tenderly-worded epistle to her, beseeching her to relent. She returned it unopened. The circumstance augured unfavorably for his suit, certainly; but it did not make much difference to him.

The third day came to Eleanor in her captivity, and though she strove hard to hide her feelings, it was not difficult to see that this suspense and confinement were making her ill. There was an odd, strange hush pervading the old mansion. The servants went silently about their work as usual, but not a foot-fall but was muffled—not a voice that spoke above a murmur. It was like the utter stillness that reigns before a tempest. Morley Briancourt felt it. He became uneasy beneath its ominous influence. He wandered about restlessly.

That day was a wretched one to Eleanor. Morning passed, and noon, and her agitation became most intense. She could not control it longer.

"O, Lucy, Lucy, what will become of me!" she uttered once, clasping her hands with a gesture of despair, while her pale lips grew paler still, and the tears filled those bright eyes, late so smiling. "What is to become of me?" she repeated. "O, if I were only safe from here!"

Poor Lucy was distressed. Bitterly she wept for her mistress; but tears were of no avail.

Slowly the hours passed. At the usual time, their dinner was brought. Sir Edward had not entered the room since his first visit, always remaining outside; but now he sent the servant away, and came in.

"Well, Eleanor," he said, in a cold, harsh voice, "the time is fast expiring. Do you consent to receive Morley Briancourt for your husband?"

"No!" uttered Eleanor, sternly and reproachfully, glancing at her hard-hearted uncle, and then turning away to hide the tears that would rush down her cheeks.

"It is well. We will see whose will is the most powerful." And without another word, he went out, fastening the door outside as usual.

Eleanor sank into a seat, and buried her face in her hands. Lucy was alarmed at seeing her mistress thus give way.

"Dear Miss Eleanor," she said, anxiously, her eyes brimming with tears,—"dear Miss Eleanor, don't look so despairing, I beg of you! You don't seem like yourself a bit—and you so merry and light-hearted always, and so brave! You are as white as a sheet, too, and no wonder, for you have eaten nothing since yesterday. Come, do eat something, or I am sure you will faint away, and then what shall we do?"

As she spoke, she took from the tray a small plate, on which lay two small snowy rolls of bread, and brought it to her mistress.

"No, no—I do not want it, Lucy; I could not eat it," said Eleanor, languidly motioning her to take it away.

"O, do now, Miss Eleanor! you will surely faint away if you don't," urged Lucy, affectionately. "Come—you look so white—do now."

To please her, Eleanor took one of the rolls, but her fingers trembled as she broke it open, and the tears blinded and choked her.

"O, Lucy, I cannot—cannot eat!" she uttered. And putting it back, she turned away, threw herself upon a couch, and hid her face in the pillows, her whole frame quivering with emotion.

But hardly had she done so, when a half-suppressed exclamation of astonishment from Lucy roused her again.

"See—see, Miss Eleanor!" she cried. "What is this?"

And Eleanor sprang from her couch, to behold, lying on the plate, where it had fallen from the roll she had broken, a folded paper.

"What, indeed?" she echoed, a flush of hope crimsoning her cheeks. With unsteady fingers she opened it, and found the following communication:

"FAIR MISTRESS ELEANOR,—Be ready, with your maid and whatsoever you may need to take with you, to leave your prison as the turret clock strikes nine. Your gaoler will be absent, and the way free. Harry Longworth will be at your door. A place of safety is provided. PEQUIN THE DWARF."

"O, can it be true, Miss Eleanor,—can it be true?" said Lucy, clasping her hands with delight, as Miss Ashby read the words aloud. "Then you are to be rescued after all! and Harry—"

"Hush—hush, dear Lucy; you will be overheard," said Miss Ashby, tremulously, as, almost, bewildered, she slowly re-read the note, not daring, at first, to believe it real. But it *was* real; it promised her escape; it was signed "Pequin the dwarf." A glow of happiness overspread her face, as, springing from the seat she had taken, she hid the note in her dress. "Yes, yes—it is true! I shall escape, Lucy, and you are to go with me," she uttered, in subdued but joyful tones. "It is only an hour hence; it will be soon. O, Pequin, my faithful friend, how little I thought of you! How well you watch over me!"

"O, Miss Eleanor, who would ever have thought it!" whispered the delighted Lucy. "It seems just like a romance—doesn't it? or magic, least-ways? But who is this Mr. Pequin? and how did he manage to get that billet into the cook's bread, I wonder?"

"O, he is a friend of mine, Lucy," said Miss Ashby, hurriedly,—"a friend on whom I depended too little in the hour of need. But do not stop to think of the how and wherefore of this matter; we shall know all soon. He is somewhere in disguise about the place, I dare say, watching us. Let us hasten to prepare ourselves."

And together the mistress and maid commenced gathering into a parcel a few garments to take with them, while their hearts beat tumultuously, and they trembled with joyful excitement.

It was quite dark in the corridor leading to Miss Ashby's rooms, for it ran along the west side of the house; and the moon, then at its full, had but just risen. Matthew Hawkins was pacing back and forth, a silent sentinel, wishing very much, it must be confessed, for a candle to read by, during his lonely watches. But that was beyond his reach; for the scullion, when she brought his dinner, had failed to provide him with some, and it was as much as his situation was worth, he knew, to go after them, and leave his post vacant. So he contented himself with walking up and down before Miss Ashby's door, and varying the exercise by leaning out of the windows along the wall where he was, and looking down upon the great park, stretching out in silent shadow below.

Suddenly, the far-off echo of a strange, shrill laugh came faintly to his ears. He listened to hear it again, so peculiar was the sound, wondering whence it could come, and by whom it was uttered. He had not long to wait. A second time he heard it, as wild, as shrill, but as faint and distant as before. It seemed to him—for Hawkins had a tolerably sharp ear—that it came from the court-yard on the northeast, which was flanked by the two great wings of the mansion, and probably came from some one of the servants; and yet, as Hawkins reflected, he remembered no such voice as that among the servants at Ashby.

Now, curiosity is a failing which has been ascribed particularly to women, from a time that no one can remember; but for all that, men will sometimes be curious, too, which was the case, in this instance, with Matthew Hawkins, and the longer he thought of that strange laugh, the more curious he became concerning it. And presently, urged on by the malicious little spirit, he walked softly down the corridor a little way, to listen nearer.

While he stood thus, with head inclined in the direction from which the sound had come, his glance was caught by something tumbling about in a strange manner down in the park, for he was standing close by an open window. This object, in its turn, attracted his attention; truth to say, that was precisely what it was trying to do, and it succeeded. It seemed to be a human figure, making various strange gestures; and he leaned out from the window to look at it. A moment after he had done so, that odd laugh struck his ear again, seeming to proceed from the very object he was watching, and directly after it darted away, and around the north wing, so that he lost sight of it.

"Odd!" muttered Hawkins. "I wonder what it is? I think I'll see. Master swore he'd discharge me if I left this west corridor, or went even a dozen yards from that door. But it isn't a bit likely that Miss Eleanor 'll know I'm gone, or he either; so here goes." And the worthy Hawkins, swallowing the bait held out, glided with the softness of a cat down the gallery, and around the corner, to the windows overlooking the court-yard.

Looking out here, he could see that a number of the servants were gathered together in the court below, and that they had in their midst something that seemed to interest them greatly, though what it was he was unable to discover, without reaching out over the stone sill, which was so broad and projected so far out as to hide from view the object of attraction, and if he should reach over, he would be seen—a fact which might get to Sir Edward's ears, and then Hawkins would get warning. He stood considering, wondering what they had to please them down there, and whether the strange little object which he had seen had anything to do with the matter, feeling the malicious spirit of curiosity urging him harder than ever to find out.

Suddenly, as he stood there, the people all disappeared; they had gone in with their attraction, whatever it was, to the servants' hall. A moment, and up from the back stairs, leading from the kitchen up to the north wing, where the servants' rooms were, ran two of the maids, giggling and out of breath. Hawkins shrank back.

"La me, Polly," said one of them, whom he recognized as the housemaid, "did you ever see the like of it in all your born days?"

"No, indeed," says Polly; "the curiousest thing! Who'd ever think a body could do sich things? My sakes alive, he can't be like other mortals, nohow, I'm sure!"

"O, he's a magician, Polly,—a magician!" responds Patty. "He can do anything he likes, *he* can. And the best 's to come yet; so we must be quick, that we mayn't miss it. The luckiest thing that he came here—wasn't it? We don't often see sights like them. La, Polly, I shouldn't be astonished if he just took your handkerchief and shook it a little, and give it back to you with heaps of sovereigns in it; for money's nothing at all to people of that kind; they give it away."

Off went the maids into the north wing; and quick as thought, Hawkins slipped back into the corridor he had come from, thinking it the luckiest thing in the world that he had escaped observation, yet with his mind full of what he had heard.

In a moment, back came Polly and Patty, and the former ran directly down stairs as fast as she could go; but Patty managed to step on her dress, as she was following, and stumble when within a few feet of the stairs. Now Patty was an extremely pretty as well as a very coquettish girl; and Matthew Hawkins was not at all averse to her. So instead of leaving her to pick herself up, as he would have done if it had been the fat cook, he very gallantly sprang forward to help her.

"La now, Matthew, is that you?" she said, with an affected simper. "Why, I hadn't the least idea any one was up here. I thought everybody was down stairs a-seeing that queer little magician. Why, he's no higher than that," with her hand about three feet from the floor, "and he's doing such wonderful things! You ought to see him."

Hawkins's eyes sparkled. He had always been known to have a passion for feats of jugglery.

"Why, my dear," he said, "really I should like, of all things, to go, but then you know master says as how I must stay here; and orders must be obeyed."

"Well, so you ought, I suppose, if master tells you to," said Patty, reflectively; "but then it wouldn't do a mite of harm for you just to step down a few minutes, and he'd never know it in the world. You never see such things as this magician does. Come, it's a pity as you should lose it. Just step down the stairs, and you can stand somewhere along by the door there, where nobody'll see you, and I'm sure *I'll* never tell master of *you*. And he can't find it out any other way, for he's away off in the library with Mr. Briancourt and Mr. Morley."

Tempting persuasion! It was more than Hawkins could resist. Down stairs he went with Patty, along the corridor below, and stopped at the door of the great hall where the magician was performing such feats as fascinated the servants, the greatest feat being one of which only one or two of those present besides himself was aware.

The little juggler cast a lightning glance towards the door as Patty entered, and an almost imperceptible smile curved her pretty lip and the dark lashes drooped over her laughing eyes as she saw that he recognized the success of his scheme. In a moment, Hawkins was as deep as the rest in the fascination of the magician's feats; and no one seemed to notice that, at the moment he entered, Harry Longworth silently withdrew through a small door at the other end of the apartment. At the same time, the door at the foot of the stairs leading up to the west gallery was closed by some invisible hand without attracting unnecessary attention.

And at that moment, the great clock tolled the hour of nine. While down the great staircase from the northeast gallery into the great hall, and through the court, sped silently and unseen three muffled figures. Away across the park, under the shadow of the trees, they glided to the distant highway; *and the bird was free!*

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SECURE RETREAT.

The moon had but just risen, and her light had not yet begun to silver the slumbering glades of Ashby Park, when the silent figures of Eleanor and her attendant stole out beneath the trees, and glided along noiselessly and unperceived in their friendly shadow. Without a single word, they sped across to the confines of the park, where, at the gates, a carriage stood waiting. In this, Miss Ashby and Lucy were quickly placed; Harry Longworth sprang up outside, and they were borne away from the dangerous neighborhood they were in as fast as the two fresh and active horses could carry them.

"Free—free at last!" was Eleanor's glad and grateful ejaculation, and her heart throbbed with almost painful violence, as the uncertainty, and suspense, and excitement of the last few hours fled away, and the sense of liberty was hers again. She sank back in the carriage, unnerved and exhausted, yet with emotions of tumultuous gladness filling her breast; while Lucy drew a sigh eloquent of joyful relief.

"O, Miss Eleanor, it don't seem real!" she said, in a subdued voice.

And it scarcely seemed so to Miss Ashby. These three long and weary days of imprisonment, her unexpected deliverance and this moonlight flitting wore all the aspect of a dream. But it was no dream. She was free at last, and felt herself in safe though invisible hands; for she knew that Pequin would do his utmost to secure her from the danger from which he had rescued her, and she did not doubt his power to do it. He had become bound to her by gratitude and affection; and he had both the means and the ability to serve her to a greater extent than many would have guessed.

The first flush of glad excitement at her escape was passed, and now she grew calmer. She thought of those she had left. Were they exulting in the security of their prize? They would know nothing of its escape until the morning, for she felt that Pequin's art was consummate, and that he would guard against an untimely discovery. And then she thought of Mary and Hugh Latimer. What would they say when they heard of her flight? Who would tell them of its cause? What would be their distress—their grief?

She was glad, happy, exultant, when she first left Ashby walls behind her. Now, as she thought of almost the only friend she had on earth, left thus in ignorance of her fate, she grew sad. And with these reflections, a sense of her own loneliness impressed her with emotions of inexpressible mournfulness. Fleeing thus from danger and wrong, at midnight, protected only by menials!

The tears filled her eyes, and glided slowly down her cheek. Looking up, she beheld Briarfield Park, with its dark woods and peaceful glades silvered by the moonbeams, that grew brighter every moment; and there, rising upon its wooded slope, was the hall. She bent forward, her heart beating sadly. "Happy—happy Briarfield!" she murmured. "O how are your peaceful inmates to be envied!"

She could not but weep, thinking of the happy dwellers in that peaceful home, and contrasting their position with her own. She brushed away the warm tears that filled her eyes. She could not see for them, and she must keep Briarfield in sight as long as might be, for who could tell when she would behold it again?

There were lights in the lower rooms—lights warm and pleasant, shining out into the park, and blending with the summer moonbeams. She knew that Aunt Dorothea, and Hugh, and Mary were sitting there. She could see them, in fancy, gathered about Mary's table, engaged in their various occupations. Were they thinking of her? Did Mary look up sometimes from her sewing, or Aunt Dorothea from her embroidery, to say, "I wonder how is Eleanor to-night?" And Hugh—did he suspend his sketching or his reading for one single moment, to make some response, or lean his handsome head thoughtfully upon his hand, as her name was mentioned?

An indescribable feeling of loneliness weighed upon her heart. She sank back in the carriage again, the tears once more stealing, unchecked this time, from beneath her drooping lids. And the carriage rolled on. Poor Lucy, wearied out with excitement and want of rest, had fallen asleep in the corner, with her head leaning against the cushions; but repose was impossible to her mistress, until the end of her journey was reached. Eleanor had received, in a few necessarily hasty words from Harry Longworth, ere they left the house at Ashby, some imperfect idea of her destination, which Pequin had prepared for her. It was a place some twenty miles from Ashby, but where, she could not exactly tell. They had passed half the distance before it was eleven o'clock, and it was probable that a little after midnight they would arrive at the end of the way. They stopped once to change horses at an inn, and then continued the route at still greater speed than before.

The midnight moon shone broad and clear over the quiet country landscape, when the carriage stopped at length at the head of a leafy lane, leading up to the door of a farmhouse, half-concealed from the road that ran past it, at a distance of some twenty or thirty yards, by its bowering trees and vines. Eleanor could see a light gleaming through the branches, as they drew up before the entrance of the lane, and a door was heard to open.

"This is the place, Miss Eleanor," said Harry Longworth, opening the door of the carriage,—"this is the place, and a safer one I don't think you could find. You will be secure from trouble here till such a time as there is no more need for concealment."

"May my good fortune grant it, Harry!" said Miss Ashby, warmly; "and—but what is this? who has preceded us here?"

"Who, indeed?" echoed Harry and Lucy, simultaneously, as they beheld, for the first time, a dark horse tied beneath the drooping branches of a willow, just within the entrance of the lane.

"Eleanor Ashby's servant," answered a sweet though somewhat melancholy voice that she recognized with an involuntary pause of astonishment; and that instant, to the utter surprise of them all, a well-known figure passed swiftly down the lane, and stood before them in the shape of Pequin the dwarf! He untied the horse from the tree, and sprang to the saddle.

"Pequin, my friend—my deliverer!" uttered Eleanor, impulsively, springing to his side, and putting her fair hand in his; "how shall I ever thank you for this service?"

"Pequin's happiness is in serving Eleanor Ashby," uttered the dwarf, in those musical tones that she liked so well to hear. "His happiness is in serving Eleanor Ashby. You owe him no thanks, sweet Eleanor, but he has not forgotten the gratitude he owes you. Go in yonder, dear lady; it is your refuge from much present and future danger. Harry Longworth," and with a smile lighting up his pale but delicate features, he turned to the young man,—"Harry Longworth, I say, you little thought that the magician would finish out his games and get here before you?"

"Little, indeed, sir," answered Harry. "And yet I do not know why I should be surprised at anything you may do, after the feats I saw you perform to-night."

"O, there was no magic in my getting hither," laughed the dwarf, good-humoredly, "no magic, Harry Longworth, but that you might have practised yourself, with a horse like mine, even though you had started an hour later, as I did. But go up yonder—go up yonder, Harry, with your mistress, and pretty Lucy here, and I will wait for you, and bear you company back. Good night, Eleanor Ashby, and all happiness be yours. I leave you in trusty hands, and the shelter you find here will be at your service so long as you may require it. Do not hasten to leave it, I charge you; for you cannot remain too long or too securely hidden from those who would wrong you. And now, good-night again, sweet Eleanor." And he bent down and kissed the fair hand he held, ere he released it.

"Good-night, my kind friend, and let my gratitude go with you," uttered Miss Ashby, warmly and with heartfelt earnestness.

Then, with Lucy and Harry Longworth, she went up the lane to the door of the farmhouse. There were two persons waiting there to receive them. In a moment they entered. The dwarf breathed a dreary sigh. "Poor Eleanor Ashby!" he muttered. Directly, Harry Longworth came back, and mounted the box, and in a short time both he and his companion had vanished along the moonlit road.

Meanwhile, Miss Ashby and her maid were standing within the farmhouse. As we have said, two persons were waiting there to receive them: an old man and his wife—an honest and kindly-looking pair, and the sole inmates of this secluded dwelling. They welcomed Eleanor and Lucy quietly and kindly. They had been looking for them since nightfall, they said. They had been prepared to receive their guests; and merely obeying the orders they had received, proceeded to make them comfortable, and asked no questions. A light repast was ready, of which Eleanor partook sparingly; for her mind was not yet calm, and her excitement prevented her from feeling the need of food, though she had eaten scarcely nothing since the previous day. And as soon as Lucy had taken some refreshment, the good dame showed them their apartments—a pleasant and neatly-furnished chamber for Miss Ashby, with a smaller one adjoining, and opening from it, for Lucy. The rooms and their arrangements were simple, neat and plain. They contrasted strikingly with those which had been hers at Ashby, in point of richness and elegance; but Eleanor looked about upon them with a feeling of indescribable gladness. The very contrast was a happiness; for was not this humble farmhouse a safe and happy refuge? and had not her late abode grown a

place of dread to her? It had been her prison-house. "And I am safe here—I am safe here—safe!" she said to herself, with bowed head and clasped hands. They were all the words she could utter. Her heart was filled with them. She was out of Morley Briancourt's power.

The feelings of melancholy which had temporarily depressed her during the drive, were banished now. Then she had been too painfully sensible of her lonely situation, homeless and almost friendless as she was, fleeing secretly at midnight from the dangers that surrounded her. Now she banished those sad thoughts. She would only remember that she was safe, and hope for happier days. And so she laid her head on her pillow for the first time in her new abode.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONSTERNATION OF THE TRIO.

It was morning at Ashby. At the usual hour, the household was stirring; but the same stillness prevailed throughout its precincts, as had been for the last three days. Sir Edward and his guests assembled together, at a little before seven, in the library. Breakfast had been laid in the adjoining apartment an hour or two earlier than the accustomed time, according to the order of the baronet; but it remained neglected. The three gentlemen seemed to have other business on hand. They remained for some fifteen or twenty minutes conferring together in the library. Sir Edward appeared to be slightly agitated, and was perceptibly paler than usual; yet there was desperate resolve in his face. His was the agitation of a man on the brink of ruin; the resolve which alone, as he knows, is able to save him from destruction, yet cannot hide from him the danger he is in.

Morley Briancourt was flushed and restless. He paced the room from side to side, and looked frequently at his watch. His father alone, of them all, betrayed not the slightest sign of any inward apprehension or disturbance; but though easy, graceful and self-possessed as ever, he was more subdued than usual. A brief conversation took place between them, and then Sir Edward went up stairs. A few moments elapsed, while Morley Briancourt continued to pace the floor of the apartment with restless agitation, and his father stood with folded arms gazing from a window.

Suddenly, a bell was heard to ring with startling violence. Again and again it was rung, peal upon peal; and Morley Briancourt and his father, with an involuntary exclamation, hastened out into the hall and up the great staircase to the hall above, whence the sound proceeded, and where they encountered some of the servants hurrying up from the back staircase towards Miss Ashby's rooms. All proceeded hastily hither; Morley Briancourt grown suddenly very pale, and struck with some indefinable fear—of, he hardly knew what.

The doors of Eleanor's apartment were flung wide open, directly through, from one to the other; and there, just at the threshold, stood Sir Edward Ashby, white and trembling, a picture of rage and despair.

"Ashby, what is it?" uttered Victor Briancourt, in an agitated tone; while Morley was unable to articulate a word, for the truth flashed upon him.

"She's gone, Victor,—she's gone; she is not here! Eleanor has vanished!" were the baronet's almost unintelligible words, broken by excitement and uttered in trembling, passionate, despairing tones.

"Gone!" echoed Morley Briancourt, in a hoarse voice, with the red flush rising to his brow, as he sprang impulsively towards the door, and paused there, silent and motionless; for it was too true.

"Where is Hawkins? Who let her out? Send my valet to me!" exclaimed Sir Edward Ashby, almost frantic at the escape of his ward; for now what was to become of him? He was in the power of Victor Briancourt. He turned madly to the servants. "Who dared to release her, I say?" he repeated, with a white cheek and clenched hand.

Not a soul answered. Those who stood there had been, until this moment, utterly ignorant of Miss Ashby's escape. The few who were privy to the affair, knowing well the meaning of the violent summons of Sir Edward, had taken care to keep away.

"Where is Hawkins?" asked Mr. Briancourt and Morley together. "How is it that he is not here?"

"I sent him away before I entered the room," answered the baronet, "thinking not of this discovery. He is answerable for her escape. I was a dolt to trust him! But I will see into it. Let every one of you," addressing the gaping servants, "assemble together directly in the library, and your fellows with you; and hark ye! see that Hawkins is there, also. I will know who did this!"

And the servants did as they were bidden.

"Hold! What is this?" cried Morley Briancourt, suddenly catching sight of a folded paper lying on the table.

It was directed to Sir Edward Ashby. In an instant the baronet had received and opened it; but his eyes wandered over it in vain. He was too fearfully excited to comprehend a single word. He gave it to Mr. Briancourt.

"Read it—read it, Victor," he said; "I cannot!" And he hid his face in his hands, with a bitter and hollow groan.

Mr. Briancourt read its contents aloud.

"I trust," they ran, "to be far away from Ashby, and from the reach of your tyranny, when you read this. Do not seek for me, for the search would be in vain. And do not cast the blame of my escape on those who are innocent. That escape is effected through the means of one whom you have never seen. Do not punish the servants. Twelve hours lie between my release and its discovery. I am free. Farewell! ELEANOR ASHBY."

"Twelve hours!" groaned the baronet, in anguish.

"Twelve hours!" echoed Morley Briancourt, setting his teeth with despairing fury.

"Sir Edward—Morley, there is but one way to treat this case," said the elder Briancourt, decisively. "We must discover what we can from the servants concerning her flight—for depend upon it, there are not many of them in ignorance of its means or manner,—and then set out in search of her."

"It is well. I will order the horses to be brought round," said the baronet, starting to move away, as he spoke. "But where shall we seek her?" he asked, pausing. He spoke in a tone of wretchedness, putting his hand, with a bewildered air, to his brow.

"Where, but at Briarfield?" ejaculated Morley Briancourt, passionately,—"where, but at Briarfield, with—" He broke off short, with compressed lips and clenched hands, and a brow as black as a thunder-cloud.

"Ay—at Briarfield," echoed Sir Edward Ashby, frowningly. "Fool that I have been to suffer her going there so often!" He dashed his hand against his forehead with impotent passion. "Come, Morley—Victor, hasten!" he uttered, and strode down the gallery.

The servants were gathered together in the library for examination—all, even to Harry Longworth, but Hawkins, and he was missing. A second summons was sent by Sir Edward; but the bearer could not find him. A hasty search was instituted. In vain; he was nowhere visible. The inference of Sir Edward and his companions was, that he had connived at her escape. There was no further doubt of it. From the rest, no satisfaction could be gained. Not a word was said relative to the entertainment of the little juggler the night before, or of Hawkins's absence from his post; for but very few were aware of the latter circumstance, and they had warned all the rest to be silent in regard to the former. No one seemed to know anything concerning Miss Ashby's escape. Sir Edward dismissed them; and, baffled and enraged, sallied forth, threw himself upon his horse, and dashed across the park, with Morley Briancourt, towards Briarfield.

Both maintained an unbroken silence during their ride. Sir Edward was ghostly pale, and evidently terribly agitated; while his companion, on the contrary, betrayed by a flushed brow and an angry eye the storm that raged in his breast. Morley Briancourt's rage was deadly. He had imagined his prize to be so safe—so secure; and to have it thus slip from his grasp at last, it was too much. The thought of Hugh Latimer, too, maddened him still more; for his jealousy of him knew no bounds; and so fully and completely did it occupy his heart that his first conviction pointed out his rival and his family as the means of her escape, and their home as the place of her shelter.

Half an hour had not elapsed, from the time of their departure from Ashby, when they entered the park gates of Briarfield, and kept on their rapid way until the hall was reached, and they dismounted at the door.

Miss Latimer was not a little surprised, while seated quietly at breakfast with her aunt, to hear from a servant that Sir Edward Ashby was in the drawing-room, and desired to see either herself or her brother. He had never entered Briarfield gates before. What was his errand now? A sudden thought alarmed her. She had not seen Eleanor for three days. Could she be ill? Perhaps this was why Sir Edward had come. She hastened, her heart throbbing with fear, to meet her guest.

To her astonishment, she beheld Morley Briancourt with him. The coldest and haughtiest of salutations met her from them, and Sir Edward immediately announced to Miss Latimer the object of his visit. Still greater grew her astonishment—and now it was mingled with the most intense anxiety—on learning that Eleanor had disappeared from Ashby Place, though under what circumstances, Sir Edward was careful not to say; but Miss Latimer suspected, and with only too painful feelings, that it was to escape from a home grown unhappy. She was not prepared, however, for the abrupt question which accompanied the information, whether Miss Ashby was at Briarfield—a question that was hardly so much one as an assertion, either, and given with a manner that perplexed first, then startled and touched Mary Latimer, with feelings almost of indignation.

"I have not seen Miss Ashby," she answered, coldly, "for more than three days, as, I believe, I told you before."

"She is not here, then?" persisted Sir Edward, striving hard to suppress the tempestuous feelings that agitated him; while Morley Briancourt stood by, silent, dark, immovable, yet burning with furious impatience, as he listened to the baronet's questions and Miss Latimer's freezing answers.

"Miss Ashby is not at Briarfield," was the courteous yet chilling response.

Sir Edward rose, setting his teeth hard for a moment; while a darker frown momently blackened Morley Briancourt's brow.

"You say that Mr. Latimer is not at home," said the baronet, after a moment's pause. "May I ask, then—" He stopped short, his voice trembling with the inward storm.

Mary Latimer also rose, her clear cheek alternately flushing and paling.

"Sir Edward," she said, in as steady a voice as she could command, "my brother went yesterday morning to visit his lawyer at Merton. I am every instant expecting his return. If you have business with him, I must request—"

"Your pardon, Miss Latimer; I have no business with him," answered the baronet, hastily, and with trembling tones; for he had the utmost difficulty in suppressing the mingled rage and agony that he felt. "I wish you a very good morning." And he withdrew, followed by Morley Briancourt, who merely bowed with a dark and haughty air to Miss Latimer.

Sir Edward Ashby and his companion had failed.

It was not fifteen minutes after they had departed, when Hugh Latimer rode up to the hall door, and dismounting and leaving his horse to the groom who was approaching, with a rapid, springing step, entered the house. The light morning wind had blown back the beautiful dark hair from his fine brow, and kindled a clearer light in his dark eyes. He looked, if possible, handsomer—nobler than ever; and yet there was a quiet seriousness in his countenance, habitual to it of late, that took the place of the graceful animation natural to his usual air.

Mary met him in the hall. He cast his arm affectionately about her, and bent to kiss her.

"My dear sister," he said, anxiously, noticing her troubled expression with alarm,—"my dear sister, what has occurred to distress you?"

"O, Hugh," she answered, with the tears springing to her eyes, "Eleanor has disappeared from Ashby. She has gone. They cannot find her anywhere!"

He turned pale as death.

"Mary—impossible!" he ejaculated. "Who told you so? When did you hear it?"

She told him, as clearly as her agitation would allow.

He paced the hall back and forth with an anxious face.

"Mary, depend upon it," he said, presently, in a troubled tone, "it is the tormenting importunity of Morley Briancourt that has been the means of driving her away, perhaps the harsh threats of her uncle as well. For no other cause would she have fled from her home, and thus secretly, too,—without even a word to you. She must have been driven to despair. But where is she? where shall we find her? O, Mary!"

Suddenly the bell at the side door was rung. Mary advanced to open it, and beheld there, when she had done so, Mrs. Millett, the housekeeper from Ashby.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BURIED TREASURES.

A company of English gentlemen has proposed to the Roman government to turn the current of the Tiber from its bed near the city, with the understanding that the company should retain possession of whatever treasures it might discover in the old channel. It is believed that many treasures of art have in ages past been buried beneath the waters of the Tiber, and that a search for them would prove successful both in a pecuniary and in an antiquarian point of view. A correspondent of the New York Observer expresses the opinion that sculptures more perfect, and perhaps more beautiful than any of the ancient works of art now seen in Rome, lie embedded in groups beneath the stream. "Agostino Chigi, the famous banker at the time of Leo X., once gave a splendid entertainment to the pope and his cardinals, at which the dishes were all of precious metals. It is said that the dishes were all thrown into the Tiber by order of the rich banker, in order that no less illustrious guest might ever use them. The sacred vessels brought from Jerusalem by Titus, among them the golden candlesticks, are reported to have been lost from the Milvian bridge, and if so, are still lying there." The present government of Rome suffers nothing belonging to ancient art to pass from her territory, and we do not think it probable that to a foreign company it will grant permission to make the desired investigation.—*Manchester Olio.*

LITTLE ISAAC NEWTON.

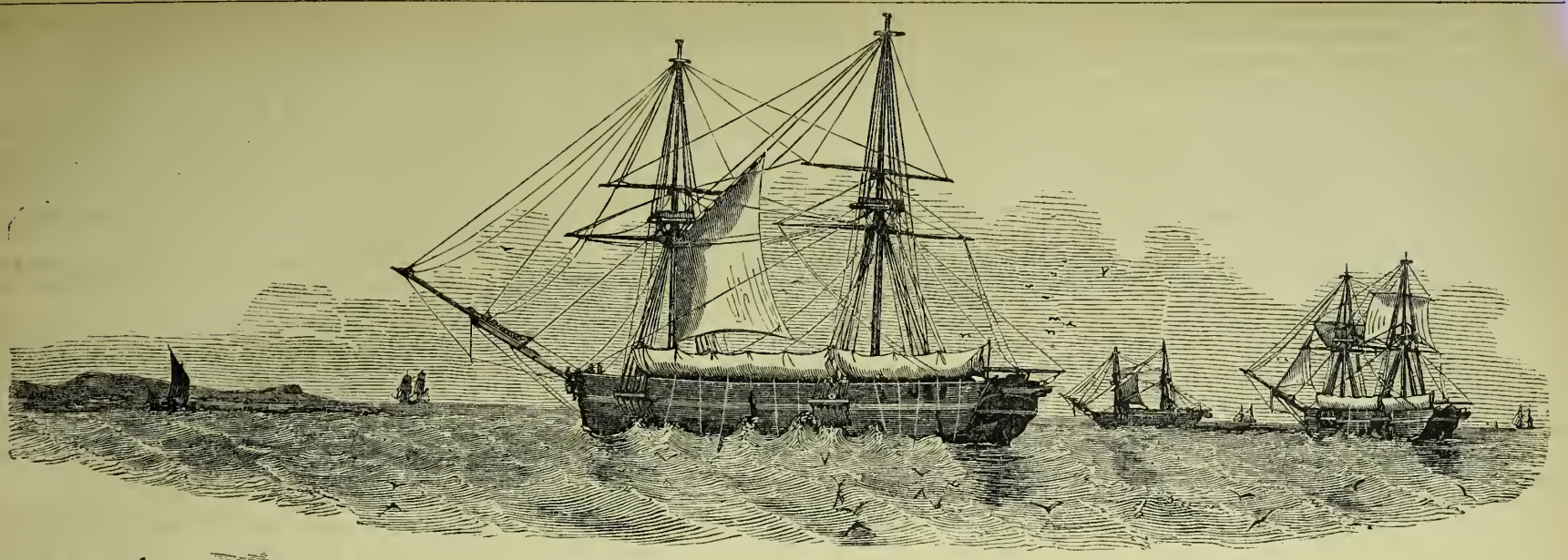
He had not been long at school before he exhibited a taste for mechanical inventions. With the aid of little saws, hammers, hatchets and tools of all sorts, he was constantly occupied during his play hours in the construction of models of known machines and amusing contrivances. The most important pieces of mechanism which he thus constructed, were a windmill, a water-clock, and carriage to be moved by the person who sat in it. When a windmill was in the course of being erected near Grantham, on the way to Gunnerby, Sir Isaac frequently watched the operation of the edge of the mechanism, and he completed a working model, of which, Dr. Studely says, was "as clean and curious a piece of workmanship as the original." This model was frequently placed upon the top of the house in which he lived at Grantham, and was put in motion by the action of the wind upon its sails. In calm weather, however, another mechanical agent was required; and for this purpose a mouse was put in requisition, which went by the name of *the miller*. The mouse was supposed to act upon something like a tread-wheel when attempting to reach some corn placed above it; or, it was placed within a wheel, and, by pulling a string tied to its tail, it went forward "by way of resistance," and thus turned the mill.—*Sir David Brewster.*

A TRAITOR REBUKED.

At a dinner-party of sixteen guests, recently given in St. Petersburg, expressions unfavorable to the emperor were made use of. A complete report of all that took place, with the names of the host and the fifteen guests, and the expressions used, was forwarded to the empress-mother in an anonymous letter, which was communicated to the emperor, who sent for the giver of the party, and asked for the names of all the guests assembled on the occasion. This list of names included sixteen guests; and that name among them that had not been found among the fifteen named in the denunciation was, of course, that of the anonymous writer. This latter, a colonel in the guards, was sent for, and the emperor addressed him as follows:—"You seem to have an inclination, as well as some talent, for service in the police-force or the gendarmerie; if you like to enter it you can, but the guards is not the place for you. If you prefer to leave the service altogether, you shall find your *conge* ready for you." The giver of the party came off with only a few words of reproof and warning from the emperor.—*Freeman's Journal.*

THE LOVE OF CHILDREN.

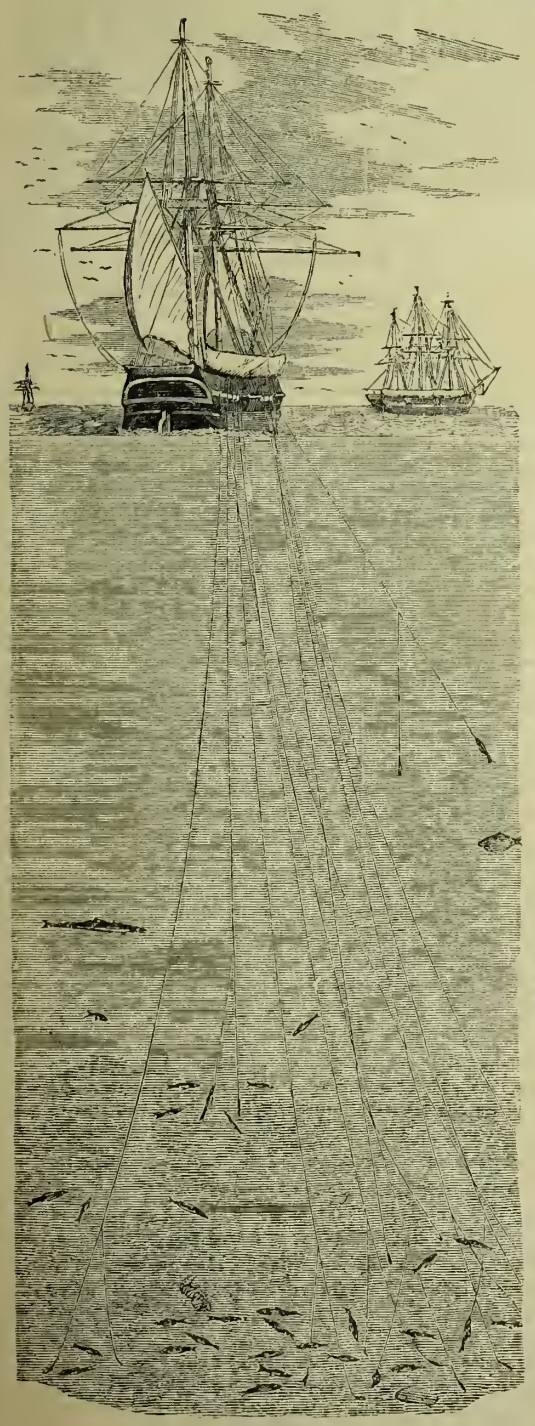
Tell me not of the trim, precisely-arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good Germans have it, "the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall." Tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil, unanxious hearts where children are not. I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children.—*Mary Howitt.*



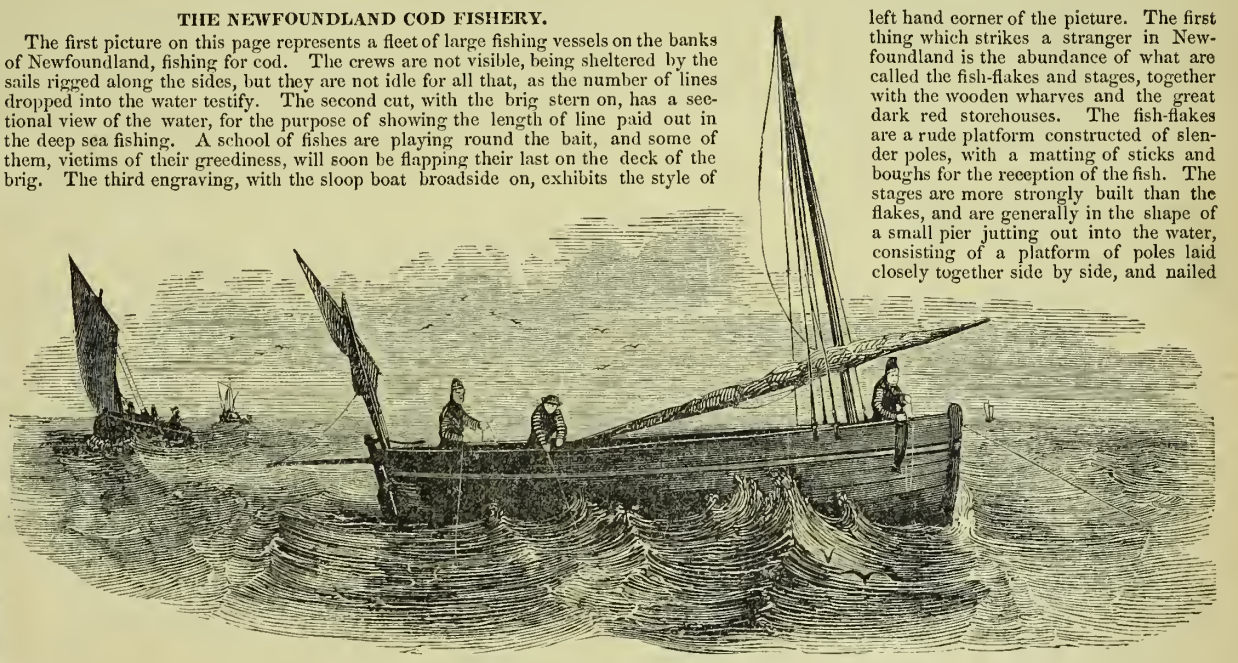
BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—FISHING FOR COD.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND COD FISHERY.

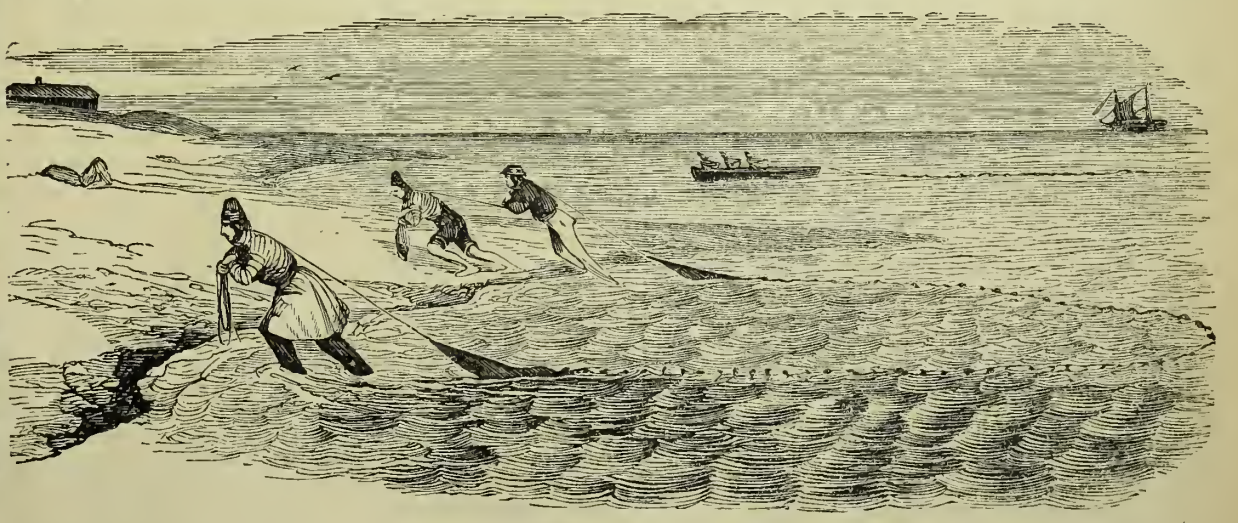
The first picture on this page represents a fleet of large fishing vessels on the banks of Newfoundland, fishing for cod. The crews are not visible, being sheltered by the sails rigged along the sides, but they are not idle for all that, as the number of lines dropped into the water testify. The second cut, with the brig stern on, has a sectional view of the water, for the purpose of showing the length of line paid out in the deep sea fishing. A school of fishes are playing round the bait, and some of them, victims of their greediness, will soon be flapping their last on the deck of the brig. The third engraving, with the sloop boat broadside on, exhibits the style of craft and the manner of catching cod on shoal ground. The man in the bow is just unhooking a fine specimen. The fourth engraving shows a party of men pulling the seine to shore, a mode of taking the fish employed where the water is quite shallow. In the last engraving we have a fishing station with a wharf and storehouse. The "fish-flakes," frames on which the fish are dried, are shown in the left hand corner of the picture. The first thing which strikes a stranger in Newfoundland is the abundance of what are called the fish-flakes and stages, together with the wooden wharves and the great dark red storehouses. The fish-flakes are a rude platform constructed of slender poles, with a matting of sticks and boughs for the reception of the fish. The stages are more strongly built than the flakes, and are generally in the shape of a small pier jutting out into the water, consisting of a platform of poles laid closely together side by side, and nailed down to a strong framework that is supported by stout posts and shores. They are frequently the only landing-places in the harbor. The central part of the stage is roofed over either with boards or boughs, and here the operations of splitting and salting the fish generally take place. The whole labor of preparing the fish is managed with much skill and dexterity.



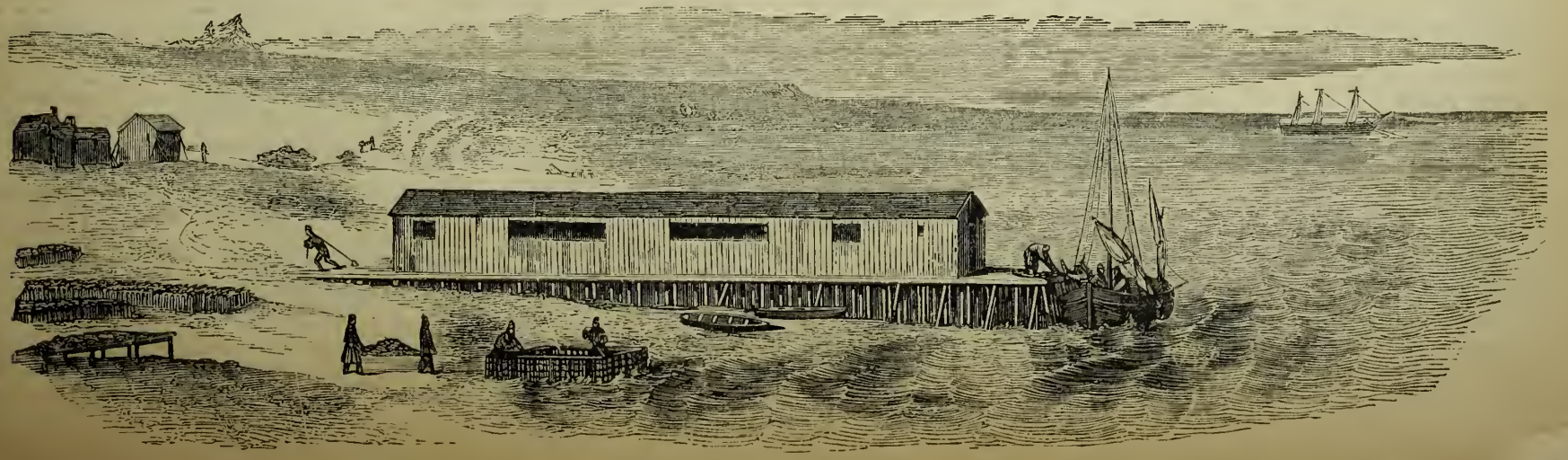
DEEP SEA-FISHING.



COD-FISHING ON SHOAL GROUND.



CATCHING COD WITH THE SEINE.



STATION FOR DRYING FISH.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

BY SARAH A. NOWELL.

They bid the thundering cannons cease
To tell war's dreadful story—
The battle's o'er—the song of peace
Succeeds the notes of glory.

O, thick upon the bloody plain,
Lies many a fallen brother,
And sons whose dear lips ne'er again
Can greet the tearful mother.

And husbands, whose protecting arm
And love, so kindly hearted,
Can never shield again from harm,
The wife forever parted.

But where is she who closed their eyes—
That maiden brave and noble?
Who soothed them with her sympathies
In that dark hour of trouble?

O, gentle Florence! on thy head
Full many a benediction
Shall rest, when thinking of the dead
In hours of deep affliction.

And when thy latest breath shall fall—
To earth thy last look given—
The name of Florence Nightingale
Shall echo up to heaven!

From the maimed soldier's grateful heart
The prayer shall rise forever,
And, in his deepest thoughts, thy care
Shall be forgotten never!

Sweet Florence! such a fame as thine
Shall dearer live in story,
Than all the names that brightly shine
In war's brief tale of glory.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FORGERY.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

Upon her knees, with the old man's arm twined fondly about her neck, while his fingers play nervously with her soft curls, and seeking with her glad blue eyes to catch his wandering gaze, kneels Archibald Preston's daughter. The firelight dances on the walls, and close-drawn curtains shut out the gathering darkness slowly dropping upon country and on town. The working world has ceased to labor, and peaceful home firesides replace the turmoil and traffic of the day. From anvil and loom the sounds of busy toil have ceased, and the dim humming of vast machinery is pleasantly superseded in the toiler's ear, by the merry singing of the fireside kettle. Pale brows no longer pore blindedly over huge ledgers, and forth from barn and hayfield the tired laborer bends his homeward pathway.

But upon the countenance of Archibald Preston grave thoughts have marked their impress, and the season of rest but leaves more time for their painful sway over his mind. The light of home will not drive off these gathering shadows—the glad smiles of Lucille, his daughter, do not dispel their gloom. She has essayed to please him with the music of some of his favorite old ballads, and, as she rises from the instrument, drops herself at the old man's feet, and with her pretty head resting on his knee, looks up in his face and wonders at these fits of sadness which have of late so often come over him, and which are now clouding his countenance and looking forth from his vacantly gazing eye.

"Father, *what* is it makes you look so careworn and sad? Your hand trembles, too, as you pass it gently over my forehead, as though some painful thoughts were busy in your mind. Tell me of them, father; I may not be able, child as I am, to aid or assist, but surely I can sympathize with the sorrows of my father—of my only parent?"

Again was the trembling hand passed softly over that fair young brow, and now the wandering eyes looked for the first time, sadly down upon the bright ones at his knee. He seemed as if scarce knowing how to break the communication that he wished to make, and dim their lustre with the recital. His daughter, as she looked up at him, thought he seemed a very feeble old man, with less of resolution than he even usually possessed in times past. With an effort he at length broke the silence.

"Lucille, my own dear child, listen to me. It is a story of real life which I have to relate to you. Draw close up beside me while I tell it—close up."

He appeared for a moment to forget how to begin, or what it was he was about to say.

"Yes, father!"

This recalled him, and he began again.

"Some years ago, I knew a merchant in business like myself, who had, at the time of which I speak, two children—a daughter and a son. He was possessed of a sufficiency to keep these children in competence, but knowing full well the dangers of a life of idleness, determined to place his son in some active business. In his own counting-room he felt that he would not meet with the necessary discipline, and so placed him with one he thought a friend—for they had frequently done business together—and who promised to bestow all the care and attention in his power upon his son.

"Time went on. The youth approached manhood. The father looked fondly towards the day when his son should take his own place in the business to which he himself had devoted his energies in his younger lifetime. The son appeared all that a father could wish, and seemed uncontaminated by the youthful indiscretions and excesses common to others situated as he was."

The old man paused, and stifled a heavy sigh as it arose from his heart.

"Yes, father—I am listening."

"The will of Providence had chosen that this father's hopes should be blasted, and the bright visions he had built in the dim future should dissolve into the air that formed them. God willed that death should lay its finger upon the young man's brow, and that the heart which beat in all the hopefulness of ripening manhood, should suddenly grow still and cold forever. He had said it, and 'His will be done.'"

And he bowed his white head reverently as he spoke.

"There is a tear upon your cheek, father—this son—"

"Be patient yet for a while. A heavy grief this to that father's mind, but O, not so deep as one yet in store for him. Better—ten thousand times better—that the hope and pride of that man should be thus laid beneath the church-yard mound, than that he should have lived on to bring shame and disgrace upon those who had ushered him into the world. Better that he should have died before his feeble footsteps first essayed to walk alone, than grow up into manhood and have the finger of scorn pointed at him as he passed along. After he died, it was found out that he had committed *forgery!*"

A fearful shudder passed through his frame as he uttered the last word, and his daughter saw that his lips moved convulsively while his countenance became ghastly pale. She listened—terror-stricken at, she scarcely knew what.

"*Forger!* yes, that's the terrible name! The name that was to bring down the gray hairs of his fond, doting father with sorrow to the grave! The name which was to stamp upon his innocent sister's cheek the blush of burning shame, and cause her to shrink from the rude gaze of the scornful world, which knew her now but as the sister of a *felon!* But one way was left to avoid this fearful consequence. The forgery was executed in the name of the employer of the youth, and he alone possessed the fatal evidence of the crime. But *one* way left—but this too dreadful almost to think of. It was, that the sister—don't tremble, darling—the sister should consent to give her hand in marriage to this man who held the proof of the brother's guilt.

"When this was proposed to the father, his first impulse was to dash to the ground the man who could thus coolly barter the price of peace of mind for, perhaps, the life-long misery of a beloved daughter. But this fiend, in measured, mocking accents showed him how he could use the damning testimony for his destruction, and that of his child, and showed him how powerless he really was. He would have cast aside all thoughts of his position and standing as a prosperous merchant and sought refuge in a foreign land, but all his attempts were baffled by his persecutor, who threatened discovery upon the instant, should he persist in attempting to escape the doom which hung over him. There was nothing, alas! for it but to submit to the destiny written out by the hand of fate. He gave a reluctant, heart-wrung consent, and then, indeed, he felt that his cup of misery was filled even to the brim."

He buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud. His daughter could not even attempt to soothe him, her own heart was beating too wildly with the sickening terror of what she felt was coming.

"The time allowed before this man should claim his bride flew swiftly—O, *how* swiftly—by, and as the hour approached, this heart-broken father knew not how to break the dreadful tidings to her. His brow grew each day more furrowed with the intensity of sorrowful thought—his step each hour still feebler, more with grief than age, though this, too, was growing on apace. Whiter was the old man's hair and more bent his form as the time passed on, and the secret was yet undivulged."

His arm was twined still closer about her trembling figure, and this alone kept her from sinking with the unknown terror which pervaded her, and falling prostrate down beside his feet.

"Shall I stop here, or does the story affect my child too greatly for her further listening?"

He had to bend down his head until the gray hairs mingled with the soft golden ones, before he could catch the whisper from her lips.

"No—no—go on—I shall be better presently."

"How *can* I go on? My God! this is a fearful task!"

The big drops of perspiration stood upon his furrowed brow, and as they rolled down upon his cheeks, mingled with the tears that flowed from his eyes.

"*How* can I finish this recital of a tale too true—too horribly true? It must be told though, sooner or later, and now—now is the time, or never. This man, this merchant—calm yourself, darling—is no other, as you must have guessed ere this, than—*myself*. This son, who lies cold and dead in the grave, and whose sin has brought so great a punishment with it, was your brother Edward. The arbiter of our fate is John Freecroft, and the innocent victim is my poor, poor child, who now is gathered close up to her wretched father's bosom. The story is told, my own Lucille—my darling—my loved one!"

And as he gathered her up to his breast from the ground whereon she had sunk, she uttered one cry of anguish, and then lay quite motionless and still in her aged father's arms.

A man with heavy, beetling eyebrows, and a low, swart forehead, on which bad passions have marked their traces, and in whose eye the gleam of cunning is perceptible, as it glances furtively hither and thither; a man of low figure and shrivelled limbs, and with a face seldom lifted to look its interlocutor steadily in the face; and this is John Freecroft, who holds the destiny of Archibald Preston and his daughter within his hard and unrelenting grasp.

He is engaged in examining a number of different papers, taken from a box strongly bound with iron clasps, and as the faint glare of the solitary candle on the table falls upon each, his face becomes still more repulsive in its yellow ugliness. Muttering over to himself sundry interjections expressive of pleasurable emotions or the reverse, he takes out paper after paper from the box, unfolds it, reads it over, and then carefully replaces it from whence he has taken it.

"Yes, yes," said he, as if continuing a conversation which had hitherto been held confidentially with some familiar demon in his own breast, "they have not seen the light for some time, nor will they again until such time as each has its particular duty to fulfil. I was surely intended by nature for a lawyer, not a merchant, for this head," patting it with his hard, bony hand, "is too subtle for the mere brokerage and commissions the dealing in which is my only apparent occupation. Ugh! ugh! ugh!"

And he laughed one of his harsh, dry laughs as he let his fancy wander thus pleasantly about.

"But this is not business."

And again he began rummaging within the iron-clasped box, drawing forth paper after paper, and commenting thereon, as each one met his view. Amongst others he drew forth a small-sized document, and as he held it up and read it by the faint light, he laughed again, harsher and drier than ever. He read it aloud.

BOSTON, MARCH 6, 18—.

Messrs. Steadwell & Blunt: Please pay to the order of Edward Preston, the sum of one thousand dollars on demand.

$1000 00. [Signed] JOHN FREECROFT.

"Now, who would think to look upon that bit of scrawled paper, that there was so great an amount of good or evil depending upon it? Ha, ha, ha. John Freecroft, you are a long-headed man, but all you ever did in the way of keen chicanery was mere child's play compared to this! I gain, as well as the possession of a good round sum with her, one of Boston's proudest beauties for a wife, and by the simple sitting myself down and tracing with a pen these same few characters which bear so vast a signification. Forgery! It's a little word, but what a dictionary of meaning is in its sound! To think mankind should be such fools! I scribble off a line upon a piece of paper, sign it with my own name, present it to the eyes of a father, telling him it is the work of his son—laid quietly enough in the ground—and forthwith I have but to make my own terms that it may never see the light. Faith! I should be sorry if it were, for other eyes might prove somewhat sharper than those of the old dotard. And he thought I was his friend! why so I am—after a fashion! Do I not honor his family by uniting myself with it? Ha, ha, ha! the ugly bugbear whom children call after in the street, he is to be the husband of dainty Lucille Preston! He will bear off the prize from a host of young and handsome competitors, and perhaps they wont open their eyes a trifle at the lady's peculiar taste! O, but it's a good joke—a rare good joke!"

And again he laughed his hideous laugh, but suddenly stopped and looked cautiously around.

"Ha! I thought I heard a noise! Could it have been that hateful young dog, Natterby?"

He made a spring towards the door of a sort of closet opening from the office, and holding the candle aloft in his hand, looked in. Upon the floor was laid a rude couch, composed of straw covered with old clothes and a spare dirty blanket, and stretched out upon this was the motionless figure of a lad of not more than eight or nine years, to judge from his looks, but in reality much older. Little and pinched and thin from the bringing up of a life of poverty, was the office boy, Mat Natterby; and here it was when the hard labor of the day was ended, that he was grudgingly allowed the luxury of going to bed, and forgetting in sleep the brutality of John Freecroft, who usually made him the recipient of his freaks of vexation and ill-humor.

Approaching, he laid his hand upon the boy's breast, to discover by its beating whether he were moved by any waking emotion, or were in reality as sound asleep as he appeared. The test seemed satisfactory, for he soon after left him, after making a feint of bestowing a parting kick at him as he lay in unconsciousness before him. John Freecroft must have *somebody* to hate—this friendless lad served the purpose admirably. He quitted the place and closing the door, Mat Natterby was once more left in darkness. The papers were replaced in the iron-clasped box, and this in its turn securely locked in his private desk, and John Freecroft, after depositing the keys of both receptacles in his pocket, turned and left the office, locking the door after him.

Slowly and cautiously, as soon as he was gone, the door of the boy's sleeping room opened, and a shock head of hair from under which peered two cunning eyes, looked forth into the darkness. The door was held ajar for a moment, as he listened to the sound of his master's retreating footsteps, and to assure himself of being quite alone, and then Mat Natterby stepped into the office and after lighting a candle which he brought out from a cupboard, proceeded to seat himself upon a high stool and commune with himself somewhat in this wise:

"So, you old rascal, I've got you at last, and now if I don't pay you up for some of the kicks and cuffs and starvings I've had from you, my name is not Matthew Natterby! I always knew you for a downright old scoundrel, but I didn't know the half of it! Why, there's enough in that box to send you to the State's prison for the remainder of your ugly life, you old shrivelled up reprobate! And so you'll marry Miss Preston, will you?—the kind young lady who came to see mother and the baby that winter

when we were all without money or food or fire, and who meant me kindly I know when she got her father to recommend me to this situation where I am. Of course it's no fault of her's that it's no better than it is, for when Mr. Edward was alive, of whom this master of mine has been lying so confoundedly, he and old Mr. Preston used to do business together. He thinks me almost a fool—well, he shall have a chance to find out whether he's right or not."

And as he spoke, the lad drew from his pocket a bunch of old rusty keys and proceeded to try the lock of the desk with them. One of them unlocked it, and he then, with a grin of delight, drew forth the box containing the suppressed evidence of Edward Preston's forgery.

"Now if I can only open this, I can take the paper out, and replace the box, and ten to one he'll never suspect its being opened until too late for his schemes. No—none appear to fit, ah, this one ought to—yes! hurrah! it turns—and here's the very paper itself! Now then," said he, as he carefully replaced the box in the desk after seeing it safely relocked, "as soon as young Mr. Barrington comes in the morning, I'll tell him all and with his help we'll see whether the old rip will have it any longer his own way!"

And as he spoke he turned the key in the desk and locked it, at the same time heaving a sigh of intense gratification at his success, and then betook himself with a quiet grin on his youthful countenance, back to his miserable bed to brood over the events of the coming morrow, and ever and anon to shake his lean fist in the dark at some airy phantom of his imagination.

And now indeed upon the eve of his wedding day, John Freecroft had a sword hanging over his head of whose existence he dreamed not, and it was held by no less a personage than his despised office boy—Mat Natterby—the poverty-stricken, the kicked and the abused slave of his bidding.

Back once again to Archibald Preston and his daughter.

"There, father, it is past. I am ready to make this trial—I am ready to be led to the altar by this man, if, in so doing, I do but save you one moment of pain, my own dear father."

"God bless thee, darling, and forgive *me* if in what I am about to do, I am playing with the happiness of the only being left me to love upon earth. But to think of the world pointing at us as we go by, as stained and contaminated—to think of old familiar faces turning aside from us as we pass along the street—it is too terrible even to contemplate!"

And so the preparations for the strange marriage went on, and the day arrived. John Freecroft, arrayed gorgeously in what he probably considered the extremity of taste, but which, in truth, made him look, if possible, uglier than ever, rode down to the office, and there leaving word with his head clerk that he should probably be absent for a few days, directed his carriage towards the house of his intended bride.

He is ushered into the drawing room, in which a few near friends of the family are assembled, and there finds poor Lucille looking as little like a happy bride as he himself resembled the generally received idea of a pleasant-faced bridegroom. The simple white of her dress accords dismally with the deadly pallor of her cheek, and to look at the faces of all present, it would seem more like a funeral than a wedding party.

A distant relative of Milesian extraction is present, who has answered the invitation with the full determination of enjoying himself, but has by degrees found that good spirits are entirely out of place, and gradually works himself into a state of comical pugnacity, as he looks with a puzzled countenance from one to another of the assembled party. His bewilderment increases as John Freecroft makes his appearance, and when he sees the visible shudder with which his young relation receives her intended husband, the whole of his spleen is directed to the little, ugly bridegroom, and he has a strong inclination to take him up in his stalwart arms and without further parley to pitch him headlong from the window.

But John Freecroft is happily ignorant of what is passing in his mind, and stooping over her delicate hand and imprinting thereon a salute, he proceeds to lead the almost fainting Lucille towards the man of God waiting to commence the office of the marriage ceremony.

"And if any man shall know of any just cause or impediment why these two persons be not joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony, he shall speak now, or else forever after hold his peace!"

They stood hand in hand together before the minister—the old man supporting his trembling child, and the various members of the family gathered round in respectful silence. The Irish relation standing near the shrivelled up figure of the bridegroom, towered above him with anything but a pleased aspect, and looked beside him like a giant bending over an ugly little dwarf, whom it was his intention to swallow at a mouthful the moment the conclusion of the ceremony should leave him at liberty so to do. By the door a group of family servants stood and looked on in wonder at their young and beloved mistress who was throwing herself away upon such an unsightly miscreant. There was a pause of a second's duration as the minister made the customary adjuration.

"There *is* both cause and impediment why this marriage should proceed no further!"

The sound of the unexpected voice came from the group of servants at the door. All eyes were instantly turned in the direction whence it came, and wonder was depicted upon every face as Henry Barrington stalked calmly into the room.

"What does my clerk here? I command you, sir, to leave the room you have entered so abruptly, and another time I shall demand from you an explanation of this insolence!"

"You shall have it now, sir."

Then turning to the company he continued:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am really sorry to occasion this disturbance, but when you know the villany of this man, you will, I am sure, forgive me for preventing the committal of a great wrong."

"Will somebody have the kindness to send for an officer, and have this madman arrested?"

"One moment," said Henry—"come in, Mat!"

Enter Mat, bearing in his hands *the box*. The moment the astonished eyes of John Freecroft caught sight of its well-known iron clasps, he uttered a loud yell of rage, and made a spring towards the boy to tear it from him. The Milesian relative, conceiving this to be an admirable opportunity for his interference, caught him by the coat-collar ere he could fulfil his intention, and, holding him at arm's length, thus addressed him:

"Now then, ye ugly little yellow cockchaffer, you'll just compose yourself for a while till we get at the bottom of this matter. Go on wid your story, young man."

"I hold in my hand a paper purporting to be a forgery committed by your son, sir," addressing Archibald Preston, "but which is neither more nor less than a base fabrication of that man there," pointing to John Freecroft, who made a struggle to free himself from his enemy, who merely noticed it by giving him such a shake as a mother would bestow on a refractory infant. "There stands the real culprit. Your dead son is as innocent of an attempt to forge that man's name as is a child unborn. Look at him now—see how his yellow cheek blanches, and how his vile frame trembles. Is that the look of an innocent man?"

"A trick—a vile trick! for what purpose done I know not. Give me up that box—my property."

"Will ye be quiet, ye little divil?" said the Irishman.

"Not until one or two other documents have seen the light."

And as he spoke Henry was about to draw forth the rest of the papers, when the baffled villain felt himself completely in his power and screamed out to him to desist.

"I will confess all—that I *did* write that pretended forgery, but do not for pity's sake reveal the remainder of those papers."

"It is too late—your villany has recoiled upon your own head. The disposal of them no longer rests with me. The law will decide whether you are guilty or innocent of various charges of fraud and cheating, the proofs of which are contained in that box. Officer, you may now do *your* duty—I have finished mine."

And as he spoke a hard-featured man walked with a business-like manner into the room, and proceeded to relieve the Irish relative of his charge. That gentleman could not forbear giving John Freecroft a parting shake that made his teeth chatter as he took his leave of him. He addressed him a word or two before he went.

"There ye are, ye little villain, and I hope you'll be pleased with your quarters, for you'll find it rather difficult to scrape up a friend willing to go bail for your ugly carcase. You'll not sleep quite so elegantly as you expected, but let me tell you for a parting word—it's a dale too good for yez as it is. So take the good wishes of all present that they may live to see your hanging day, and begone!"

He was gone, and a happier group was assembled than there had certainly promised to be on the morning of that eventful day. In reward for the great service rendered by Mat Natterby, the poor office lad, he was placed in an excellent situation in Mr. Preston's office, and there he soon gave promise of growing up, with proper care, into a fine man. And in reward for the exertions by which Henry Barrington had distinguished himself, there was found in time but one way to repay it. It was bestowed by the delicate hand of sweet Lucille Preston herself, and was neither more nor less, in short, than the privilege of calling that same little hand his own.

MEDICAL USE OF SALT.

In many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed colic, add a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of cold water; drink it and go to bed; it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a heavy fall. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water, if sufficient sensibility remain to admit of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the senses return, when salt will completely restore the patient from his lethargy. In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured, if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies failed, Dr. Rush found that two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood. In case of a bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, and then bind on some salt with a rag. In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed two or three times, will relieve it in most cases. If the gums are affected, wash the mouth with brine. If the teeth be covered with tartar, wash them twice a day with salt and water.—*Medical Journal.*

MUSICAL JEALOUSY.

A singular incident in natural history occurred lately at Chester, England. A thrush in a happy state of freedom was trilling its notes in the orchard below the walls, near the "wishing steps," when its music excited similar efforts from a caged bird of the same species, which was suspended in front of one of the adjacent houses. These feathered songsters persevered in raising their melodies to higher and higher efforts, as if in earnest rivalry; when suddenly the bird among the trees darted from its perch upon the wicker cage of its competitor, broke the bars, entered it, and commenced an assault upon the musical captive; the owner of which, hearing the unusual noise, came out, took the aggressor prisoner, and sold it into bondage. The ill-tempered thrush had therefore paid the penalty of sacrificing its freedom to its jealousy. This anecdote is a fact, and not written as it might seem to be, for the purpose of pointing a moral against musical jealousies among human vocalists.—*Dumfries Herald.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE UNKNOWN ARTIST.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF RUBENS.

BY E. S. SMITH.

One day, Rubens, while strolling through the environs of Madrid, entered a convent whose rules were exceedingly severe, and remarked, not without surprise, over the poor and humble altar of the monastery, a picture that disclosed the most wonderful talent. This picture represented the head of a monk. Rubens called his pupils, and showed them the painting; all shared in his admiration.

"Who could have been the author of this work?" demanded Vandyke, the favorite pupil of Rubens.

"There was a name written at the bottom of the picture, but it has been carefully effaced," replied Van Shulden.

Rubens sent for the friar, saying that he wished to speak with him. When the old monk came slowly up the aisle, he asked him the name of the artist who had won his admiration.

"The painter is no longer in this world."

"Dead!" cried Rubens. "Dead! and up to this time no one has known him, no one has mentioned with admiration his name, which will be immortal, his name that will surpass mine! And yet," added the artist, with a noble pride, "and yet, my father, I am Peter Paul Rubens." At this name, the pale visage of the friar was animated with a sudden glow. His eyes sparkled, and he fastened his gaze upon Rubens with an expression of more than mere curiosity; but this exultation lasted but a moment. The monk dropped his eyes, crossed upon his breast his arms, that in a moment of enthusiasm he had raised toward heaven, and repeated:

"The painter is no longer in this world."

"His name, my father, his name, that I may make it known to the universe; that I may give him the glory that is his due."

Rubens and Vandyke, Jordaens and Van Shulden, his pupils, I might almost say his rivals, surrounded the venerable friar, supplicating him to instantly disclose the name of the artist.

The monk trembled; a cold sweat ran down from his forehead upon his emaciated cheeks, and his lips contracted convulsively, as if about to reveal the mystery that he alone knew.

"His name? his name?" repeated Rubens.

The monk made a solemn gesture with his hand.

"Listen to me," said he; "you have misunderstood me; I told you that the painter of that picture was no longer in this world; but I never told you that he was dead."

"He lives! He lives! O, let us know him! Let us know him!"

"He has renounced the things of this world; he is in a cloister; he is a monk."

"Monk! my father! monk! O, tell me in what convent, for he must leave it. When God marks a man with such talents, this man must not be allowed to live in solitude. God has given him a sublime mission—he must accomplish it. Tell me the cloister where he is concealed; I will go and take him from it, and show him the glory that awaits him. If he refuses, I will cause him to be ordered by our holy father the pope to re-enter the world, and again take up his brushes. The pope loves me, my father! the pope will listen to my entreaty.

"I will neither tell you his name, nor the cloister where he is concealed," replied the monk, in a resolute tone.

"The pope will command you," replied the exasperated Rubens.

"Listen to me," said the monk, "listen to me, in the name of Heaven. Think you that this man, before leaving the world, before renouncing fortune and glory, had not striven against a similar resolution? Think you that he has not experienced bitter deceptions, cruel griefs, that have finally taught him," said he, smiting his breast, "that all below is vanity? Leave him to die in the asylum that he has found against the world and its despair. Your efforts will accomplish nothing. It is a temptation, in which he will come out victoriously," he continued, making the sign of the cross; "for God will not take from him his aid; God who, in his mercy, has deigned to call him to himself, will not thrust him away from his presence."

"But, my father, it is immortality he renounces."

"Immortality is nothing in comparison with eternity." And the monk pulled his hood over his face, and changed the subject of discourse in a manner that prevented Rubens from touching on that point again.

The celebrated Fleming left the cloister with his brilliant group of pupils, and all returned silently and sadly to Madrid. The friar re-entered his cell, threw himself upon his knees upon the bundle of straw that served him for a bed, and prayed fervently. Then collecting his brushes, his colors and pallette that lay in the corner, he threw them into the river that flowed so gently beneath his window. For some time he looked mournfully at the water that bore away its precious burden. When they had finally disappeared, he renewed his orisons upon the straw before the wooden crucifix.

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

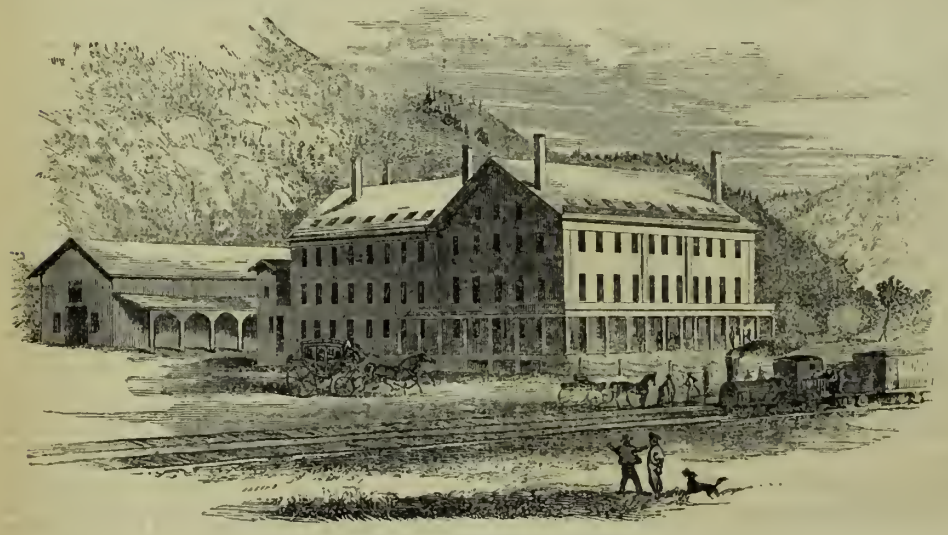
A vine-dresser of Albano, near Rome, is said to have found in a vineyard the ring of Polycrates. This treasure, the history of which is familiar to all readers of Schiller's ballads, was brought to Rome after the death of Polycrates, 522 years before the birth of Christ; it was seen also by Pliny, and mentioned by him. The Emperor Augustus placed it in a gold case, and deposited it for safety in the Temple of Concord. The stone of the ring is of considerable size, and oblong form. The engraving on it, by Theodore of Samos, the son of Talikles, is of extraordinary fineness and beauty. It represents a lyre with three bees flying about; below, on the right, a dolphin; on the left, the head of a bull. The name of the engraver is inscribed in Greek characters. The upper surface of the stone is slightly concave, not highly polished, and one corner broken.—*Athenæum.*

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

At this season of the year when thousands of the pilgrims of nature are going forth from the crowded cities and climbing to the high places of the earth, when a large tide of pleasure travel sets towards the mountain regions of New Hampshire, we have deemed that a series of illustrations of points of interest in their scenery connected with descriptive sketches, would not prove unacceptable to the public. The White Mountains of New Hampshire are among the most impressive works of nature on this continent, and he would be dull indeed who cannot feel the influence of these gigantic scenes. It is vain for those who are unacquainted with mountain scenery to doubt its influence. We have been told that magnitude is nothing; beauty everything. This is not our creed. Besides, may they not meet together? One of these unbelievers once said: "Show me a mountain of any height you please, and I will imagine it ten times higher; then what becomes of your tithe of a hill?" This is a mistake. Allowing that he could so far stretch his imagination, the object would be entirely changed. He may spread his canvass larger, but how is he to fill up the picture? As well it might be said: "Show me the most beautiful rose, and I will make it poor by imagining a flower far more beautiful." The flower, then, cannot be a rose. But is magnitude nothing? Had the colossal Jupiter of Phidias been diminished to a pigmy's stature, would it have been considered one of the wonders of the world? Suppose you had a model of St. Paul's, complete in all its parts, but small enough to lie within the palm of your hand, and would you compare it to its massive prototype? The model, indeed, may exhibit the same architectural skill, but will want majesty; and cannot be, like all stupendous works of art, an evidence of power. In the same manner do these mighty works of nature speak aloud of omnipotence. Nor is it one mountain's height alone, but where they "each on others throng," together with their grand accompaniments, which affect the mind so intensely: the fearful precipice, the overhanging rocks, now dimly seen through a passing vapor, or hidden for a while behind some sweeping cloud; the roar of many waters, contrasted with the quiet, silvery lake below: then the variety, the harmony of form and color, from the valley to the topmost crag, where you may chance to see "Jove's harness-bearing bird," between two parted clouds, returning to his native citadel. The beauty of gently sloping meadows, of "tall trees with leaves apparelled," of every flower that blooms, is as evanescent as it is fresh, vivid and luxuriant: they are more mortal than ourselves, the modern fair ones of the day, and decay and death await them on the morrow. But the unchanged, the everlasting rocks, the ruins, they may be, of a former world, these are God's antiquities, the emblems of eternity! The soul is bowed down before them, and our imaginations are carried back, ay, even to a date before the creation of man! The defective vision and advanced age of Dr. Johnson are, in our mind, ample apologies for the want of enthusiasm in his "Tour to the Hebrides;" notwithstanding he happened to say that the finest prospect in the world was the one up Fleet Street. Even had he been younger, and with every sense complete, he might have felt the inefficiency of language, and forborne to make the effort, as beyond his grasp. Here the poet himself is baffled. Such grandeur will form, will elevate his genius, but must not be the subject of his muse. The worst poems Burns ever wrote are those in which he attempts, as an eye-witness, to describe certain situations in the Highlands. Gray knew better; his letters show how true a feeling he had for these scenes, and that was enough for the world, while the remembrance of them was enough for himself, without vainly daring to do more. Terror, according to Burke, is "the ruling principle," "the common stock of everything that is sublime;" and the natural timidity of Gray enhanced his enjoyment of it. "In our little journey up the Grande Chartreuse," he writes, to his friend West, "I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining." And again: "You have death perpetually before your eyes; only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frighting it." When in the North of England, speaking of a cataract, he says: "I stayed there, not without shuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid; as the impression will last for life." Indeed that thrilling emotion felt in the midst of awful and appalling objects, while, at the same time, we are undisturbed by fears of a personal nature, is the highest mental pleasure, received immediately through the senses, of which we are capable. But without further discussion of this question, let us at once refer to our first illustration, the summit of Mt. Washington, showing the new carriage road, with the omnibuses ascending and descending, the building now erecting on the summit to take the place of the "Summit" and "Tiptop" houses, together with the dome of the observatory which it is proposed to erect should the national government furnish the aid which has been solicited. Mount Washington is the monarch of the White Mountains. "They crowned him long ago." Various measurements of its height have been made from time to time, but modern science has now accurately determined its height to be 6285 feet above the level of the sea. The heights of the other peaks are as follows: Mount Adams, 5790 feet; Jefferson, 5710 feet; Madison, 5361 feet; Monroe, 5349; Clay, 5011; Franklin, 4850; Pleasant, 4715; Clinton, 4200. The carriage road to the summit of Mount Washington is a gigantic enterprise, carried through with extraordinary energy and skill. The charter to construct this road was granted by the New Hampshire legislature, in July, 1853, with a capital of $50,000. The surveys were immediately commenced under the direction of Mr. Robert E. Rieker. The engineering has been most thoroughly performed both as to grade and expense. At the same time, the most magnificent points of observation are obtained along the whole line. The last mile of the road has been made to entirely encircle the upper cone of the mountain, while at the same time the regular ascending grade continues to the level plateau on the top, 6285 feet above the level of the ocean. The road commences at the Glen House, at the north-easterly base of Mount Washington, seven miles from the Gorham (N. H.) station on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad from Portland to Montreal. It is eight and a quarter miles in length. It is sixteen feet in clear width between the ditching and the outer angle of the roadway or protection wall. The outside is raised one foot higher than the inside, giving it an inward slope toward the mountain of three-quarters of an inch to one foot. This prevents washing of the road bed, an ample ditch being constructed on the inside, with sluices under the road sufficient for the drainage of rain or snow freshets. The grade in no place exceeds a rise of one foot in seven, the average being one in nine and a half. The construction is after the manner of the best English macadamized roads, there being from four to eight inches of fine broken stone on the entire surface. The grade is said to be lighter than Napoleon's road over the Alps. There are no tunnels and heavy masonry arches like that, however, and the cost is consequently much less per mile. In all places where there is a dangerous precipitancy, a heavy protection wall is built on the outer side of the roadway, three feet thick, by two and one-half in height. The work was begun in August, 1854. It could only be commenced at one point—the base of the mountain—the constructors being obliged to construct it as they progressed, in order to convey, by teams, their provisions, tools, etc. Any other course would have greatly increased the cost of construction, as these materials would have had to be carried on men's backs, it being impossible to get a horse along the line over the rocks. Eight covered omnibuses, two baggage wagons and two light open wagons, built by Messrs. Downing & Sons, of Concord, New Hampshire, are employed on the road. The omnibuses are very ingeniously constructed. Externally, as our engraving shows, they resemble our city omnibuses. They are designed each for twelve passengers, with a single seat outside for the driver. The seats are black walnut arm-chairs; they have cane bottoms with stuffed cushions, and are so placed that the passengers neither face the horses nor each other, but will sit at an angle of forty-five degrees to the side of the omnibus, giving a free view on either side of the road. Each seat is numbered, and tickets will be sold to passengers accordingly. There are six windows of plate glass on either side, one for each passenger. The safety of passengers is fully provided for by a new application of brakes, moved with a wheel by the driver's foot, and the "set" upon the wheels is regulated by a ratchet, or clip, fitting into the shaft of the wheel or brake. To insure still greater safety in descending the mountain, the application of the brake is placed within reach of each passenger by a strap and ring lying on the bottom of the vehicle, by the use of which any one can instantly block the wheels and arrest its motion. The carriage body is so arranged by screws that either end can be elevated or depressed so as to have the floor at all times on a level. For example, in ascending the hind end is raised eight or ten inches, while in descending, the forward end is similarly elevated. The eight large omnibuses are constructed of the best ash timber. The axles are of wrought iron, and the bodies are



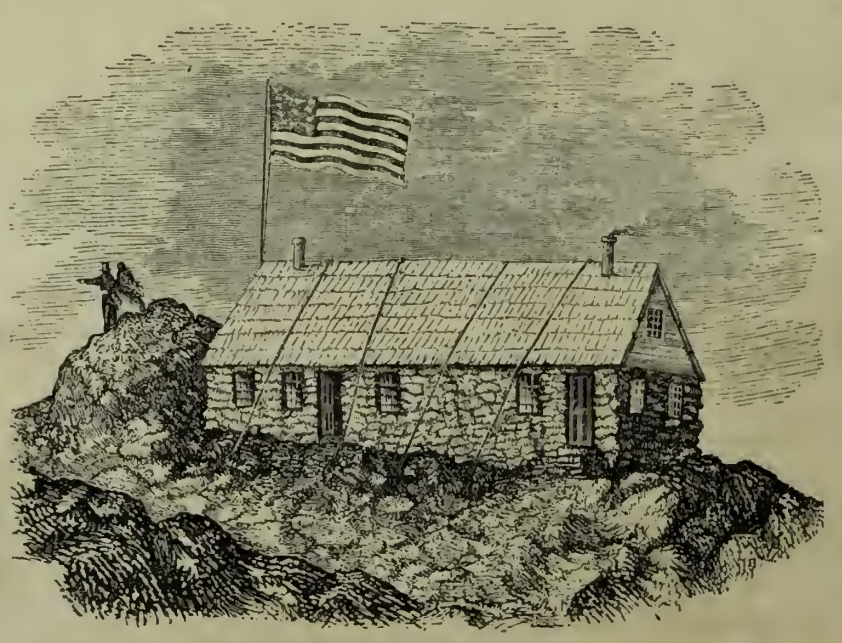
CARRIAGE ROAD, MOUNT WASHINGTON.



ALPINE HOUSE, GORHAM, N. H.



DIXVILLE NOTCH.



SUMMIT HOUSE, MOUNT WASHINGTON.

placed on platform springs of the best steel. The linings are of elegant "mosquette," and the exterior panels are embellished with views of mountain scenery. Each vehicle weighs about 1500 pounds, and in ascending will be drawn by four powerful horses, while only two will be used in descending. The line of telegraph wires shown in the picture is designed to connect with the line now in operation from Portland to Montreal, and extending thence to all parts of the United States and Canadas. The president of the

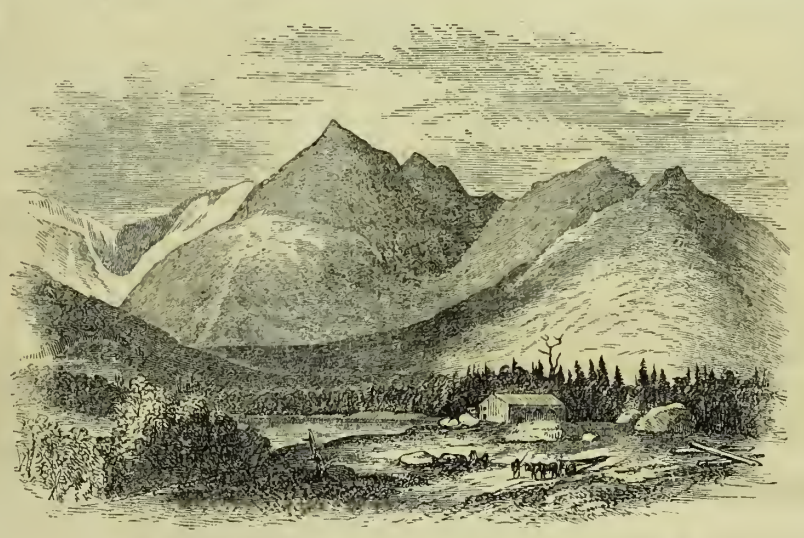


VIEW OF PORTLAND.

road, D. O. Macomber, Esq., has established his reputation by the admirable and thorough manner in which he has managed its affairs from the outset. Another engraving on the previous page represents the "Summit House," erected by two thorough-going Yankees, Messrs. J. S. Hall and L. M. Bosebrook, in 1852. The structure is of heavy stones, blasted with powder from the mighty pyramid on which it stands. It is 24 by 64 feet, secured to its foundation by cement and heavy iron bolts, while the roof is tightened by four strong cables. The "Tip-top House," on the bleakest top crag of Mount Washington, was erected by Samuel F. Spaulding & Co. Both these houses, together with the summit and a large portion of the mountain, are now owned by the Mount Washington Road Company, and the houses will be kept by the superintendent of the road, Mr. C. H. V. Caris. The structure depicted in our first engraving is designed to supersede these buildings. The White Mountains are reached from Boston *via* the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, or from Portland, *via* the great international railroad between Portland and Montreal. The Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad commences at Portland, Me. By this route the excursionist is set down at Gorham, New Hampshire. An engraving on this page presents us with a view of Portland, the Atlantic terminus, as seen from Cape Elizabeth Hill, looking northwest. Portland is a very interesting city, and the tourist from the South may well linger here a short time before pushing on to the White Mountains or to Canada. Its population is about 25,000; and it is increasing very rapidly. The scenery in and about Portland is very attractive. The second cut on our first page exhibits a correct view of the "Alpine House," Gorham, New Hampshire, 91 miles from Portland, and 201 miles from Montreal. It is a noble edifice, three stories in height, and 100 feet front by 50 feet in width, with an ell of about the same dimensions. It stands on a table land closed up by mountains on all sides. In the rear of the house is the Androscoggin River. The view of Mounts Madison, Adams and Jefferson, given in the eighth engraving of our series, is obtained from Randolph Hill, about three miles from the "Alpine House," on the road to Lancaster. In the quiet of evening, when the lower portion of the landscape is in shadow, these gigantic masses loom upon the deep blue sky, giving the beholder a deep impression of their magnitude and grandeur. The Dixville Notch, some miles to the east of the White Mountains, and shown in the third engraving on our first page, is a singularly wild mountain pass, with precipitous sides and fantastic craggy pinnacles. A tolerable road winds through this gorge. The "Crystal Cascade," depicted on our last page, is much visited by artists and lovers of nature. It is about a hundred rods to the right of the road which now connects the great routes of travel east and west of the mountains, and about three miles from the "Glen House." The stream which feeds it rises among the heights of Mount Washington, and after winding its way through unexplored glens and forests, here finds an issue through a rent in a ragged bluff, and pours down a rocky descent of some eighty feet. "The water, however, does not come down in an unbroken sheet, but steps from shelf to shelf, flinging showers of diamond dust on the impending foliage, until finally it takes a long jump into a deep basin with a ringing noise, as if expressive of satisfaction that it has got down into a district where it can pursue its rejoicing course with greater ease. Such is the central portion of the cascade. Over other projections of the cliff, which are clothed with richly shaded green mosses, the impulsive stream occasionally shoots in glassy threads, tortuous in their descent as the roots of some giant tree, a liquid banyan. Hemlock and fir and the ever tremulous birch, contend for a footing in every seam and fissure of the contiguous crags, grouped and scattered among their projections in a manner that delights an artist, and over all, frowns Mount Washington, strongly in contrast with the brilliant play of the cascade and the varied and lively green of the adjacent forests." The view of Mounts Washington, Jefferson and Adams, painting their bold outlines against the sky (forming the seventh in our series), is a distant view, sketched at Gilead, Me. It gives an excellent idea of their contour. The Berlin Falls, in our last engraving, are about six miles from the "Alpine House," Gorham. Here the whole volume of the Androscoggin is poured through a rocky defile scarcely more than fifty feet in width, descending in the space of a hundred yards nearly twice as many feet. From the wooden foot-bridge thrown across the fall, you obtain a fine view of the cataract and of the river above and below. The bridge consists merely of two logs thrown from the shore to the rocky island, with a broad platform laid upon them. "When about to be put up, it was a wonder to some how the logs could be extended



CRYSTAL CASCADE.



MOUNTS WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON AND ADAMS.

across the chasm, but the mystery was soon solved. The person who had the matter in hand threw a couple of birch poles across the dizzy gulf, and by direction his two sons, mere lads, ran over on them, trusting to the momentum gained in a start from a point some distance back to steady them in the seemingly perilous adventure, and by their assistance, with the superior power exerted from the shore, the structure was soon got into place." From the vicinity of these falls a fine distant view of the White Mountains is obtained. The lake and mountain region of New Hampshire covers a broad area in the northern region of the State, varying from one hundred miles in length to sixty-five in breadth. There are three principal points of interest embraced in this region. First, Lakes Winnipiseogee, Squam and Ossipee, and other smaller sheets of water, with "Gunstock," Coppel Crown," "Red Hill," and other mountains; secondly, the White Mountains proper, which are from seventy to ninety miles further north, with the Sandwich, Ossipee, Chocorua and other celebrated mountains intervening; and thirdly, the Franconia mountains, lying on the west side of the area, and twenty or thirty miles distant from the White Mountains proper. The Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad conveys the traveller directly to the most interesting scenery. Many persons prefer leaving the cars at the "Wiers," on Lake Winnipiseogee, and crossing the lake by steamer. It would require volumes properly to describe the White Mountains and the adjacent region—and volumes have been written on the subject. Among recent publications, Dr. Ball's account of his perilous wandering among the mountains last fall, is very interesting. But we consider it indispensable for the tourist who wishes to be well posted up in this romantic region, to purchase "Incidents of White Mountain Scenery," a handsome illustrated duodecimo volume, by Benjamin G. Willey, published by Nathaniel Noyes, No. 11 Cornhill, in this city. Mr. Noyes has also published another very useful work, entitled "Historical Relics of the White Mountains." These two contain all the information requisite—local guides must supply the rest. The following passage is extracted from the former work. "The White Mountains embrace the whole group of mountains in northern New Hampshire, extending forty miles from north to south, and about the same distance from east to west. The term has sometimes been applied exclusively to the central cluster, including the six or seven highest peaks, and very properly, though in its comprehensive sense we think it should embrace the extended group. Mount Blanc and Mount Jura constitute not the whole of the Alps, neither do Washington and Monroe, the White Mountains. Clustering round their central height, like children of one large family, no merely arbitrary division should ever separate them. These mountains are the highest land east of the Mississippi River, 'and, in clear weather, are descried before any other land by vessels approaching our eastern coast; but by reason of their white appearance, are frequently mistaken for clouds. They are visible on the land at the distance of eighty miles on the south and south east sides. They appear higher when viewed from the northeast, and it is said they are seen from the neighborhood of Chamblee and Quebec.' The Indian name of these mountains, according to Belknap, is Agiocochook. President Alden states that they were known to some of the more eastern tribes of Indians by the name Waumbekketmethna; Waumbekket, signifying white, and methna, mountains. And still other tribes gave them the appellation Kan Ran Vugarty, the continued likeness of a gull. All these names, we see, have the same general meaning, and refer to the white appearance of the mountains. 'During nine or ten months the mountains exhibit more or less of that bright appearance, from which they are denominated white. In the spring, when the snow is partly dissolved, they appear of a pale blue, streaked with white; and after it is wholly gone, at the distance of sixty miles, they are altogether of the same pale blue, nearly approaching a sky color; while, at the same time, viewed at the distance of eight miles or less, they appear of the proper color of the rock. Light, fleecy clouds, floating about their summits, give them the same whitish hue as snow. These vast and irregular heights, being copiously replenished with water, exhibit a great variety of beautiful cascades; some of which fall in a perpendicular sheet or spout; others are winding and sloping; others spread and form a basin in the rock, and then gush in a cataract over its edge. A poetic fancy may find full gratification amidst these wild and rugged scenes, if its ardor be not checked by the fatigue of the approach. Almost everything in nature, which can be supposed capable of inspiring ideas of the sublime and beautiful, is here realized. Old mountains, stupendous elevations, rolling clouds, impending rocks, verdant woods and the roaring torrent, all conspire to enrapture.'"



WHITE MOUNTAINS, FROM RANDOLPH HILL.



BERLIN FALLS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CLOUD-PICTURES.

BY ROLANTHE.

The clouds are a glorious canvass,
A canvass all brightsome and fair,
On which the warm sunbeams trace ever
Sweet pictures suspended in air;
The heavens are the frames that enclose them,
And God is their hanger on high;
He draped them with glorious fringes,
And hung them above in the sky.

They are sweeter than any "old master,"
Their colors more vivid and bright;
On high they're suspended forever,
Ne'er hidden from out of our sight;
O, blessed be God, for the beauty
Of pictures so lovely and fair,
Which he hangeth up in the heavens—
Cloud-pictures suspended in air!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"TIME SETS ALL THINGS RIGHT."

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Sarah Bayley sat reading a letter—not a pink, nor a blue, nor a canary-colored note, written with a crow's quill, perfumed with violet, and sealed with blue and gold sealing wax; but a large, handsome sheet filled with good, legible, clear writing, and apparently very interesting to the fair reader. During the process of reading it, Sarah's eyes had more than once suffused with tears, and still oftener her beautiful mouth had been wreathed in smiles; while once or twice she had burst into positive laughter, clear and musical as a fairy chime.

Her cousin Daniel Bayley sat opposite. He marked the quick changes on her countenance, and his curiosity was roused to see what brought them there. He admired his cousin very much, and spent more time in her morning room than would have been excusable in any one but a relation. He wanted her to show him the letter, remarking that it was beautifully written.

"If I could be persuaded that it was not a breach of trust, I would certainly let you see it," said Sarah. "Isabel Kingsley does certainly write a beautiful letter, as indeed, why shouldn't she? She does everything well."

"You increase my desire to see this letter, Sarah; and as to the breach of trust, provided that the sheet you hold in your hand contains no secret, there is no more harm in my seeing it, than there would be in sitting here and hearing your friend converse with you. I presume she would have no objections to me as a listener, if she talks as well as you say she writes."

"But I shall have to tell her some day that I allowed you to read it, and perhaps she would not forgive me."

"Why do you tell her, then?"

"Because, cousin Daniel, you know that it is a weakness of mine always to be *confessing*. I cannot rest until I have confessed to a friend every thought of my heart, every word I have said of them, every deed I have done with reference to them; and I do not doubt if I *should* let you see this, my next letter to Isabel will contain a full account of my breach of trust."

"Nonsense, Sarah! I am bound to read that letter; so hand it over!" And he possessed himself of the treasure, while Sarah gave it up half reluctantly, rather than it should be torn in the struggle to retain it.

"He read it hastily, then more carefully, and a third time he read it aloud to Sarah, dwelling upon the words and turning their meaning over and over.

"You are giving more importance to a lady's letter than they usually obtain," said Sarah. "It is the fashion of gentlemen to decry them, to ridicule or denounce them."

"Not such letters as this, Sarah; not letters that show the writer to have a kindly woman's heart, and a clear, active brain to balance it. I would like to see the writer of this letter. I fancy that I *can* see her without the aid of visual organs. Let me describe what I think she is, Sarah, and you shall tell me if I am right or wrong in the ideal I have formed of her."

"Silly fellow!—as if you could describe a person by reading a letter! That will do to go with your nonsense of spiritual affinities, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, try me, cousin Sarah. In the first place, this Miss Kingsley is intellectual."

"Anybody could tell that by her letter, as well as you. Of course she is."

"Then she is handsome."

"Well—yes, with one exception, she is."

"Bravo! I get along wonderfully. She is very neat."

"To a fault."

"I knew that I was right there. She has an elegant taste, and dresses beautifully."

"I grant that, too."

"Of course; I know what I am describing. She has abundant, wavy hair."

"None finer in the world, Daniel."

"Beautiful teeth."

"Yes, white and even, and rather small."

"Eyes 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.'"

"Her eyes are not so perfect as the rest of her face, I will tell you candidly, cousin Daniel."

"Ah, you may think so. You will never see one woman who will allow perfection in another."

"I shall have my revenge for that sneer, I do assure your lordship. 'Time at last sets all things right,' and I believe it, because Byron says so. All but one—no, there is one thing that you cannot guess, and which I sincerely think can never be made just right—but to punish you, I will not tell you what that is."

"What a malignant creature you are, Sarah."

"No, not malignant exactly; but perhaps a little retributive in my wishes. Have you got through with my friend Isabel?"

"Did I say that she has a most queenly air, and is very finely formed?"

"No, but if you had, you would not have exceeded truth. She lays claim to all that."

"She is an orphan."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I plainly see, by the perfect independence of her letter, that she has no one to govern or restrain her, and yet that she is as fearful of doing or speaking wrong, as if she were constantly restrained by a parent's authority. Now there is one point which I cannot guess at all, and that is her age."

"Really! does not your black art extend to that?"

"No, I must be indebted to you for that information."

"No, you wont. I never betray secrets; and you defined a breach of trust just now so strongly, that I should not dare to tell you."

"Never mind; that is not so very important, so long as there are so many things to balance it. Still, I would not like her to be very old, if I am to marry her."

"You marry her, cousin Daniel! Why, you do not mean so?"

"I do, if she suits me. I tell you what, Sarah, I have been drifting about the world long enough; and I begin to think that a man is thought very little of in society, until he establishes himself in a home of his own. Seriously, I like that part of the Bible where it is said, 'God setteth the solitary in families;' and as a poor old bachelor must necessarily be one of the solitary, I care not how soon I may be *set*."

Sarah Bayley's lip quivered, but Daniel did not see it, for she quickly recovered herself, and left him to peruse the letter once more, while she passed out into the garden. She had a struggle while there with her heart, in which she came off conqueror.

Why had not Daniel Bayley ever thought of marrying his cousin Sarah? Simply because she *was* his cousin, and he had almost thought her a sister. He never thought how very dear he was to her heart; how far above the love of any relative, however near, was the sentiment that she felt for him; how far beyond the love of his sisters was hers. She had loved him from her childhood when he was already a man, rude in speech to others, but kind and gentle to her. She had "kept his sayings in her heart," when he was absent for long years. Her welcome when he returned home, if not so boisterous as that of his sisters, was more deep; and she never knew what it was to bestow a passing thought upon any other. Daniel's sisters, with whom she had been brought up from her orphaned infancy, laughingly called her an old maid; and, in their unthinking mirth, had often coupled her name with that of her bachelor brother. But they never suspected how very dear he was to her, nor how nearly they touched her heart when they spoke of him thus.

All was over now then! Daniel had determined to marry, and he had no thought of her, of course; she had so dreaded that he should be separated in any way from her. It had been so pleasant to wait on him—to do a thousand little offices for him, that Maria and Emeline never thought of doing, and which he ever seemed to expect from her hand, only too willing to be thus employed. And now her heart was to be thrown back upon itself, lonely and desolate. It would cost her a great deal she thought to hide all that she should suffer; but she determined to brave it out, and let no one suspect that she was a repining, disappointed being. Indeed, she would try to rejoice in Isabel's happiness, if Daniel could love her. Sarah knew of one impediment to his love, she thought, but she would not have named it for the world, lest he might think she was jealous of her friend; she would not meanly deprive Isabel of the chance of his loving her.

She did not see Daniel much that day; but when she did, he was full of words about her friend, seeming really to think that he was giving Sarah a great pleasure. He did not know that she was trying to attain tranquillity enough to answer him without tears, and his words flowed on about Miss Kingsley.

"I would go and see her," he said, "but it is impossible at this stage of my business to leave it for an hour; and I fear much that I shall be obliged to go out in the next steamer—but I shall write to her, and ask her correspondence. I shall expect Barton the day before the steamer sails, and then it will be too late to profit by his coming. It is very provoking, but I do not see any remedy."

Barton, his head clerk, did not arrive until the very day of sailing. It was Sarah's hand, however, that had prepared everything for his comfort; she had packed his clothes, arranged the papers which Barton was to do, and had made all things straight for his going. Maria and Emeline laughed at her for her pains, but she went on quietly, satisfied that he would like all that she did.

The moment came for him to depart. He kissed his sisters affectionately, and looked round for Sarah. Twice she was called before she could make her eyes presentable. Daniel did not notice it, but as he bade her good-by, he charged her to plead his cause with Miss Kingsley. She thrust off his hand from her arm, and ran out of the room. The last moment was up that he could stay, and he soon forgot that there was anything strange in his cousin's behaviour; for in a very short time he was on board the steamer, and on his way to Europe.

Previous to his departure, he wrote to Miss Kingsley, and told her in what way a part of her character and life had been revealed to him. He described himself, his own virtues and failings, his admiration of a noble woman, his indifference to mere personal beauty, his utter disregard of wealth. He would not ask her to answer this letter, but should he write her again, he would earnestly entreat her to answer him.

Miss Kingsley received the letter on the day after the steamer sailed, and her surprise at the unexpected contents was extreme. She had heard Sarah speak of her cousin, but had never seen him; and her first impulse was to blame Sarah severely for showing her letter. A few moments told her how foolish this feeling would be towards her friend, and she read the letter again carefully. It bore the impress of a good heart, and a correct appreciation of what is due to woman. It appealed to her best feelings, and it told her plainly and honestly how well such a man could love one who should carry out his ideal of female excellence. With this she was obliged, therefore, to be satisfied for the present—for the writer was far beyond her reach, and had bound her not to answer it until she should hear from him again.

To say that Isabel Kingsley was not pleased would be false. It was the first time she had been an object of love. It was through Sarah's partiality for her she thought that it had come about, and of course Sarah had told him all; she believed that he was fully apprised of all her perfections and imperfections. Standing before her glass that night, she wept as she looked at the unfortunate eye that was shown to her shuddering gaze. It was a hopeless case, for wealth had been poured out like water to relieve or even to ameliorate its condition, and to no avail. Would the honest love which spoke out in every line of the letter which she held in her hand, stand proof against this terrible misfortune?

During the seven or eight weeks in which she waited for a letter, she saw Sarah only once. Only a brief word or two was said in reference to Daniel, for Sarah felt too deeply, and Isabel too conscious, for conversation respecting it. Sarah felt that she had not carried out Daniel's injunction; but she thought it was hard enough to part with all her cherished dreams, to give up all that had made her happiness, without being called upon to beg another's acceptance of it. That was the feather too much; and even Sarah, good as she was, could not submit to that martyrdom of herself.

The letter arrived in due season—a letter which Isabel felt bound to answer, and which she did answer, with all the splendid diction and beauty of expression that had so satisfied the fastidious Daniel Bayley in perusing her letter to his cousin. Now the letters came thick and fast. A regular communication was established, and became more and more lover-like on both sides; sometimes Isabel would feel that the first sight of her might disenchant her lover, but the subject was too painful to dwell upon, and she willingly dismissed it. A little frankness on her part with Sarah—an inquiry how much he knew of her personal appearance—would have set all right; but an indescribable sense of personal deformity haunted the poor girl, and the present was too delicious to her loving heart to give up for an uncertain future.

Sarah, on the other hand, believed that Isabel would disclose everything, and she set herself to the task of rooting from her heart all the affection which she felt for her cousin, and the brave and true-hearted girl strove long and well. If Daniel could be happier with another, she argued, surely she ought to rejoice in his happiness; and although she now believed that she could never trust again, yet she earnestly endeavored to fix her mind upon her other duties, and to forget, if possible, that she had ever suffered it to wander.

At length Daniel Bayley was expected home. Isabel's heart was in a fever of expectation, of love, and of dread—of love, for truly and earnestly had she learned, from the noble and manly sentiments expressed in his letters, to feel that she could not be parted from that dear hope; of dread, lest one unfortunate circumstance of which he had no knowledge, but which ever weighed upon her mind, should come between her and her happiness.

Sarah had neither hope nor dread; she had resigned all thoughts of her cousin, except as a friend; and if she sometimes sighed at the prospect of seeing another his wife, she still believed that she could better resign him to Isabel than to a stranger.

He came, and the moment he could command his time, he started for Overton. Sarah's hands assisted him to get ready for the journey; Sarah's lips bade him godspeed. If she went to her own room to weep, no one knew it, for when she came forth, there was a smile of peace on her countenance.

She was sitting, on the third day of Daniel's absence, at a window that overlooked the garden. It was midsummer, and the twilight dews came down gratefully on the parched earth, and brought calm and serenity upon human hearts. She was thinking of the absent, and imagining that Isabel was spending this hour with her cousin. A touch upon her shoulder, and she looked up to see Daniel. A change had come over his noble countenance since he went, full of hope and expectation, to meet Isabel Kingsley. He looked wan and subdued, and his air and manner were altered. Sarah guessed, but dared not give utterance to her thought.

"Why did you not tell me, cousin Sarah?" said he, after a pause.

"I answered all your questions, Daniel. Am I to be blamed, because I left you to test the truth of the ideal beauty with which you invested Isabel Kingsley? How did I know that the purity of her character, her intellectual attainments, her winning manners, would not compensate to you for one unfortunate defect, for which she is not responsible, and for which she has suffered a thousand fold more than you can imagine?"

"Had I known of it before, Sarah, it is barely possible that I might have been reconciled—and yet I hardly think it would have been the case. You know how much value I attach to beautiful eyes. They are the indices of the soul. You cannot conceive how it pains me at this stage of our pleasant intercourse, when

my whole stay abroad has been hrightened and cheered by letters from Isabel, to break up the dream I had cherished of a happy home when I returned."

"And why not?"

"Why not? Ask yourself, Sarah. Could you love a being, however lovely otherwise, whose beauty was marred by such a defect?"

"I think I could."

"No, Sarah, you mistake your strength of mind. At any rate, I have no such strength. Not all Miss Kingsley's wealth, nor her otherwise faultless beauty, could reconcile me to the fact that she has never hinted that I might be shocked at the horrible obliquity of that eye. Heavens! it haunts me yet!"

"Daniel Bayley, for shame! You are not worthy of Isabel!"

"I grant it; and she is not worthy of me. One moment was enough to disenchant me. I did not even to speak to her."

"Do you mean so?"

"I do. Miss Kingsley was absent at a large party; she did not return until late, and of course it would have been presumption to approach her then. In the morning she was pointed out to me by a gentleman, who volunteered to introduce me. She stood with her back towards me. Her perfect figure, her well-chosen morning costume, her beautiful hair, were all seen at a glance as I entered; but a mirror before which she stood gave me back that eye, and shocked, miserable, and half-fainting (don't laugh at me, Sarah!) I left the room, and without a moment's delay, I came away."

"And this is your conduct to my noble-hearted friend?"

"I own it; but there was cause. I was deceived."

"You were indeed, my poor cousin—and yet how could she tell you?"

"Sarah, tell me, would you have done as Isabel has done?"

"I have never been placed under like circumstances."

"But I know you would not. You love truth too well."

"I do love truth, Daniel; but it would be hard to give you—I mean it would be hard to give any one up in the way she must have done. It is so pleasant to be beloved!"

"Sarah!"

"Well, cousin?"

"You shall not call me cousin! What a blind, senseless fool I have been not to see before what I see in those beautiful eyes this moment! You love me, Sarah! I see it in those quivering lips, and those beautiful eyes, that never looked so sweet to me until I saw Isabel Kingsley's. And believe me, I always loved you; but your quiet, sisterly conduct towards me made me think that it could not be. And then you were so interested for your friend, too—so willing to give me up! Such disinterested friendship ought to meet its reward. Sarah, you *shall* marry me!"

"Vain fellow! do you think I would condescend to accept the second place in any man's heart!"

"*First*, Sarah!—first! I loved you years before I thought of Isabel. But how could I think that the quiet little girl who moved about our household, performing the duties of a sister, and never looking or speaking aught but kind and sisterly words—how could I think that *she* could love me as I wished?"

Ah, Sarah, how will you resist this appeal? The most exacting friendship could not—ought not to require this *second* sacrifice. It would have been too much to expect of poor human nature—too much to expect of woman's loving heart, had she not responded truly to his words of affectionate tenderness.

Poor, poor Isabel! We can only hope for thee, that some beautiful soul, whose outward eye is darkened, but whose inner eye can estimate thy many perfections, may one day be led to thee by that mysterious providence which "hrings forth that unexpected hour," that unites hearts together in bands of love;—of love, in which the outward is but a shadow, and not the reality. "Time sets all things right."

FRANKNESS.

Frankness is supposed to he a common virtue. It is most uncommon. It is indeed an extraordinary thing. It requires truth, simplicity, love and genuine goodness. Men speak plainly when they do speak, but they are not open and free. Many speak truths very plainly when angry; many speak pleasant truths frankly. But few there are whose souls are so balanced in an atmosphere of love that they speak whatever needs to he said, to each and to all, plainly, gently, fully. The dearest friends live together for years without daring to speak things which they know, and which each party knows that the other knows. Parents live with a reserve years long toward their children. Children carry untouched, unsyllabled, thoughts and feelings that take hold of their very being. Friends meet and part day by day—friends so true that they would almost *die* for each other, or, what is harder than this, who are willing to *live* for each other—and never speak of things that each knows is passing in the other's mind. It is very strange to see people come up in conversation to topics that, by a tacit freemasonry, are sacred, and without word or look one glides past on one side, and the other on the other side, and meet beyond, going down the common channel again. Was there ever a thoughtful, sensitive person, that dared to be open, transparent, frank? But, however this may be, there can be no doubt that Christian people are not frank enough for each other's good. If men knew how to speak the truth in love, how rich might one become. A man might stand then in the focus of the wisdom of all his friends. But, refusing to let their lights shine, men now grope in the partial light of their own wisdom, distempered by self-love.—*New York Independent.*

MAGNIFICENT CYPRESS.

In the gardens of Chepultepec, near Mexico, the first object that strikes the eye is the magnificent cypress, called the Cypress of Montezuma. It had attained its full growth when that monarch was on the throne (1520), so that it must now be at least four hundred years old; yet it still retains all the vigor of youthful vegetation. The trunk is forty-one feet in circumference, yet the height is so majestic as to make even this enormous mass appear slender. At Santa Marie de Tula, in Oaxaca, is a cypress ninety-three and a half feet in circumference, which does not yet show the slightest symptom of decay.—*Saturday Gazette.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPENSER'S "FAERY QUEEN."

ITS FIRST RECITAL.

BY JOHN D. PRESCOTT.

It was late one lovely summer evening when a weary traveller reached the summit of one of the long ranges of hills, so frequent in the south of Ireland. Before him, almost as far as the eye could reach, extended a wild moorland, bounded on all sides by blue ranges of mountains, like the one on which he stood. The parting sunbeams, reposing on the distant hills, reflected their varied and gorgeous light from the stained windows of an ancient fortalice, perched fantastically on a craggy eminence, almost in the middle of the moor. At its base glided a placid stream, which meandering through the wild plain, lost itself among the adjacent hills, while far beyond a beautiful lake received the sun's adieu on its glassy surface. The whole scene, expressive of deep repose, was inexpressibly soothing to the jaded spirits of the traveller. As he descended into the plain, the beauties of the place were more forcibly impressed upon him. Aronnd the castle, hemlocks and filberts and laurels blended their foliage with the broader leaves of numerous other trees, enclosing a little world of solitude. Every little tuft of earth hanging loosely on the rocks, was garnished with flowers of the most various and brilliant hues, whilst the unruffled bosom of the pure stream sent back to the eye of the beholder the reflected images of the beauties that encompassed him. The massive rocks which formed the mouldering turrets of the castle, were time-worn and moss-grown, and here and there were seen the tendrils of the ivy, or the hardy evergreens, which had thrust their roots within the clefts, and drawing thence their slender sustenance, had expanded into shady trees, or more humble shrubs.

The sun had now disappeared, but the twilight still lingered in this green retreat as if reluctant to part with so much beauty, or cloud it in the shades of night. Hastily approaching the castle, though stopping for a time to note the charming scene, the stranger knocked loudly at the gates. His summons was answered by a hungry looking porter, who conducted him through a long hall to a spacious library, in the midst of which, enveloped in books and papers, sat the poet Spenser, studiously occupied in deciphering a manuscript by the fading twilight.

"Master Spenser," said the new-comer, to attract his attention.

"Sir Walter Raleigh, I bid thee hearty welcome to my solitary Kilcolman," said the poet, his eyes glistening with pleasure, as he rose from his seat, and extended his hand with heartfelt cordiality.

After exchanging their affectionate greetings, they sat down together and beguiled the long hours of evening in telling their mutual experience, and recounting the various fortunes that had attended them. Raleigh delighted Spenser with his voyages, adventures, and his imminent perils on land and sea; while Spenser told of his solitary occupations in his lonely retreat—how he had beautified and adorned the bleak moor, and christened it with the poetical name Armulla Dale; how he was about to court his muse under the wide-spreading branches of a noble oak, which bordered on the fair Mulla. To this spot Spenser asked his guest to accompany him on the morrow, and "listen to some poor rhymes he had just completed."

The knight joyfully consented, at the same time begging his indulgence to a little ditty of his own:

> "So piped they on until they both were weary,
> By change of turns, each making other merry."

And Night had long drawn his sable curtains, ere they parted and retired to rest.

Arising with the sun on the following day, they slowly pursued their delightful walk,

> "Amongst the cooly shade
> Of the green alders by the Mullae's shore,"

beguiling the time in pleasant conversation, or in contemplating the loveliness of nature around them. Now their walk took them among the forest trees, and the vistas formed by their graceful stems gave partial glimpses of the "melodious Mulla's" rippling waters, glistening in the morning sun. Now they emerged into open shades, varying in breadth, sometimes so small that the entwining boughs of the trees made darkness over their heads, and then enlarging to let in gleams of sunlight, and anon opening yet wider into little dewy meadows, on which the sunbeams lay in glistening silence.

Proceeding through scenes like these, they came to a glade where the forest trees were more widely separated from each other than usual, and where the ground beneath, cleared of coppice and underwood, was clothed with a carpet of the softest and most lovely verdure, screened from the scorching heat of the sun by the gnarled branches of a huge oak. Close by this grassy knoll murmured the winding Mulla, and over its curling waves the knight skipped a few pebbles, while his friend was arranging his manuscripts. They then disposed themselves for their morning diversion; Raleigh reclining his graceful length upon the green sward, and resting his head upon his arm, and Spenser sitting erect against the massive trunk of the oak which his verse has rendered immortal.

The various effects produced by the brilliant light upon the fresh wet leaves of the trees, their knotty boughs and slender trunks, the checkered shadows on the velvet lawn, the picturesque attitudes of the two friends, and the placid surface of the meandering stream, reflecting on its crystal bosom, might have drawn the attention of a poet or a painter.

Spenser now began with the most graceful elocution the recitation of his poem. At first he read in a modest tone the low music of the babbling water accompanying the melodious lines, and adding to their beauty, but soon, inspired with the spirit of his verse he infused into his recitation all the pathos of his romantic nature.

Raleigh was at first attentive, then interested, then absorbed, and then fired with enthusiasm. The adventures of Una and the Red Cross Knight aroused all that was chivalrous within him. The perils and obstacles which beset their progress, just suited his adventurous spirit, while the ardent devotion and filial piety of Una captivated his lively imagination. He often burst forth into involuntary expressions of delight, and as his friend read off the concluding lines of the first book, he exclaimed:

"If thou gettest not that published, Spenser, thou 'rt the veriest fool that ever wrote verse."

"Think'st thou it worthy?" asked Spenser, dubiously.

"Ay do I," replied the other; "it containeth a philosophy worthy of master Bacon; it evinceth a skill in human nature that would make Will Shakspeare blush; it breatheth forth a spirit of chivalry that poor Sydney might have emulated; and it hath a prettiness of rhyme, a speciality of description, and a rareness of conceit which hath been equalled by none, and I say to thee again, if thou gettest it not published, thou'rt the veriest ass that ever rhymed a couplet!"

The poet was overwhelmed at the encomiums bestowed by Raleigh on his simple muse. He looked thoughtfully on the grass, as the idea of publication was suggested, but merely observing that the rest might not please the fancy of his friend so well, he proceeded to recount the exploits of Sir Gurfan.

Long after noon sat Colin Clout on that verdant hillock, tuning his oaten pipe to strains which charmed the senses of his enraptured auditor, and the sun was fast sinking in the west, ere the beautiful Amoret was safely rescued from the giant's power by the heroic exploits of Britomartis. As the poet finished, he folded his manuscripts, and placing them in the bosom of his doublet, produced from an adjacent coppice a small white skiff, his face the while wearing evident marks of pleasure, as he listened to his friend's extravagant expressions of delight.

A long and interesting conversation ensued, as they slowly rowed up the cool and peaceful stream, sheltered from the sun by the fresh green boughs of the overhanging trees. Raleigh strongly urged his friend to accompany him to England, and read his poem at court. He painted the fascinations of the queen in the most lively colors, ascribing to her a long catalogue of virtues, moral and intellectual. Spenser's modesty struggled long with his desire for a name, and his innate sense of merit, but the rhetoric of Raleigh, which no one could use more skilfully, finally prevailed, and ere they had reached Kilcolman Castle, he had complied with all his wishes.

After partaking of some slight refection, they soon retired to rest to prepare themselves for the fatiguing duties of the morrow—the one to dream of fauns, and faeries, of knights, and dragons, and dungeons, and giants, and tiltings at tourneys to win the smiles of fair ladies; and the other, with golden visions of a brilliant future, with dreams of court favor, and noble aspirations for an immortal fame.

Arising early on the following morning, Spenser bade an affectionate adieu to his lonely home, and proceeded on his eventful journey to the court of Elizabeth. There he read the Faery Queen a second time. He poured out at the feet of his sovereign a strain of the most delicate adulation that ever genius breathed into the ears of royalty; which made courtiers sigh for their fallen fame, and the rarest wits of England blush at their insignificance. He adorned her virtues with the most precious gems of his rich imagition, and clothed her simplest acts in all the romance which his chivalric fancy suggested.

But the sweet pipings of Colin Clout were not confined to a romantic court, and posterity, as well as the maiden queen, has cause to thank the providence which brought Sir Walter Raleigh to the lonely moorlands of Armulla Dale.

We are born to trouble; and we may depend upon it whilst we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions: that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil; and therefore the true way to contentment is to know how to receive these certain vicissitudes of life,—the returns of good and evil, so as neither to be exalted by the one, nor overthrown by the other, but to bear ourselves toward everything which happens with such ease and indifference of mind, as to hazard as little as may be.—*Sterne.*

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

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☞ Sample copies sent when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

REV. THOMAS STARR KING.

As the portrait of this eloquent and popular preacher indicates, he is still quite a young man, though in the zenith of an honorable fame. He is a son of the late Rev. Thomas F. King, who married Miss Susan Starr, both of New York city, where the subject of our sketch was born, December 17, 1824. During his youth, his father removed to Charlestown, Mass., to take the pastoral care of a church, and here young King went through a course of study preparatory to his entering college. This last project, however, was frustrated by the death of his father. But while discharging the duties of a public school teacher, and, afterwards, clerk in the navy-yard at Charlestown, he pursued an extensive course of study, theological and classical, and probably made more rapid progress from the intensity of his desire for self-culture than if he had received the advantages of a collegiate institution. "Nothing is impossible to him who wills." So rapid, indeed, was his progress, that, in September, 1846, at the early age of twenty-one, he was ordained the pastor of his father's parish in Charlestown, as the immediate successor of Rev. E. H. Chapin. On the 17th of December, 1848, he married Miss Julia M. Wiggin, of East Boston, and, in the same month, was installed as the successor of Rev. David Fosdick (resigned) in the pastoral charge of the Hollis Street Church in this city. As a preacher, Mr. King is one of the most popular divines of the day. Earnest, sincere, zealous, setting forth the truths of the gospel and the principles of a high morality with rare eloquence, he secures without an effort the undivided attention of his auditory. But he does not resemble the divine satirized by Crabbe:

> "A pious youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
> As much as man or God himself can ask."

His parochial duties during the week occupy a large portion of his time, and yet by a systematic employment of his hours, he is enabled to answer the calls of friendship and of society at large. He is also a contributor to various leading periodicals, and his written style is as remarkable for its purity, vigor and finish, as his oratory is for fine originality and point. He has delivered orations and addresses on various occasions, and always with brilliant success. A contemporary writer, in Loring's "Hundred Boston Orators," says: "Mr. King's peculiarities of mind and style are characterized by fluency, grace, sweetness and vigor. His intellect appears to have no obstructions to its movement. Confusion of thought, partial grasp of manner, feeble hold upon language, have no place in his clear, decisive mind; and the result is a remarkable felicity of expression, in which the thought is clothed in its appropriate form without any appearance of effort. With great facility, sureness and swiftness of perception, and powers of combination capable of instant action on what is perceived, he seems to comprehend a subject at a glance, to dispose its various topics in their right relations with equal readiness, and to unfold it in sermon, lecture, or oration, with the lucid vigor and splendor of one to whom apt words and significant images are 'nimble servitors.' The metaphysical and imaginative tendencies of his mind meet and cohere and work together in his ordinary mental action, and he therefore touches no subject which he does not both analyze and adorn. To talents thus active, penetrating and brilliant, he adds solid acquirements in theology, philosophy, history and general literature, and a largeness of view and sobriety of judgment, unlikely to be caught in any of the cants, or entangled in any of the crotchets of the day. As a public speaker, he happily combines elegance with energy, and is exceedingly popular." As an illustration of the manner in which he clothes with beauty the current topics of the day, and as a specimen of the fertility of his imagery, we select a passage from his discourse at the Railroad Jubilee in this city, in September, 1851. "After the mercantile heart had devised and secured those iron tracks and flying trains, God took them for his purposes. Without paying any tax for the privilege, he uses them to quicken the activity of men; to send energy and vitality where before were silence and barrenness; to multiply cities and villages, studded with churches, dotted with schools, and filled with happy homes and budding souls; to increase wealth which shall partially be devoted to his service and kingdom, and all along their banks to make the wilderness blossom as the rose. Without any vote of permission from legislatures and officials—even while the cars are loaded with profitable freight and paying passengers, and the groaning engines are earning the necessary interest,—Providence sends, without charge, its cargoes of good sentiment and brotherly feeling; disburses the culture of the city to the simplicity of the hamlet, and brings back the strength and virtue of the village and mountain to the wasting faculties of the metropolis; and fastens to every steam shuttle, that flies back and forth, and hither and thither, an invisible thread of fraternal influence which, entwining seashore and hill country, mart and grainfield, forge and factory, wharf and mine, slowly prepares society to realize, one day, the Saviour's prayer, 'that they may all be one.' The beneficent genius of the age keeps his special and invisible express, laden with packages of providential blessings, upon every train that runs through our communities; and it seems, as the cars fly along the avenues which selfish traffic has created, that the villages which are everywhere threaded like beads along the iron wires, are, to use the language of another, 'counted off by the spirit of our age as so many pater-nosters upon its rosary, in its swift worship of gratitude for the dawn of the age of peace.'" How truly he says, elsewhere, of the Father of our country:—"Washington could not have been less removed from our country than when he died. His spirit rose to greater influence than it had when housed in a mortal frame. It passed into the finer robe of literature and history, and has become a guest in every house. The statesman and the patriot go to him now for counsel, and, as he speaks to them through their reverent meditations, no mixture of earthly passions alloys the wisdom he imparts. His name is invoked to soften the asperities of party conflict when they threaten the welfare of the nation; his grave sheds an effluence of patriotic zeal and faith in heavenly help; and his character, by its simple sublimity and strength, teaches the eyes of American childhood what grandeur there is in virtue, and what glory swathes the patriot's name."



REV. THOMAS STARR KING.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

The picture on this page exhibits a scene the contemplation of which alone is enough to shake the nerves of a timid person. Yet it is no exaggeration of the difficulties attending the ascent of Mont Blanc. The travellers in the group are tied together by ropes which the guides hold at each end. To fall on the slippery and overhanging verge of the cliff, would be sure destruction. Such a casualty has happened more than once in these terrific passes. The travellers always proceed when they reach the regions of snow in single file and tied together, because there are numerous pitfalls opening into deep gulfs, into which a man is liable suddenly to sink. But these perils do not withhold the adventurous spirit from daring them. To stand on the summit of Mont Blanc is an achievement that compensates for great suffering and great danger. Even the hardships have their charms in retrospect. The escapes are in interest in proportion to the danger encountered. Held to the guides by ropes, trying each step among narrow crevices and openings concealed by snow, clinging with arms and knees to ice in motion, walking in narrow and uncertain ridges between dark chasms, crossing by frail ice-bridges unfathomable depths, retracing painfully-taken steps, sometimes scaling a precipice, sometimes let down a wall of ice, slipping to the verge of a yawning abyss, missing your foothold and with difficulty recovering it, —all these things, terrific to anticipate and to encounter, become, when they have conducted to the achievement of a fixed purpose, subjects of even pleasing retrospection; and the traveller who has once climbed to the summit of the "monarch of mountains," is never weary of reviewing his experience. Its grandeur ever calls forth the most powerful emotions of awe and sublimity from the soul.



MODE OF ASCENDING MONT BLANC.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

The establishment of female colleges is an evidence of the refinement and progress of the age, and is peculiar to our country. Many are now in successful operation, in which ladies enjoy the advantages of a full collegiate course of study, with the privilege of regular graduation, and the benefits derived from the exercises of literary societies, etc. One of the most flourishing of these is the Baltimore Female College, an institution under the charge of Professor N. C. Brooks, A. M. This seminary of learning was created a college proper by the legislature of Maryland, in the December session, 1849, with authority to confer degrees, and endowed with the rights and privileges of the most favored female institutions. It embraces two departments, the collegiate and preparatory. The course of study in each is three years, designated by as many different classes. The president is assisted in the duties of instruction by eleven professors and teachers of various branches. The sixth annual commencement took place in the new assembly room, Baltimore, June 27, before a brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentleman, by whom the exercises of the evening were highly appreciated. Degrees were conferred and medals awarded on this occasion. The Parthenian Society of this institution publish a handsome literary monthly, entitled the "Parthenian," conducted with great ability. At a late meeting of this society, Miss Sarah T. Potter, of Virginia, presiding, the ladies voted the silver medal of their institution to Rev. Albert Barnes, D.D., Washington Irving, Professor Sparks, Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, Professor Spencer F. Baird, W. Gilmore Simms, Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, N. P. Willis and George P. Morris, Esqs. The college is very fortunate in its president. Mr. Brooks is a finished classical scholar and critic, and a large portion of his life has been devoted to teaching. He thus brought to his present sphere every pre-requisite, and his success has been commensurate with his exertions. Beloved and respected by his pupils, he exerts an influence over their minds and hearts, which develops their faculties to the fullest extent.

THE GOLD FIEND.—The demand for this extremely interesting story in *The Flag of our Union*, has exceeded even that for "The Greek Adventurer." This is highly gratifying to us, as it evinces the fact that we fully meet the public taste in our liberal endeavors to please. We shall continue these excellent novellettes, from the best pens in the country.

A PROPOSITION.—A French Catholic priest has published a pamphlet in Paris, in which he suggests that the pope shall remove to Jerusalem, and there preside over the Christian Church. We think, however, the pope will prefer the eternal city as a residence.

SPLINTERS.

.... The cry of "mad dog" is coming up again. Many honest animals are put to death on suspicion of mania.

.... Two ingots of gold were lately taken out of McCulloch's mines, North Carolina, which weighed 450 dwts.

.... Every face is beautiful which habitually beams upon ours with genial smiles of affection.

.... Freeman Hunt is preparing for the press a sort of commercial history of American cities. It will be valuable.

.... There is plenty of room in the mind, if people only think of furnishing its apartments.

.... John C. Breckinridge, the democratic vice presidential candidate, has purchased an island in Lake Superior.

.... The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars. We wonder if this is the origin of "family jars."

.... The North British Review thinks the poor man's tobacco ensures the peacefulness of his home.

.... The condition of woman is one of the measurements of the progress of nations—America is an example.

.... Lord Elgin at a Portland dinner toasted "America's greatest poet, *Samuel* Longfellow!"

.... Lamartine styles M. Desplace, his voluntary agent in this country, his "other self"—his halved heart.

.... There are over five hundred applications for admission into that noble institution, the New York Free Academy.

.... James Lee, of New York, is the gentleman through whose exertions the Washington monument in Union Square exists.

.... Nauendorf, a watchmaker in the hands of the Rotterdam police, pretends to be the lost dauphin of France.

.... A fashionable dry goods dealer in Philadelphia advertises a lace scarf worth 1500 dollars.

.... A full-sized real cashmere sells in Paris or London for five hundred to five thousand dollars. Think of it.

.... The Franciscan monks are about erecting a monastery at Alleghany, Cattaraugus county, New York.

.... Mrs. Lydia Elliott, of Concord, New Hampshire, died, lately, at the age of 103 years, 4 months, 25 days.

.... The steamer Aquila lately arrived in Lake Michigan from the Mississippi River—an event in northwestern history.

.... Don't drive your horses fast during the dog-days. Their sufferings, remember, are unspeakable.

.... It is predicted that Philadelphia and Baltimore will once again be the outlets of western trade.

.... Dr. Deck thinks the 500,000,000 of embalmed Egyptians in the Nile mummy pits would make good printing paper.

OUR EIGHTY-FIRST YEAR.

On the 5th day of last month we (that is the United States) entered on our eighty-first year—an advanced period in the life of an individual, a mere starting-point in the life of a nation. We are literally just beginning. There are men living among us who look back through the whole period between '76 and '56, and trace the course of empire from the start. If, even to us representatives of Young America, our growth and expansion seem marvellous, what must it seem to those old men whose memories embrace the the entire period? We were then, in the inception of our career, a struggling, scattered handful of borderers clinging to the skirts of the Atlantic, with but comparatively a foothold on the continent. The great inner wealth of the land in which God's providence has placed us was then undeveloped. The colonists were few and far between. Machinery had but partially come to the aid of manual labor. Communication between scattered colonies and even individuals was difficult, tedious and expensive. As a necessary consequence, there was but a limited exchange of thought and sentiment. But a common danger produced a common union. A community of feeling on the question of servitude or independence enabled the scattered colonies to baffle, in a long and bloody war, the proudest power on the face of the globe. It built up navies out of nothing; it created generals more skilled than the best which European schools could furnish, and armies of recruits more intrepid in the justice of their cause, than the trained veterans that foreign gold brought into the field.

At last the foreign war ceased—the savage within our borders was driven back howling into the wilderness. Agriculture, relieved from an exhausting drain, clothed our fields with golden harvests. Commerce, no longer shrinking from the enmity of man, spread her white sails, and gathered in every quarter of the globe her golden fruits. The pioneer marched resolutely inland with his axe and rifle; the school and the church rose simultaneously; the hum of machinery was heard in towns that rapidly grew up into cities. Schools grew into academies—academies into colleges. The fame of the nation went abroad. Another war with the parent country only added to the lustre of our reputation. More recently a war on the same continent still further illustrated our glory, and gave us another State on the Pacific, large and rich enough for an empire in itself—and now we stand before the world, accomplished in arts and arms, rich in land, rich in gold, richer yet in the character of our brave men and our fair women, a confederation of thirty-one States, each sovereign, yet bound together with links of adamant, forming one compact, invulnerable mass.

How insignificant, in view of the great triumphs and glories of our career, appear the feuds, and discords and strife which have now and then, here and there, ruffled the mighty stream of empire in its flow. How utterly insignificant they seem, compared to the mighty and radical convulsions of the old world during the same. Do we doubt of the success of this great experiment? As well, to borrow an illustration of the Rev. Mr. Withington, might we, as we gazed on one of the mighty streams of the South, the broad and impetuous La Plata, doubt of its waters reaching the oceans to which they are tending in their irresistible sweep. Let the enemies of our country make the most of our local dissensions—let foreigners predict that our political fabric is tottering to its fall—we Americans know that it is as firmly set as the Rocky Mountains on their everlasting base. We know that power and independence now and forever is the fortunate destiny of this most fortunate of nations.

PAPERS.

In the library of the British Museum may be seen a book printed in the Low Dutch, containing upwards of sixty specimens of paper, made of different articles, the result of one man's experiments as early as 1772. In the manufacture of paper almost every species of tough fibrous vegetables and even animal substances have at one time or another, been employed. The roots of trees, their bark, the vine of hops, the tendrils of the vine, the stalks of the nettle, the common thistle, the stem of the hollyhock, the sugar-cane, cabbage stalks, wood shavings, saw-dust, hay, straw, willow, and the like, have all been used, says Herring, in his work on modern and ancient paper-making, in the manufacture of paper.

HIGH LIFE.—A Russian princess with an unpronounceable name, has been sentenced to twenty years' hard labor in Siberia, for aiding and abetting in the murder of her husband. Her son, who was an accomplice, has been deprived of his rank and compelled to serve as a common soldier in the army.

THE VITRIOL MAN.—*The* vitriol man, or *a* vitriol man, has made his appearance in Havana, ruining ladies dresses at the church, concert and opera. Sometimes he "draws it mild," merely throwing red pepper in the eyes of ladies and gentlemen. "Insane, but harmless," we presume.

MOUNT AUBURN.—A delightful resort in the summer is this beautiful city of the dead. No one is unimproved by stepping aside sometimes from the dusty, noisy track of life, and musing on high and holy things among the graves of the departed.

HOE CAKE.—Several of the European governments are giving their attention to the manufacture of hoe cake for the benefit of their subjects. Before a great while, many of them, perhaps, will find that all their cake is dough.

"EX-SANTA FE."—The renowned George Wilkins Kendall, of the N. O. Picayune, was at last accounts building a saw and grist mill at New Braunfels, Texas. He has run a good many saws in his day.

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.

A cute Yankee genius in Worcester has succeeded in changing the scream of the steam whistle into the music of the spheres, and the new invention has been successfully applied to one of the locomotives on the Worcester and Nashua Railroad. Now, instead of the ear-piercing strains that heralded the rolling thunder of the train, we shall listen to such dulcet melodies as those with which Orpheus lulled the vigilance of Cerberus when he went to seek his wife in a region hotter than the tropics. Instead of a midnight yell, "murdering sleep," like Macbeth in Mr. William Shakspeare's play of that name, we shall hear "Oft in the stilly night, When slumber's chain hath bound me." To announce the approach of the train, the music will start up "See the conquering hero comes!" When a sable African is discovered on the track, the warning will be given in the shape of "Out of the way, old Dan Tucker!" When a cow is overtaken and prematurely turned into beef, her dying ear will be soothed with the suggestive music of "Still so gently o'er me stealing." When a train rushes out of the station-house, without giving a breathless lady time to get on board, we shall hear "The girl I left behind me." When the weather is fair, of course the engine will play "Sparkling and bright;" and when the reverse happens to be the case, "Loud roared the dreadful thunder." Of course the engineer must be a man of exquisite musical taste and good judgment, and the machine supplied with a full repertory of airs. We should suggest that on the fourth of July, it play "Hail Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner," so that the passengers might sing those patriotic and stirring odes—only we are afraid that the accompaniment might prove a little too heavy for the voices. Who shall say, after this invention, that we are not a musical people; or that machinery has not been brought to the very verge of perfection? We have no doubt that in time we shall have mechanical orchestras and automaton prima donnas on the high pressure principle, and then a tea-kettle will enable every family to boil its own music.

FRIENDLY.—The peace address from the citizens of Manchester, England, to the citizens of the United States, is a ponderous document with 31,641 signatures. We should like to shake every one of the hands that signed it.

THE ARMY WORM.—Of course the army worm has committed great ravages among the corn and cotton crops in the Southwest, for the speculators say so—"and they are all—all honorable men."

THE IRON ROAD.—The Dutch are covering the north of Holland with a perfect maze of railways. They captured it long ago.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr Stow, J. P. Skinner, Esq., of Windsor, Vt., to Miss Sarah C. Hall; by Rev. Mr. Barry, Mr. Anthony F. Hamm to Miss Caroline E. Haskell; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Charles Roby to Miss Mary A. Coffin; by Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. Joseph Tillinghast to Miss Amelia Maria Odiorne; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Amos G. Osgood to Miss Kate Amanda Cutter, both of Charlestown.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Mr. B. Frank Clements to Miss Clarissa Story, of Essex.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Copp, Mr. James Porter to Mrs. Elizabeth Berry, both of Easton.—At Stoughton, by Rev. Mr. Dennis, Mr. Charles R. Hill to Miss Margaret A. Drake—At Lyun, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Charles Lakeman to Miss Hannah M. Rogers.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. William B. Knight to Miss Mary R. Blaney, both of Marblehead.—At Kingston, by Rev. Mr. Bowen, Mr. Thomas H. Burgess to Miss Mary C. Marden, both of Newburyport.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. George W. Stearns to Miss Harriet S. Twiss.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. Nathaniel W. Tarbox to Miss Elizabeth B. Meader.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. Alexander McKinley to Miss Mary W. Ward.—At Andover, by George Foster, Esq., Mr. Hamilton L. Moulton to Miss Frances J. Abbott, both of North Andover. Also, by the same, Mr. James Hill to Miss Jane Lund.—At Nantucket, by Rev. Mr. Hepworth, Mr. Allen B. Fuller to Miss Hannah M. Fitzgerald.—At Providence, R. I., by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. Joseph W. Hadfield to Miss Margaret Thompson.

DEATHS.

In this city, John Rayner, Esq., 77; Mr. Edmond Walleston, 58; Mrs. Sarah Dudley; Mr. Nathaniel Sylvester, 59; Miss Nancy H. Foster, 76.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Hannah C. Hutchinson, 38.—At Brookline, Miss Sarah Elliot Perkins, 62.—At North Chelsea, Capt. Philip Eaton, 75.—At Needham, Mr. Oliver Hudson, of Boston, 59.—At Waltham, Mr. Charles H. Frederick, 32.—At Salem, Miss Caroline A. Hiltz, 20; Widow Mary Bott, 68.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Abigail Kilborn, 85; Mr. Nathan Poor, 46; Mrs. Sarah Waterhouse, 65.—At Dracut, Miss Alma A. Richardson, 23.—At Plymouth, Mr. William King, 72; Mrs. Esther S. Beckman, 45; Miss Louisa Burbank, 16; Widow Jerusha Beirce, 86; Mr. David McCammon, 41 —At New Bedford, Mr. Nathaniel J. Anthony, 23; Mrs. Susan H. Pierce, 30; Mrs. Ann P. Robinson, 34; Mr. Isaac Moore, 30.—At Ware, Mr. Peruiel Bacon, 84.—At Middleborough, Miss Abby Sullivan, 24; Mr. Ezekiel Turner, 87; Mr. Jason Wilbur, 66.—At Attleboro', Mr. Isaac Bailey, 42.—At Pittsfield, Dea. Levi Bradford, 62.—At North Adams, Mrs. Anu Bratton, 22.—At North Becket, Mr. Azuhah Ames, 82.—At Northampton, Miss Mary Ann Wood, 66.—At Easthampton, Widow Philena C. Clark, 66.—At Rutland, Mrs. Caroline Smith, 42.—At Orange, Mr. Peter Cheney, 67.—At Westboro, Mr. Noyes Bryant, 74.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE AWAKENING.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

Ah! yesternight in visions blest
I wandered in the land ideal,
Unconscious that my lot was cast
Amid the shadows of the real.
For o'er my heart a blight had passed,
And chilled the hope it fondly cherished,
That bloomed in life's bleak waste the last,
For peace and joy had early perished—
Alas! how early perished.

Methought you walked beside me there,
Through paths adorned with summer's glory,
And mid the song of bird and breeze,
You whispered love's enchanting story;
But ere my faltering voice declared
How long you had my heart in keeping,
The clouds of wakening darkened all,
I woke, alas, to bitter weeping—
Ah me, to bitter weeping.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LIFE'S CHANGES.

BY ANNIE CLAIR.

THERE was a marriage festival in one of the princely mansions that reared its proud dome on —— Square. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the door of that palace home, and the sound of music and mirth was borne on the evening air; while the loiterers in the vicinity would never for a moment imagine there was aught but joy and happiness within. Gaze for a moment at the fair bride, as she passes the richly draperied window, leaning on the arm of the stately bridegroom, who looks with pride on the queenly form at his side. How well she becomes the diamonds that flash from brow and arm, and seem striving to rival the lustre of her dark eyes. Watch her as she walks with proud, unfaltering step to the man who is about to pronounce the marriage ceremony. Can you read the expression of that almost matchless countenance? Is it that of love and trust in one for whom she is to forsake all others, if need be, and cling to him alone?—is it in a thrill of love and happiness that she walks up to the marriage altar?—or is it pride and triumph that gleam in every feature of her fair face as the marriage vow was uttered? In that hour, before the altar, her heart beat calmly on with a full, measured pulse; that heart had, in a former day, trembled like a rosebud upon its slender stem when stirred by the evening breeze, at one glance from Clarence Tracy's eyes.

The marriage ceremony is ended; the bridegroom and the bride receive the congratulations of their friends, and ere the solemn benediction is scarce over, ascend the carriage steps, and are borne away to their elegant home, which almost surpasses the one the lady has left.

The world said Mabel Wentworth was beautiful, and her pride almost exceeded her beauty—she had loved once, truly and intensely, and came near sacrificing her pride to that love, by wedding the poor but gifted Clarence Tracy. But he had no money; and when the stern father commanded his daughter to wed the wealthy foreigner, she obeyed—and a loving, beating heart was sold for gold; and in a not far distant apartment one deeply stricken and desolate was sadly dreaming of "the days that were," while before him was many a rose-tinted note, which caused the blood to rush to the cheek and brow, and his dark eye to beam with proud determination. He hears the rattling of the carriage-wheels which accompany the bride to her new home, and pass so near his own poor apartment; but he hears them as though he heard them not, and his mind wanders back to the time when he had first met the daughter of the millionaire in his own village home, and ignorant of her rank and wealth, had sought and won her hand. Already had he ascended the first rolls in the ladder of fame; already had he made a commencement towards accumulating the much-coveted ore, and at each step forward he rejoiced, as it brought him so much nearer Mabel Wentworth.

But there was a "change came over the spirit of his dreams," for scarce five days had elapsed since the tidings had reached him that she was about to be led to the altar by a wealthier suitor. It was with unwavering eye and careless tone, that he replied to the friend who communicated the tidings; and that friend little knew the anguish his words caused, as Clarence turned away and sought his own lodgings, *to* think and to act—yes, to think and act for the future.

* * * * * * *

Pale and tearful, a young girl enters her humble apartment in a cheerless boarding-house, in an unfashionable and unhealthy part of the city. She was poorly clad, for her garments were much worn; but notwithstanding she was an interesting child (for she was scarce more than a child), with light, sunshiny hair, and dark eyes, that one could see from their troubled look, were tremulous with extreme sensibility. Is it wrong to murmur at her hard lot, and cast perchance a glance of envy at the cheerful and comfortable dwellings opposite? It was easy to see that in that gloomy attic destitution and want are no strangers; that sorrow had long pillowed an aching head. All day long had this lonely and sensitive creature wandered forth in the busy, bustling city in search of employment. But none would trust one of her tender years, and wearied with repeated disappointments, she again returned to her lodgings; she was met by her landlady, who informed her that she must immediately pay the sum due for board, or depart that very night. It was all in vain that the heart-broken one besought her to bear a little longer; that she had parted one by one with every article which she possessed, until nothing remained for which she could obtain the most trifling sum.

Thine is a hard and sorrowing lot, and no wonder the question sometimes arises, why a wise and kind Father thus afflicts his children;—why some are revelling in wealth and luxuries, while others are suffering for the very necessities of life. These things will all be understood when we go to his house of many mansions; therefore toil on, weary seamstress, in love and faith in Him, and thy award awaits thee—if not here, in heaven. Life for thee may not have many soft and pleasant pathways, where flowers are ever springing beneath thy footsteps, and clouds may sometimes hover thick and dark above, obscuring the sun of happiness. But never mind; for He seeth the end from the beginning, and ever knoweth all is well.

Mabel Hamilton once more sought the presence of her landlady. But all pleading was in vain; she took her rudely by the arm and thrust her out of the dark room into the still darker night. A few stars were gleaming with a pale, sickly hue through the dark clouds that were shooting athwart the city, and the poor girl gazed upon them with a sad, thoughtful look, which expressed no hope in the future. Alone in a large city, without home or friends, whither should she go? Onward, still onward, she bends her weary feet, without knowing whither they tend; she stops not until she is beyond the precincts of the city. She sinks on the steps of an imposing-looking mansion, and leaning against its pillars, seems lost in one overwhelming thought of utter wretchedness; and then again a vision of childhood's earlier days comes over her, and she is the idol of loving parents, though all this is remembered as a half-forgotten dream.

The opening of the door recalls her to herself, and the words addressed her cause a new pang to spring up in her already desolate heart. The master of the house steps forward with a sharp rebuke to his servant for his impertinence, and addresses the stranger kindly.

"Where is your home? Tell me, and my servant shall conduct you there."

An involuntary glance upward was the only reply; but Mr. Tracy understood it all, and taking her kindly by the hand, exclaimed: "Yes, my poor child, you have a home there; never forget it." And he led her forward, and placed her in his own arm-chair opposite the fire that was burning brightly in the open grate.

Mr. Tracy is called a cold, proud man, but he gazes on the face before him with no slight interest. The deep hazel eye, on whose lids a tear is trembling, the bright auburn hair that is clustering around the mournful face, the graceful form, the finely cut lip, all remind him of one who many years previous he had folded to his bosom, while the loved one had confessed that life would be a joyless blank separated from one to whom she had given her heart's best affections.

And she had said the truth—time had proved it so; for all the sweet blossoms of her life had withered and been crushed beneath the footsteps of gold; all the happiness of her life was swept away, as it seemed, forever, when Mabel Wentworth became the wife of Woodbury Delmore, who, instead of inheriting a valuable and extensive estate in England, proved to be a profligate adventurer; and after spending his wife's portion, and persuading his stepfather to sign notes to a large amount, all of which were spent at the gaming-table, he fled from the country, leaving a family that had been reared in luxury reduced almost to extreme poverty.

But Clarence Tracy knew nothing of all this; he only knew that Delmore took his bride to a house of almost princely splendor, that she was surrounded by the exclusives of a great city, who would never recognize one with prospects neither of wealth nor influence. And so he strove to forget; and he went away from his native city, where he remained until honors crowded thickly around him, and he had gained that which would place him (in the eyes of the time-serving ones who bowed the knee to Mammon) on an equality with one he had once truly loved.

But on his return to his early home he did not seek to learn the fate of Mabel; he knew that they had left the city, and though he was courted by the circle of which she was once the brightest ornament, her name was though it never had been—an almost forgotten sound by those who once knew her best, and professed to love and flatter the most. Many thoughts and memories crowd upon the rich and great man's mind, as he sits silently musing, while the eyes of the poor girl are cast sadly down in a half dreamy reverie. Suddenly she arises, and a half-smothered sigh sounds from her lips, as she moves toward the door. Mr. Tracy reached out his hand, while a kind smile was on his fine, manly face:

"Where would you go, my poor child? It is nearly midnight." And he glanced at the French timepiece over the fireplace.

"Alas, I do not know! I have no home! What will become of me?"

"You must remain here to-night, and my housekeeper shall conduct you to an apartment, and afterwards we will see what is best for you; but first tell me your name."

"Mabel Hamilton."

Mabel Hamilton! Mabel! O, how that name penetrates every recess of his heart; and then those eyes, her hair, form, everything—everything but the proud and queenly bearing, were so like *his* Mabel—*once* his. But no, it could not be! It was foolishness, weakness, to think of that poor child of want in connection with the pampered and proud lady he had known. What could they have been to each other? Nothing; it was merely a chimera of his excited imagination. But then the name was the same. But what of that? There were hundreds of Mabels in the world! He retired for the night, angry with himself to think memory of the past had the power of affecting him so much. * * *

"And you are sure, Mabel, dearest Mabel, that it is not gratitude that induces you to give your consent to become the wife of one more than twice your age? I would know if love alone influences you in this event; otherwise, it is a cruel sacrifice, and will be productive of a life of misery. Be true to yourself, and true to me, for I have once been cruelly deceived; and if the chains that are to bind us will not be happily worn, speak the word, and you shall again be free."

The deep, expressive eye, but a moment before beaming with happiness, fell beneath the gaze fixed upon her own, and a tear trembled on the long eyelashes and fell.

"I am answered. You are free, Mabel! I was too hasty in giving way to the thought that youth and beauty like yours could be happy as the wife of one old enough to be your parent. Forgive me, and I will speak of love no more."

He arose to leave the room; he gave one glance at Mabel as he was about to close the door—and O, the unutterable look of sadness that met his eye. He returned to her side.

"Speak, Mabel. Will you not tell me why this unhappiness? I will no longer persecute you with attentions which are disagreeable to you. And now will you not place confidence in one who has been your guardian for three years?"

"My guardian, parent, friend—yes, more than parent or friend—all the world to me, what would have become of me but for your kindness? I, who came to you a poor homeless wanderer—I can never repay you; but a whole lifetime of gratitude and esteem are at your service."

"Gratitude and esteem, but canst not love?"

"And more than all, love—the first, the only love this heart ever knew."

He pressed her lips to his own, while he exclaimed:

"Mine now and forever! But why that look of anguish but a moment since on your fair brow?"

"I thought perhaps that you had come to the conclusion that the poor creature you befriended was unworthy the gifted and talented man whom all admire; and thought it very natural you might regret the past, and wish that I, too, might prefer it had been otherwise."

"And does the little skeptic still doubt?"

"No longer."

HOW THEY WOO IN ROYAL LIFE.

The recent visit of the Empress Dowager of Russia to Berlin has recalled many anecdotes connected with her early life. A letter from Berlin gives the following account of the young princess's engagement to the Grand Duke Nicholas, in 1816: The Princess Charlotte was given to understand by her parents that if the grand duke, during his stay at Berlin, should take a fancy to her, they would have no objection to her returning the *penchant*. The time originally fixed for the grand duke's stay had come, and he was seated at supper on his last evening next to the Princess Charlotte, when he abruptly told her that he must leave Berlin the next day. He hoped to surprise her into some demonstration of feeling on the occasion, but her maidenly pride withheld her from making more than some very say-nothing remark in acknowledgment. The grand duke therefore assumed another plan of operations; knowing that, however little the eyes of the company might be actually fixed on him and his fair neighbor, they were, nevertheless, the objects of general observation, he commenced telling her, but in an apparently embarrassed manner, and playing with a ring of his the while, that he had devoted himself during his short stay there to making himself acquainted with her character and disposition, etc., and that he had found in her every quality that he believed best calculated to make him happy in wedded life, etc.; but as they two were at that moment the objects of scrutiny to many present, he would not press her for any reply to his overtures, but if it were agreeable to her that he should prolong his stay at her father's court, she would perhaps have the goodness to take up the ring he had in his hand. This ring he then, apparently while playing with the two objects, thrust into the roll of bread lying on the table before him, and went on, seemingly in all *sang froid*, with his supper. With an equal appearance of unconcern, the princess presently put out her hand and took up the roll, as if mistaking it for her own bread, and unnoticed by the company withdrew the ring and put it on her own hand. The rest requires no narration.—*Baltimore Sun.*

KERRY, IRELAND.

The mountains, the glens, the capes stretching far into the Atlantic, the crags on which the eagles build, the rivulets brawling down rocky passes, the lakes overhung by groves in which the wild deer find covert, attract every summer crowds of wanderers sated with the business and pleasures of great cities. The beauties of that country are, indeed, too often hidden in the mist and rain which the west wind brings up from the boundless ocean. But on the rare days when the sun shines out in all its glory, the landscape has a freshness and warmth of coloring seldom found in our latitude. The myrtle loves the soil. The arbutus thrives better than even on the sunny shores of Calabria. The turf is of a livelier hue than elsewhere, the hills glow with a purple, the varnish of the holly and ivy is more glossy, the berries of a brighter red peep through the foliage of a brighter green. But during the greater part of the seventeenth century this paradise was as little known as Spitzbergen or Greenland. If ever it was mentioned, it was mentioned as a horrible desert, a chaos of bogs, thickets, and precipices, where the she-wolf still littered, and where some half-naked savages, who could not speak a word of English, made themselves burrows in the mud, and lived on roots and sour milk.—*Macaulay's History.*

THE CAMEL.

According to the testimony of naturalists, the camel is fond of music, and has a very correct idea of time. One writer says that when the conductor wishes them to perform extraordinary journeys, instead of chastising, he encourages them with a song, and that, although they had stopped, and refused to proceed any further, they then went cheerfully on, and much quicker than a horse, when pushed by the spur. It is also stated by Tavenier and Chardin, that they proceed quicker or slower, according to the cadence of the song—and that in the same manner, when the conductors want an extraordinary journey to be performed, they know the tunes which the camels love best to hear, and relieve each other by singing alternately.—*Boston Courier.*

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could no more.—*Young.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

One half of all who are born die before they reach 17 years of age. —— The Vatican, at Rome, is an immense pile of buildings. Its extreme length through the apartments, and not duplicating a single room, is 79,000 feet, or nearly fourteen English miles. It has 4000 rooms, and 200 flights of stairs. —— At Genoa every attorney takes an oath not to undertake any cause he does not think just. —— A musket ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making a hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. —— So inefficient is the public school system in Washington, that there are now upwards of one thousand children waiting for admission. —— In the palace of San Souci, Frederick the Great's room is preserved as he left it, with his uniform, clothes, books, pens and paper, all unmoved—while the clock, which by a strange coincidence, stopped at the moment of his death, still points the hand to twenty minutes past two. —— A book has been published in London with the singular title, "What shall we have for dinner?" —— A door lock is much more easily picked with the key in the lock on the inside. This is a hint to those who are liable to be visited by burglars. —— Wives are advertised for now as regular as most other commodities—at least, in the good city of New York. —— In Russia they do not put sugar into their cups in the ordinary way, but they either hold a lump between their teeth, and sip the tea through it, or else they hold it in their hand, and nibble off a bit now and then, as they drink their tea. —— Have you planted a vine? If you have not, go do it. In a few years you shall eat the fruit thereof, and bless the day when you planted it. —— The English have so extended the culture of cotton in India, that that country has become a formidable competitor to America, there being imported in 1855 from India to England 165,000,000 pounds against 661,529,922 pounds from the United States—or nearly one-fourth as much. —— Hackish—an extract of Indian hemp, is eaten like opium by the Hindoos, and produces a drunkenness which makes minutes seem like hours in length. —— Who is an Esquire? Every man in this truly republican country, is entitled to the title of Esquire, who occasionally wears a black coat. —— Lt. Governor Hardy, of Kentucky, has sunk into hopeless mental imbecility. —— The witty Talleyrand—that prince of deceivers and diplomatists—once replied to a lady who was making some dull disquisitions on the necessity of clearness in the use of terms, "Language, madam, is an instrument for *concealing* our thoughts." —— In France it costs something to speak one's mind. A man was lately condemned to two years imprisonment for having spoken disrespectfully of the Empress Eugenie. —— America has furnished more gold and silver—double the amount—than Europe, Africa, and Australia put together, and only $20,000,000 less than Asia has furnished since the beginning of the world. —— There were about 3600 troops arrived in Canada during the month of June. —— We see it stated that William V. Wallace, the famous composer, who has been residing abroad for some time past, was on the eve of returning to this country. We are pained to learn that his intense application has rendered him totally blind. —— The army worm is said to be committing sad ravages upon the corn and cotton crops in several counties in Mississippi. —— On the 4th ult. the free school system was for the first time introduced into Charleston, S. C.—the first free school being opened on that day with unusual demonstrations. —— There is not an American paper of any character taken at Puebla, in Mexico—a wealthy city, containing about 60,000 inhabitants. It was accounted by good judges at Puebla that during the disturbance of the peace there, in consequence of the counter revolution—from its incipiency to its finality—through robberies, assassinations and the casualties of war—full three thousand persons lost their lives. —— Several ministers in Troy have resolved to deliver but one sermon each Sabbath during the hot weather —— The costly display of bridal presents at numerous weddings in New York for a few years back, have been hired from extensive jewellers for a reasonable amount.

BRICKS.—A paper on the manufacture of bricks was recently read before the English Society of Art, and the importance of the trade to the country was illustrated by the following statement: "The quantity of bricks made per annum in England is estimated at 1,800,000,000; Manchester alone making 130,000,000, London averaging about the same. Taking bricks at the low average of three tons per 1000, the annual weight would be 5,400,000 tons, and the capital employed 2,000,000 pounds sterling, or nearly ten million of dollars.

WOMAN'S WAYS.—Recent English papers report that two wealthy ladies, Misses Ann and Elizabeth Sherwood, of Sheffield, have just been liberated, by the intervention of their friends, after fourteen years' imprisonment for contempt of the court of chancery. They continued in prison fourteen years rather than produce an unimportant document in their possession.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.—When Paradise Lost was published, the celebrated Waller wrote this passage—"The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered as merit, it hath no other."

MEMORABLE DAYS.—Sheridan died July 7th, Edmund Burke died July 8th, General Taylor died July 9th, Columbus was born July 10th. The duel between Hamilton and Burr occurred July 11th.

THE PLYMOUTH MONUMENT.—The legislature of Connecticut has appropriated three thousand dollars in aid of the Pilgrim Monument at Plymouth.

Wayside Gatherings.

Edward L. Davenport and Mrs. Charles Howard are to be Mr. Burton's leading people next season.

A Boston lamplighter recently found a swarm of bees in one of the street lamps. He took the lamp home and hived them.

The "States" have been put in direct communication with Canada by a submarine cable, recently laid across the St. Lawrence River.

The Mormons have decided not to urge the admission of Utah into the Union until after the presidential election, believing the present opposition to be only for party effect.

A man was recently convicted in Clarke county, Kentucky, of stealing two plugs of tobacco, and sentenced to two years' confinement in the penitentiary.

The city of New York owns real estate to the amount of $42,684,769 90, and notwithstanding this large property, the city expended last year nearly $24,000 for rents.

A gentleman who has just returned from a tour through Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, states, from his personal observations, that apples will be abundant throughout this region.

It is rumored in London that Charles Kean is to be knighted, thus proving, according to the Sun, that his frequent visits to Victoria's private theatricals have been *knight-errands*.

Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth, who, some time ago, presided over the Patent Office at Washington, has nearly 4000 acres planted in corn this year, on his little farm in Lafayette, Indiana.

A brass propeller for U. S. steamer Roanoke was cast at Richmond, Va., lately, weighing 27,000 pounds, and said to be 1000 pounds larger than any other composition casting ever made in the United States.

The commissioners of the New York land office have resolved to sell all the public lands in the counties of Herkimer, Essex, Hamilton and Warren. The minimum price is fixed at twenty-five cents per acre.

The Swedish minister at Washington, Mr. Sibbern, has been recalled, to be appointed chief in the cabinet of the crown prince. This step is regarded as a good sign for the future policy of the new prince regent.

A few days since, Daniel Linden, aged 16, shot and mortally wounded a boy of the same age, named John Boyle, in a quarrel about a girl! Both were going to school at Paris, in Eastern Illinois.

Nine of the principal merchants of St. Petersburg, Odessa and Moscow have just been authorized by the czar to open branches of their houses in Paris, London, Vienna, Marseilles, Constantinople, Naples, New York, Lisbon and Rio Janeiro.

The Albany Times states that a pistol has been invented in that city which will fire ninety times per minute, carry a ball forty yards further than any pistol now in use, and that it is also much lighter and in every respect superior to Colt's celebrated pistols.

Alexander II., of Russia, wears the same sword that Napoleon wore at the battle of Marengo, in 1800, and which the Emperor Nicholas bought in 1850, just half a century after that eventful and bloody battle, for the enormous sum of *thirty-two thousand dollars!*

A piece called *Tiberius* has been in rehearsal at the Gaieté, Paris. In it were represented scenes of the Roman circus, and animals trained "to kill" martyrs without hurting them were introduced. The government has forbidden the representation, although it has passed the censorship.

The Russian government is turning attention to its American territory. An expedition is fitting out at Hamburg by a Russian American company, to sail next month for the Russian American territory The expedition is of the nature of a new colony, numbering five hundred, including artificers of all kinds.

By the recent survey of the field of Braddock's defeat, made by Mr. Bancroft and his party, it was found that the topography did not agree with the maps usually published, and Mr. Bancroft at once commissioned Mr. Latrobe, the distinguished engineer, to prepare a correct map of the ground at this important scene.

The Albany Argus states that there is a much greater *frog* business done in this country than is generally supposed, and that it is not entirely for the benefit of Frenchmen. One man is constantly engaged in buying up frogs for the New York market, where they command a high price.

Among the recent deaths in Philadelphia, is that of Mrs. Maria Campbell, wife of Alexander Campbell. She was the second daughter of the late Alexander James Dallas, and the sister of the present American minister in Great Britain. She was, during the administration of James Madison, greatly admired in the highest circles of society in Washington city.

The annual report of the postmaster general of Canada states that 1293 post offices were in active operation on the 31st of March, 1856. During the year, 1165 miles of new post routes were added to the establishment; over six million letters passed through the post; the receipts amounted to $368,166, and the expenditures $487,850, showing a deficiency of $189,684.

A monument is to be erected in Paris to Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The prefect of the city lately submitted the plan of it to the emperor, who, on returning it, said to him, "Tell the Municipal Council that I assume for myself the task of reviewing and correcting the plan for this monument, for I am resolved that my name shall be attached to this work of expiation."

A Chinaman named Yung Kining Nga, from Shanghai, received the sacrament of adult baptism, in the Church of the Ascension, New York, lately. He is about eighteen years of age, and very intelligent. He has been studying for a year past, and his present wish and intention is to dedicate himself to the missionary work among his countrymen, and he is pursuing his studies with that view.

The records of the Inquisition in Spain show that for three hundred and twenty-seven years, from 1481 to 1808, 34,658 souls were "dismissed to the flames of hell, after their accursed bodies had been burned to ashes at the stake;" 18,049 persons were burned in effigy, and 288,214 were condemned to prison and the galleys—a punishment involving, perhaps, greater misery than that of suffering at the stake.

Hats for men were invented at Paris by a Swiss, in 1404. They were first manufactured at London by Spaniards in 1510. Before that time, both men and women in England commonly wore close knit woollen caps. F. Daniel relates that when Charles II. made his public entry into Rouen, in 1449, he had on a hat lined with red velvet, and surmounted with a plume or tuft of feathers. He adds, that it is from this entry, or at least under his reign, that the use of hats and caps is to be dated, which henceforward began to take the place of the chaperons and hoods that had been worn before in France.

Foreign Items.

The potato crop has proved a complete failure throughout Portugal.

Giovanni Ruggeo, lately tried in Florence for reading and circulating the Bible, has been acquitted.

The bell brought from Sebastopol, which the French emperor has given to Notre Dame, has arrived at the cathedral.

The town of Kars had been surrendered to the Turks, and the Turkish troops had evacuated the fortress of Redout Kaleb.

The Archbishop of Lyons has issued a mandate, in which he attributes the inundations to the violation in his diocese of the law of the church respecting the observance of the Sabbath!

The Russian government has given orders for reducing the *personnel* of the Finland fleet. A ukase orders that the colors of the disbanded militia shall be hung up in the cathedrals of the empire.

The Turkish ambassador's *fete* to the Queen of England, at which Mr. Dallas and family were present, is described as exceeding in splendor that of any foreign minister's private entertainment.

The Russian commandant in the Crimea peremptorily forbids any land travellers passing southwards from Perekop. This strict injunction will probably be maintained until the 70,000 masons have rebuilt Sebastopol.

The injury done to the crops by the late inundations in France is estimated at 150,000,000 francs, of which 30,000,000 francs are referable to the mulberry trees for silk-worms. In that amount are not included the damage done to houses, the loss in cattle, utensils, etc., or the injury done to railroads.

Sands of Gold.

.... Wrong is but falsehood put in practice.—*Penn.*

.... There is nothing on earth divine beside humanity.—*Melancthon.*

.... An ingenuous mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof.—*Bossuet.*

.... Well-regulated minds may be satisfied with a small portion of happiness; none can be happy with a small portion of content.—*Brooke.*

.... In honest truth, a name given to a man is no better than a skin given to him; what is not natively his own falls off and comes to nothing.—*Landor.*

.... Where necessity ends, curiosity begins; and no sooner are we supplied with everything that nature can demand, than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.—*Johnson.*

.... To discover a truth and to separate it from a falsehood is surely an occupation worthy of the best intellect, and not at all unworthy of the best heart.—*Landor.*

.... Easiness of disposition conciliates bad and good alike; it draws affections to it, and relaxes enmities: but that same easiness renders us too often negligent of our graver duties.—*Blake.*

.... Serious thoughts are folded up, chested, and unlooked-at; lighter, like d[illegible]t, settle all about the chamber. The promise to think serio[illegible]lismisses and closes the door on the thought.—*Landor.*

.... Tr[illegible] point; the subtlest and finest; harder than adamant; ne[illegible] broken, worn away, or blunted. Its only bad quality is [illegible]ure to hurt those who touch it; and likely to draw bloo[illegible] the life-blood, of those who press earnestly upon it.—*L*

'ker's Budget.

"Women," said a shopkeeper, "were invented to buy shilling calicoes."

"Shoot folly as she flies—Pope," was set up by a stupid printer, "Shoot Polly as she flies—Pop."

Pompey says he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could only reach them once in two years.

Some one says of a certain congregation, that "they pray on their knees Sunday, and on their neighbors the rest of the week."

A paper, giving an account of Toulouse, says, "It is a large town, containing upwards of 60,000 inhabitants *built entirely of brick.*"

A "camp follower," at a late regimental parade, excused the irregularity of his gait, by saying that he was trying to march after two tunes.

The gentleman, so often spoken of in novels, who riveted people with his gaze, has now obtained permanent employment at a boiler manufactory.

Jones, Jr., says that his neighbor has a very nervous, eccentric dog, that displays a fondness for midnight vocal exercise, and desires to know a remedy. For quieting the nerves of a dog, we know nothing equal to strychnine.

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening."—"Did she say at what time, my dear?"—"No, ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind—that was all she said."

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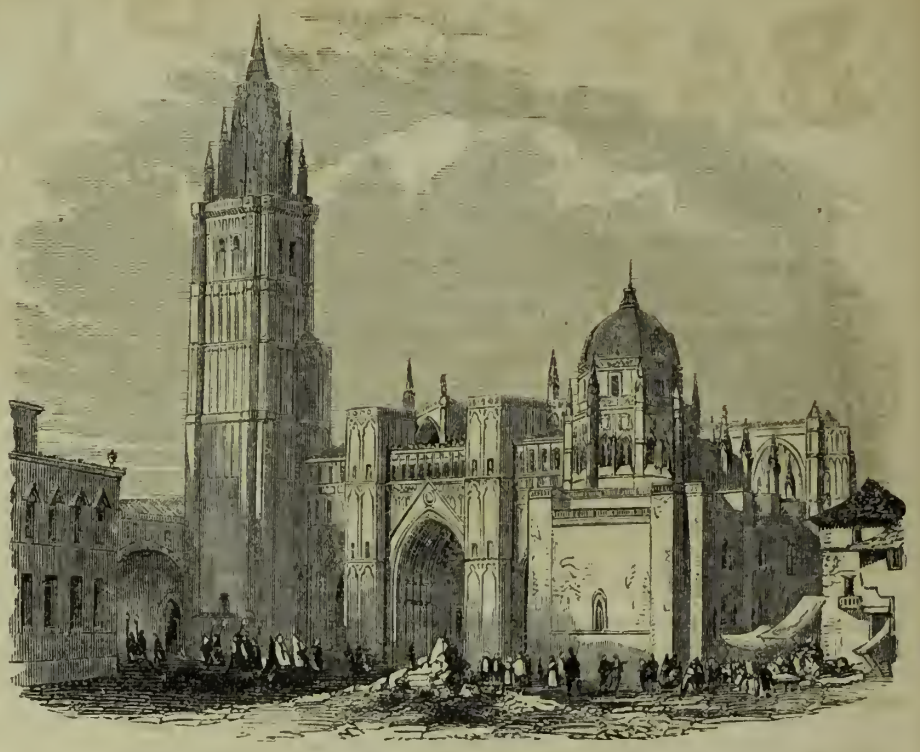
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CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

The churches and cathedrals of the old world embrace some of the finest specimens of architecture extant. In the stormy times when most of the countries of Europe were exposed to disturbances and various disasters, the monasteries and convents were not the most secure homes for those that dwelt there, but various arts and sciences found refuge within their walls. Literature, painting, mosaic work and architecture were all cultivated to a greater or less degree by the cloistered monks. There is ample proof in the annals, histories and chronicles of early writers, that when a religious order required a new church or convent, it was a very common thing for the bishop, friar or abbot to make out the architectural design himself, and for the monks to execute the work under his direction; so that church building became almost a part of monastic studies. Each religious order spread itself into the different countries of Europe, its members taking with them the usages, the arts, and the skill of which they were the fountain head. The monks, too, in the various affairs of their houses, travelled singly, or in pairs, from country to country, to keep up the links of communication between the different houses of the order. "As there existed no inns to receive them, they reposed in the other convents on their road; and at a period of total want of general communication in other departments, the different religious communities were very minutely and rapidly informed of each other's affairs. Hence, not only the peculiar style of architecture of the chief edifice of each order served as a model to that of others belonging to it, however distant, but any change of taste or fashion in the former soon made its way to, and was adopted by, all the others." Church building being regarded as a religious duty, the architects and masons employed in it were looked upon as being superior to most other workmen. The inhabitants of Como, in the north of Italy, obtained celebrity for their skill in these matters, insomuch that the appellation "*Magistri Comacini*," or "Masters from Como," became generic to all those of the profession. It is asserted that the "free and accepted masons" were established under the Lombard kings, and that they built an immense number of churches in Italy at a time when the other countries of Europe were badly supplied with churches and builders. The Freemasons, or church builders, became a highly privileged body, and many persons were desirous of joining them. Some of the builders at Rome, and others as far off as Constantinople, did so, and by degrees some of the natives of France, Germany, Belgium and England were admitted members of the fraternity. It appears that ecclesiastics were especially anxious for this honor or privilege; abbots, prelates, bishops and monks being ranked among the free and accepted masons. Thus the twofold chain of events led to the same result: the refuge which the arts found among the religious orders induced the monks to become architects and builders, while the sanction of a church building guild by the pope, led to a general uniformity in the mode of proceeding. The missionaries and the masons went hand in hand. At a parish in Suffolk, England, during the reign of Henry VI., a contract was entered into between the townspeople and the Freemasons employed in building a new church, in which it was agreed that every man should be provided with a pair of white leather gloves and an apron, and that a lodge, properly tiled, should be erected at the expense of the parish, wherein to hold their meetings. It is believed that the style of the churches was mainly determined by the builders themselves, and not by those who were to pay for them; and as these builders, in every country, had a close mutual connection, a strong family resemblance became observable in the churches built about the same time. There seems furthermore, reason to believe that wheresoever and by whomsoever the general vertical character of the Gothic architecture was established, the discovery or invention was so intimately connected with the church-building guild, as to be diffused throughout the western countries of Europe very speedily. As the unity of plan among them was such that there was scope for each man to take up that particular department that his taste or skill qualified him to practise, there probably arose some who studied especially those mechanical principles of building, or the ratio and mode of arrangement between support and pressure; for it is impossible to believe that the wonderful examples of equilibrium exhibited in many European cathedrals could have been produced without a close investigation of such principles. And yet we know of no one who could have done this, but the members of some such fraternity as the one now under notice. Europe had very little science in it, according to the modern acceptation the term, in those times; and the utter absence of documents, plans, sections or calculations relating to church architecture, strengthens the opinion that it was in the hands of a fraternity who kept their proceedings secret. The above view is not a certainty, by any means, but it accounts for several features of European church architecture which have hitherto been a sort of mystery—such as the uniformity of a style or taste throughout the continent in the churches built at the same time, and the unapproachable beauty of church architecture at a time when other arts were languishing, and the world was immersed in intellectual darkness. As illustrations of church architecture, we present, first, a very fine engraving of the famous cathedral at Toledo, one of the greatest objects of interest in that fine old Spanish city. It is not certainly in the severest taste, but like many other irregular buildings it is exceedingly picturesque. The numerous buttresses, pinnacles and curtains, the elaborately finished windows, the dome, the magnificent portal, the curious, tall tower, arrest the eye of the observer, and when the sunlight falls upon it, bringing out its salient points and causing sharp shadows to fall from its angles, the impression is very striking. This cathedral is the metropolitan church of Spain, and was founded as far back as the year 587. It is 404 feet in length, and 204 feet in width; the tower is of great height. It was formerly celebrated for the splendid collection of sacred paintings it contained, embracing many from the rapid and felicitous pencil of Luca Giordano, but most of these have been removed. Its former wealth in gold, silver and jewels was almost incalculable; but a greater part of this has been applied to secular purposes, and it is now shorn of its ancient interior splendor. We turn next to the exterior of the cathedral of Messina, a Gothic structure, erected by the Normans soon after their conquest of Sicily. The square tower at the angle of the building is a portion of the edifice. The façade of the church is very similar to the general style of the Catholic churches erected by the Spanish settlers in Mexico. There is a large central portal and two side entrances. Although there is some elaborate carving about the doorway, the whole exterior has a blank, gloomy and forbidding aspect. A religious procession is seen moving into the cathedral, and in front some of the market women are kneeling out of respect to the ceremony. But in the left hand corner is a group apparently indifferent and engaged in their own concerns. The interior of the cathedral, however, shown in our next engraving, is very rich and striking, though rather incongruous in its details. The Roman, and not the Gothic, architecture is seen throughout. A street scene in Messina closes our series. In the distance is seen the citadel. The houses are quite irregular, but nearly all of them have balconies.



CATHEDRAL AT TOLEDO.



EXTERIOR OF CATHEDRAL AT MESSINA.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL AT MESSINA.



STREET ARCHITECTURE OF MESSINA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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JOHN C. FREMONT.

In the engraving below we present a correct likeness of Col. John C. Fremont, the presidential candidate of the Republican party, drawn for us by Rowse, from a photograph by Brady of New York. The scene on the left, representing mining in California, and that on the right, showing Fremont and his party threading the defile of the Sierra Nevada, are appropriate accessories to the portrait of the bold adventurer. John Charles Fremont is a native of South Carolina, in which State he was born in the year 1813. His father was a French immigrant and his mother a native of Virginia. The former died when the subject of our sketch was but four years of age, and it was owing to the exertions of his mother that he received an excellent education. At seventeen, he graduated at Charleston College, and after spending some time as a teacher of mathematics, he fairly commenced his career as a civil engineer. In the latter capacity he was an assistant to Nicolet in his survey of the upper Mississippi. In 1842, holding then a lieutenant's commission in the Topographical Engineers, with a handful of men collected on the Missouri frontier, he explored the south pass of the Rocky Mountains, through which the tide of overland immigration now pours into California. His scientific observations made on this expedition were of great value, and embodied in an able report printed by the Senate. He next went on an exploring expedition to Oregon territory, leaving the frontier of Missouri in May, 1843, scaling the Rocky Mountains at a point south of the south pass, and reaching Fort Vancouver in November of the same year. With only twenty-five companions he now turned his face again towards the Rocky Mountains, and through much hardship and trial, explored upper California, and established the geography of the western part of our continent. After an absence of sixteen months, he returned to Washington and wrote out a history of his expedition. In 1845 he was again on his way to the Pacific, and explored the Asiatic slope of the North American continent. He was engaged in active service during the Mexican war, as a lieutenant-colonel of mounted riflemen, which commission he was deprived of by the sentence of a court-martial. President Polk offered to restore his commission, but he declined accepting it. True to his innate love of adventure, and of scientific observation, he started again for the far west, his object being to survey the route for a great road from the Mississippi to San Francisco. He took the trail with thirty-three men, including many of his old mountain companions, and 130 mules. On the Sierra San Juan all his mules and a third of his men perished in the rigors of more than a Russian winter, and Fremont arrived at San Francisco, stripped of everything but life. His expedition was refitted by men who had confidence in his success, and he started again through the country of the Apaches, and in 100 days from Santa Fe stood on the banks of the Sacramento. Fremont was the first U. S. Senator from California. In additions to the expeditions noted above, he traversed the deserts of the great west once more in the dead of winter, his object being to demonstrate that the central route for a Pacific railroad was feasible for winter travel. Some years ago Col. Fremont married a daughter of Col. Thomas H. Benton. Throughout his life Col. Fremont has been distingnished chiefly by devotion to science and a love of adventure amounting to a passion. No perils, no difficulties seem to have daunted his courageous spirit, and, more fortunate than many men of daring and determination, success has crowned undertakings that a romance writer would hardly venture to sketch out for his hero in a work of fiction. In fact his life reads more like romance than a record of reality.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIX.

A RESCUE!

Quietly and meventfully the days glided on with Eleanor Ashby at the farmhouse. The silent solitude reigning about her new home was utterly unbroken. The little brown dwelling nestled down in its verdant nook, a solitary thing; with the rich wooded landscape of meadow, copse and glade, slumbering in green, luxuriant summer stillness on every hand, and the lazy, golden summer sunshine filled the blue air with a dreamy influence all day. Soundless and monotonous, the days crept on.

From morning till night, Eleanor beheld no face save those of the old farmer and his wife, and Lucy. Her occupations consisted in reading, sewing and meditating. She spent the long summer days immured closely in the house, scarcely ever stepping foot without the door. For at first, with her mind still under the influence of the fear and trouble she had so recently endured, and an uneasy dread ever agitating her, from moment to moment, of Morley Briancourt discovering her locality, and suddenly making his appearance at some unwary instant, she had possessed no wish to leave her seclusion for a moment.

But gradually as day succeeded day, and no token from the outer world came to disturb her tranquillity, with fresh alarms for her own fate, she became re-assured; and now the dreamy monotony of this existence began to have its effect upon her. She resolved to venture forth from her retirement.

It was a pleasant change from the secluded days she had passed, to find herself once more in the open air; in the green meadows, with the silent golden sunshine about her, the cool, free air kissing her cheek, and the heavy fragrance of summer blossoms floating everywhere about her, as their odor-laden petals gleamed up from the tufted moss; beneath the shadow of the woodlands, clustering here and there over the rich landscape, or sitting by some willow-shaded spring, gushing clear and cool from the rifted rock.

Many a happy yet saddened reverie was hers, as she held these solitary hours of communion with nature, when, with the forgotten book falling neglected from her grasp, with the careless wind fluttering idly in its leaves, her hands lying clasped on her knee, and her fair head bowed in thought, she went back to dwell on some of the happiest moments she had ever known.

Once more she wandered with Mary Latimer through the old woods at Briarfield; or sat beside her in the pleasant morning-room, grown so familiar and so dear for the memory of the friendly faces wont to meet with her there; again she sat at Mary's side, with Mary's arm about her; while good Aunt Dorothea busied herself with her knitting-needles close by, and Hugh, Mary's brother Hugh, talked with them, or read to them. And again the sound of those musical, earnest tones lingered in her ear; and once more she met the full, dark, eloquent eyes of the reader, raised for a moment to her own, as they had been so many times, with a glance that thrilled her through.

And now her heart would throb with a quickened pulsation, and her cheek grow warm, at the memory of these things. She would not dwell on them. She would rise and turn away from their influence. And yet, in her solitude, these thoughts became dearer, tenderer, more precious every day; while the time passed on, and she was yet divided from those to whom her heart turned so earnestly.

A fortnight passed in this manner. She was in safety and in peace. The object of her removal thither—to secure her from the united machinations of her uncle and his guests—was gained. But she wished ardently for the appearance of some one of the few whom she could call her friends, to enliven her solitude. She saw no one, however. The Latimers must be ignorant of her whereabouts, even if they had heard of her flight; and neither Pequin nor Harry Longworth came. Perhaps it was because Morley Briancourt was on the watch, and they dared not come hither for fear of being traced.

And what did the Latimers think, all this time, of her disappearance? Where would they think she was? Would they guess the cause of her flight? Would they be uneasy concerning her? She thought whether Pequin would not let them know, that they might be assured of her safety. Whether, in case he should fail to do so, Harry Longworth would not do it himself.

But she remained, day after day, in uncertainty of these things. She went every day, now, either alone, or with Lucy for a companion, and sometimes extended her walks for three or four miles, in one direction or another, without meeting a single person. Once in a while she passed some rustic farmer, or a group of haymakers, or a rosy-cheeked milkmaid, perhaps, driving her cows to pasture; but oftener, during the entire length of her ramble, she met no one.

Her favorite resort was to the banks of a pretty stream, flowing through grove, and meadow, and dell, whose quiet waters sheltered the shining trout, and whose mossy banks were beautiful with the wild violet, purpling the emerald turf.

One day, at a greater distance from the farmhouse than she had ever before ventured on, she found herself, while following the windings of the stream, in the vicinity of a small yet elegant mansion of plain brick, but presenting a handsome and pleasing exterior, and half concealed by the trees embowering the slope on which it stood, through whose twining foliage broke the flash and glitter of the sunlight on its large windows. Through the trees, two persons moved along down towards the edge of the stream. They came in full sight, presently: two ladies, walking slowly, and engaged in conversation. The one rather elderly, handsomely yet plainly dressed; with a tall yet graceful form, and of ample proportions; a countenance of pleasing and kindly expression, and fine though large features.

The second, a younger lady, of evidently some two or three-and-twenty years. She was not nearly so tall as her companion, but yet of a graceful height; with a fine and elegantly proportioned figure, and pleasing carriage. Her complexion was fair and clear, her features well cut and regular, but their expression, at once gentle and kindly, had something of thoughtful sadness in it,—an expression the more plainly read in her large, beautiful hazel eyes, shaded by their heavy silken lashes, which, like her finely-arched eyebrows and her hair, were of a very dark, soft brown—so dark as almost to be taken for black.

As they passed, she raised those beautiful eyes, for a moment, with a gentle, serious, attentive glance, to Miss Ashby's face, and then passed on; but it was evident that she directed the attention of her companion to Eleanor, for directly the elder lady turned, and glanced, too, towards Miss Ashby. They went on slowly together; and Eleanor, who was also walking slowly, and could not pass them without hastening, and yet disliked to follow so near behind them, soon turned and took her way homeward.

Her thoughts lingered, as she walked on, with the sweet yet melancholy countenance she had seen, and which, though she had beheld it but for an instant, had made a deep impression on her. She was deeply interested by it. She wondered who the young lady could be, and asked herself what could be the cause of so sad an expression, evidently habitual as it was, on the countenance of one so young.

The following morning, she went out as usual, and was now accompanied by Lucy. As usual, she bent her steps along the course of the stream. Engaged in thought, she spoke but seldom during their walk; and Lucy, too, was silent and meditative, thinking, it is not at all unlikely, of Harry Longworth, and wishing very naturally to see him again.

They continued their way, until Eleanor found herself within less than a quarter of a mile of the house which had yesterday attracted her attention, and perceived, at the same moment, that the two ladies whom she before encountered were slowly approaching her. They met and passed, the young lady lifting her eyes to Eleanor's countenance again, as the day before, with that same thoughtful, serious glance which Miss Ashby remembered so well.

"What a pretty young lady, Miss Eleanor,—did you mind?" said Lucy, attracted, like her mistress, by that lovely countenance, —"what a pretty young lady! And yet she looks a bit sad, somehow. They must belong about here somewhere, I should think. They have only their parasols."

"They live up yonder, probably," answered Miss Ashby; "in the house on the slope: a pretty one—is it not, Lucy?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss Eleanor. I wonder what their names are?"

This, of course, Eleanor was unable to tell. She walked on with Lucy, both thinking of the two strangers.

They had proceeded some distance from the house on the slope, when, suddenly, both perceived a little boy, further on, running along the bank of the stream. He had come almost up to them, when, going too near the edge, he lost his balance, and, with a cry, fell over into the water.

Lucy uttered a scream, and stood perfectly still, too frightened to stir hand or foot. But Eleanor, though her alarm was quite as great, did not lose her presence of mind; and running instantly forward to the spot, sprang unhesitatingly from the bank.

The boy had just sunk, and now, as he rose for the first time, gasping for breath, Eleanor caught him by the arm, attempting, at the same time, to get hold of a willow branch that drooped over the water. But she was too far from the bank to reach it; and the frightened child, clinging to her dress, and gasping still, impeded her efforts. Her clothes, too, grew heavy with the water that had completely filled them. A hot flush of fear ran through her.

"Do not touch me, little boy,—do not touch me!" she said, rapidly. "I will hold you up." And she tried to unclasp his clinging hands.

But he clung the closer, too terrified to comprehend her. She could not remove his hands, and her garments grew heavier with the water. She felt herself sinking, lower and lower, and the water was very deep here.

Lucy, meanwhile, screaming louder than before, and almost distracted with fear, ran towards the water, and then, wringing her hands, ran back again, calling in distress to the two ladies she had seen, who, attracted by her cries, were hastening up.

And Eleanor, her strength gone, her motions shackled with the weight she bore, her head whirling, and the water singing in her ears, sank, with her burden, out of sight.

It was as one groping in thick darkness, with a dull and feeble glimmer of light just struggling, a long, long way off, through the gloom. A sensation of agony unspeakable—the wrestling of life with death. The light grew clearer; it came more near. The anguish passed away; and Eleanor opened her eyes. All was dim and indistinct about her at first; she could see nothing plainly. A faint, confused murmur was audible; but she could make nothing of it.

Presently her faculties became stronger. She saw and heard with a greater degree of distinctness. She became conscious that she was lying in a bed, in a strange room; that three or four persons were gathered about her, all looking at her.

One was a gentleman dressed in black, standing just by the pillow, on the right. On the other side, were two ladies, whose faces Eleanor remembered faintly; especially the younger one, with its melancholy sweetness of expression, disturbed with an air of anxious concern now, as was also that of her elder companion. But as her eyes rested on them, with a glance of recognition, a glow of pleasure lighted up the countenance of each; and the subdued exclamation, "She is safe!" uttered in a grateful tone, reached her ear. Then she saw Lucy—her own maid, Lucy,—leaning over the foot of the bed, with an earnest expression of delight and relief beaming over her tearful countenance. Eleanor had a faint idea of what it all meant; but she was too weak to think at present. She was too weak to move or speak.

She was conscious of being slightly raised up, and of drinking something that was offered her. Presently the objects about her grew indistinct once more; the faces of her attendants faded away, and she slept.

It was morning when she woke again; and now, though she was by no means strong yet, the extreme weakness she had felt was gone. Her mind was tolerably clear and collected. She was lying in a small and elegantly appointed chamber, with abundant evidences of wealth and taste scattered on every side. Beautiful pictures adorned the pale rose-tinted walls, whose cornices were richly wrought and gilded; costly draperies of silk and lace softened the morning light, as it entered the apartment; clusters of fresh roses seemed to have been scattered over the white ground of the velvet carpet; the chairs, the dressing-table, and the couch on which she lay, were all of rare and curiously-carved wood, beautifully inlaid; bouquets of wax-like exotics breathed the softest fragrance around her, from porcelain vases near; and amid the rosy twilight falling through the room, gleamed one or two exquisite marble statues from their distant niches.

As she moved, the soft rustle of the silken counterpane seemed to warn a vigilant ear of her wakening; for a slight sound was heard beyond the foot of the couch, and directly the beautiful stranger of Miss Ashby's interest appeared at her side. And now Eleanor knew that she was in the house on the slope.

The young lady took Eleanor's hand gently in her own, bending over her with an air of kindly interest.

"How do you feel this morning?" she asked.

"Pretty well, I thank you," answered Eleanor, with a faint smile, "though not quite so strong as I could wish. But that is natural, I suppose. How long have I been lying here?"

"Nearly twenty-four hours."

"So long? It seems scarcely five minutes since I sank—"

"Then you remember?" said the young lady. "But I forget Dr. Morrison's injunctions. I must not allow you to talk yet. You must lie very still for awhile."

"Nay—answer me one question," said Miss Ashby, pleadingly. "Was that poor little boy saved? and who rescued us?"

"Now you have asked two, instead of one," answered the young lady, with a smile, and a tone of gentle chiding. "But I will not vex you with fruitless wondering. The child is safe, and my aunt's gardener rescued you. Now you have talked quite enough, and must be quiet indeed, or Doctor Morrison will scold us both."

She smoothed back Eleanor's hair under the delicate laced cap with a gentle, caressing touch, arranged the clothes about her, and then sat down by the bedside, in an easy chair, with a book.

And Eleanor, with pleased and passive obedience, lay still, quietly regarding the lovely white-robed form and sweet, serious face of her beautiful visitant, as she sat, with her graceful head resting upon her hand, her eyes fixed upon the open page in her lap, and her countenance turned partially aside, so that its fine, clear profile was charmingly defined to Miss Ashby's view.

CHAPTER XX.

AMONG FRIENDS.

"Well, now, my dear young lady," said Dr. Morrison, to his patient, "I think, if you promise to keep yourself very quiet indeed, you may go down stairs awhile. But mind—you must take care of the conditions. However, Lady Mayhew will look out for that, I dare say."

"Indeed I shall, Dr. Morrison," said Lady Mayhew, kindly. "But are you quite sure she is strong enough to go down so soon? Because I am very much afraid she is weaker than she thinks, and will be trying her strength too far."

"Indeed—indeed, dear madam," interposed Eleanor, "I am quite strong enough. Your kind nursing has almost entirely restored me. You are very good to be so anxious, so careful on my account; but pleasant as it is, I must not permit myself to trespass too long on your kindness."

"Now, my dear, not another word on that score," returned the lady, shaking her head with laughing decision, "for really I will not have it. If Dr. Morrison is perfectly certain that it wont do you the least harm in the world, I will let you out of prison; but you may count on being brought back at nine this evening. I shall not let you sit up a minute later."

"And rest assured, young lady, she will have her way," joined in the good-humored physician, laughingly nodding his head. "However, there's one thing in it—I'm tolerably confident of never losing a patient through imprudence, when Lady Mayhew's a hand in the case; for if I don't look sharp enough after them, she helps me. Well, good day, my dear,—good day. I hope to see you looking quite bright to-morrow. Good day, my dear madam. Give my respects to Miss Caroline, if you please." And he was bustling away again.

"O, but, doctor, you are going to dine with us—arn't you? and Harry will be at home, you know," said Lady Mayhew.

"He will?—that is good news. It is a thousand pities I can't stay; but really, I have a most troublesome number of patients this week. Some other day I shall be most happy to do myself the honor. Well, remember me affectionately to Edward, Lady Mayhew. He's a good boy—a good boy; wish there were more like him." And away went the doctor. The next moment, his chaise was heard, driving rapidly away from the door.

"Come, now you may get ready to go down, dear," said Lady Mayhew, kindly. "I will call your maid, and when you are quite prepared, you shall have my arm. But who is coming now?" as the sound of a horse's feet rapidly approached the house. "O, Edward, to be sure!" looking from a window. "That is really very pleasant. I had no idea he was coming till later."

At that moment, Caroline Ashburton entered hastily. She had been dressing.

"Aunt, Edward has come, I see. Had you not—are you going down? I have come to help Miss Ashby. I heard Dr. Morrison say to Grayson just now that she was to be down stairs this morning."

"Well, Caroline, if you will take my place," said Lady Mayhew, "and mind not to let Miss Ashby get too fatigued in dressing."

"I will be quite careful, aunt."

Eleanor had been finding, with some consternation, within the last ten minutes, that she was about to encounter another stranger—whom, she was uncertain. She wished she had not attempted to leave her apartment.

"You will think me very changeable-minded," she said, laughing and blushing, as she laid her hand on Lady Mayhew's arm; "but—I did not know—I thought you were to be alone this evening. Perhaps—had I not better—"

She was sensible as she spoke, of a sudden and silent pressure of the hand from Miss Ashburton, who immediately turned away to the dressing-table; while Lady Muyhew returned, directly, with a kind smile:

"O, my dear, you will not mind Edward; he is my son. I forgot to tell you that we had a message an hour or two ago that he was coming home; he sent it just in advance. And I forgot, too," she added, taking both of Eleanor's hands in her own, and kissing her cheek warmly, "or, rather, had no time to tell you while Dr. Morrison was here, that I have this afternoon discovered you to be the daughter of some dear old friends of mine—Sir James and Lady Eleanor Ashby."

"O, then you knew my parents?" said Miss Ashby, earnestly, while Miss Ashburton turned towards them with an air of thoughtful interest, and leaned on the back of Eleanor's chair,—"then you knew my parents?"

"Yes, indeed, very well," answered Lady Mayhew, "and I will tell you all about it to-morrow; but, just now, I must run down and see Edward, who, I dare say, is waiting for me in the drawing-room. You and Caroline will join us there as soon as possible. Here comes your maid, my dear." And as Lucy Elmore entered, Lady Mayhew took her departure.

"I am glad," said Miss Ashburton, gently, pressing Eleanor's hand,—"I am glad to learn this—that my aunt and your parents were friends; for it brings us nearer together—does it not?" She bent and pressed her lips to Miss Ashby's brow.

"Yes." And even as Eleanor smiled, and returned the caress, she grew grave, and her eyes filled with tears. "But does it not seem strange to you that the child of Sir James Ashby should be forced to seek for shelter in a peasant's cottage? You have, doubtless, wondered how it should be, that she whom you protected and cared for should be found, with her attendant, and not another friend far or near, in that strange place; and I have explained nothing—you have asked nothing. But you must know something of my circumstances, soon, from my own lips."

"You will not think it strange—will you," returned Miss Ashburton, "if I tell you that I believe I have partly divined their nature already? And our interest has been increased thereby in you. But come; Lucy is waiting. To-morrow, if you like, you shall tell me what you please. And though I do not wish to appear curious, I confess that I am not unwilling to learn more concerning you than I have yet known, while I am sure my aunt has taken so deep an interest in you, that she will be only too glad of your confidence, to serve you and care for you, if you are in trouble, as she would an only child."

"A thousand thanks for your sympathy—for your kindness; both are more welcome to me than I can tell you," said Eleanor, pressing her hand. "To-morrow, then, I will tell you something of my troubles. I am only too glad to find myself among friends to whom I may confide them."

She submitted herself now to the hands of Lucy, whose smiling eyes testified no less plainly than her words the pleasure she felt in seeing her mistress able to go about once more. And there was something besides to account for Lucy's smiles, as Eleanor shortly learned; for while she was dressing her, she informed her that she had seen Harry Longworth, and that she had a note for Miss Eleanor from Pequin, which she gave her during the momentary absence of Miss Ashburton from the apartment. She said Harry had come to the farm in the lane that morning, just while she happened to be over there, and that he was dressed in the disguise of a countryman, that he might not be recognized, for fear Morley Briancourt should trace him.

Eleanor broke the seal of the communication, the contents of which, though brief, were sufficiently important to give her some uneasiness. They read as follows:

"Let Eleanor beware whither she goes abroad, and how far; for there are those seeking for her whom she has once escaped from, and who are leaving no stone unturned that may discover to them her hiding place. Be wary, or the hawk will pounce upon the dove, despite the vigilance of Pequin."

A flush of pain ran from head so foot as Eleanor finished reading. She leaned her head upon her hand for a moment in troubled reflection. She was so far away from the scene of her late trials, and had imagined herself so well out of Morley Briancourt's reach, and now to be so suddenly warned of possibly impending danger, and by Pequin, too,—what was she to do?

The entrance of Miss Ashburton aroused her. She put the note away, resolving to dismiss the matter until to-morrow. Together they descended to the drawing-room. Eleanor observed that Miss Ashburton paused for a moment before entering, and seemed to be slightly agitated, for her hand trembled in that of her companion, and the color rapidly flushed and faded in her cheek. Eleanor was startled.

"You are ill," she said, with some alarm.

"No, no," answered Miss Ashburton, gently, as she hastily endeavored to recover herself,—"no, thank you, I am quite well." Then quickly pressing Eleanor's hand, she added: "I am so glad you did not insist on remaining up stairs this evening."

Why? What was it that she shrank from—that made Eleanor, the stranger-guest, a protection?

They passed in together, to meet Lady Mayhew and her son, a handsome and graceful young man, of some five or six-and-twenty years, with a clear, fine, noble countenance, of striking and impassioned beauty, a slight yet splendid figure, and a manner at once frank and modest, that cast an indescribable charm over every action and every word of his.

His eyes were directed toward the door, and rested directly on Miss Ashburton and Eleanor, as they entered. A flash of pleasure illumined his beautiful countenance. He rose and came forward, accompanied by his mother. He took both Miss Ashburton's hands in his own, calling her "dear cousin," while his glance, seeking hers, beamed with an ardent and unconcealed affection. But she scarcely raised her eyes to his face; a faint, almost forced smile wavered on her lip for a single instant, then faded; her fair hands slid from his affectionate clasp, and she glided by him, the old look of melancholy drooping sadly enough over that sweet yet now almost mournful countenance.

An expression of quick and acute disappointment settled upon his fine features, that had scarce time to be dissipated, ere, with his mother's introduction, he turned to greet Eleanor. Lady Mayhew now led Miss Ashby to her own sofa, where she ensconced her comfortably in a corner, with her fan, her smelling-bottle and her footstool, declaring she should not let her stir till dinner, lest she should fatigue herself; and enlisting Edward in her service, to amuse her to the best of his ability, for she had been very ill, and was only just recovering; to which he smilingly assented, while his mother proceeded to arrange the curtains near Eleanor, which let in the light too strongly. Miss Ashby laughingly protested against being treated as an invalid, and called upon Caroline Ashburton to take her part. But Lady Mayhew good-naturedly insisted on having her own way; and Miss Ashburton hastened to take side with her aunt, declaring that Eleanor was not entirely well yet, and must submit to be petted for awhile. She accordingly commenced devoting herself to Eleanor's amusement, keeping by her side through the entire evening, and acquitting herself of her office very much to her aunt's satisfaction.

But Eleanor detected in her manner, when neither Lady Mayhew nor her son could have done so, an undercurrent of distressed and agitated feeling that sought for concealment. A disturbance of mind such as she had witnessed when they paused at the drawing-room door on entering; and her hand, as it touched Eleanor's once, was icy cold. But she was calm and quiet outwardly, and through the gentle demeanor she usually wore, and the habitual seriousness of her sad and beautiful countenance, no disquieting emotion was visible to others except Eleanor.

Edward Mayhew's glance rested on her face more than once, with an expression of tenderness and anxiety, during the evening; but it was not to meet hers. She scarcely once looked at him; and although joining fully in the general topics of conversation, she seldom addressed herself directly to her cousin, and not one word could he find occasion to speak with her, except in the hearing of Lady Mayhew and their guest.

They broke up at an early hour, Lady Mayhew alleging that her fair guest was already fatigued, and that Edward must be weary with his ride that day.

Miss Ashburton went to the table in the hall to light her bedroom candle; while her aunt went on some errand to the housekeeper for a moment; and instantly Edward Mayhew hastened to his cousin's side, as if to assist her. But he lingered there a moment, and his hand closed gently upon hers, as, with his glance resting tenderly and reproachfully upon her face, he murmured some almost inaudible words, that seemed to chide her for her reserve. Her cheek grew slightly paler while she listened; but she answered him calmly, and took her candle from him, with a kind and quiet good night. A shadow of inexpressible sorrow stole into his clear, frank eyes. He bent and pressed to his lips, with lingering affection, the fair, small hand that he still retained; then released it silently, and let her depart. She was white as death when she turned to Eleanor again. A look of suppressed suffering, of patiently-borne anguish, was stamped upon her marble-like features.

Eleanor was awaiting her; she rose to meet her, and with a response to Edward Mayhew, who turned to bid her good night, she accompanied Miss Ashburton from the room. They were met by Lady Mayhew in the hall, who kissed them each affectionately, and hoped Eleanor would rest well. She evidently remarked the paleness of her niece, for she looked at her for a moment with a serious and disturbed countenance, and then embracing her with maternal tenderness, kissed her again, silently, and more warmly than before.

She went in without speaking again, and Miss Ashburton and Eleanor proceeded up stairs. Miss Ashburton bade her companion good night at the door of her apartment, and pressing her hand, turned hastily away; but Eleanor saw, as she did so, that her downcast eyes were heavy with tears.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CONFIDENTIAL AVOWAL.

Lady Mayhew had been for more than an hour in Eleanor's dressing-room, indulging in reminiscences of Eleanor's mother and father, whom she had known in Scotland something more than twenty years before, both before and after her own marriage; and Eleanor listened with the deepest interest, with Caroline Ashburton, who, somewhat paler this morning than usual, and even more quiet, though quite calm, sat beside her, leaning upon the dressing-table, with her head resting on her hand.

"Yes—dearly did I love your mother, Eleanor," said Lady Mayhew, with the tears glistening in her pleasant eyes; "and many a hour we spent together—Evelyn Cameron and I. We lived near each other, just away from Inverness,—she at her guardian's, for she was an orphan, poor thing; and I at my aunt's house, for I was an orphan, too. I was married first, to Sir Arthur Mayhew, an English gentleman; and two years after, your mother married Sir James Ashby; but she went away to England with him, while we stayed where we were; for my husband had decided to remain there for a year or two. Well, we corresponded occasionally, during the following year, your mother and I, and the year after that, and then the letters failed; for your mother became an invalid, and my poor husband was thrown from his horse, receiving injuries which laid him up for many and many a long month, and from which he never entirely recovered. So that, with my little Edward and the care of my husband, I had all I could do; and though it was a sad thing to think I could not go and see my poor friend Evelyn, I was forced to be content. It was only three years after her marriage, and little more than one after your birth, that I heard of her death. Poor Evelyn!"

The tears fell from the eyes of Lady Mayhew, and filled Eleanor's own. She went on directly:

"It was but a few months afterward when the announcement of the death of your father also reached me, and of the accession of his half-brother, Edward, to the title and estates, and that you were placed under your uncle's guardianship. Years passed away, and many a time I thought of Evelyn's child, and wished that I might behold her; but that was impossible, for I never could leave my husband's side. He could not bear me out of his sight a day.

"It is more than two years now since he died. As soon as my estates was settled up, which was some two months ago, I came, with Edward and Caroline (who was left to my care eight years ago, on the death of her mother, my only sister), to England, where we made our home temporarily with Dr. Morrison's family, our only friends here. They were with us, the doctor and his wife, for some weeks out of every year, during my husband's illness, for they were old acquaintances of poor Arthur; so when we found ourselves under their roof, it seemed, with their familiar faces about us, indeed a home. I determined on taking up my abode here for some months. Dr. Morrison, who formerly resided at Oakham, had removed into this neighborhood not a great while since, and I found myself in the neighborhood of Ashby Place. I requested him to find for me a small estate to purchase. This one was fixed upon, and we came hither last week.

"I began now to busy myself with speculations concerning you, and I was wondering how soon I should find an opportunity of seeing you, when fortune threw you in my very path; and unrecognized as you were at first, what was my astonishment and pleasure to find suddenly who you were!"

She drew Eleanor to her breast, and kissed her fondly. With earnest, impulsive and grateful affection, Eleanor returned the caress; while Miss Ashburton, with silent but eloquent tenderness, also embraced her companion.

"How happy I am," said Eleanor, "in having found two such friends! And in this time of need, too." And her bright face grew troubled as the memory of her late trials rushed over her with full force again. She remained silent and agitated for a few moments; then looking suddenly up, with the tears filling her eyes, she said: "You thought it a singular circumstance, did you not, that Eleanor Ashby, instead of being under her guardian's roof, should be sheltered by that of a peasant?"

"I confess, it seemed to me somewhat perplexing," was Lady Mayhew's gentle reply; "but from several things your maid told me, I gathered something of your circumstances."

"Will you, then," said Eleanor, "tell me exactly how far you are acquainted with them? for I wish to confide to you with my own lips that which remains."

Lady Mayhew hesitated. She evidently shrank from an appearance of too great familiarity with Eleanor's private affairs.

"Nay—tell me," said Eleanor, gently; "for indeed," and her eyes filled with tears, "I am in no position to permit of feelings of false delicacy. You know a part; now you must know all. Tell me, therefore, without reserve, all that you thought or discovered concerning me from the beginning."

Lady Muyhew leaned her head upon her hand for a moment. Then she said:

"When you were first brought in by Thomas, we were too greatly alarmed about you to wonder whom you could be, or where you lived. After the first fright was over, and you had revived from

the stupor in which you lay, and fell asleep, we began to make inquiries of your maid, who had been so terrified that she had thought of nothing but your danger. We learned then that you resided at a small farmhouse, some three miles distant. You may well believe we were perplexed at hearing that one of your appearance, and accompanied by a maid, could have your home in such a place. We offered to send some tidings of you to your friends; but Lucy turned quite pale, as if in alarm, and begged me not to; then adding, as if recollecting herself, 'O, I thought you meant her uncle, madam; and he must not know where she is, for all the world.'

"In answer, I suppose, to the perplexity I unconsciously evinced, she uttered some hurried words, to the effect that the place at which you were staying was not your home; that you had no relatives there,—in short, that you were among strangers, and that your relatives must be kept in iguorance of your whereabouts. She paused a moment after she had said it, and then thinking, I dare say, that some further explanation was necessary, she added that—" And Lady Mayhew pansed, evidently unwilling to continue.

"Nay—go on—go on," said Miss Ashby, sadly, while the tears —mournful and bitter tears—rained over her cheeks. "It is hard, I know, for you to say and for me to hear, if I guess rightly what it is; but we must be plain in these explanations, cost what it will."

"My poor child," uttered Lady Mayhew, bending tenderly over her, "let me pause here. You may tell me, if you will."

"No, no; go on, I pray you," said Eleanor, sorrowfully. "See —I am quite calm now."

Lady Mayhew paused, with a compassionate glance, and then continued:

"She said that you had been treated with great cruelty by your family, and had fled to escape persecution."

"It is too true—it is too true!" sobbed Eleanor, bnrying her face in Lady Mayhew's shoulder; "and O, I have been so lonely —so helpless!"

She gave way to her emotion for a few moments; while Lady Mayhew, silently weeping herself, embraced her tenderly; and Miss Ashburton, brushing away the tears that were flowing from her own eyes, kissed Eleanor's hand, that clasped hers with convulsive feeling. Presently, Eleanor calmed herself, and at her request, Lady Mayhew continued:

"Lucy had not as yet mentioned your surname, calling you only 'Miss Eleanor;' and after these statements, delicacy forbade my seeking to discover it, unless you yourself should disclose it. The night passed, and you awoke, near noon that day, free from all danger. I had left Caroline in your room, and was preparing to drive over with Dr. Morrison and his wife, to visit one of his patients in the next town, when, as I was standing in the porch, ready to step into the carriage, Lucy passed through the hall, just behind me. The housekeeper encountered her, and asked her how you were. Lucy's answer caught my attention. She answered, 'O, Miss Ashby is much better, thank you; she is awake now.'

"I stood silent. *Miss Ashby!* Who, then, was my guest? The thought of Evelyn Ashby's daughter struck me, with the utterance of your name. Was it possible that it was she who was at that moment under my very roof? It could be no other. Beckoning Lucy instantly to me, I said to her, 'Is your mistress the daughter of the late Sir James Ashby, of Ashby Place?' She answered in the affirmative; and you may judge, my dear Eleanor, the nature of my feelings. My first impulse was to rush directly up to your room, but second thoughts restrained me. You did not yet know me, and it was no time for explanation until you should be further recovered. The doctor called me, and deciding to leave the matter till my return, I stepped into the carriage, and we drove away, not returning until afternoon. But ah, how I longed to embrace you! How sweet it is now, Eleanor, to behold the daughter of my old friend sitting beside me! I discover, every moment, in your face a thousand resemblances to your mother, that failed to strike me before I discovered your identity."

"My dear—dear friend," said Miss Ashby, "I am indeed happy in recognizing in you so warm a friend of my beloved mother. I have been deprived of her. It is sweet to behold one who loved her so well."

"Then let me, in some measure, supply the place left vacant by her loss. Let me be to you a mother in your troubles and your loneliness, my Eleanor."

"O, how welcome is your kindness to me!" returned Miss Ashby. "How can I ever thank you for your warm interest in me? But let me, at least, confide to you something of my history. Your goodness claims my utmost confidence. Yet I fear that, after giving me, with so much patience, your own explanations, you will scarcely care to listen to it at present."

Lady Mayhew, however, assured her of her desire to hear it; and Eleanor, with her arm encircling the waist of Miss Ashburton, and one hand clasped in that of her aunt, proceeded to give them a slight sketch of her life, and the circumstances which had combined to place her in her present position. Lady Mayhew listened attentively, and with sympathizing interest, while she commenced the recital.

She had not proceeded far, when, up from the grounds below, they heard the voice of Edward Mayhew calling his cousin. But Miss Ashburton did not move. Eleanor paused as he called a second time, and just then she caught sight of him, down under the trees by the stream, going towards the summer-house. Turning her eyes to Miss Ashburton's face, she saw that she, too, behold him. She was sitting with her head leaning on her left hand, her arm resting on the dressing-table; and while her fixed glance dwelt on the figure of her cousin through the window, a strange and ashy paleness overspread her face. She turned slightly aside, as she felt Eleanor's eyes resting on her. Lady Mayhew's countenance betrayed trouble and perplexity.

"Let him wait—let him wait awhile," said Miss Ashburton, in a low and agitated voice. "I will go down presently. Go on, Eleanor."

Eleanor continued her recital, but now hastening with it as much as possible; for a slight trembling of the slender form beside her more than once alarmed her. She could feel the shudder, for her arm was thrown partly about her companion's waist. Yet she shrank from seeming to remark or comprehend this emotion, which Miss Ashburton evidently strove to conceal; and much as she wished to defer her story, felt that it would only betray her sense of that emotion, if she should do so.

She hastened, therefore, to the end, that she might the sooner relieve Miss Ashburton, and allow her to go to her own apartment. She made her story as brief as possible, and in a short time it was finished.

"My dear Eleanor, you have indeed been sorely persecuted," said Lady Mayhew, embracing her tenderly. "I do not need, I think, to assure you how deeply—how affectionately I sympathize with you. O, my child, how fortunate it is that, at this most dangerous time, you have been thrown in my way! Your strange protector, this dwarf, who thus befriends you, has indeed done you good service in securing a shelter from the cruelty that pursued you; but let me render what additional aid lies in my power. You say this Morley Briancourt is seeking for you?—that you have been warned of the danger that may still await you if he discovers your hiding-place? You shall remain where you are, then, in my care. I will not let you return to a situation which, however remote, may be still unsafe. I will take care that this cruel uncle of yours knows nothing concerning you, henceforth. Caroline, we will save her from them, dearest."

Miss Ashburton's head was bowed upon the table. She raised herself, and put her hand in that of Eleanor. A paler hue spread over her ashy countenance, as she said:

"Yes—yes; the ends of iniquity will be defeated. You will be saved. Call *me*, also, your friend, Eleanor Ashby, and let me, too, help you."

She kissed Eleanor's forehead with solemn tenderness, and rose from her seat. Bnt she had scarcely moved a single pace, ere her steps wavered, and she caught by the table. Turning her eyes, with a dying glance, towards Lady Mayhew, she murmured faintly, "Aunt!" Both Lady Mayhew and Eleanor were springing to her side; it was only in time to receive her lifeless form, as she fell fainting into their arms.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STRANGE VISITANT.

The sudden swoon into which Caroline Ashburton had fallen, considerably alarmed Lady Mayhew.

"She is so unused to such things," she said, to Eleanor, "though never very strong."

The usual restoratives were quickly applied, and in a short time Miss Ashburton revived. Directly as she recovered herself, she requested to be led to her own apartment, and there, saying that she wished to be entirely alone, dismissed every one, and locked her door. Lady Mayhew returned to Eleanor, with a serious face.

"I never knew Caroline to faint, except once, before," she said, "and that was when she was visiting the Morrisons, at Oakham, seven or eight years ago. The doctor and his wife returned at evening, from a brief journey they had made that day, to find her lying insensible upon the drawing-room floor, where it seemed she must have fallen immediately on entering from the garden, for her hat and shawl had not been removed. The domestics said she had been out walking. But that is the only time, I think, until now, that she has ever fainted since she has been with me—eleven years, now."

"Eleven years?—she became an orphan, then, at the age of thirteen?" observed Eleanor, inquiringly.

"Exactly—thirteen, poor child!" answered Lady Mayhew; "and she is four-and-twenty now."

"You must have learned, in all this time, to love her as you would your own child."

"Indeed, I have; you are right, my dear Eleanor. Never could a daughter be more dear to me than Caroline. She is not less noble and amiable than she is beautiful; and one scarcely knows which to love the most—the loveliness of her mind, or the grace of that winning countenance to which it imparts so indescribable a charm. O, Eleanor, would indeed that she might be my daughter!" Lady Mayhew sighed deeply.

"You wish it, then?" said Eleanor.

"Ah, wish it?—yes! And Edward—I may tell yon, Eleanor; Edward loves his cousin—loves her hopelessly; for she denies him encouragement. The slightest word or look of his, betraying to her the feelings that he is too unhappy to repress, seems to give her pain. She turns from the affection he offers her, yet it is with a sorrow—a melancholy that I cannot comprehend. As a child, she was ever cheerful and happy hearted, and was so for a long time after she first became an inmate of my household. For some years past, however, her manner has been marked by a gentle seriousness, an appearance of subdued quiet, that has caused me some concern, since it seems unnatural in one so young. I have endeavored in vain to dissipate it, for at times—indeed, it often assumes the character of actnal depression. Since the discovery of my son's attachment, this depression has increased a thousandfold. The knowledge of this affection, as it gradually opened to her, seemed to strike her with unhappiness. I remember the first time she heard of it from his lips. She came to me, whiter than those flowers you hold, and with a look that was agony itself, she threw herself at my feet and buried her face in my lap, refnsing all my attempts to raise her. That night, I heard her pacing her room from hour to hour. She never closed her eyes to rest. Watching and in sorrow, the dawn found her there. Since that time she has worn an air of melancholy that seldom leaves her; that has the most sorrowful signification for Edward; for it tells him that his attachment is a hopeless one."

Eleanor listened; seriously—attentively—with feelings of the deepest sympathy and compassion.

"Why is it, I wonder," she said, half musingly, during the silence that followed Lady Mayhew's words, "why is it that she manifests such excessive emotion, at the discovery of an affection which, if she cannot reciprocate, must naturally move her less than this seems to have done?"

"It is beyond my power of comprehension," uttered Lady Mayhew, slightly shaking her head, "except she does, indeed, return his affection—as your words would seem to suggest, and as I myself, I confess, have this moment began to think possible. But is it possible? Can she return his affection, and yet refuse to reward it? There is, as she is aware, not the slightest obstacle to their union. She is assured of the happiness it would afford me to welcome her as my son's wife and my daughter. How, then, if she loves, can she refuse him?"

Eleanor was silent. She had said to herself, the night before: "Caroline loves her cousin." Now, she hardly knew what to think; and yet that first impression would return. They went down stairs together, and in the hall encountered Edward, who, after a moment's conversation, asked his mother where Caroline was.

Lady Mayhew informed him that she was not quite well, and would not be visible for some hours, she believed. He lingered a moment, looked somewhat disappointed, and then went out again. Lady Mayhew sighed, and accompanied Eleanor to the library.

"My dear," said she, as they entered there, "living, as you have done, I find, so near to a certain place called Briarfield—"

"Briarfield?" echoed Eleanor, involuntarily, with a slight blush: then she hastily added: "I really beg your pardon—pray proceed."

Lady Mayhew smiled.

"I was only about to say, my dear, that you must be acquainted, I think, with a family of the name of Latimer—some people whom I admire very much, and to whom I was introduced, through Dr. Morrison, last week. They reside at Briarfield, some fifteen miles from here."

It happened that Eleanor had, for some reason, refrained from the mention of Hugh and Mary, during her recital to Lady Mayhew. Now, she repaired the omission by acknowledging the friendship existing between them. Lady Mayhew was much pleased.

"I like the family exceedingly," she said. "Miss Latimer is certainly a lovely girl. Her aunt I find one of the most attractive women of my acquaintance, and Mr. Latimer, the brother, is such an one as I would recommend to the warmest regards of my son, as a friend and companion. And, by-the-way, my dear Eleanor," she added, "they are coming over this week, so you will, if you choose, have an opportunity of seeing them."

Coming over! The suggestion of this unlooked-for happiness filled Eleanor with delight for a moment. Then, as the thought of Hugh presented itself apart from that of his sister and aunt, a blush of embarrassment, timidity—of almost pain, and yet something strangely sweeter than pain—mantled in her pretty cheek. She shrank from meeting Hugh Latimer now.

Lady Mayhew regarded Eleanor, unobserved, with a curious glance, for a few seconds. Then an almost imperceptible smile dimpled her handsome mouth.

"My dear," she said, presently, "do you think they are aware of your being here!"

"Indeed, dear madam, I can hardly tell what to think," answered Eleanor. "It may be that my dwarf friend Pequin has told them—or perhaps Harry Longworth; but otherwise I do not see how they would gain information."

"If they do not know, their surprise will be all the pleasanter."

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of Edward Mayhew, and it soon flowed into other channels; but it was indifferently supported. Edward, though courteous and agreeable, as was his wont, yet found his thoughts often wandering away to his cousin. Eleanor, on her part, was thinking both of the recital which Lady Mahew had given her this morning—one which interested though it did not surprise her, since she had already guessed the attachment of Edward for Caroline; and of those at Briarfield; thinking, for the fiftieth time, what must be their surprise on learning the fact of her sudden flight from Ashby, and whether the cause had become known to them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANCIENT RUINS IN CALIFORNIA.

Elisha Hughes, a resident of Santa Clara, California, writing to the Scientific American, under the date of May, 1856, says: "He recently had an opportunity of examining some ancient ruins, lately discovered, about six miles east of Santa Cruze. They were nearly buried up in a sand-hill. He also found twenty-three chimneys, with their tops peering above ground. These chimneys are round, and vary in diameter from four to twelve inches. They are made of sandstone, and were filled up with loose red sand. The stones of which they are built are cut circular, and cemented together; stamping on the hill, it emitted a hollow sound, indicating vaulted chambers below. A tunnel is now being run in under the hill; at first it was attempted to sink a deep shaft, but the sand came in too fast upon the miners. Who built these structures no one can imagine. They appear to be thousands of years old. A large yellow pine tree was growing on the top of the hill. The number of years required for the sand to cover up these honses and form the hill, before the seed of this large tree germinated, could not be less than two thousand years.—*Boston Ledger.*



BETCHUANA WAGON LEADER.

SKETCHES IN AFRICA.

We present on this page a series of spirited sketches, depicting types of the people of the southern part of Africa. All that relates to this great continent is interesting. A cloud of mystery has brooded over Africa from remote ages. Its whole interior is a region almost unexplored by the white man. Civilization has dwelt upon its borders and obtained a certain foothold here and there, but the greater portion of the continent is given up to barbarism and darkness. In the close vicinity of the settlements wild beasts yet roam in alarming numbers. The lion makes his prey of the dark child of the forest; huge serpents trail their noisome length among the underbrush. Over vast tracts of land herds of elephants roam at will. Strange birds and strange animals people the solitudes. But a little way has the veil been lifted which hides the interior of this great continent. Our sketches, however, deal with a portion that is pretty well known—the Cape of Good Hope. Bartholomew Diaz discovered the extremest southerly point of Africa in 1493, but was unable to effect a landing on account of the fury of the sea—hence he gave it the name of *Cabo dos Tormentos*—the Cape of Storms. John II. of Portugal changed the title to *Cabo de Bona Esperanza*—Cape of Good Hope. It was first doubled by Vasco de Gama, a Portuguese navigator. The Portuguese, however, never effected a permanent settlement here. It remained for the Dutch, whose long voyages rendered it necessary for them to establish a convenient watering place for their ships, to colonize the cape. This they did in about the middle of the 17th century. They gave the cape settlement almost its present limits, by reducing the Hottentots to slavery or driving them beyond the mountains. The natives of Southern Africa may be divided into two distinct families, the Hottentots, and the Betchuanas, Bentchuanas or Bushwanas, to whom the Caffres are related. A specimen, perhaps not a very pleasing one—of the Bentchuana family, forms the subject of our first picture, the "Bentchuana wagon leader." But if nature has not been very kind to these people in the matter of physiognomy, she has made amends by giving them good figures. The Bentchuanas are not so tall as the Kaffirs, but their forms are more elegant. Their skin is of a brown tint, between the shining black of the negro and the yellow color of the Hottentots. They surpass the Kaffirs in civilization and the arts of life. Though under the government of separate chiefs, who are often at war with each other, these tribes are united by language, manners and customs. They are inquisitive and intelligent, have no settled occupation, yet are always active. They live principally on the curds of milk and the produce of the chase, exhibiting both adroitness and daring in the pursuit of game. They rarely kill cattle, and exhibit a most singular repugnance to fish. Their dress is made of the skins of wild animals captured in the chase. They are fond of ornaments, and men as well as women wear rings and bracelets of ivory and brass. Some of their towns are large. In 1821, Campbell estimated the population of Kurechance at 16,000. The houses are neat and airy, and generally built of a circular form. They manufacture their own weapons, possessing great skill in tempering iron. Their offensive and defensive arms consist of a *hassagay* (javelin), which they throw with great precision, and use in lion hunting a shield and a club. Polygamy is practised among them, and the wife is the slave and the drudge of the husband. The delicate attentions which, in civilized communities the ruder sex pay to the fairer, are utterly unknown among them. When a young man, who meditates matrimony, has collected a dozen oxen, he exchanges his cattle for his first wife, and immediately sets her to work to build a house. She fells the trees, shapes the timber and constructs their abode. This being accomplished, she is set to work to build a stable. Marriage with her is the commencement of a very busy life, for she has now to perform the in-door and out-door work—to attend to the cattle and to cultivate the fields. Domestic duties and agricultural pursuits are too ignoble employments for the aristocratic male. War and hunting only are worthy to occupy his time. As soon as he can afford it, the Bentchuana buys a second wife, who, in like manner, must build a house and stable, and cultivate a garden.



AMAKOSA FINGOE MAN.



CAPE WAGONER TAKING SNUFF.

Honesty, loyalty and courage are the virtues they chiefly venerate. They have an idea of a soul, and believe in an invisible Lord of nature, the sovereign Dispenser of good and evil, whom they call *Mourimo*. They divide the year into thirteen lunar months, and distinguish the planets from the fixed stars. Christianity has been introduced among them by missionaries, and with it some degree of civilization. To the Hottentot family belong the Bojesmans, or Bushmen, the Koranas and the Namaquas. The first European colonists on the cape found them filthy and indolent, and treated them as if they were beasts, but the Moravian missionaries developed in them capabilities for some degree of civilization. They were found not to be radically deficient in ingenuity and industry. They are of medium height, very thin, with high cheek bones, thick lips, small, half closed eyes, woolly hair and a wild expression. They dress in sheepskins. Their villages are called *kraals*, and are a circular cluster of beehive shaped huts woven by women. The Kaffirs or Caffres are a handsome and vigorous race, naturally peaceable, but capable of fighting savagely, as their recent wars with the English, who have permanently occupied the Cape of Good Hope since 1806, amply testify. The Bentchuana wagon leader, alluded to before, and sketched from the life, is of a tribe, the remnant of what was once a very powerful and warlike nation, similar to the Fingoes bordering upon Natal; but, consequent upon internal wars and intrigues of neighboring clans, were almost decimated; the few that remain have chiefly taken up their abode in the colony. The men, as well as the women, are employed as wagon leaders (foreloopers), herds, and other menial occupations. Their inanity of character, simplicity of manners, and inoffensive career, place them in the scale of commiseration amongst the colonists. They proved themselves faithful and valiant soldiers during the last war, and worthy of the trust imposed upon them. Their clothing, like that of the Fingoes, consists of a sheepskin *kaross*, and a red woolen nightcap, procured from a trader for a few horns or a hide. Their only offensive weapon is a *knob kerrie*, or stick with a round knob at one end, which they can hurl with great precision, and bring a rider to the ground whilst galloping away. Another engraving on this page is a full length of another African wagon leader, in a half European costume. He is refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff, but instead of applying it to his nostrils, fills his mouth with it. The African love of finery is displayed in the inordinate quantity of plumage with which he has decorated his hat. We could not find room in our engraving for all of his whipstock, which is of cane pole and is of prodigious length—and no wonder, for a glance at a heavily loaded "Cape wagon," with its interminable train of oxen winding their way across a vast plain at the base of the mountains, shows the necessity of a long lash to keep the animals in order. A Fingoe woman with her dress of sheepskin, and an Amakosa Fingoe man, with necklace and ear-ring, complete this series of illustrations. The Amakosa Fingoe man belongs to a tribe rescued by the British troops from the bondage of the Kaffirs, in the war of 1834—35. They have ever since enjoyed perfect tranquillity and freedom, in districts allotted to them within the pale of British dominion. The history and condition of this people excited very great interest. It appears that "Fingoe" is not their natural appellation, but a reproachful epithet, denoting extreme poverty and misery—a person having no claim to justice, mercy, or even life. They are the remnants of eight powerful nations, which have been destroyed or driven out of their country by the destructive wars carried on amongst the natives of the interior. These nations being broken up and dispersed in the surrounding country, many of the people who escaped fled from time to time to the westward, and thus came into collision with the Amakosa Kaffirs, but principally with the tribes of Hintz. Here they were received by that chief as entirely dependent on his mercy and generosity, and were suffered to exist on the tenure of the most abject slavery. This state of bondage at last became intolerable, and its victims embraced the opportunity afforded by the British invasion of Kaffir-land to throw off the yoke and seek protection from the English. This persecuted tribe have demonstrated their gratitude for the protection which was granted to them, in every possible manner. Crime is scarcely ever heard of among them; the men make excellent herdsmen, and the women good house servants and nurses; they are alike active, willing and faithful. Their costume is similar to the Kaffirs.



FINGOE WOMAN.



KAFFIR WOMAN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MAKER AND MASTER OF LIFE.

BY CALE DUNN.

In the season of sorrow
There came unto me,
As gentle a being
As ever may be;
And this was the song that she caroled for me:
"When trouble hath driven all joy from thy breast,
Look to heaven, and pray for its hallowed rest."

In the season of gladness
There came unto me,
As loving a being
As ever may be;
And this was the song that she warbled for me:
"When gladness reigns queen o'er thy peace-favored breast,
Remember that He alone makes thee so blest."

In the season of sickness
There came unto me,
As smiling a being
As ever may be;
And this was the song that she warbled for me:
"When sickness afflicts with its agonies rife,
Remember that He is the Master of life.

In every season
There comes unto me,
As holy a being
As ever may be;
And ever thus—ever thus sings she to me:
"Remember thy God in every strife,
For he is the Maker and Master of life."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE COQUETTE:

—OR,—

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

BY HENRY HACKETT.

In one of the rural towns in the State of Maine, there resided a man by the name of Simon Middlebury. Mr. Middlebury had been married over thirty years, and had been blessed with twelve children. He had given them what education the advantages of the place afforded, which were few compared with those of the present day. The young hopefuls made commendable improvement under their limited means, with the exception of his son Walter, who could not, or would not, keep up with the rest of the children in their studies. Scolding and whipping did no good. Walter contrived, term after term, to be the same dull, stupid scholar. If he could play truant, or spend the day in roaming through the woods or about the ponds, with his fishing-rod or gun, he was in his element. In this way Walter grew up till he was fifteen years of age. The boys would call him lazy bug, beetle bug, weezle bug, and numerous other kinds of bugs, till sometimes poor Walter did not know whether he was Walter Middlebury or somebody else.

Among the girls at school he was the object of all their merry games and jokes, and not unfrequently he would march proudly home by the side of some roguish girl, to the great amusement of her companions behind. Of the number who thus amused themselves at his expense, was Lizzie Weston, a black-eyed, rosy-checked girl of sixteen. Now, Lizzie was a kind, generous, good-hearted girl, but did many things which her better feelings told her she ought not to do. But she was the light and life of her gay companions, and while with them she was queen over all.

On one of the occasions referred to, Lizzie was the last one whom Walter escorted home. As they were walking leisurely along, Lizzie became quite sedate, and commenced talking with Walter in a very sober and meditative way, all of which he listened to with the greatest attention. At length she said:

"Why do you think that all the girls are so attentive to you, Walter?"

"Because, I suppose, they like me," said Walter, laughing.

"No, that cannot be the reason," said Lizzie, "for if they liked you they would not make such sport of you, truly."

"Sport! Lizzie; who do you mean that makes sport of me?"

"Why, all of them."

"All; perhaps you may be mistaken," replied Walter, quite earnestly.

"Who do you except, Walter—Carry Lee?"

Though Lizzie meant nothing in earnest in this remark, she noticed by the sudden color which rose upon the face of Walter, that she had touched upon a matter that he had supposed was entirely unknown to any one save himself and Carry, and he said:

"Carry Lee?"

"Is it not so, Walter?"

"Is what not so?"

And Walter avoided the inquisitive look of his fair inquisitor.

"Have not some of the girls who have so foolishly frolicked with you in our rambles, made you believe that they loved you? Has not Carry Lee told you that she loved you, and made you believe she was sincere in what she said?"

Walter had never dreamed there was such a thing in the human heart as deception, and never really knew what it was to be imposed upon. From his childhood he had scarcely for a day been from home, and in *that* little home-world everything was so real and matter-of-fact, that he received what little knowledge of human nature he possessed. He was at a loss, it is true, to understand why all the girls seemed so fond of him, but he was content that it was so.

Walter hung down his head, kicking the dirt with the toe of his shoe, without saying a word. Lizzie again repeated her query.

"Come, Walter, tell me truly. Am I not right?"

"Yes," said he, timidly.

Though Lizzie was suspicious that this was the case, she could not seriously suppose that any of the girls would carry the joke so far.

"I thought so," she at length replied, evidently surprised that her supposition was correct. "Now, Walter, tell me all about it, and I will not play naughty with you any more."

Lizzie had always been the foremost to plague and tease him, and he thought if he could win her over on his side, he should be accomplishing a great feat. An opportunity was now presented, and he embraced it. After some hesitation, he said:

"I promised not to tell."

"I suppose so," said Lizzie; "but to be frank with you, Walter, I'm afraid Carry is trying to make a fool of you, or in other words, that she is imposing upon you. What did she say?"

"She told me that she loved me dearly, and asked me if I wouldn't love her."

"Ah! when did she say this to you, Walter?"

"O, a month ago, or more."

"And has she told you since that she loved you?"

"Yes—lots of times."

"Did you believe her?"

"Yes."

"And do you love her?"

"Yes—very much."

"Now, Walter, suppose what she has told you is not true—that she has been hoaxing you all this while; should you love her then?"

"Love her? No! but you do not really think such a thing of her, do you?" said Walter, looking up very anxiously into Lizzie's face.

"I don't know, Walter; stranger things than that have happened, you know; and young girls as well as older people are up to their tricks sometimes."

"I know that, Lizzie; but Carry has told me so many times how much she loved me, that I cannot believe she does not really mean it. But I wish I knew, now that *you* douht it."

"Well, Walter, I think I can put you in a way to test her sincerity. Are you willing to do as I advise you?"

"Yes, anything to convince me."

"Well, then," said Lizzie, "you know that at the great picnic which is coming off next month, all the young folks in the village intend going. Now, to-morrow, you ask Carry, privately, if she will be your companion on that occasion, and let me know what she says."

This was what Walter had been wishing to do ever since he heard there was to be a picnic. The party would have to ride several miles to the festive grounds, and to have Carry for a companion on such an occasion, was what he greatly desired. And that he might be in season, he very readily told Lizzie that he would do as she requested. If she accepted the invitation, he thought it would settle the matter at once in his favor.

The next day, as usual, Walter took his walk home from school with the young ladies. As Carry was entering the garden-gate to her home, Walter, as though wishing to pluck a rose from a bush in the garden, entered at the same time that Carry did. While he was looking about for one that was full-blown, Carry came up, and handed him a bud just opening into life, saying, at the same time:

"Here, Walter, is a bud that will soon be a full and beautiful rose—take it; it is illustrative of my love for you."

Walter received the gift, and, looking Carry earnestly in the face, said:

"You *do* love me, then?"

Carry noticed the earnestness and sincerity with which the question was asked, and she manifested some hesitancy in giving a decided answer; but she replied:

"Why, yes, *to be sure I do*: is it not a beautiful bud?"

"Yes, very beautiful," observed Walter; "but its promise of becoming still more beautiful and lovely is much greater, I think, than your love for me."

"Why so, Walter?" said Carry, not seeming to comprehend his meaning.

"Because, when I ask you if you really and truly love me, you reply, '*Yes, to be sure I do!*' The rosebud *will* blossom—therefore the illustration is not a good one. I did not expect such an answer, Carry, after what you have so often told me."

And the tears stood in Walter's eyes.

"O, now don't be so foolish, Walter; you know that I love you."

And she took the bud and tastefully arranged it in the buttonhole of his vest, telling him to wear it for her sake. Walter was almost persuaded to believe from this little incident that the suspicions which he a moment before entertained, were groundless. He therefore resumed his wonted cheerfulness, saying:

"I came to ask if you will accompany me to the great picnic next month?"

"O, yes, that will be delightful! Such a nice long ride and along such beautiful scenery. Now, I'm sure, Walter, you can doubt me no longer; and to give you a still stronger proof of my sincerity, I will invite you to call at our house to-morrow evening, when we will arrange the preliminaries of the excursion."

At that moment Carry found some convenient excuse for not being able to tarry longer. She hastily wished Walter good-by, and hopped away, singing merrily as she went. Walter left with a light heart; and as he wended his way homeward, he was truly happy in the thought that the one he really loved gave her love in return. On his way he met Lizzie, who had watched from her window his coming.

"Well, Walter, what did Carry say?"

"She said she would go," replied Walter.

"I suppose you talked of some other matters, Walter. You are sure now that Carry loves you?"

"Yes."

And in the fullness of his heart he revealed to her all his conversation with Carry, not even omitting the expression of "O, yes, to be sure I do."

"I hope, Walter, you will find her as true as she promises to be; but I fear otherwise. I shall await anxiously until your visit to-morrow evening. It is not curiosity alone that prompts me to be so much interested in this affair, but a real desire for your own welfare, Walter."

"Why, Walter, what in the world are you fixing up in your Sunday clothes for, I should like to know?" asked his mother, as he was preparing for his visit to Carry Lee's.

"Why, can't a fellow put on his own trousers when he wants to, I want to know?" responded Walter, very smartly.

"No, Walter, them trousers I made on purpose for you to go to meetin' in; and if you should tear or spile them, what will you do?"

"I don't know, mother; but I must wear them to-night, spoil or no spoil—tear or no tear!"

"Why, Walter, my son, what is the matter with you? Where are you going?"

But Walter was too busy in adjusting his toilet to pay much heed to what his mother said; and he continued whistling to himself in a very happy way. In a few moments his little brother Ben, six years old, came running in, and seeing Walter dressed up in his best clothes, ran up to him and said:

"I know where you are going, Wall."

Walter considered small boys at that moment of but little consequence, and therefore did not deign to notice his brother.

"Where is he going, Benny?" asked his mother.

"He's going to see Carry Lee—I know he is, for I seed him talking at her yesterday down in her garden; and I sawed her give him a beautifuller rose, and stick it in his waistcoat."

Having delivered this speech, little Benny sat down on a cricket beside his mother, watching Walter very earnestly. His mother thought there must be some truth in what Ben said, and she walked up to Walter, and taking him by the arm, said, with a serious look:

"Walter!"

"Ma'am."

"Walter, my son."

"Well, mother."

"Is it true, what Benny has said?"

"Even so, mother."

"Why, my child, what has put such a thing into your crazy head. Depend upon it, that girl is making a fool of you."

But Walter would not listen a moment to what his mother was saying; and after having "fixed" himself in what he considered proper trim, started off on his evening's business. As he walked along he thought of the happiness that was in store for him, and he could not help thinking to himself that his love for Carry was fully reciprocated. Punctual at the time he arrived at Carry's house, and was received in the usual free and social manner by the family of Mr. Lee. They had always considered him as a very quiet boy, and rather inferior in mind to the other boys in the neighborhood, and therefore gave him greater liberties than they otherwise would. And as Carry had said nothing of the reason of his present call, they looked upon it as one of his usual visits, and laughed and joked with him as ever. An hour or two passed in this way without anything being said in relation to the picnic. In fact, Carry gave him no chance to broach the subject unless in the presence of the whole company, and this he did not wish to do. At length he rose to depart, and as he was accompanied to the door by Carry and her sisters, he requested Carry to walk down to the garden gate with him, which she laughingly consented to do. They were walking slowly along when Walter said:

"Have you arranged all for the ride? Cannot we take your little sister Lucy with us in the chaise—she will be so delighted with the ride? I should very much like to have her go."

"The ride! why, Walter, you don't think of going to the great picnic, do you?"

"Think of going! Why, what do you mean, Carry? Did you not promise me yesterday that you would go with me?"

"Yes, Walter, I told you so, I believe, but I supposed you considered it all a joke."

"A joke, Carry; I cannot believe that you have been deceiving me; yet what am I to suppose when you told me as a suspicion crossed my mind that you were not sincere in your professions of love for me, that as a proof it was not so, you were delighted at the idea of accompanying me on the excursion?"

"Really, now," said Carry, stepping back, and assuming a very dignified and haughty manner, "I perceive you are getting quite serious about the matter. Why, I never for a moment thought of going with you!"

The thought of what Lizzie had told him, and the casual remark of his mother, flushed at once upon Walter's mind, and he was not therefore entirely unprepared for the conduct of Carry; and he instantly replied to her:

"And have all the professions of love that you have heretofore made for me, been nothing but a mere whim of yours? O, Carry, say that you love me."

And he advanced toward her, extending his hand; but she withdrew farther from him.

"Love you! If you have been silly enough to believe so, you

are a greater dunce than I ever took you to be. It may be that among the thousand things I have said to you in my thoughtless moments, I have told you so; but to really love *you*—a poor, dull dunce of a boy, would be the most ridiculous thing in the world! No, Mr. Walter, you must look elsewhere for your lady-love."

And she turned to go into the house, when Walter said:

"Miss Lee, I acknowledge that I have been silly enough to believe the words you spoke to me, were true—that you did love me; but it seems that I was deceived. I have also been dunce enough to love. I own, too, that because of this, I have suffered myself many times to be laughed at and jeered at in as severe a manner as you have now done; and I have as often resented those insults, because I believed you incapable of playing the hypocrite. But I regret it not; it is better that I should learn your true character now. You have artfully played the game—it remains to be seen who comes off winner. I am poor—I know it as well as you; and dull, and if you please, a dunce; but I am young, and you have taught me a lesson that I shall hope to profit by. At least, it has been a useful one, though severe. I envy not a heart like yours. I leave you, but not in anger: your baseness has overpowered that, and pity has taken its place."

Carry, whose back was turned upon Walter when he commenced addressing her, listened with no little surprise to the manner and style of language in which he addressed her. It was very different from that which she had been accustomed to hear from him; and she remained fixed to the spot, unchanged in attitude, and in such deep reverie that she was not aware, until looking up, that she was alone.

Walter, while on his way homeward, weighed well in his mind the events of the evening and the cause that led to them. He had heard from Carry words that mortified him, and yet he was disposed to acknowledge their truth; but while he did this, his resolution became more fixed that he would overcome them. His ambition was aroused. Carry Lee should see the day that the love of stupid Walter should not be scorned.

Hitherto the intellectual faculties of Walter had lain, as it were, dormant. It had been sufficient for him to play with the eddies and catch the froth on the stream of life; but there was an undercurrent; it needed the shock which his sensibilities had received to arouse into action the latent energies of which he was the unconscious possessor. An entire revolution in his manners was immediately commenced. The change was readily perceived by every one, and by none more wondered at than by the teacher of the district school. It was sometime before the girls could account for his refusing to accompany them as usual from school. Lizzie, however, had been made acquainted by Walter with the cause—but she kept the secret to herself. But the mystery was soon solved, and by Carry, too, in this wise.

Walter, on account of illness, had been excused from remaining in school till the close of the afternoon session. On his way home he sat down by the roadside to rest. He was overtaken by the young ladies, who commenced questioning him in regard to his recent change of conduct. Going up to him as he was walking slowly along, one of them said:

"Come, Mr. Walter, we insist upon it that you tell us why you have so neglected us of late. We all of us feel quite offended with you."

"I am very sorry," replied Walter, "if I have given you occasion for being offended with me. I am unconscious of having wronged you in any respect. I beg that you will tell me in what way I have given you offence."

"In not favoring us with your company home—we feel very much slighted."

Walter well comprehended the meaning of this remark, and noticed the ironical expression of the speaker, and he said:

"I should not think you would consider it much of a favor, or imagine yourselves in the least slighted by not being seen in company with a poor, dull dunce of a boy!"

This reply somewhat surprised them, but they were continuing their inquiries, when it was observed that Carry had left the company and was hurrying forward as fast as she could. The girls soon came up with her. They perceived at once that something unusual was the matter with her, so they demanded an explanation. Carry, rather than have it known that any secrecy existed between her and Walter, as the girls noticed there evidently was, revealed the whole matter to them. Although the estimation in which they had held Walter, and the manner in which they had treated him, was anything but flattering to him, they looked upon the conduct of Carry as most despicable, and she had the satisfaction of seeing that her acts of deception were justly appreciated by her companions, besides the mortification of knowing that the matter would be universally known, and she as universally laughed at and despised. Walter, ever afterward, was treated with respect and attention.

At the close of the term, Walter was taken from school, his father requiring his services on the farm, the elder boys having been apprenticed to trades. But the taste for knowledge which Walter had acquired, was none the less abated after his leaving school. He devoted what leisure time he had to study. His father, who had for some years been apprehensive that his son was wanting in mental capacities, perceived with delight the great change that had recently taken place, and he gave him all the time he possibly could, to prosecute his studies.

Five years had passed, and still Walter was found assisting his father. He had in this time fully redeemed the resolution he made when Carry Lee called him a dull dunce of a boy. By his own energies and industry he had made himself perfect master of all the branches of a common school education, and had made himself familiar with many of the languages. No opportunity, thus far, had presented itself for him to study navigation, a knowledge of which he very much desired to gain. He therefore addressed a letter to an uncle in Boston, asking his assistance in this branch of his studies. His uncle, who was extensively engaged in mercantile affairs, was pleased to learn that his nephew had been thus interested in acquiring an education, and lost no time in communicating with his brother, and urging him to encourage Walter; and as he had a "hard row to hoe," as he expressed himself to his brother, he offered to pay the tuition fee and other expenses of his son, if he could be spared to attend school for a while in the city.

In due course of time Walter arrived at his uncle's in Boston, and immediately entered upon his studies at school. His uncle found him to be possessed of superior abilities, and he soon became fond of his young protege. He was, perhaps, at first a little rustic, withal, but this became gradually dispelled, and he shone among the most brilliant scholars in his class. His uncle spared no expense in giving him an education, and he had the satisfaction of seeing that his exertions were well repaid. Though he was not educated within the walls of a college, his indomitable perseverance which he had thus far exercised, and the increased facilities now placed at his command for pursuing his studies, placed him at the age of twenty-five in a position in the literary world where few of his years could excel him; and as he reviewed the past ten years of his life, he could not but wonder how in that time his position in life was changed. From the "dull dunce of a boy," he was conscious of having attained a respectable and honorable place in society; and the resolution he made on the memorable night that he invited Carry Lee to accompany him to the picnic, he felt as though he had faithfully fulfilled.

Mr. Middlebury, having watched with satisfaction the progress of his nephew thus far, felt an earnest desire for his future happiness and success in life. His business was pressing upon him, and his close confinement thereupon had impaired his health, and he saw the necessity of finding relief from the tedium of his business. His confidence in the integrity and ability of Walter was ample, and he therefore proposed to him that he would enter the store in the capacity of a clerk. This proposition was not at first seen in a favorable light. He had a higher ambition for a literary education than was here presented; but when he thought what his uncle had done for him, and saw that he could never have become what he was without his kindly assistance, and as he witnessed his declining health on account of his incessant application to business, he could not refuse his dear uncle's request; and he cheerfully assented to it, and immediately entered upon the duties of his new office.

The proficiency that Walter made in business affairs soon relieved his uncle of much anxiety and labor, and he found that he could devote considerable time to travelling and other means for the improvement of his health.

Walter remained in his uncle's store two years; and in this time he had learned much in mercantile matters which was useful to him. Mr. Middlebury was quite an extensive owner in merchant and freighting vessels, and had invested large amounts in goods for exportation and importation. This business had for the last year been for the most part entrusted to Walter.

In the spring of 1847, two years after Walter had been in the employ of his uncle, Mr. Middlebury had just finished building the splendid ship Edward. The first voyage she was to make was to Peru. Her cargo was to consist of dry goods, provisions, and such other articles as were considered the most saleable, and was to receive in return such products of the place as might be thought the most valuable for the home trade. Mr. Middlebury had given unusual attention and care to the selection of his goods to be sent out in the Edward. He had two reasons for this. He was desirous that the first cargo should compare favorably with the beauty and splendor of his new ship; and he also wished that the one who was to superintend its sale should take a pride in offering such a cargo to purchasers; and for the superintendence of this important trust, he had selected in his own mind his nephew. As the time drew near for the sailing of the ship, he made known to Walter his intentions. Though it was an office which he much desired, Walter feared to assume the responsibility, and wished to be excused; but being strongly urged and encouraged by his uncle, he consented.

On the 15th of September, 1847, everything was in readiness. Walter had received the necessary instructions. The Edward was got under way, and with a fair breeze and amid the loud and hearty cheers of a multitude of spectators, she left the port of Boston, to risk the perils and dangers of the first voyage of ocean-life. She proved to be a ship of superior strength and speed; and after a voyage of a little more than three months she arrived with her crew and cargo safely at the port of Callao.

Walter's knowledge of the Spanish language enabled him at once to introduce himself to the traders of the place, and it was but the work of a few days before he had disposed of the cargo entrusted to him to good advantage, and had engaged for a return cargo the fine wool of the *vicunna* (a sheep of the Andes), wines, sugar, bark, etc.

In the course of a few weeks the Edward was ready for the homeward voyage. While tarrying at Callao, Walter made the acquaintance of several officers of the merchant vessels who were trading at the ports on the Pacific. He was anxious to view the different places of interest on the coast, and if he could so arrange his business, he concluded to avail himself of one of the many invitations to visit those places after the clearance of the Edward. He made known his wishes to the captain, who favored his plans. Walter accordingly sent duplicates of his bills of sale and invoices to his uncle, in care of the captain, and also letters apprising him of his voyage up the Pacific, and promising a speedy return. After getting everything in readiness, the Edward weighed anchor and set sail with a fine westerly breeze for the port of Boston.

After the sailing of the Edward, Walter lost no time in making preparations for his voyage. By the politeness of the captain, he took passage in the brig Atilla, from Maine, which was to make a voyage to California before she returned home. This was a place Walter had long wished to visit; not that it contained any matter of peculiar interest, for, on the contrary, the place was, until the year previous, when the American flag was first raised by Commodore Sloat, in a very wretched state. But he had an ardent desire to visit a place so famous in history, which was discovered by the celebrated conqueror, Cortez, and said to have been visited by Sir Francis Drake, in 1578.

The Atilla arrived at San Francisco about the last of January, having disposed of her cargo at various ports on the way. During the voyage Walter had made the acquaintance of the officers; and with the captain and second mate, who were natives of Bangor, Maine, his acquaintance grew into the strongest friendship. He assisted the captain very materially in the disposal of his cargo, as he was well acquainted with the Spanish language and could better deal with the Indians and Spaniards in the traffic of goods.

Walter, together with some half dozen of the officers and crew of the brig, desirous of seeing that section of our newly acquired territory, and wishing to see some of the places of interest pointed out in such glowing style by Colonel Fremont, prepared themselves for a trip into the interior. In their journeyings they visited Captain Sutter's fort, and while there, information was received that Marshall, who was building a sawmill some fifty miles above, had discovered rich veins of gold. As may readily be imagined, the party, in company with Captain Sutter, immediately started for the mill, where they found that gold did exist in large quantities.

Here was a chance for Walter to try his luck; he therefore proposed to the captain and his other friends of the Atilla that they should remain a few days in that vicinity to prosecute gold digging. Two of the company therefore returned to the brig for a supply of provisions and the necessary conveniences for commencing operations. On their return they "prospected" for a short time, and finally stationed themselves about four miles below the mill, on the "American Fork," and it proved they were not unfortunate in the place they had chosen. From the time of the discovery of gold in California, in no section has the metal been found more abundant than on this stream. Governor Mason, in his official letters to government speaks of two men who took out from this plain $17,000 of gold in a few days.

Walter and his companions remained about two weeks, and during that time they had collected a large amount of the metal in lumps and dust, and conveyed it to the vessel.

The Atilla, having disposed of her cargo and reloaded with hides, etc., started on her return voyage. On her arrival at Panama, Walter entrusted his business to the captain, crossed the isthmus, took passage in the barque Ann at Gorgona for New Orleans, from whence he took passage in a packet ship for Boston, where he arrived about the first of May, before the arrival of the Edward. He narrated to his uncle the good success he met with in the disposal of the cargo of the Edward, and with what he had reloaded her. Mr. Middlebury was highly pleased with the result, and promised Walter that he should be well rewarded for his faithfulness and good judgment. Walter then gave him an account of his trip to California, and the result of his journey there; but his uncle, though having heard, by vague rumors, of the discovery of gold in that section of the country, gave but little credence to them, and he therefore advised his nephew not to count too largely upon the "heap" of dirt that he had dug there and foolishly brought away.

In about three weeks after Walter's return, the Edward arrived, safe and in good trim. By this voyage Mr. Middlebury realized a profit of ten thousand dollars; and for this extraordinary success he was indebted to his nephew's excellent management.

Walter had not been home since he left, many years before, and obtained leave of absence for a while to visit the old homestead. His appearance, both in deportment and conversation, contrasted with what it was when he left, very naturally caused no little surprise. Among his old acquaintances and schoolmates, none was more observant in noticing this change than Carry Lee: and she seemed very desirous to renew the acquaintance. But her frequent calls at his father's for this purpose, did not produce the desired effect. Walter invariably avoided her company when he could do so.

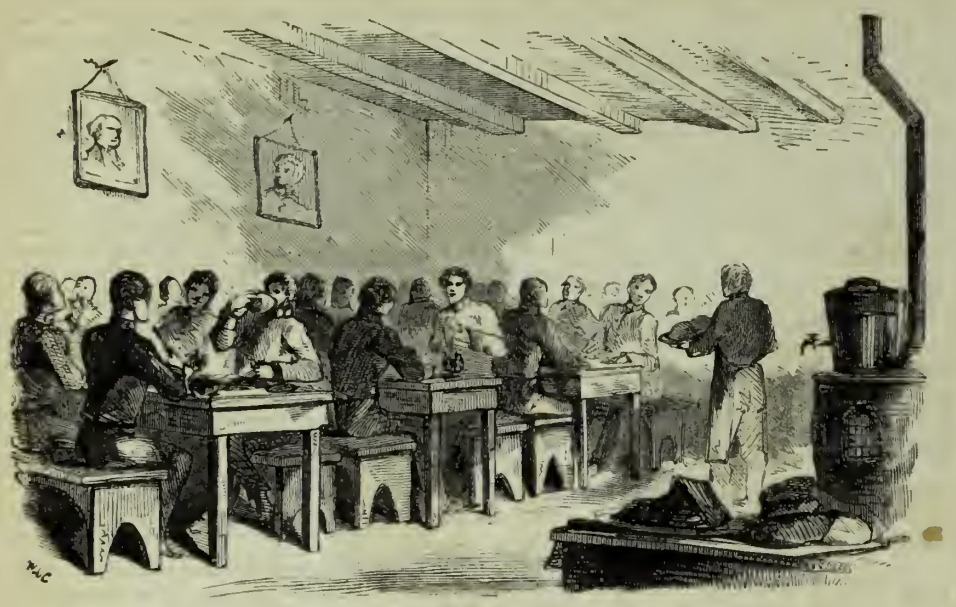
There was one, however, whose company Walter often sought. From the time he first left home, the many friendly counsels and good advice of Lizzie Weston became too strongly impressed on his memory to be forgotten, and he was happy that an opportunity was now presented when he could thank her with a grateful heart for what she had done for him.

One day, after Walter's return to Boston, Carry and Lizzie met. As may be expected, their conversation partook somewhat largely concerning Walter. Carry, wishing to ascertain the truth of the rumor of his engagement to Lizzie, asked her if it was so—if she really loved him. Lizzie, laughing, readily answered:

"Why, yes: to be sure I do!"

The effect of this reply was too plainly shown on Carry's face to pursue the inquiry farther, and the subject was at once dropped.

Walter is now a partner in one of the most successful mercantile firms in Boston. And in one of the pleasantest suburban towns of the city, surrounded by all the enjoyments of life, reside Walter and his own Lizzie Weston, happy and respected; while Carry is yet in the "market," deeply lamenting her youthful coquetry.



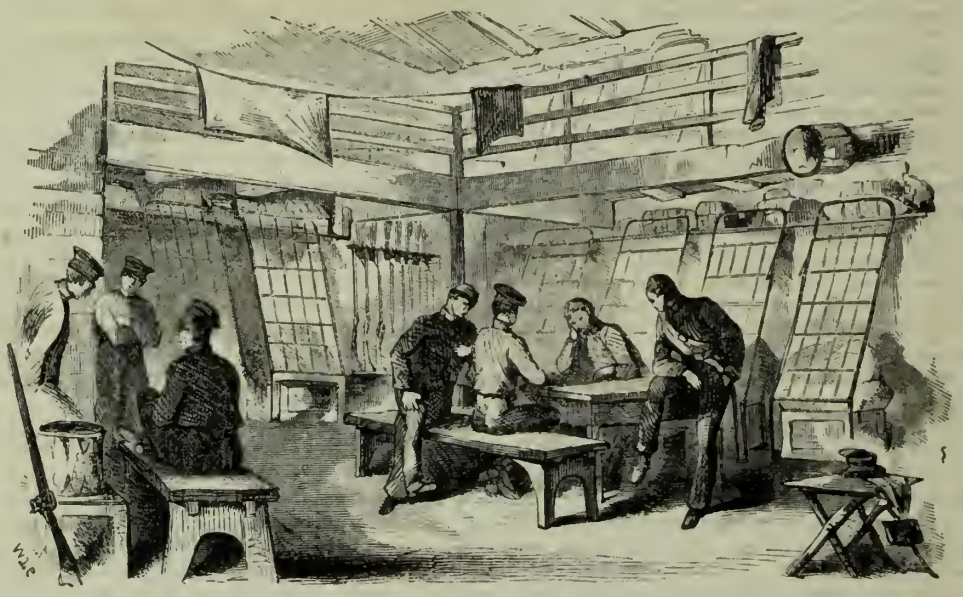
MESS-ROOM OF THE MARINES AT CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.

MARINE BARRACKS, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

The engravings on this page were drawn for us expressly by Mr. Champney, and represent the interior and exterior of the Marine Barracks at Charlestown, Massachusetts. The command at this time consists of one lieutenant-colonel, two lieutenants, six sergeants, four corporals and seventy-five privates. The Charlestown post is considered to be a model military one in every respect. The exemplary conduct of the men is particularly noticeable. They enjoy all the privileges which can be extended to them, keeping in view their obligations to the public service. Only very rarely is it found necessary to have resort to punishment, and that of the mildest kind. The provisions furnished are abundant, and of the very best quality; and the system of messing is so conducted, that the "mess-room" affords all the comforts of a well-regulated boarding-house. Our first engraving exhibits the interior of the mess-room, with the men at dinner. The room is clean and neat, and furnished with substantial tables and benches. The cooking-stove and dresser on the right are indicative of good cheer. Probably there is no military service in the world in which the privates fare so well as in that of the United States. They are comfortably lodged, fed and clothed, and the officers they are required to obey are men of education and character. Having seen how their meals are served, let us next take a glance at their quarters for the night, which forms the subject of the second picture. The bedsteads, it will be perceived, are iron frames, turning up to the wall on hinges, and thus occupying but little space when not in use. Above each man's bedstead on a shelf are his knapsack and other traps. In a part of this room is a gun-rack filled with muskets. A gallery runs round the apartment, and other beds are seen on the second story. A sergeant and some of the privates are grouped together in the apartment. The third picture of our series exhibits the barrack-yard and drill-ground—a spacious enclosure planted with trees, having the barracks running along one side of it. To the left a sentinel is seen mounting guard. The corps are drilling by squads, and are going through various manœuvres, while a group of ladies and gentlemen on the right is watching their evolutions. Under the trees may be seen a small battery of guns. These guns, now performing silent duty on the parade-ground, have "done the state some service." Like many of the veterans under arms when our artist was sketching the picture, these guns were employed upon the plains of Mexico, and contributed their share to the victories of the American arms. The marine corps is an important branch of the public service, though we believe Jack still persists in holding it in contempt; and still refers every Munchausen of a story-teller to these fine fellows for credulous listeners. But after all, there is more humor than sober seriousness in these professional jealousies. When danger comes, and the common enemy assails the flag, soldier and sailor rush side by side to meet the foe. The marines at the navy yard are fine-looking men, and are admirably drilled; they may be relied upon to do good service when occasion calls. The various arrangements of the yard are characterized by skill and judicious management.

FLYING FISH.

Another gale, and the ship practising the polka. Sun veiled for two days since we entered the tropic. As the captain and I were conversing just within the cabin door, something came flashing between us and dropped upon the floor—a flying fish allured by the lamp. Nearly killed by the blow, it died before a bucket of water to put it in could be drawn. Others came on board during the night. Such is the velocity of their motions, that a portion of their nose or scalp is left wherever they strike; marks are numerous on the ship's sides. But for its wings, I should have taken the stranger for a mackerel. From the nose to the extremity of the tail is twelve inches; the longest side of each wing seven. The lower lobe of the tail, prolonged beyond the other no doubt, to facilitate the act of springing from the water. The wings, enlargements of pectoral fins, have their translucent membrane strengthened by rods or rays, which diverge with the expanding surface, and, still further to distribute their support, each one becomes split about half way up the wing, and the two branches, after spreading apart, become in like manner divided as they approach the margin. As we approach the flying fish latitude, flocks of from twenty to a hundred spring up as the ship ploughs in among them. They seem to take the air for pleasure, as well as to escape danger—groups and individuals being observed leaping and making short trips as in mere wantonness. They fly low, seldom mounting higher than six or eight feet; but they have the power to rise and fall with the heaving surface, and to change their direction laterally. While the greater part of a group goes off in a right line, individuals turn aside and pursue different courses, just like birds disturbed in a rice or wheat field. Sometimes you are ready to swear they are swallows skimming along for flies, so strongly do they, in certain lights, resemble them. When going in a direct line from you, their black backs are foreshortened and their wings in relief. In some positions the fluttering of these organs is distinctly visible, resembling trembling plates of mica. The distance they pass over varies with the impulse that rouses them. While some descend not far from you, others, more timid, dart far away. The ordinary flight of a group may be averaged at two hundred feet, but some proceed four or five times that distance. I have seen single fish pass over three hundred yards. 22d.—Air and ocean alike in temperature. I cannot detect the slightest change in the thermometer when plunged into the sea. Sea-birds fluttered round, and occasionally flying fish diverted us. In making off, some took to leeward, and others went directly against the wind; some kept along parallel with us, and were occasionally canted half over by the wind blowing against their sides. Examples of progress by successive bounds and of varying their course when in the air occurred. Each flock follows a leader, and when he changes the direction of flight, the rest conform to it. Everywhere they are darting out of and playing over the liquid furrows, obviously enjoying themselves as they spring from wave to wave. There is no watching them frisking over the green, uneven surface, without reverting to wrens and linnets in their native meads. Voice only is wanting to perfect the illusion; but, though terrestrial glades resound with vocal melody, the ocean has no songsters.—*Ewbank's Brazil.*



SLEEPING APARTMENT OF THE MARINES AT CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.



YARD OF THE MARINE BARRACKS, CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.

DUTCH VESSELS.

The engraving herewith presented, not only conveys a good idea of Dutch naval architecture, in the representation of the tub-built and clumsy vessels which they still build, but a pleasant notion of the quaint old city of Amsterdam, with its gable-ended houses, its pointed roofs, and little, antiquated windows. Though the Dutch still build some fine vessels, yet they are, generally, behind the age in naval architecture, and instead of originating models, seek them from other countries. We have seen some of their barques, built after American models, which could hardly be distinguished from Yankees. Yet the Dutch at one time bade fair to be the masters of the sea. They pushed their adventurous voyages to the remotest quarters of the globe, and in the 17th century, their ships of war were a terror even to England. Every one remembers how boldly Admiral Van Tromp spread his canvass in the British Channel with a broom at his masthead, thereby delicately intimating his intention of sweeping the British from the face of the ocean. But those days have gone by, and in maritime affairs the Dutch have been outstripped by many other nations. For the origin of naval architecture, we must go back to a very remote period of time. There is perhaps not a nation on the face of the earth ignorant of the mode of making a vessel capable of floating on the surface of the water—if we except some few tribes in the interior of a country. Nor can we tell, with any degree of clearness, which among the nations of early times had not such knowledge. Charnock, in his valuable "History of Marine Architecture," says: "It would be a fruitless attempt to investigate, not merely the first inventor of marine architecture, but even the country or quarter of the world from whence the science derived its birth or origin. The remote distance of time, aided by the hyperbolical fictions of poets and historians, renders the attempt absurd, and even ridiculous, because the result of the inquiry cannot produce any decisive determination. It may be conjectured that the active, inquisitive spirit of enterprise, constitutionally, as it were, implanted in our nature, displayed itself at one and the same time in a variety of quarters and districts; for the primitive ideas of men dispersed over the face of the globe, unconnected with each other, and totally ignorant even of each other's existence, appear in such perfect unison as to invention, that they extremely well warrant this supposition." Some of the earliest vessels, of which we have any account, were those constructed by the ancient Egyptians to navigate the Nile. They appear to have been small planks cut out of the Acantha, or Egyptian thorn. These were not cut into lengths like planks, but into pieces nearly square, and measuring about three feet each way; they were lapped over each other like tiles, and fastened together by a number of wooden pins. This mode of construction was found sufficiently strong for the purpose to which it was applied, without the assistance of any internal frame or timber. The hull of the vessel being thus formed, a sufficient number of seats or benches for the accommodation of the rowers were added; and when the joints or seams were carefully caulked with the papyrus, so as carefully to exclude the water, the vessel became ready for immediate use. These vessels, however, were almost incapable of stemming the current, and were generally towed against it by persons on shore, unless the wind proved sufficiently strong or favorable for the proposed course to enable the sail to be substituted. It is a very probable conjecture that the first form of the boat or vessel in most countries was the *raft*—a collection of trees or logs rudely fastened together with ropes, formed most probably from the bark of the very trees which constituted the raft, or from some other coarse material. Experience would soon teach the navigators that they were deficient in the power of directing such a fabric, so as to be certain of reaching their destination in spite of winds and currents. To remedy this defect, a simple addition was contrived of thick planks thrust down into the water between the logs, and answering the purpose of a keel. Such was probably the precursor of the boat or ship of our day. The Alpha of shipbuilding was the raft; its Omega is the clipper. No nation has yet been able to rival those of American construction.



DUTCH VESSELS AT AMSTERDAM.

SCENE AT S. BOSTON BRIDGE.

The spirited local scene which forms the second engraving on this page, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Champney. It requires but little explanation. The fishing boats, laden with their scaly prey, have just hauled in, and the lucky fishermen are disposing of their wares to an eager crowd that throng upon the bridge. Fresh fish thus obtained are a cheap luxury. The fishing season commences in April and continues till October, the business being followed by professional fishermen. They go down the harbor and return with the tide. They no sooner make fast, than they are beset by a crowd of eager purchasers, and readily dispose of their cargo. The Irish population of South Boston avail themselves largely of this mode of supplying their tables, on account of cheapness, as good cod and haddock, fresh from the ocean, can be had for two, three and four cents apiece. The fish mostly caught are cod, haddock and flounders. Many persons doing business in Boston, and living in South Boston (mostly mechanics and laborers), on their return home at night, take home some of these fish. The scene on the arrival of the boats is really animating.



SCENE ON SOUTH BOSTON BRIDGE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I DREAM OF HAPPY HOURS.

BY ENNA LINDEN.

Last night I was a happy child,
And gamboled o'er the lawn,
And revelled 'mong the fragrant flowers,
That open with the dawn;
I chased the light-winged butterfly,
Through hollow and o'er hill,
And rambled in the wild woods,
So shady and so still.

I plucked the ripe, red berry,
I sought the streamlet's brink,
And with a broad green leaflet
Dipped water up to drink;
I saw the brown and yellow frog,
And watched the spotted trout,
As from beneath the mossy bank
He swiftly darted out.

I hunted for the robin's nest,
Within the dwarf pine tree,
And peeped with curious, eager eyes,
Her bright blue eggs to see.
I sought amid the fallen leaves,
The glossy acorn hall,
And wondered how the old oak tree
Could grow so large and tall.
I marvelled, if to other eyes
The earth so grand could seem;
I wakened, and, alas! to find
'Twas but an empty dream.

O, would I were a child again,
With happy, careless heart,
Untouched by sin or worldly care,
Or sorrow's painful smart;
Unburdened by the heavy load
It wearily doth bear,
That 'twould so willingly lie down
In death, if rest were there.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SUMMER WATERING PLACE.

BY W. C. GOODNOW.

Disgusted with faded flowers and flounced flirts at Saratoga, Newport and Rockaway, I, who (tell it not in Gath) already spy gray threads in my mustache and dispose my hair artistically to hide the deepening crow's-foot on my temple, having heard my friend Bitemsly descant rapturously on the beauties and wild solitude of Scatuskyaskilleat Falls, entered the cars and left Babylon behind me, en route for Scatuskyaskilleat. After a two days' journey, I was stopped in the woods near dusk, where on a shingle was painted the one momentous word, Scatuskyaskilleat. All the falls visible were those made by my valise, as, having dropped from my hand, it rolled down stone after stone into a little hollow, where a little smoke rose from the little chimney of a little house. I followed my valise. "David!" cried a woman who darned a stocking on the doorstep, "here'm a man!"

"Well, whatem if there be?" screamed a little shrill voice on the third octave of C.

"'Spose he wants to be took in!" answered she.

"Good heavens! my good woman," I groaned, "I'm taken in enough now. I only want a lodging and a bowl of milk, as I presume this is your hotel."

"Swer it is," she replied; and now, "Dav'd," a little wizened man, with three spires of tow on the crown of his head, bustled through the door, gave the old lady a kick, and said in the former pitch of voice, "Walk in, stranger! darn it, walk in!"

Considering that the oath might be a local custom, equivalent to the ancient "Peace be with thee," I complied.

Introducing me to an apartment the size of a bathing-tub, my host said, "Here's your room, stranger, darn it is! and it's a room finished fourteen years ago come Wensdy fornit, or my name aint David Davis."

Remarking that it was a very good room, what there was of it, although like Foote's wine, rather little of its age, I asked the way to the falls.

"Falls? Whatem falls?"

"Guess he means where Charity trabbled down and caught her dress onter a hook," suggested Mrs. Davis.

No, I didn't mean that. I meant falls, waterfalls, cataract, cascade, none of which words were comprehended; but when I said river, brook, water—"O!" screamed David, raising his voice a key higher, "Charity! here!" and a fat girl about sixteen years old, with snarly hair clotted upon her dirty face by the combined forces of molasses and gravel, rolled into our presence.

"Show this feller the spring. Guess he wants to wash his face. Wall, 'tis rather dirty, and *you wash yourn at the same time!*"

After scrambling ten minutes through a brush-heap, I came where a barrel was sunk in the earth, and was filled by water that dripped, with a little splash, from the mouth of a spout projecting from a small heap of stones, and fell the space, by rule measurement, of one foot and two inches, with the immense volume of a teaspoonful at a time. Happiness is a rainbow, and the pursuit of it folly; but my pursuit of Scatuskyaskilleat was infinitely worse, for there was not even a rainbow to this truly wonderful and unique "fall," and inwardly cursing Bitemsly, I turned away, leaving Charity at her ablution, and resought mine inn.

Notwithstanding the approaching shower, I am ashamed to say that I lost my way, and wandered round, through the untrodden byways of this desolate country for the space of half an hour; at last, down pattering came the big drops, and completed my wretchedness. The rain-storm had overtaken me, a leader of the *ton*, rusticating in the heart of the country for pleasure, forsooth. Linen was a rag, nankeen soaking, Leghorn dripping—where should the weary dove find rest?

On a slight eminence stood a shed, clapboarded and painted yellow, which was quite an improvement on the "hotel." Knocking at the door, open it flew, and introducing my request for a temporary covering, the housewife within really wished she "had a rambrilly for me," and bade me be seated; rather a difficult task, I found, as there were but two stools in the room, and both of these wanting in the necessary complement of legs. However, balancing a stick of wood upright on one end, I became established on the other and qualified to join the Ravels, by my efforts to preserve equilibrium.

I was determined to make the most of my opportunities for observing the varieties of housekeeping in Scatuskyaskilleat. Meanwhile the lady of the shed was tossing round the evening meal, with one or two broken pieces of crockery and some scanty viands spread on the bare table, one missing leg of which, like my own seat, was supplied by a stick. After inviting me to partake, which offer I declined, "Jake!" screamed she. Instantly through another door an old man shambled in, followed by a very ragged little girl, who, as she could not shove by him, tumbled in through a broken panel, at the same time another hopeful insinuated herself by a considerable struggle through an open window-pane. A half dozen more, plunging from all manner of intricacies, down the ladder from the loft, from closets, cellars, corners, and under the bed, ranged themselves with pushes and blows round the table.

"May the Lord bless this food!" said the old man, biting off a piece of cold potato, at the same time endeavoring with strange vibrations to sit on one of the two-legged stools, and using his forefinger as a butter-knife, he spread his bread with it.

"I say, Bill," muttered one of the urchins, "lend me your knife."

"Esther's gort it," muttered Bill, with his mouth full.

"Esther, you pig, give it here."

"I wont," said Esther. At this the borrower gave her a kick, beneath the table, that sent her stumbling backwards, which she returned by throwing the knife with so true an aim as to land it fully in the piece of bread and butter he was thrusting into his mouth.

"I say, marm!" cried he, bursting into tears, "it's darned mean if a feller can't eat his dinner ever, without—" and running fiercely round to Esther, he was about to execute summary vengeance, when old Jake cried out, "Sal, there, part them young 'uns."

"Ha, ha, Jake! Let the little dawvles fight!"

However, the "little dawvles" had ended their contest by Esther's proving quite the boy's match, and the latter returning to his repast sufficiently crestfallen, while old Jake continued scooping out the butter with his crooked finger.

"Where's the beets, marm?" asked Esther.

"Law sakes, I forgot! I sot Assenath Ann a-watching them bile out in the shed. Asseaath! Assenath Ann! Assenath Ann Frost!" she shouted.

A little imp with black elf-locks and an exceedingly dirty face (which latter seemed to be peculiar to this Scatuskyaskilleat atmosphere), answered the summons.

"Is them beets biled?"

"Biled? Yes."

"How'd you know they be?"

"Wy, to be sure they are. The water's all done biling and cold 'nour ago."

"Blockhead!" said Jake. "Briag 'em here. Sal, what yer got such mighty strong tea fur?" he asked, as Assenath Ann disappeared.

"'Taint strong."

"For my part," continued Jake, oblivious to her reply, "I like my tea so strong 'twill bear up a egg, but I don't like it so strong a dog could walk over it and not slump through."

"Miss Chubbick leat me this. Might as well have strong tea as strong rum!" retorted Sal, just as little Assenath Ann returned with the beets hard as rocks. Jake, indignant at the insinuation, seized one and threw it at the coajugal head. Sal instantly tossed her boiling hot tea, cup and all, across the table into her partner's face. Jake, like a gallant husband as he was, returned the favor, at which, Sal, snatching the saucer, threw it behind the back-log. The children, early in the combat, took sides; one little "well-spring of joy" pulling his father's ear almost out of the paternal head, and another inserting her teeth into her mother's arm with all conceivable violence. Cup after cup flew into Sal's face, and not to be outdone, saucer after saucer went behind the back-log, till the table was completely bare, when with an overpowering crash, down went that useful article of furniture, hiding Jake beneath the ruins.

At this important juncture of affairs, the rain having abated, I made my adieu, and when at the foot of the hill, looking back on this miniature Sodom and Gomorrah, saw Sal thrusting old Jake head first, he vigorously kicking to the last, through a window broken for his exodus. This little experience taught me there were people beyond the Davises in Scatuskyaskilleat, and I did not wonder that they, *par excellence*, kept the hotel. After great difficulty, and when it was quite dusk, I re-entered their domicile. A bowl of milk stood on the table awaiting me, from which my hostess with her fingers picked one or two floating specks, that resembled an insect called by Virginians, *chances*—by scientific men, *cimex lectularius*—by heathen, bed-bugs. I need not say what became of the milk.

While I was repairing my loss of supper by a cigar, David entered my room.

"Don't do that, stranger," said he, "don't. It minds me of my carnal days—darn it does—afore I had religion."

In a short time I gathered from Mr. Davis's conversation, notwithstanding its semblance of profanity, that he now *had* religion. Far be it from me to treat lightly any sincere feeling, but I really met with this man, and he really thus harangued. "Darn, stranger!" he said, in his highest pitch of voice, "I was no whar without religion, darn I was!"

At nine o'clock mine host left me to such somnolence as the mosquitoes, etc. would allow; for if one mosquito danced one hornpipe on my benighted flesh that night, a million danced five hundred altogether. With the gray peep of dawn I rose and went out. Mr. Davis was endeavoring to administer corporeal punishment to his wife Debby, who turned the tables and put him out door. In fact, I concluded that woman's rights were pretty well understood in S. She had just accomplished this triumphant feat, when I entered.

"Morning, stranger," she said. "Have to jump round spry, if yer going in the rail-cars, I swer. They come along pretty quick."

So saying, she took down an animal that *strongly* resembled a cat, but which she *as* strongly, and that was saying a good deal, averred was a rabbit. "This rabbit is pretty well smoked, *I* swer; hung in the chimbly this ten days. Orter be tender."

My olfactory nerves had already assured me of the fact.

While the good dame busied herself in sundry gastronomic preparations, she was quite voluble. In the course of conversation I alluded to and complimented her upon her superior skill in the late contest between herself and husband. "Thar 'tis again," she said, planting her fork upright in the table. "Didn't see nothing of the kind, did ye, stranger? I swer! I don't see what folks say Dav'd and I quer'l fur, when Heaven knows we aint spoke fur a year!" Just at this moment the approaching cars gave a shrill whistle; I threw a bill on the table, left the alliterative Dav'd and Debby Davis, and if ever I set foot on Scatuskyaskilleat ground again, may I die of swamp fever, that's all.

It is mortifying to confess that I met my friend Bitemsly in so vulgar a vehicle as an omnibus, shortly after. I meant to cut him. He was not to be cut. "Bit? eh?" said he, with a laugh and a nudge. Bit indeed! Never mind, my man! I've a pretty cousin coming from *Mary*land this summer, and we'll see who is "bit," then!

MEAT AND VEGETABLES.

In an elaborate paper by Dr. Londe, of the Imperial Academy of Medicine, Paris, recently read before its members, he lays it down as a fundamental principle in the philosophy of diet, that the use of fresh meat daily is necessary to the working classes, although he admits that persons leading a comparatively idle life may do very well on fish, poultry, and other lighter forms of nourishment. In support of his opinion he produces the following conclusive fact: In 1841, the Rouen Railway Co., of France, having conceded the making of their line to English engineers, the latter brought over a band of English laborers, who performed one-third more work daily than did the French. The latter were put upon a meat diet, similar to that of the English, and in a short time were able to accomplish the same amount of labor.—*Scientific American.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan, under the command of Commodore Perry, etc. By Francis L. Hawkes, D.D., LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 8vo.

Commodore Perry's expedition to China and Japan, in the years 1852, '53 and '54, was one of the most important ever undertaken by this government, and it is difficult to set too high a value on its probable results. The commander executed his difficult mission most admirably, and it was fitting that a record worthy of the enterprise should issue from the American press. From the ample material furnished by Com. Perry, Dr. Hawkes has compiled an excellent, interesting and detailed narrative; while the publishers have displayed the greatest liberality in illustrating the work by numerous engravings on wood and steel, after the designs of Mr. Heine, the accomplished artist of the expedition, whose ability we have already commented on, and by maps and charts beautifully drawn and engraved. We have now a complete picture of a strange empire and a strange people; their manners, customs, religion, policy and arts are depicted with fidelity, while the story of the cruise possesses all the interest of a romance. This splendid volume may be obtained of Redding & Co.

The Wanderer. A Tale of Life's Vicissitudes. By the author of the "Watchman," "Old Doctor," "Lawyer's Story," etc. New York: E. D. Long, 121 Nassau Street. 12mo. pp. 377.

The reputation of the author of this story will cause it to be sought for with avidity, nor will any one be disappointed in its perusal. It is a picture of life in many phases and many sections of the world, crowded with character and replete with interest. The dialogue is spirited and natural, and the story is brought to a close in an ingenious and happy manner. We predict for this romance a run equal to that of the "Watchman."

Lays of Ancient Rome, etc. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 181.

Though Macaulay's reputation will rest on his histories and essays, still, the "Lays of Ancient Rome," "Ivry" and the "Armada," all embraced in this elegant illustrated volume, show that, had he chosen, he might have won as proud a name in poetry as he has in prose. His "Battle of Ivry" will be remembered and quoted as long as the English language lasts.

The Modern Story-Teller. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 324.

A collection of capital stories, thirty or forty in number, most of which are out of print, and now collected for the first time. A capital book for summer reading. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Co.

Helen Lincoln. A Tale. By Carrie Capron. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 308.

This modest title is given to a pleasant and interesting domestic story, indicating in its author an aptitude for narrative fiction. For sale by Redding & Co.

Memorials of his Time. By Henry Cockburn. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 442.

A work invaluable to the students of modern English history. It presents the reader with an inside view of the great political movements of the present century in Great Britain, with familiar sketches of the actors therein. It is not encumbered with dry discussion, but is enlivened by the introduction of many illustrative anecdotes. For sale by Redding & Co.

The Martins of Cro' Martin. By Charles Lever. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

With all his exaggerations, Dr. Lever is one of the best novelists of the day; and these pictures of Irish character and life, united together by an interesting story, will be quite as popular, we venture to predict, as even "Harry Lorrequer." For sale by Redding & Co.

The Humorous Poetry of the English Language from Chaucer to Saxe. By J. Paston. New York: Mason Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 689.

With unwearied industry the editor of this work has ransacked the stores of English literature, rescued these gems of humor from oblivion, and arranged them with admirable taste. The work is a perfect treasury of classic fun, and cannot fail to be welcomed warmly by the million, while it will not be unacceptable to those who are "nothing, if not critical." For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BOYHOOD.

BY "GAY HUMBOLDT."

Black clouds have shut around, and night
With utter loneliness of darkness come
To blind and bar about the little light
That disappointment's sorrow left to roam
To my sick spirit. When hopes glowing bright,
All wont to be the guiding stars of life,
Have set, what else may cheer the longing
Than a loved past?
There was a time when joy
Could call me all her own—
Love knew no base alloy,
Ambition know not but his will should throne
The skies if he commanded, and alone
I would have sworn, in spite of every care,
A world to bear,
And so felt stronger for the promise—thrilled with joy
At the vast work before me, for—I was a boy!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DICK HARDY'S CHEST.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

BY RALPH TRYON.

"WELL," said my uncle, laying aside the evening paper, which he had been vainly endeavoring to read, "since you young barnacles are determined to stick to me until you get a bit of a yarn, I suppose I must gratify you. But do you think it just the thing, you cubs, to make me set aside this paper just as I have got fairly under weigh with it? If I had a bite of that clothes-line in your yard, I think I could treat you to something more to your good."

As I was one of the "cubs" addressed, and perfectly understood his humor, I said nothing, but quietly placed a spittoon near him, which always served as a signal to bring to light his old turtle-shell tobacco-box—and I even fancied I could tell the precise length of his tales, by the quantity of cavendish which, on such occasions, to use his own expression, "he stowed away in his larboard cheek."

"When I was little more than sixteen," he began, "after having safely weathered the whooping-cough, measles, chicken-pox and other dangerous points of childhood, I was brought up with a round turn by the sea-going fever; and although my father prescribed the rod and hard work freely, with many other mild remedies of pretty much the same nature for several months, yet I was pronounced incurable, and as soon as the arrangements could be made was packed off for sea. Determined I should have leisure to repent the trouble I had caused them all at home, he succeeded in shipping me for a voyage to the East Indies, hoping that long before my cruise was ended I should be heartily sick of everything that pertained to shipping.

"The ship was not quite ready for sea, for she was just off the stocks, having been built expressly for this trade. I was allowed, however, to go on board the next day, where the shipkeeper at once commenced my initiation into the drudgeries of shipboard. We had no Donald McKays then to knock out for us any of those fleet-footed clippers which are now so famous. But still she was a beauty, nautically speaking; and her young master, Dumaresq, as he thought of her sharp ends, long floor, breadth of beam, and heavy but graceful spars, had reason to be proud of having the command of a vessel that bid fair to rival in speed any ship from the States. I will pass over my dock experience, which was a tedious matter to me, and will not interest you.

"One day, as I was on the wharf assisting our second mate in receiving our ship stores, I saw a weather-beaten specimen of our calling approach the captain, who was conversing with an old sea-going friend of his, and respectfully touch his hat. He was neatly rigged out in a suit of fine broadcloth, with a heavy gold chain slung about his neck, and I noticed upon his tar-stained and sunburnt fingers several rings of considerable value; all this contrasted strangely with his rusty figure head, which bore the marks of long service rather than dissipation. He asked the captain if he had shipped all his hands, to which he replied that he had not.

"'Ah, Dick,' said the other master, 'so you still act your own shipping-master, and steer clear of the landsharks?'

"'I try to, sir.'

"'Well, my old seadog, if you and my friend Dumaresq do not agree, you know where my ship lays; and all I can say to you in that case is, choose for yourself in what capacity you will ship, and I shall be content.'

"'Thank you kindly, sir, but I have had a kind of an eye to this ship, even before she left the stocks, and have taken a fancy to go in her, that is, if the captain hasn't a mind to the contrary.'

"'After what my friend has said, I do not think we shall disagree,' said our captain.

"Some further talk ensued, and on the next day he was duly shipped with wages several dollars a month higher than the going rate. After he left the wharf, Capt. Peters, the friend alluded to, said:

"'You have just engaged one of the best seamen in our merchant service—an eccentric fellow, or he would prefer the quarter-deck to the forecastle; for I assure you that he is a capital officer when he sees fit to ship as such. He has also a snug property, which his prudent habits have helped to accumulate, and in almost every ship he sails takes a 'venture. This Dick Hardy has great influence over the crew; but the only ill-temper he ever displays is when some thoughtless fellow scratches or mars his chest, which he always carries with him, and which he guards as carefully as he would a mistress. In fact, it becomes a by-word in every ship he sails, and anything that is not to be touched or meddled with, the sailors think they use a strong expression when they say, that it must be as 'sacred as Dick Hardy's chest.'

"When we were fairly to sea, and I had paid the usual tribute to Neptune and the fishes, and become able to balance myself on my pins, I sought to ingratiate myself into the notice of this singular man, whose favor I would have rather secured than the captain's. Besides, I had great curiosity to know the history of this strange chest, which was regarded by the crew as a mystery. My first efforts in this respect were only rewarded by an occasional 'Get out of the way, you lubber;' and this was about the only notice he took of me for some time.

"One day the mate, just to keep me employed, gave me some odd bits of cordage to splice together, but did not condescend to teach me the process. It was while I was toiling and fretting over this job, the marlinspike doing more execution in wounding my hand than in properly parting the strands, while the men were laughing at my perplexity without offering to help me, that Hardy came to my side, and placing his rough hand upon my shoulder, said:

"'Bear up, my little hearty. Rome wasn't built in a day, and'—turning to some ordinary seamen who were making sport of me—'lubbers need not put on the airs of seamen who have only made one or two voyages at most.'

"This silenced their jibes, and he kindly instructed me until I could splice as well as the best. From that day he assumed a sort of fatherly dictatorship over me, and taught me various kinds of knots and capstan embroidery. If he was exacting, he at least protected me from the ill usage of the men. One night, during the mid-watch, I ventured to allude to the chest, and desired to know its history. He looked thoughtful for a few moments, but at length, after having made me promise to be silent with the crew upon the subject, he consented.

"Now this chest was nearly five feet in length, and in shape nearly resembled the hull of a Dutch galliot. It was built of English oak, and secured on the outside by heavy bands of burnished copper, which Hardy kept as bright as a new penny. The bottom was convex, with rounded ends, while the sides fell in with a curve, making the top much less in breadth than the bottom. The woodwork was neatly varnished and water tight; in fact, it was a cumbrous yet curious affair, and Dick always made it a part of the conditions of his shipping, that he should be allowed to carry his chest.

"He cast his eye aloft to see that everything was snug—for the second mate being sick he had command of the watch—after which he reeled off as follows:

"'When I was still a youngster, and had only made a few voyages, I shipped in a Baltimore built brig bound for the coast of Africa. I never like to revert to this cruise, for it was the first and last time I ever lent a hand to such business. We were armed like a privateer, and a precious cut-throat crew we had.

"'The second mate was a Swede, who had spent all his days in smuggling and trading in Guinea live stock. He was every inch a sailor, but a rough customer to any delinquent from duty. He took a kind of fancy to me, and I am indebted to him for many useful lessons in seamanship. He was also very superstitious, and frequently told me that he had a presentiment that he would never see the end of this cruise.

"'Our voyage was nearly up, when one day, while performing some duty aloft, by a careless movement his foot slipped and he fell heavily to the deck. We caught him up, stunned and bleeding, and carried him to his berth. When his senses began to come to him again, he complained of his leg, which was broken, and of suffering internal pain. We had no surgeon on board, but fished his damaged spar in the best manner we knew how. From the first he told us that this was his last voyage; and though thankful for our attentions, he persisted that it was no sort of use, for in a few days at most all he would require would be a couple of shot at his heels and a burial service.

"'At his request the captain allowed me to devote a large portion of my time to him, and I did everything in my power to make him comfortable. Before he died he divided his kit among the crew, but to me he gave the empty chest, which he said was of more value than I had any idea of. He made me solemnly promise never to part with it until I was satisfied that I knew its full value; and further told me, that if I kept the chest and steered clear of liquor and landsharks, it would be my own fault if I was not a rich man.

"'I was not particularly pleased with this gift, for I thought the Swede had greatly over-estimated its worth—besides, it was so bulky, that I hardly knew what to do with it; but when I thought more seriously upon his words, they made a deep impression upon my mind, and I became convinced that there was something in or about the chest that I had not discovered. So during my watches below I kept up a regular investigation, when I could steal a few moments free from the observation of my shipmates.

"'One night, while our watch were snoring away at the rate of nine knots, we having all had a hard day's work, I again renewed the search, although as badly used up as the rest, for the mystery of this chest haunted me even in my dreams. This time I was in luck, and the meaning of the Swede's words was made very plain; for as I was passing my hand about on the inside, I touched unwittingly a secret spring. The false bottom flew up, and what I saw brought me up like a ship shivering in the wind, so great was my astonishment. I'll be hanged if I should have felt more surprised if I had dove into a nest of rattlesnakes.

"'This false bottom was about an inch thick, and the part exposed was wadded in order to prevent any sound of hollowness, if strange hands were meddling with it, and fitted so snug into its place, that to this day not so much as a sign of a seam can be traced. I carefully closed the lid till I made sure that my shipmates were all snoring soundly, and then proceeded to overhaul my discovery.

"'Well, my hearty, what do you think I found there? Why, fathom upon fathom of the choicest silks, which, as I unfurled, let me into a nest of Spanish doubloons of more than one hundred in number! When I had told these over and over again, I forced back the bottom into place, secured the bolts, and rushed on deck in a perfect typhoon of excitement. It seemed to me all a beautiful dream which had faded into the salt mists around me.

"'Again I plunged into the forecastle to make sure that I had not been deluded with a vision; and when I became convinced that all was real, I sought the deck again, where I passed the night, watch in and out. I dared tell no one of my treasure, for my life would have been anything but safe if I had. You know that a man is easily got rid of at sea; and the simple report on the ship's books of "lost overboard," if it had a tongue, would in many cases, reel off a fearful yarn.

"'But this is neither here nor there. I made the voyage, kept my secret, and when we landed our miserable, half-starved cargo of human niggers on the south side of Cuba, I slipped my cable, and cut clear of the disgusting trade. I found no difficulty in getting rid of the silks, from which I realized a very considerable sum. This was stowed away with the rest in my tight locker, and I began to consider myself quite rich. But instead of throwing my money away in strong drink and foolish fancies, I became ambitious to add to my store.

"'In a few days I got a berth on board a brig at Havana bound for New York as second mate. I shipped on my own account a few hogshead of molasses, which upon arrival sold at handsome profit; and after placing the bulk of my money in safe hands, I again shipped for a long voyage. Year by year I have been adding to the amount ever since, until, thank Providence, I can look old age in the face without fear.

"'This is why I take such good care of the old box; besides, I generally have stowed away in it more yellow boys than I care to have every crew know. Even at this blessed moment, I have one hundred sovereigns there well dunnaged in cotton, which I intend to operate with when we arrive.'

"This is the story of Dick Hardy's chest," said my uncle, reaching out his hand for the paper, but after a moment's pause, added, "and the sequel will show that I owe my success in life indirectly to it. When I returned home, after stopping several weeks with my parents, I went to pass a few days with old Dick at his farm on the banks of the Penobscot. He had bought a beautiful yacht, and glorious times I had I assure you. His aged mother and married sister resided on the place, while his brother-in-law carried on the farm for him.

"As time passed on I began to aspire to the command of a ship; but having no relative to secure such interest for me, promotion looked rather squally and uncertain. I confided my trouble to Dick in a letter, who had left off going to sea, and received in reply intelligence that astounded me. He had purchased a quarter interest of a new barque at Portland in my name, which was waiting for me to take charge. Bless his kind old heart, he is still living, rich and respected; but if it had not been for him, your uncle doubts if he would now be in command of one of the sauciest clipper ships that floats."

RADISHES.

We are frequently taken to task for the war we have waged upon this worse than worthless vegetable. For fifteen years we have not permitted one to grow in our garden, or to disgrace our table, and we have found the advantage in pursuing this course, in the improved health of our family. Man is the only animal that will eat a radish, raw or cooked. The sagacious hog will starve before he will eat the poisonous trash. Crude radishes are the most indigestible food that can be taken into the human stomach, independent of the acrid, poisonous substance they contain. "But they do not hurt me," exclaims one. "I can eat them with impunity, and with a relish." But, dear reader, do you not have the headache, or a bad breath? Have you no doctor's bills to pay? A radish eaten in the spring may cause a fever in the fall. If any one doubts the poisonous qualities of radishes, let him cut in thin slices three or four, and soak them in water for twelve hours, and then taste the water. Our word for it, they will never taste another radish. As a watchman upon the horticultural tower, we cannot commend the culture of a vegetable that we know to be injurious.—*Soil of the South.*

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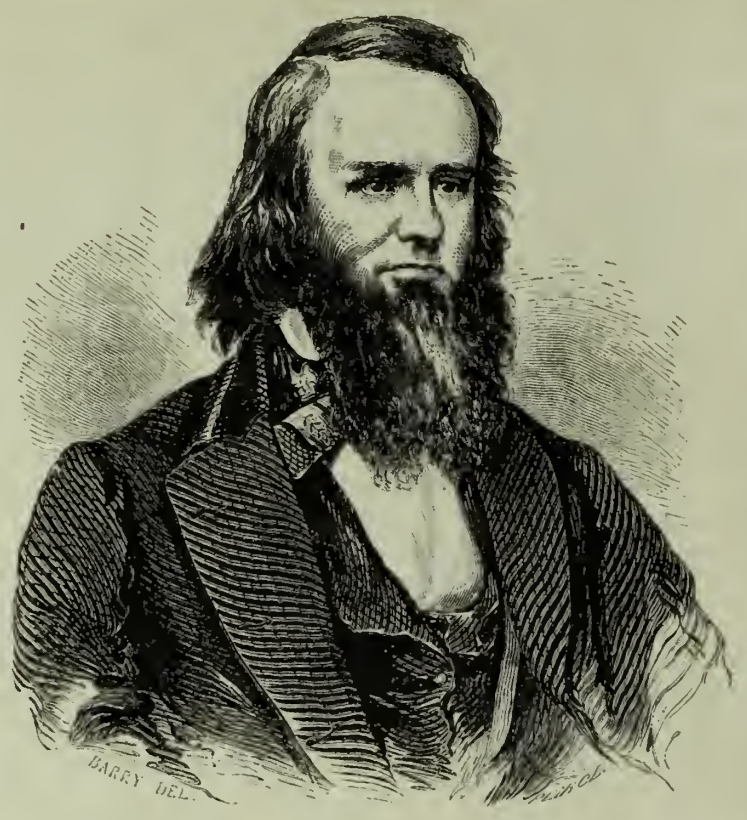
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WILLIAM T. PORTER, ESQ.,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

We present on this page an excellent likeness of William T. Porter, Esq., editor of the New York "Spirit of the Times," drawn expressly for our paper by Mr. Charles Barry, from an admirable photograph by Meade Brothers, New York. The subject of our sketch occupies a prominent position among American journalists, and his paper stands alone and unrivalled among its contemporaries. Its speciality consists in its devotion to the interests of American field-sports, to racing, hunting, fishing, and all sorts of manly outdoor exercises. It is also a record of the American stage, a liberal portion of its columns being devoted to theatricals. Field-sports and the drama abroad also receive due attention in the "Spirit." But it is not alone as a sporting speciality that it appeals to public patronage. It has from the outset maintained a classical literary reputation, numbering among its contributors some of the brightest names in American literature, while its correspondents hail from all parts of the world. As an editor, William T. Porter appears particularly adapted for the post he fills. We know not how his place could be supplied if it were vacated. The editor, like the poet, is born—not made. Neither the training of schools, nor the experience of the world would fit an individual for the editorial chair, if he did not possess those innate qualities, that tact and that instantaneous and intuitive perception which are required in the profession. Since the inauguration of the "Spirit," other journals on the same plan have been started, but they have all languished and failed from the lack of the peculiar talent requisite in their conductors. The subject of our sketch was born in Vermont, and received a good education, which he improved by assiduous self-culture. Of his brothers, the eldest, Dr. T. O. Porter, was a gentleman of rare literary attainment, and of vigorous intellect. Some ten or twelve years ago, in connection with N. P. Willis, he started in New York a weekly literary paper called the "Corsair," a journal of marked ability, and which would have met with great pecuniary success, had not its projectors at an early period abandoned their enterprise. Dr. Porter was a constant contributor to the "Spirit of the Times." He died a few years since, lamented by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances. Another brother, George, also a man of brilliant intellect and extraordinary ability, a polished, ready and sparkling writer, was, for some time, connected with the "Spirit." He left it for the "Picayune," and died in the city of New Orleans, some five years since. The youngest brother, Frank Porter, was formerly connected with the revenue service in New York, then a valued attaché to his brother William's paper, and finally, on the death of George Porter, for some time local reporter of the New Orleans Picayune. Failing health induced him to visit Europe, in the hope of recovery, but he came back to New Orleans, unimproved by his continental tour, and there died. The subject of our sketch, some thirty years ago, was foreman of a printing office in New York, and in that capacity, engaged as a compositor Horace Greeley, then a verdant country youth, seeking employment in the Empire City. It is about twenty-five years since Mr. Porter took charge of the "Spirit of the Times," established, if we remember right, by Mr. Charles J. B. Fisher, on the model of Bell's "Life in London." It is as the successful conductor of a brilliant American journal of a peculiar character that he is known to the world. In private life, Mr. Porter is endeared to a large circle of friends, by the possession of those amiable and gentlemanly qualities which never fail to command respect and affection. In spite of the exacting character of his duties, he always finds time to answer the calls of friendship, and to delight the social circle by his wit, humor and gaiety. Long may he live to preside over "the feast of reason and the flow of soul!"



WM. T. PORTER, EDITOR OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

MUSIC ON THE COMMON.

During the present season, our beautiful Common has been rendered doubly attractive, on fine evenings, by the performance of excellent music by our principal bands, which are not surpassed by those of any city in the Union. The practice was inaugurated many years ago, and after an interval, resumed some summers since. Our artist, Mr. Champney, has sketched the scene presented on the hill near the pond on one of these occasions. In the centre of the picture, among the trees, are the staging and the band. Grouped around the base, standing, or promenading, are representatives of all classes of our population. There are the Beacon Street millionaire and the Boston mechanic, the servant girl out on leave of absence with her beau, and the belle with her accepted, old gentlemen and young gentlemen, nursery maids with children in little hand-carriages, and schoolboys almost too frolicksome to attend to the music. Barring a little noise from the juveniles, which must be expected, the utmost order and decorum prevail, and there are unmistakable influences of the power of music in the hushed attention which enchains the multitude during the performance of some fine piece, and the rapturous applause that bursts forth at its close. The example of Boston has been imitated in some of the suburban settlements. Indeed the performance of music on summer evenings in public places has become quite common in our large towns, and we have no doubt that in a few years we shall rival Germany in this respect.

A ROUGE DETECTOR.

It was lately remarked that an exceedingly brilliant auditory, amongst which were many very elegantly-dressed ladies, attended, at Berlin, a lecture on chemistry, delivered by one of the most celebrated chemists of the age. After witnessing a number of beautiful experiments, and hearing of the marvels of science, a lady grew fatigued, and requested her husband to lead her from the hall.

"My love," said the gentleman, on reaching the landing-place outside, "wipe your cheek; there's a large blue spot upon it."

The lady, much surprised, turned to look at her reflection in the mirrored window of the shop they were passing, and was almost petrified to observe the rouge on her cheeks had become blue, in consequence of the chemical decomposition occasioned by the gas the professor had used in making his experiment. She quickly wiped her face, and stifled her vexation in the thought that she should find herself amply revenged upon the other ladies in the hall. In reality, the lecture closing at the moment, the audience began to disperse, and the gentleman and his wife almost burst with laughter at the sight of cheeks of yellow, blue, black, violet and other colors, which now made their appearance in the street. Some of the ladies who had manufactured for themselves ivory complexions, rosy cheeks, coral lips and ebony eyebrows, were so transformed that they would have excited the envy of the peacock. It is whispered that a lecture from the professor would produce similar effects in other cities besides Berlin.—*Paris Letter.*

A SERF'S LOVE.

Some years ago, a Russian nobleman was travelling on special business, in the interior of Russia. It was the beginning of winter, but the frost had set in early. His carriage rolled up to an inn, and he demanded a relay of horses to carry him on to the next station, where he intended to spend the night. The innkeeper entreated him not to proceed; for he said there was danger in travelling so late,—the wolves were out. But the nobleman thought the man merely wished to keep him as a guest; he said it was too early for wolves, and ordered the horses to be put to. He then drove off with his wife and his only daughter inside the carriage with him. On the box of the carriage was a serf, who had been born on the nobleman's estate, to whom he was much attached, and who loved his master as he loved his own life. They rolled over the hardened snow, and there seemed no signs of danger. The moon shed her pale light, and brought out into burnished silver the road on which they were going. At length the little girl said to her father: "What was that strange howling sound that I just heard?"

"O, nothing but the wind sighing through the forest trees," replied the father.

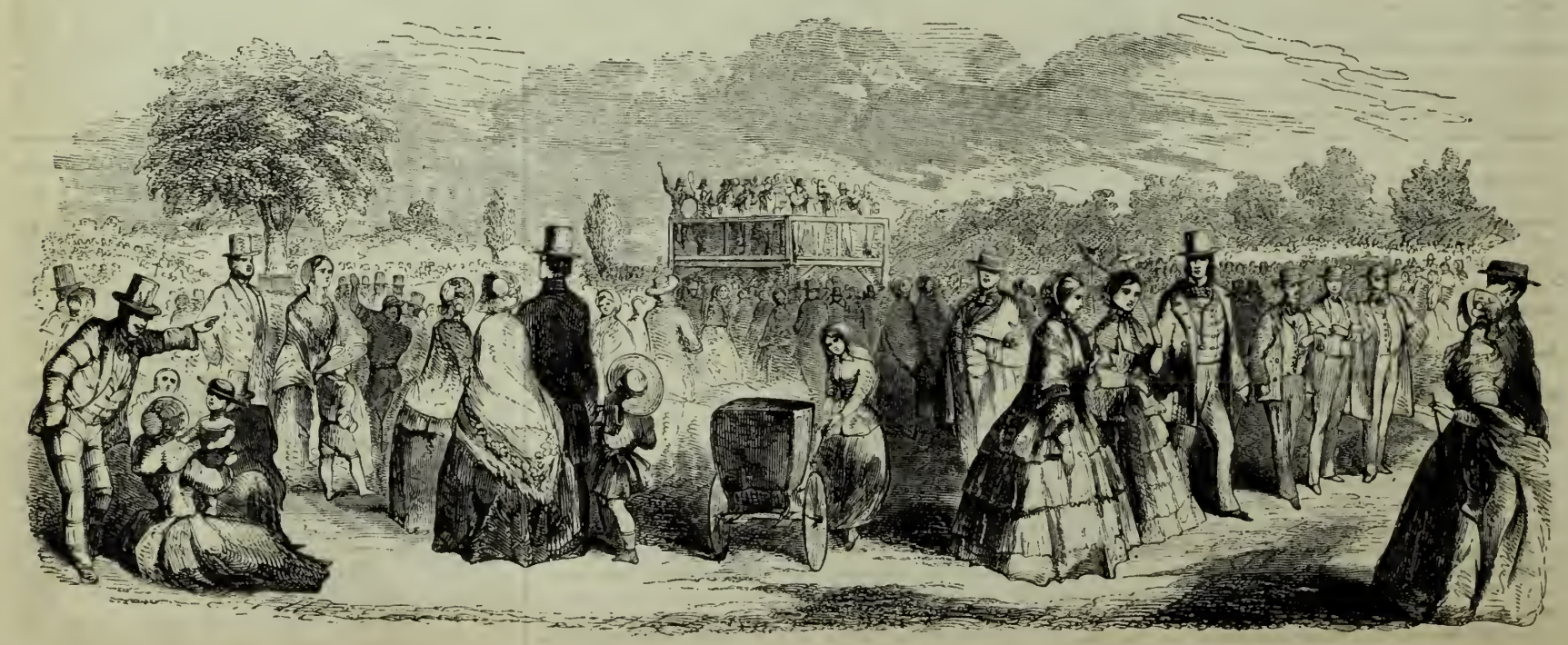
The child shut her eyes, and was quiet. But soon she said again: "Listen, father; it is not like the wind, I think."

The father listened; and far, far away, in the distance behind him, through the clear, cold, frosty air, he heard a noise which he too well knew the meaning of. He then put down the window, and spoke to his servant: "The wolves, I fear, are after us; make haste. Tell the man to drive faster, and get your pistols ready." The postilion drove faster. But the same mournful sound which the child had heard approached nearer and nearer. It was quite clear that a pack of wolves had scented them out. The nobleman tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child. At last the baying of the pack was distinctly heard. So he said to his servant: "When they come up with us, do you single out one, and fire, and I will single out another; and while the rest are devouring them, we shall get on."

As soon as he put down the window, he saw the pack in full cry behind, the large dog wolf at their head. Two shots were fired, and two of the wolves fell. The others instantly set upon them, and devoured them; and meanwhile the carriage gained ground. But the taste of blood only made them more furious, and they were soon up with the carriage again. Again two shots were fired, and two fell, and were devoured. But the carriage was speedily overtaken, and the post-house was yet far distant. The nobleman then ordered the postilion to loose one of his leaders, that they might gain a little time. This was done, and the poor horse plunged frantically into the forest and the wolves after him, and was soon torn to pieces. Then another horse was sent off, and shared the same fate. The carriage labored on as fast as it could with the two remaining horses; but the post-house was still distant. At length the servant said to the master: "I have served you ever since I was a child; I love you as well as my own self. Nothing now can save you but *one* thing. Let *me* save you. I ask you only to look after my wife and little ones." The nobleman remonstrated, but in vain. When the wolves next came up, the faithful servant threw himself against them. The panting horses galloped on with the carriage, and the gates of the post-house just closed in upon it, as the fearful pack were on the point of making the last fatal attack. But the travellers were *safe!* The next morning they went out, and saw the place where the faithful servant had been pulled down by the wolves. His bones only were there. And on the spot the nobleman erected a wooden pillar, on which is written, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—*Russian Sketches.*

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

The house will be kept in turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors, no lenity shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood in the grate and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they will burn; and half a dozen, and you will have a blaze. There are other fires subject to the same condition. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is left alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will enwrap them all in its burning heat.—*Hints for the Family.*



PROMENADE CONCERTS ON BOSTON COMMON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

PEACE THE POLICY OF NATIONS.

This doctrine is, we believe, in spite of recent events, beginning to be recognized by the Christian nations of the earth. The Eastern war, with the grandeur and glory of its combats, awakened little or no enthusiasm among the nations whose military representatives won the greatest laurels on the battle-field. And with this feeling among the masses, of disinclination to war, and indifference to its lurid glories, governments will find it difficult to engage in hostilities from no better motive than national pride, regardless of what is right and what is wrong. The difficulties between Great Britain and this country, had they transpired only a few years back, would certainly have produced a collision. It will not do to say that a consciousness of wrong on the part of Great Britain would have held back her hand. She has been accustomed to strike when her pride was wounded, without asking whether her cause was right or wrong, and relying on the blind patriotism of her gallant children for support. But the British government, like other enlightened governments, now see that they must present reasons to their people, as well as to their opponents, before rushing into strife. There is no lack of gallantry on the part of the British of to-day—they are as bold and heroic as were their forefathers who fought at Agincourt, or their fathers who charged at Waterloo. But only a sense of intolerable wrong will drive them to take up arms against a country whose sons boast of the same lineage and language, and whose interests are so closely interwoven, that a blow struck at one nation is felt throughout the other. The British, like ourselves, recognize the great truth that highminded diplomacy is fully adequate to settle the differences of nations, while war rarely succeeds in fully accomplishing the same purpose.

EDUCATION.—The general diffusion of education in this country has often excited the admiration of foreigners. When Lord Morpeth visited Lowell, a few years ago, he happened to be in the mills on pay-day, when the operatives were signing the roll. "What! do your operatives write?" asked his lordship. "Certainly, sir," said the clerk, "all Americans write." At this moment, a man stepped up and made his mark. "Ah!" said his lordship, with a smile, "I thought you said all wrote!"—"All *Americans*," replied the clerk; "that man was an Englishman."

PERFECTLY CLEAR.—"Fellow-citizens," said a Fourth of July orator, "I repeat the declaration, I do not believe there is a man, woman or child in this house, who has reached the age of fifty years, but what has felt this truth thundering through their brains centuries ago!"

SPLINTERS.

.... The diadem worn by the Empress Eugenie at her baby's christening cost three million dollars. Rather expensive dressing!

.... Bayard Taylor, not finding this climate cool enough, will pass the ensuing winter in Lapland.

.... We long to hear of the victories of the American racers, Lecompte, Prior and Prioress on the English turf.

.... Louis Napoleon proposes to give the daughters of Louis Philippe 20,000 francs each as a marriage portion.

.... John Carden, in prison for forcibly abducting an heiress, will probably be elected to the English parliament.

.... A patent machine boot and shoe company is announced in London, with a capital of £120,000.

... The performances of the large graduating class at Harvard College this year were of a high literary character.

.... Mr. Godard's horse endures his balloon ascensions like a very sensible, patient and courageous quadruped.

... The French prince imperial wore a blue slip at his christening. There may be another slip before he becomes emperor.

.... The ceremonies at the laying of the corner-stone of the "Sailors' Snug Harbor" at Germantown, Quincy, were interesting.

.... The United States steamship Merrimac is now undergoing repairs in the dry dock, Charlestown navy yard.

.... Two of the wheel mills of the Hazard Powder Company lately exploded, injuring three men.

.... There are thirty captains, thirty-eight commanders and thirty-two lieutenants U. S. N. on leave or waiting orders.

.... Another old lady gone—Mrs. Elizabeth Green, of Natchez, aged one hundred and eight years.

.... A few days since, on the Buffalo Central Railroad, they ran a train of 220 cars loaded with flour.

.... They have had hotter weather than ourselves in Vienna, Austria—thermometer 104 degrees.

.... The Mobile and Ohio Railroad has been completed lately to Macon, (Miss.); distance, in round numbers, 200 miles.

.... A statue of Christ, cut out of a block of ivory, the work of the 11th century, has lately been found in Andalusia, Spain.

.... John Brougham has been quite successful in his management of the Bowery Theatre, New York.

.... A splendid service of plate was lately given by the stockholders of the Boston Theatre, to the manager's bride.

.... Count de Bombelles, the third husband of Maria Louisa, widow of Napoleon I., lately died in obscurity in France.

.... Harrison Millard, now in London, writes in warm terms of the transcendent abilities of Ristori, the *tragedienne*.

.... Mr. Marion, who ascended in a balloon from Poughkeepsie, New York, travelled 70 miles in an hour and a quarter.

HOW AUTHORS LIVE.

Authors are such curious beings, that many of the uninitiated have supposed that they existed in a different manner from mere mortals, either living, like chameleons, upon air, or feeding upon the nectar and ambrosia of the gods. Nothing can be more fallacious. Even the greatest geniuses must condescend to eat, and we can even fancy Shakspeare attacking a venison pasty with the relish of the veriest clodhopper in Stratford-upon-Avon. Hippocrates, in his "Treatise on Diet," asserts that all men are born with the same mental capacity, but that the differences observed in after life are entirely attributable to diet. Literary men, according to Celsus, have extraordinarily weak stomachs. Some authors have gained a notoriety for singularity in their appetites and diet.

Dr. Rhondelet, a writer on fishes, was immoderately fond of figs, and died of a surfeit produced by eating them to excess, in 1556. The celebrated Dr. Parr had a passion for "hot boiled lobsters." Pope was an epicure. All his lifetime Dr. Johnson had a passion for boiled mutton. "At my aunt Ford's," says he, "I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton that she used to talk of it." Dryden's favorite dish was a chine of bacon. Lamb was enamored of roast pig. For more than twenty years Dr. George Fordyce only ate one meal a day. His reason was, that if one meal a day was enough for a lion, it was enough for a man. To be sure, his single meal was a substantial one, consisting of a pound and a half of rump steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a quarter of a pint of brandy and a tankard of ale.

Baron Maseres, who lived till the age of ninety, used to go one day in every week without eating anything except a slice of dry toast, taken with a single cup of tea. Ariosto was so abstemious that he said he was a "fit person to have lived in the world when the food of mankind was acorns." Thomas Bryon, the author of a "Way to Wealth and Long Life," refrained from eating flesh. Shelley utterly despised the pleasures of the table. Sir Isaac Newton, when he wrote his "Principia," lived on a scanty allowance of bread, water and vegetables, believing that such a diet refined and cleared the intellectual faculties.

Byron nearly starved himself at times, but that was from fear of becoming unpoetically corpulent. Medwin described him as having "starved himself into an unnatural thinness." Many authors have disgraced themselves by intemperance in eating and drinking. Addison's recourse to the bottle as a cure for his taciturnity, finally induced intemperate habits. Goldsmith's usual beverage was a slight decoction of sassafras. Dr. Shaw, the naturalist, drank largely of green tea. Hayley's only stimulant was coffee. Milton used to take a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water just before going to bed. Sir Walter Scott, from whose works a very complete code for life and conduct might be obtained, said, that "greatness of any kind had no greater foe than drinking." And Swift remarks that temperance is a "necessary virtue to great men, since it is the parent of that ease and liberty which are necessary for the improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be one of the greatest felicities of life."

But in old times, the question was not what authors should live upon, but whether they should live at all. Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Otway died of hunger; Lee in the streets. The "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle, to save its author from prison; Savage died in jail; Chatterton committed suicide, and John Keats died of a broken heart.

FISHING.—A great joke upon a greenhorn on a fishing party is to manage by *hook* or by crook to fasten a salt fish to his hook. This was done ages since by Cleopatra, when she and Mark Antony were fishing together. The Roman who lost the world for love of the "Serpent of the Nile," was much vexed at the trick, and it required extraordinary blandishments to bring back his good humor.

A LOSS.—Science has met with a great loss in the recent death of Professor John Locke, at Cincinnati. He was a native of Maine, and born at Fryeburg, February, 1792. His study of horology in connection with magnetism, led him to invent the famous magnetic clock, now in use at the national observatory in Washington.

THE OPERA.—Max Maretzek is indefatigable. He has leased the New York Academy of Music for three years, at $22,000 a year, and will open it soon with a splendid European company. It would be a great pity if such an enterprise should fail from lack of patronage.

FRIDAY.—Friday is one of the luckiest days in the American calendar. On it Columbus discovered America, the Mayflower landed, George Washington was born and Cornwallis surrendered—to say nothing of other auspicious events occurring that day.

FRANCE.—The people of France are made happy by the prospect of a generous harvest. There is no fear of revolution so long as people get enough to eat.

A MONSTER.—The mammoth steamer now building on the Thames, England, will require seven thousand tons of iron in her construction.

RAILROADS.—Alexander II. is about to cover his immense empire with a perfect net-work of railroads.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—The extravagant woman burns a wax candle in looking for a lucifer match.

WASHINGTON IN BOSTON.

The last time the father of his country was in Boston, was in 1790. He then passed through the street that now bears his name in its entire length, halting at the old State House, where every preparation had been made to receive him. Its west end was beautifully decorated, and a great multitude assembled at this point. The President was making the tour of the New England States, and, with his travelling companions, rode in a post-chaise drawn by four horses. But he entered the city on horseback, wearing his continental uniform, with his hat off, though the day was cold and one of our inhospitable northeast winds was blowing. He did not bow to the spectators as he passed, but sat on his horse with a calm and dignified air. Dismounting at the old State House, he was ushered into the western balcony, and a long procession defiled before him, whose salutations he courteously and gracefully acknowledged. A triumphal arch was erected across the street at that place, and a choir of singers was stationed there. When Washington came within hearing, he was saluted by the clear, powerful voice of Daniel Rea, who began the ode prepared for the occasion. The President remained in Boston a week, and partook of a public dinner given in his honor. He also dined with Governor Hancock, who then lived in great state in the house still standing in Beacon Street. He also visited the King's Chapel, to hear an oratorio, and then wore a suit of black. Those three places, the Chapel, the old State House, the Hancock house, with Faneuil Hall, are almost the only memorial buildings of the Washington era left standing in our city. From Boston Washington went to Portsmouth, and on the occasion of his departure, he displayed that punctuality for which he was so famous. He had given notice that he should depart at three o'clock in the morning, and accordingly started from the door of his lodging precisely at that hour. His escort, a little behind the times, as usual with large bodies that habitually move slow, arrived a little too late, but overtook the President by a forced march, so that he did not leave the town limits without receiving the honors due his rank and his person.

DOUBLE DEALING.—In Cincinnati, lately, a lady was detected in pocketing a package of gloves in a store. When charged with the theft, she burst into tears and tendered a $20 bill in payment. The merchant took but five dollars and gave her back the change. On counting the cash at night, that $20 bill was found to be a counterfeit.

CALIFORNIA WHEAT.—Mr. Coddell, of Sacramento, has raised in his garden, from seed obtained at Salt Lake City, a few stocks of wheat, each of which bears seven heads.

UNPARDONABLE.—To request a friend to keep cool with the thermometer at 95. It is adding fuel to flame.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Gannett, Francis H. Krebs, M. D., to Miss Ellen Elizabeth Curtis; by Rev. Dr. Noyes, Mr. George Noyes to Miss Harriet L. Follansbee, both of Newburyport; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Samuel W. Holt to Miss Mary A. Richardson; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Albert T. Whiting to Miss H. Emma Warren; by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. Stephen G. Taylor to Miss Mary A. Cobb; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. David Simpson to Miss Maria Bell.—At Melrose, by S. O. Dearborn, Esq., Jeremiah Martin, Esq. to Mrs. Eliza M. Grant.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. George H. Cook to Miss Margaret E. Panton.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Joseph Bacheller to Miss Martha Jane Woodman; by Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Thomas J. Kimball to Miss Susan S. Clark.—At Saugus, by Rev. Mr. Brigham, Mr. Samuel Green, of Lynn, to Mrs. Maria Towns.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Cole, Mr. Thomas Cole, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss Annie W. B. Ives.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Parmenter, Mr. William B. Clark to Miss Elizabeth W. Marr.—At Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Bowers, Mr. Thomas Fairweather to Miss Lilias Wright.—At North Adams, by Rev. Mr. Sanford, Mr. Charles Ballou to Miss Emily Wilbur.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Ide, Mr. Wilson Milliman to Miss Celia A. Parsons.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. William Warhurst to Miss Ellen Birtwell.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Charlotte B. Chittenden, 18; Mrs. Martha J. Tucker, 51.—At Charlestown, Widow Elizabeth Leverett.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Caroline E., wife of Mr. N. W. C. Jameson, 34.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Sarah B. Bird, 52.—At Newton Corner, Mrs. Susan Fewkes, 29.—At North Chelsea, Mrs. Susan B. Ellis.—At Waltham, Mrs. Celia Ann, wife of Rev. M. L. Bickford, 37.—At East Lexington, Mr. William L. Smith, 59.—At Hingham, Samuel Glover, Esq., 35.—At Salem, Mr. Francis H. Lefavour, 43; Widow Mary Smith, 81.—At Marblehead, Miss Mary O. Dodd, 23.—At Danvers, Mrs. Nancy B. Batchelder, 83.—At Beverly, Mr. Edward Stone, 74.—At East Abington, Mr. George L. Thompson, 56.—At Dedham, Mrs. Eliza Jane, wife of Mr. Benjamin Chandler, 34.—At West Amesbury, Mrs. Abby P. Rogers, 30.—At Worcester, Miss Mary E. Flagg, 21.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Sarah C. Wadsworth, 31.—At Plymouth, Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr. Ebenezer Nickerson, 33.—At East Freetown, Mr. Isaac Patterson, 22.—At Dartmouth, Widow Lydia Winslow, 86.—At South Dartmouth, Mrs. Sarah Nye Matthews, 36.—At Springfield, Mrs. Harriet E. Childs, 38.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Fanny S., wife of Rev. James M. Worcester, of Norwich, Conn., 29.—At Holyoke, Mr. Hurlburt Parks, 28.—At Conway, Mrs. Mary Billings, 86.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO THE INVISIBLE ONE.

BY ZEPHYR.

There is a dream of early youth
That haunts my memory yet;
It is of thee, beloved one,
And yet we've never met.

I've lingered mid the festive throng
In mansion gay and cot;
I've watched thy coming footsteps long,
And yet I see thee not.

I've wandered in the pathless woods,
For there thou seem'st to be;
The murmuring rills, the pale wild flowers,
Seem all to speak of thee.

O, thou dost love, I know full well,
The quiet forest's shade,
And oft thy spirit wanders forth
Away o'er the flowery glade.

On the mossy brink of the limpid stream
That ripples soft and low,
A shadow form seems ever there—
Beloved, 'tis thine, I know.

And there comes a voice, a gentle voice,
And sweetly blends with mine;
It joins me in my happy songs—
O, tell me is it thine?

There came a noble spirit near,
A heart all pure and free;
O, if the universe were mine,
'Twere nothing without thee.

There is a dream of later years,
That I can ne'er forget;
It is of thee, beloved one,
And yet, we've never met.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TRAVELLING IN ASIA MINOR.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

Those who have not had either the pleasures or pains which belong to oriental travelling, have but an imperfect idea of the difficulties encountered in ranging over those far-off sections of the world where men first appeared, and from whence they are generally supposed to have migrated over the face of the globe.

While humanity is in the constant condition of progress in the modern countries of Europe, in Asia there is a stability of society almost as permanent as the geological features of the crust of the earth on which cities of ancient renown were located. Civilization commenced early in Asia, and having reached a culminating point some two thousand years ago, in particular sections, rapidly deteriorated to a low estate, in which the present races are found.

Two or three institutions peculiar to oriental life have been sustained through all the changes to which the people have been incident; and they are still, in fact, defying the combined influences of Christianity and example.

One of these is polygamy. Far back as authentic chronicles reach, this unnatural domestic system was in existence. Through the patriarchal ages it was recognized as a privilege, if not a right; and it has been invariably practised by every order of men who have had the occupancy of the land down to our times.

Another oriental feature is its religious tendency. They have always been worshippers of something. If ignorant of the true God, so strongly is the religious element developed, they have idols, heathen deities; and, lastly the crowning faith of Islamism, which was curiously contrived to meet the essential demands of their animal nature under the deception of ministering to the intellectual powers. While the Sidonians, Tyrians, and cognate kingdoms were worshipping Ashtaroth and Moloch, they were distinguished by their intolerance and bigotry. The Druses, the descendants of the Canaanites, whom the Jews could never dislodge from the fastnesses of their much loved Lebanon, are as tenacious of their mystic faith, as their energetic, bold, determined Phœnician ancestors.

Mohammedans, their neighbors, and the last governing race, are religious fanatics; and, if they dared, would exterminate those who presume to differ from their orthodox standard belief. The Jews were intolerant and would be so again, to the utter exclusion of all other denominations of worshippers, had they the power. It is the leading thought with individuals of different blood, that their views are right above all others, on divine subjects, and they would establish them if they could. In perambulating the Orient, it should be therefore remembered not to hold argument with any whom a prospect of giving offence might be incurred.

A conversational knowledge of several languages qualifies a traveller to profit by what he sees and hears. If he can neither read nor speak any one besides his own vernacular, it is extremely difficult to acquire the very facts of which he is in pursuit. French and Italian, but the latter especially, are immensely important. Italians have penetrated Asia and Western Africa extensively. Despotism at home drives them off, and they wend their way to very distant points, and are very generally found in the service of pachas and local governors, wherever they can obtain the most for whatever they do—as interpreters, physicians, letter writers, etc. Italian is spoken where French is wholly unknown.

Arabic, of all others is the tongue, to ask questions in throughout a large part of that great continent; and in Northern and North-western Africa, far above the third cataract of the Nile, no other language is essential. Arabic is easily acquired by many persons, but, as a general rule, it is hard to master. Children running indifferently among the people, converse fluently enough in it in about a year to express all their wants and emotions. It would be a needless waste of life for a person to study it thoroughly, as a scholar, because the literature of the language does not furnish sufficient worth a translation, or mental gratification to compensate for the trouble. Just enough of it, however, for buying food, inquiring the way, the news, and where objects worth investigating are to be found, including an acquaintance with the money, may be gathered in a few weeks.

Neither taverns, eating nor regularly organized sleeping houses are known to the Orientals. In the modern cities, where a caravan trade is carried on with distant towns and provinces, large, low, square buildings are seen, called caravansaries, for the express accommodation of travelling strangers. City caravansaries, ordinarily, are the pious gift of a defunct Mahommedan, who hoped to secure more privileges for these exhibitions of charity towards strangers, than they would otherwise have had in the mansions of the prophet. They have one large door, closed with a rickety gate. On entering, the centre is a hollow square, surrounded on all sides by the edifice. Small rooms open from the square, into which the stranger enters for repose, after securing his animals in the court. Neither bedding, furniture, light, water nor fire are provided. Vermin and filth put all other habitations at defiance. The traveller carries in his luggage, cooks as he can, sleeps if he dare to, and in the morning pays a small fee to the janitor, and resumes his journey.

On arriving at any point from whence a departure inland is prepared, provided the arrival is made by water, an Arab, Persian, Armenian or Turk, according to the country, must be sought out, who has horses or camels for hire. Enough are always ready to commence any jaunt. After agreeing upon the price by the day—and, by-the-by, they drive sharp bargains—a stock of provisions is next to be purchased. A mattress for a bed, a blanket of a color not to offend by its appearance a few weeks after, to cover yourself over with, make very good cushions for the horrible saddles during the day.

Two travellers require as many as four horses, and five would not be too many. The same number of camels are necessary, if they are to be put in requisition. The owner goes with them as groom, to feed and otherwise take care of them. One horse carries bags or baskets slung at his side with the cooking apparatus and the standard articles of food. In making up a list of necessaries to start with—if procurable, there should be salt, sugar, coffee, tea, hard bread, knives, spoons, forks, various kinds of dishes, which, for economy, should be of tin, because they are then both light and durable. Earthen ware would be worse than none. Articles above mentioned should be secured either in tin or wooden boxes. Prepared meats, hermetically sealed, are excellent. They are generally for sale at Cairo and Alexandria in Egypt; Sidon, Tyre and Jaffa in Palestine; and at Smyrna, Constantinople, Odessa, and everywhere in the ports of India, where they are sent by the manufacturers. The only drawback in regard to these prepared meats is their dearness.

Another horse or camel, as the case may be, is laden with grain, barley or beans, purchased as they can be found on the way, to feed the caravan. Two others are expressly for riding by the travellers, and a fifth horse is a servant of all work, to be occasionally mounted by the owner or carry luggage.

In going from settlement to settlement, eggs, fowls, meats, milk and fruits are purchased as they can be had. If the jaunt is commenced in Egypt to go through the Levant to the Holy Land, to the forsaken city Petræa, Mount Sinai—to the emerald mines—or on the Libyan desert to the temple of Jupiter, the Fahoom, and other notable places, water must be carried for daily use. Out of the country of the pyramids, water is generally found in abundance.

A custom of long standing is to start about four o'clock in the morning. If a tent is taken along, it imposes extra labor night and morning to set it up and take it down—besides the contingency of losing and breaking the pins inconveniently often. A kind of breakfast is taken—such as a bad cup of coffee, boiled eggs, etc.—if fire enough can be had to prepare them. While riding through the day, eating becomes a regular business. Each one is disposed to nibble whatever is most readily come-at-able. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the muleteer or sheik, or whoever goes to show the way, comes to a halt. The animals are unladen, fed, hampered by fetters, if horses, and made fast to a stake. Camels are bidden to lie down, when one foreleg is doubled upon itself, and hampered with a noose of rope to prevent it from being extended again until the following morning. They are then fed, lying down. If they get up, it is difficult to stray far on three legs. A good dinner is the next undertaking. Dishes are wiped—never very nicely washed, then smoking, and lastly journals and letters occupy the time till the weary sojourner requires rest. A paper lantern, which folds up compactly, and a good stock of matches and candles are indispensable, whether lodged under a tent, a caravansary, or the hut of a fellah.

This is the universal mode of travelling in the several countries of the fascinating Orient. It is certainly fascinating to the scholar and those having an antiquarian taste.

Lastly, there is one more necessary, not to be omitted, because it is the power that moves the caravan and commands personal service. It is money. Go where the traveller may, its potency is perfectly understood. By a letter of credit taken in Paris or London, the currency of the country may readily be had of the money changers. They are glad to obtain bills on those cities. This remark holds good in respect to commercial places. In departing inland from them, a supply must be carried to meet all expenses. Never pay more than one-third in advance for horses or camels, lest, having the cash, the fellow might leave you when least expected, in a dilemma. Make the remainder payable on reaching the point he stipulated to gain.

It is a safe provision to have a belt round the body with some fifty or sixty dollars in gold, to fall back upon in any emergency. French Napoleons, English sovereigns and Turkish twenty-piaster gold pieces pass everywhere in the East far above their par value, on account of their purity. Several times I had occasion to draw upon the concealed bank, when, without it, both myself and companion would have been exceedingly embarrassed.

Further, always carry as much as a quart of paras, or the smallest copper coin, for presents and backsheish. Pay the people to the utmost farthing agreed upon, and unless you then give them *backsheish*, meaning a present, over and above, the fat is in the fire, and irreconcilable difficulties would arise between parties.

A fowling-piece, or a small, compact rifle, with ammunition, is desirable, both for a show of what could be done in case of an emergency in some particular places, as well as for taking game. It is never advisable, however, in any misunderstanding with the people, to make a demonstration of what you could do, if you chose, with powder and bullets. To my apprehension, it is invariably safer and more prudent to be without guns or pistols of any sort, than to have them. I once cocked an old horse-pistol hanging at my saddle knob, to a group of brutal Arab boys in Samaria, who were stoning us from the top of a high bank above the narrow path we were passing over, single file. It was not loaded, nor would it have been cocked, had it been. However, they presumed it was, and their muscular vengeance was exercised accordingly, to our alarm.

No roads are traceable in any direction. There are paths, or trails, but in a shocking condition, as a general rule. Without a guide, it would be impossible to get through the interior at all. Even under the charge of practised leaders, they occasionally become puzzled, and we were obliged to retrace our steps for miles, and take a new departure.

Arab sheiks who go on these tours with travellers, as well as professed couriers in Syria, are very unwilling to allow you to stop for the examination of ruins. Be careful, therefore, to stipulate in the contract, which should be written, that as much time as may be satisfactory, shall be taken for inspections. Otherwise, a main object of voluntarily submitting to the hardships of oriental travelling, would be lost.

Writing materials and fine paper complete the catalogue, in connection with the preceding directions, of what is necessary and certainly convenient for making extensive explorations in the far-off Orient.

A RIDE ON AN ELEPHANT.

The rajah had kept his promise, and his big she-elephant had already arrived. She knelt, at the keeper's command, and a small ladder was placed against her side, that I might climb upon the pad, as I had been unable to borrow a howdah. I had a package of bread and cold roast beef, to serve me as a tiffin, but was careful to conceal it from the driver, otherwise himself and the elephant, with all her trappings, must have undergone purification on account of the unclean flesh. I took a reluctant leave of Mr. Keene, seated myself astride on the pad, with the driver before me on the elephant's neck, and we moved off. The driver was a Sikh, in a clean white and scarlet dress, and a narrow handkerchief bound around his head. His long, well-combed locks were anointed with butter, and, as his head was just under my nose, I was continually regaled with the unctuous odors. He carried a short iron spike, with which he occasionally punched the elephant's head, causing her to snort and throw up her trunk as she quickened her pace. I found the motion very much like that of a large dromedary, and by no means unpleasant or fatiguing. Though walking, she went at the rate of about five miles an hour. I noticed that the driver frequently spoke to her in a quiet, conversational tone, making remarks about the roads, and advising her how to proceed—all of which she seemed to understand perfectly, and obeyed without hesitation.—*Bayard Taylor.*

PUNCH ON HEADACHE.

The female headaches are innumerable, but they arise principally from vexation and disappointment. They may be divided into "nervous" and "sick" headaches. The nervous is irritable, and cannot bear being spoken to; the sick is despondent, or sulky, and bursts into tears at the least contradiction. When a lady cannot have her own way, a headache is the painful consequence. An unpopular visitor brought home accidentally to dinner, will produce an alarming attack of headache, and the symptoms that successively follow are instant loss of appetite, deafness, peevishness, hysteria, and finally a precipitate retreat to the bedroom. The poor servants feel the effects of the headache as much as any one, and do not stop in the room longer than they can help. These unfortunate headaches are very frequent about that time of the year when every one is, or is supposed to be, out of town, and do not cease until the patient has been carried to the sea-side for a change of air. The milder forms will vanish upon the application of a piece of jewelry; or if the forehead is wrapped up in a new shawl, it is astonishing with what rapidity the pain disappears. Sometimes a shifting of the scene is requisite, and thus a box at the opera has been known to produce an instantaneous cure, even when the headache in question has been of the most stunning description, and the opera played has been one of Verdi's!—*Punch.*

Curious Directions for a Young Lady's Dress.—Let your ear-rings be attention, encircled by the pearls of refinement. Let the diamonds of your necklace be truth, and the chain of Christianity. Let your bracelets be charity, ornamented with the pearls of gentleness. Let your bosom-pin be modesty, set with compassion. Let your finger-rings be affection, set with the diamonds of industry. Let your girdle be simplicity, with a tassel of good humor. Let your garb be virtue—your drapery politeness. Let your shoes be wisdom, secured with the buckles of perseverance.—*Troy Budget.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A piano forte has recently been manufactured in California, being the first made in the United States west of the Rocky Mountains. —— In the "Life of Wilberforce," is the following entry in his diary—"Went to hear Mr. Foster. Felt much devotion, and wondered at a man who fell asleep during the psalms. During the sermon *went to sleep myself!*" —— The number of the inhabitants of a city is almost renewed every thirty years. —— The editor of the Norfolk American has heard of a bet, made a few days ago, which is something decidedly novel. Two politicians have bet each other a cord of wood—the loser to buy the wood, have it carried to the owner's house, saw it, and then take it in. —— The healthiest children are those born in the months of January, February and March. —— Mr. G. H. Davenport, of Farmington Falls, Me., on the 17th of June, pegged and soled 30 pairs of doubled soled men's shoes, in 12 hours and 35 minutes, and went to his meals. The pegs driven amount to 18,000. The time occupied upon a shoe averaged 13 minutes. —— There is a Chinese in San Francisco who was steward to Napoleon at St. Helena in 1815. He is engaged in importing from China, and in general merchandizing. —— The American Institute Fair will be held this year in the Crystal Palace, New York, commencing September 20th, and be continued until November 1st. The Institute pay $3000 for the use of the building. It is admirably adapted to the purpose,—its vast dimensions enabling everything to be displayed to the greatest advantage. —— Eggs can be preserved any length of time if covered with two coats of mucilage of gum arabic. —— Life spent without any fixed aim, is compared by an old poet, to "throwing buckets into empty wells, and growing old in drawing nothing up." —— It is said that we possess in this country a larger number of effective cannon, of the latest construction, than all Europe combined. —— The U. S. government has twelve large depots for arms, besides two national armories which manufacture them. In these depots there are 142,000 stand of small arms, guns, pistols, carbines, exclusive of the number issued to the arsenals of the various States and the supply of the army. —— It is said that Indianopolis contains churches enough to comfortably seat its entire population. —— It is a singular fact that the report of a criminal trial is the best item of news that can be produced to sell a newspaper. During the Webster trial in this city, one or two of the papers nearly doubled their circulation. —— The fewest deaths take place in November, December and February. —— The Roman Empire in the zenith of its glory, did not contain more than three millions of square miles. The United States now covers more than this area, and is larger than Rome was when she was called the mistress of the world. —— "Providence never deviates to form a hero, but with the purpose to scourge the world," was the saying of Gustavus Adolphus, himself a hero. —— Misers are like patent-leather boots—the longer they last the tighter they become. —— A slight solution of gum arabic, introduced into the eye, is said to be an excellent means of removing any dust or other substance that may get into that delicate organ. —— A gentleman complains in the advertising columns of the "Times"—"I have the most beautiful horse in England, but not the most beautiful lady. Your silence pains me deeply. I cannot forget you. M." —— The Lynchburg Virginian states that three hogsheads of tobacco were sold in that city, a few days since, at the enormous average of sixty-four dollars and ninety-one cents per hundred—the best one bringing the unprecedented price of one hundred and fifty dollars! —— A church bell is one of the few good things that will bear being *tolled* frequently to the same folks.

A Dove in Church.—During the communion service at one of our city churches, lately, a dove flew in at the window, and alighting on the pulpit, remained there quietly during the whole of the sacramental service. A similar incident furnished the theme for one of Charles Sprague's most beautiful effusions, the "Winged Worshippers."

A Preacher a Century Old.—Elder Marshall, a colored man, 101 years old, a resident of Georgia, preached in one of the Baptist churches of New York city, recently. He is described as robust and hearty, weighing about two hundred pounds, and having a full-toned voice, and a manner far from disagreeable.

Another Relic.—Amongst the presents brought from Rome to Paris, by Cardinal Patrizi, who was the Pope's representative at the christening of the royal babe Napoleon, is a relic said to be a piece of our Saviour's cradle, studded with diamonds. Our version of the Bible reads that he was cradled in a manger.

Ohio Wine Crop.—The vintage is 500,000 gallons. The quantity bottled by N. Longworth, of Cincinnati, this season, is 150,000 bottles, and with that added to his former stock, he has now in cellar full 300,000 bottles, mostly quarts, of which 20,000 are of Isabella.

An expensive Machine.—The silver-plated fire-engine, for the city of San Francisco, Cal., is now on exhibition at Hunneman & Co.'s Works, Roxbury, costing $8000; the silver is worth $3000, and the other works cost $5000.

Returning Home.—Boston machinists who spent their winters on the plantations in Cuba, are returning home, bringing with them an unusual amount of orders for machinery.

Art in Rome.—There are said to be more artists now in Rome than before the revolution—there being 224 painters, 105 sculptors, and 144 engravers.

Wayside Gatherings.

There is a story of the discovery of wonderful gold deposits on a mountain at Santa Catalina, in Lower California.

T. Buchanan Read, the artist, has just married at Northampton, Mrs. Butler, the author of the "Old Farm," for his second wife.

The towns of Haverhill, Piermont, Orford, Warren and Benton, N. H., have offered $500 in bounties to slayers of wolves, bears and wild cats.

An interesting trial of fire engines is to come off in New Haven this fall. The first prize is a new fire engine, in complete running order, worth fifteen hundred dollars—the victors to take her home with them.

Mr. E. P. Ransom, a school teacher in Newburyport, has received, and will accept, an invitation to become superintendent of schools in Springfield, Ohio.

Large quantities of Irish potatoes have sought a market in Chicago from New York this season, and the other day white beans were sold to go to Galena.

Respect for woman, says a Frenchman, requires us never to doubt a word of what she utters; self-respect requires us never to believe a word of what she says.

A fight between a black snake and a weasel at Rochester, N.Y., terminated in the triumph of the weasel, which caught the snake by the throat and killed it.

There are five candidates for the Presidency now in the field—Buchanan, Fremont, Fillmore, Stockton, and Gerritt Smith. This accommodates nearly every shade of politics.

A fine opera company will open this season at Niblo's early in September. It is a German enterprise, but Italian and French opera will also be given.

The Newark Advertiser states that a woman named Brown has been arrested in Camden for attempting to poison her husband with nux vomica. They had been but recently married.

The squirrels in Independence square, Philadelphia, had an indignation meeting recently, on the subject of torch-light processions, rockets, fire-crackers, and noise in general.

Joost Bobdyl, of Union, N. J., died recently, from a singular disease, known as the closing of the stomach. He literally starved from the impossibily of getting food into his stomach.

The Norwegians are emigrating to this country in great numbers, and they are a desirable class of emigrants. There are eight Norwegian ships now on the ocean, with 1600 emigrants for the United States.

A bear belonging to a circus company escaped from his cage at Saratoga, and showed fight, when the keeper thrust an iron bar down his throat—ending the contest, and it is thought the life of the bear also.

A brass propellor for U. S. steamer Roanoko was cast at Richmond, Va., lately, weighing 27,000 pounds, and said to be 1000 pounds larger than any other composition casting ever made in the United States.

It is proposed to vote, this year, the sum of £10,000, as a contribution in respect of the revenue derived from the British Crown estates in the metropolis, towards the formation of a fund for the building of additional churches and parsonages in London.

Under the very appropriate caption "Love's Labor Lost," a New York paper mentions that a serenading party, the other night, after having played before a house nearly an hour, were politely informed by a watchman, that "Nobody lived there!"

A Philadelphia painter has introduced a new style of sign-painting which is novel and beautiful. The lettering and figures are done with pearl upon glass, and they are as richly ornamented as the fancy of the operator and the combination of colors can make them.

The Amherst Express tells of a dog belonging to Enos Williams of that town, who, seeing a shovel fall unobserved from his master's wagon, on the public road, watched over it for twenty-four hours, till his owner missing him, made search and recovered both dog and shovel.

A Costa-Rican railroad has been suggested by some English capitalists, who have made a contract for the construction of ten miles of it. It is to extend from San Jose, the capital, to the Pacific, and will be another highway to California and the western coast.

It is said that the steamer Lexington, which was burned in the Sound in 1837, had $18,000 on board, which has never been recovered. An effort is to be made to raise the treasure if possible. The wreck lies in ninety feet of water, and the specie is in an accessible place.

Catherine Alberti, a beggar and fortune-teller, died in Raleigh, N. C., a few weeks ago. On examining her effects $2600 in gold, notes and silver were found, together with evidence of her owning a plantation in Kentucky, and twenty shares of railroad stock. Around her body was a belt full of gold coin.

On the 28th ult., while a large party were busily discussing the merits of a sumptuous dinner at the Merchant's Hotel, St. Paul, Minnesota, the floor suddenly gave way, and the whole party, with the well-loaded table, made a rapid descent into the cellar. Fortunately no person was seriously injured.

On the 4th ult., a man named Jameson, leaped into the Scioto River, at Columbus, Ohio, from the National Road Bridge, a height of 33 feet, and swam ashore, when another individual, named Fielding Thomas, being slightly intoxicated, undertook the same feat, but falling upon his back, was killed by the shock.

A letter dated Antigua, W. I., June 18, states that the sugar making season was nearly over, and the yield had been most prolific. There had been sent to England and Belgium fully 39,000 hogsheads, and 1400 hogsheads molasses, and about the same quantity to the United States. The health of the island was good.

An old lady belonging to a distinguished aristocratic family, one of the members of which was one of the most eminent ministers of the Restoration, was recently tried by the Tribunal of Correctional Police, at Paris, for mendicity. It was proved that she had for a long time frequented churches, and especially the Madeleine, to beg.

French chemists are devoting themselves assiduously to discover, if possible, cheap and improved processes for obtaining aluminum, and it is thought that their efforts will be crowned with complete success. The celebrated chemists, MM. Rose and Deville, have recently effected some improvements in treating solutions of aluminum, but they are still troublesome and expensive.

The amount of property, in bank bills and gold, recovered from the safe of the American Express Company, sunk in Lake Erie, was $32,000. The paper, since drying, is as fresh and fair as when lost, the signatures being plain and distinct. The bills of lading, which were also in the safe, says the Buffalo Commercial, show the writing upon them plainly, even to pencil marks.

Foreign Items.

The Sultan has made a magnificent present to Miss Nightingale.

Ascot races have been very gay this year. The queen was present with her reputed son-in-law.

The total cost of the Russian war to Great Britain is now said to be twenty thousand lives and eighty million pounds sterling.

Herr Ahorn, the sculptor who executed the celebrated lion, modelled by Thorwaldsen, and carved out of the solid rock, at Lucerne, died lately at Constance.

The London Gazette contains an official notice, declaring Dr. Rae and his companions entitled to the reward of £10,000 offered to those who should first ascertain the fate of Sir John Franklin.

William Vincent Wallace, the composer, has become entirely blind through intense application, and has been impelled to abandon his profession, and place himself under the hands of the first optical surgeon in London.

A quantity of arms, coins, vases, etc., have been discovered on the island of Gothland, in the Baltic Sea. They are believed to have belonged to a noted pirate named Sarka, who died at the beginning of the eleventh century.

The Egyptian government having of late years opened up some rich quarries of Oriental alabaster, great quantities are now being sent to Italy for the purpose of making vases. The color of this alabaster is very beautiful, and it is very translucent.

John P. Groves, the young Boston violinist, who is in Europe completing his musical education, has advanced even beyond the warmest expectation of his friends. He is located at Brussels, and is under the instruction of Leonard, who is much interested in him. He is pronounced the best violinist in the conservatoire at Brussels.

Sands of Gold.

.... Ferments of the worst kind succeed to perfect inaction.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

.... There's not one wise man among twenty will praise himself.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Wit will never make a man rich; but there are places where riches will always make a wit.—*Johnson.*

.... When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.—*Pope.*

.... The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing—each his own interest.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

.... Wisdom consists, not in seeing what is directly before us, but in discerning those things which may come to pass.—*Terence.*

.... The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.—*Swift.*

.... It is usually seen, that the wiser men are about the things of this world, the less wise they are about the things of the next.—*Gibson.*

.... He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.—*Pope.*

.... Whoever is an imitator by nature, choice, or necessity, has nothing stable; the flexibility which affords this aptitude is inconsistent with strength.—*Landor.*

.... If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. Put something in his pocket.—*Tom Brown.*

Joker's Budget.

Put the strongest minded woman in a bonnet shop, and it will instantly turn her head!

"Hog or dog?—that's the question," as the fellow said when he sat down to a dish of fried sausages.

Some one says that the municipal arrangements are so strict in the Arctic regions, that Dr. Kane was kept from going further by the North Pole-ice!

What a suspicious monster the man must have been who first invented a lock; but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch-key.

A correspondent of the Lewiston Falls Journal says, "I paid a short but very pleasant visit to a neighbor's cow yesterday." Wonder if he stopped to tea, and took cream!

Parson Gubbin says men lose much by being communicative in their matters of business. He says: "Always keep shady; if you see a sixpence on the ground, put your foot on it straight." The parson aint of the sort of people that are scarce now-a-days.

The writer of the following is envious as well as impudent:

Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce will kiss a brother;
Women oft want to kiss so bad,
They smack and kiss each other.

In chemistry, the best way to separate two bodies is to introduce a third. The same holds true in other departments. To increase the distance between a pair of lovers, all that's required is to let little Willie walk into the "back parlor," with a lighted candle in his hand.

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RACHEL'S CHATEAU.

The pretty and unpretending little summer residence delineated in our engraving, is the property of Mademoiselle Rachel, the distinguished French tragic actress, and was purchased by her a short time before her departure for this country on that professional tour which commenced under such brilliant auspices, but terminated so disastrously, in consequence of the mismanagement of her brother, and of her own severe illness. Previous to that time she occupied a splendid residence in Paris, the interior of which was described by those who had the good fortune to visit it, as a marvel of magnificence and art. After purchasing the villa we have shown in our illustration, she broke up her city establishment, and sold at auction her choice furniture, and the numerous objects of art and *bijouterie* which had been presented to her during her career. These, as may be supposed, realized amounts far beyond their intrinsic value; so that what would have been a sacrifice in most cases, in hers proved a profitable speculation. Since her return to France she has occupied this elegant little chateau, which is planted around with trees, and situated a short distance from Paris, and which has been furnished by her in the same tasteful and recherché style as her former residence. The career of Rachel has been like the page of a romance. From a street ballad singer, wandering from cafe to cafe, and living on the precarious emoluments of an itinerant musician, she has come to be acknowledged as the greatest actress on the stage—we say the greatest, because we do not believe that the reputation of Ristori, her great Italian rival, rests upon a permanent basis. Whatever might be the local fame of Ristori, we think it is beyond a doubt that her Paris reputation was manufactured for her by those leaders of the public taste who were worn out and exasperated by the caprices and ingratitude of one who was so long at once the idol and the tyrant of the Parisians. It was to mortify and outrage Rachel, that they vied with each other in showering praises on the fair Italian. But Rachel's reputation was not made in a day, and is quite too stable to be thus demolished. She has been crowned as the queen of the drama, not only by her own countrywomen, but by the critical audiences of St. Petersburg, of Vienna, and of London, and, lastly, by those of New York and Boston. No one who has not witnessed her impersonations can form any conception of her power. To those who have not seen her, the praises of her admirers seem hyperbolical; while those who have, feel that language is utterly inadequate to eulogize her sufficiently. Her merit is the greater, since her success is greatest in the cold, classic French drama of the past century, which, with all its beauty of language, its elegance and high finish, is devoid of life. Into these cold forms, however, Rachel, with the intensity of her nature, infused vitality, and created life where she found an inert mass. In Boston, where she met a most critical auditory, she won every heart literally *earning* the applause she received by the exercise of her wonderful genius. We fear from the latest accounts that she will never regain the health she has lost. At last accounts she had retired to a watering-place for rest.



RACHEL'S CHATEAU, NEAR PARIS.

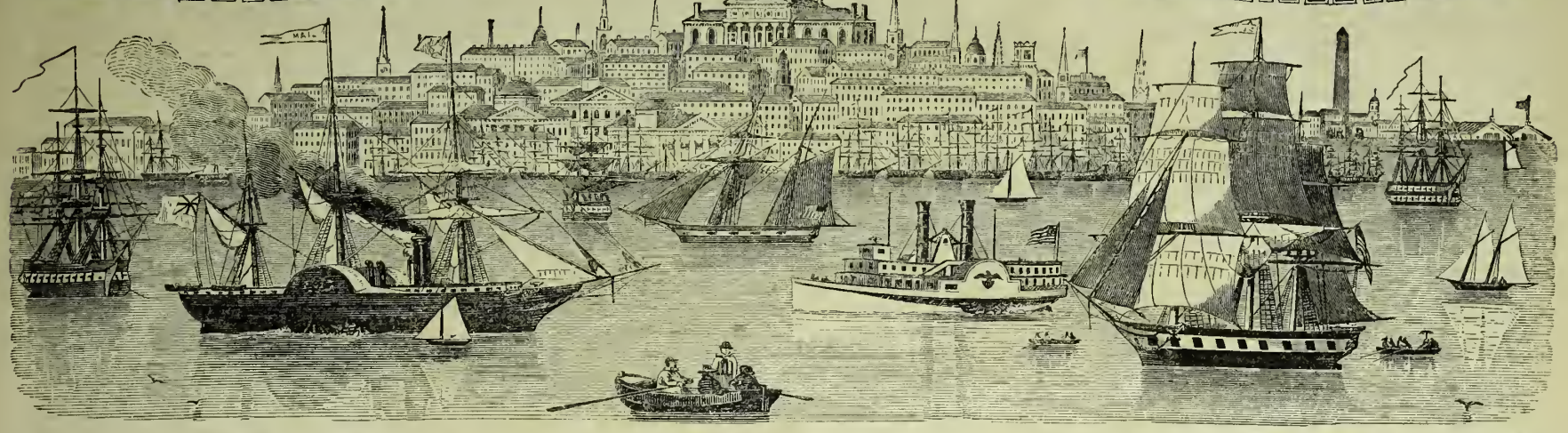


VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The large engraving on this page is an equestrian portrait of Queen Victoria, after a celebrated statue, noted not only for its intrinsic excellence, but for its faithful likeness of the queen of Great Britain. There was a peculiar fitness in the style of representation, the queen being an accomplished horsewoman, and frequently appearing in public mounted. Thus she lately reviewed the troops at Aldershot on horseback, and in a similar manner passed the review of the Irish militia previous to their disbandment. No sovereign who ever occupied the throne of England has been more popular than Queen Victoria. Unlike many female sovereigns of great countries, she has illustrated her rank by the exhibition of those domestic virtues which win our respect in private life, but are doubly attractive when affording an example in high station. She rules the hearts of our friends on the other side of the Atlantic less as a queen than as a wife and mother. To the loyalty and allegiance paid to the ruler of a mighty empire is added the homage which chivalrous natures pay to the high-minded and virtuous woman. Whatever may be the "divinity that doth hedge a king," and the enchantment that distance lends to the view, Queen Victoria has certainly never sought to inspire awe and reverence by entrenching herself within the narrow limits of rank. On the contrary, she appears frequently in public with no more parade than is consistent with her position. She goes frequently to the theatre, to concerts, and to other public places. During the late war with Russia, she manifested, on more than one occasion, her active sympathy with the brave officers and soldiers who had upheld the honor of the British flag, visiting the hospitals where the wounded lay, and honoring by her presence the return of the victorious legions. Her charities, too, have been great, and confined to no class or locality. The queen is well educated, and has an active and intelligent mind. Those who have had opportunities of conversing with her, say that she sustains herself well on whatever topic may be started, and that she is evidently conversant, not only with books, but with affairs and men. Alexandrina Victoria, for these were her baptismal names, is the only child of the late Duke of Kent and of the Princess Louise Victoria, of Saxe-Cohurg, who, at the date of her marriage with his royal highness, was a relict of the hereditary prince of Leiningen. She was born May 24, 1819, and is consequently now in her 38th year. Her general education was directed by the Duchess of Northumberland. The best masters were provided for her, and she became a proficient in language, in history, and in science, without precisely reaching, or even aiming at the distinction of a blue stocking. By the desire of William IV., the late Lord Melbourne familiarized her mind with the leading principles of constitutional government; and it was therefore not surprising that, finding that nobleman at the head of the administration when she came to the throne, January 20, 1837, she maintained him in that position. Her coronation took place June 28, 1838, with great pomp and splendor. February 10, 1840, she was married to Prince Albert, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotta, and has a large family of children.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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SIGNORINA FELICITA VESTVALI.

The portrait on this page, of the dashing and popular *prima donna*, Signorina Felicita Vestvali, was drawn expressly for us from an admirable photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city. It is an unquestionable likeness, as thousands of our readers in New York, Philadelphia and this city, can testify. This lady is a native of Poland, and is now in the full plenitude of personal attraction, in the maturity of her vocal power, and in the enjoyment of a reputation fairly won in both hemispheres. Coming to London with a continental reputation, her debut in Italian Opera in that city was a veritable triumph. It was not so much her singing, though she possesses a cultivated *contralto* voice, as the happy combination of vocal powers with great histrionic talent, which gave her such a hold upon the public. With her European and London reputation fresh, she came to this city, and received that warm welcome which America knows how to give to distingnished talent. In New York she created a *furore*; in Boston she warmed the popular heart, and in other cities she was equally successful. No one who has seen her *Romeo*, in the operatic version of Shakspeare's play, or her *Azucena*, the gipsey, in Verdi's "Trovator," can forget those impersonations. If, in the former character, she fully realized our conceptions of Shakspeare's passionate and fated lover—conceptions rarely realized upon the stage—as the wild gipsey she has surpassed all preconceived expectations. She is particularly excellent in male characters. She wears the doublet and hose with a grace and ease and *abandon* peculiarly her own, and certainly no finer cavalier ever trod the lyric stage. But the crowning triumph of her career was reserved for her trip to Mexico. Her visit to the Halls of the Montezumas was as genuine a triumph as that of General Scott's, though in a different path of glory. She managed to inspire the senors and senoritas, particularly the former, with the wildest enthusiasm. Each night witnessed an increase of warmth, until her benefit, when the popular liberality and the popular applause were unbounded. This night yielded the fair prima donna a substantial proof of admiration in the shape of some three thousand Mexican dollars, to say nothing of jewels and other costly souvenirs which were bestowed on her. Moreover, the stockholders of the opera house insisted on her taking the management of the establishment, and she finally left Mexico, amply furnished with funds and letters of credit to enable her to procure the best musical talent for her company. She has performed once or twice in New York, since her return from Mexico, at the splendid academy of music, under Max Maretzek's management, and her reception was such as to show her that she was still the favorite of that warm-hearted public so often accused of caprice in its attachments. Vestvali has been passing the summer at Hoboken. We believe that she is on the eve of departure for Europe to secure musical talent for her Mexican opera house. Whether the Italian Opera will ever be a permanent institution remains to be seen. Thus far Italian Opera has only been partially successful in a pecuniary point. From time to time different troupes have drawn large houses for a number of nights, but we believe that almost every manager who has meddled with Italian Opera has burned his fingers. The Astor Place Opera was a failure—so was Palmo's—and but for the gallantry with which Max Maretzek threw himself into the breach, the Academy of Music must have degenerated to "base uses." The expense of an Italian Opera company is enormous, for of all professional people, opera singers are most exorbitant in their demands. It is true that beauty and voice are fleeting, but we think that these gifts are rated a little too high. The opera is necessarily so costly that it must rely for support on the wealthy, and the wealthy in this country are precisely the persons who have shown themselves not to be reliable for a steady patronage of Italian music. In France the Italian Opera could not live without the patronage of the government. In England it is supported by the nobility who engage boxes for the season—the prices of admission are very high. When first introduced in England, Italian Opera was supported by the subscriptions of the nobility—and the wits and the people were against it. Pope attacked it severely. Addison and his contemporaries set their faces against it as improbable and absurd. While we do full justice to the merit of their sarcasms, we must dissent from their reasoning: a drama in music is as probable and reasonable as a drama in verse. The objections to its absurdity might be equally urged against every species of theatrical representation. The truth is, that operas may be defended on the same ground as other arts of imagination; the mixture of music, decoration and dance, has been called incongruous and frivolous; but, perhaps, upon too little reflection. As to the poetry, it is another thing; any poetry is good enough for an entertainment where no poetry could be understood. But there is no subject on which, and about which, an affectation of penchant is more universal than that of music. It may be justly questioned, after all, whether the combinations of scientific music afford those who are able to enjoy its harmonies, a degree of pleasure at all equal to that which is felt by the less tutored ear on hearing simple melodies. Complicated music will always attract a large crowd of auditors, where very few feel gratification; nor would the labor of learning the science, so as to comprehend its more scientific beauties, at all repay itself with the many. Every noble emotion which it can raise in the bosom, is raised by the boldest and simplest tones, and these are universally felt and comprehended. If we are correct in our views, then, Italian Opera can never be a permanent institution with us, because it must depend more on fashion and science than on the popular taste for its support. Yet there is a class so devoted in its love for Italian Opera, or rather for the display which accompanies it, that we should not be surprised if one opera house were sustained in New York.



SIGNORINA FELICITA VESTVALI.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

Morning passed, and the day waned slowly. Caroline remained shut up in her own apartment. A quiet and unusually silent dinner was but just over, when a visitor was announced, who desired to speak with Miss Ashburton.

"Who is it?" asked Lady Mayhew.

"A lady, madam, who will not give her name."

"Will not give her name? That is somewhat extraordinary," said Lady Mayhew, musingly. "But, at all events, I do not think I dare disturb Caroline at present. Who is she, James,—a stranger?"

"I never saw her before, to my recollection, my lady."

Lady Mayhew considered for a moment.

"I am afraid it will not do to trouble Caroline at present," she repeated, reflectively, after awhile. "James, ask the lady if it will be convenient to call again—that is, if her business is not very urgent."

The man disappeared, but directly returned, saying that the stranger said she "*must* see Miss Ashburton; she could not delay."

"Curious!" said Lady Mayhew. "Who can it be, I wonder, and what does she desire? Well, at all events, I must go up and see if Caroline is willing to give her audience." And rising, she left the table.

But she had only just crossed the hall, when Caroline Ashburton herself appeared, slowly descending the great staircase. She was very pale, but otherwise retained her usual appearance.

"O, is this you, my dear child? I was just going to seek you," said Lady Mayhew, as she met her, and she kissed her tenderly. "How do you feel this evening?"

"Very much better, I thank you," answered Miss Ashburton, with a quiet and somewhat faint, but grateful smile.

"There is somebody, then, in the drawing-room, who has been inquiring for you: a lady, James says, and a stranger. Do you feel equal to an interview with her?"

"Quite, aunt. But I wonder who can she be? A stranger, you say?"

"She would give me no name, and I have not seen her, my dear. James says he has never seen her here before."

Miss Ashburton proceeded, with an air of thoughtful inquiry, to the drawing-room: and as she opened the door, Lady Mayhew, in passing, saw through the open doorway a woman, tall, of fine and even strikingly beautiful proportions, attired in plain, dark garments, and wearing a thick veil, which quite concealed her face. She was standing, as Caroline Ashburton entered; and that was all Lady Mayhew saw. She rejoined Eleanor and her son, and shortly all three repaired to the library.

The door of the drawing-room had been closed on Miss Ashburton and her strange visitor, and for some ten minutes remained so. Then a faint cry was heard to proceed from the apartment, mingled with some confused exclamation in a voice of agony. The door was thrown open, and a bell rung with agitated haste. And when Lady Mayhew, followed by Edward, reached the drawing-room, they found Caroline reclining insensible upon a couch, and the veiled visitor bending over her, bathing her temples. Alarmed, both sprang to her side.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Lady Mayhew.

The stranger rose, and gave place to them.

"Its meaning is not evil," she said, in a musical though sad, nay, almost stern voice,—"its meaning is not evil. I have not harmed Caroline Ashburton, Lady Mayhew. She is too good. Would that none were more willing than I to harm her!"

She spoke and was gone. Her veiled figure passed Eleanor at the door, half paused, wavered, then sped silently through the hall, and out into the twilight.

And Caroline Ashburton awoke to consciousness, to find her aunt and Eleanor busied, with anxious suspense, in endeavoring to restore her, and Edward Mayhew bending over her in speechless alarm. As she slowly regained her faculties, her dark eyes wandered about the room, as if in search of something remembered; then came back, and rested on Edward's face. Their glance grew clearer—more intelligent, and by its fixed, earnest, wistful expression, she seemed to be trying to recollect the past.

Suddenly, she grew even more deathly pale than before; a quick shudder and a low, faint moan answered the first awakening beam of memory; a look of suffering anguish filled those large eyes, and settled around the white lips, half parted and livid as ashes. She pressed both hands upon her heart for a single instant, and turning her face away from Edward's anxious glance, rose from the couch, murmuring, in quivering accents of agony:

"It is too true—it is too true!"

"What? O, Caroline!" uttered her cousin.

"My dear child," said Lady Mayhew, tenderly, "what is the meaning of this? Who was that woman? What has she said to you?"

"O, aunt—aunt, do not ask me! In the name of mercy!"

She sank upon her knees, and buried her face in the cushions of the couch. For a moment, her whole frame shook like a reed before the tempest; while those about her stood silent, in sorrow, distress and perplexity. It was only for a moment, and then, with one strong and terrible effort of will, she crushed down the agony that filled her, and rose from her knees. The tears were flowing over her face, as she put back the disordered hair from her brow.

"Let me go, aunt—Edward—Eleanor,—let me go! Don't speak to me!" she said. And passing from among them, she left the drawing-room, and went up to her own chamber.

And they were left together there, troubled, anxious and perplexed to know the mystery of this. Lady Mayhew, it must be confessed, was a little irritated against this dark stranger, to whose influence the agony and distress of her niece were, without question, alone to be attributed.

"Who could she have been, I wonder?" she repeated for the twentieth time, in an uneasy tone; "and what can have been her business with Caroline, which has so agitated my poor girl? Really, it was very imprudent in me not to send her away at once. I might have known that Caroline was not fit to see any one, especially one whose errand was so mysterious as that of this person, whoever she was. I wonder what does Caroline know of her? and where she ever saw her before?"

It was fruitless questioning, all. The matter was destined to remain, for the present at least, a mystery. Meanwhile, Miss Ashburton remained secluded in her own room, refusing admittance to any. Lady Mayhew was inexpressibly distressed. A thousand times she wished that she had sent the stranger away without hesitation. As it was, there was no help for the deed already done; but she resolved to investigate the matter, and discover its import, before the mystery should have time to grow deeper.

"James," she said to the servant who had admitted Caroline's visitor, "if that person should come here a second time, you will come to me, and inform me of it; for I wish to see her."

They saw no more of Miss Ashburton till the following morning, when she appeared at breakfast, pale and quiet, but with an aspect of suppressed suffering in her countenance. She spoke little, and ate nothing. She seemed to avoid, with pain, the regards of her aunt and cousin; and once only she raised her eyes to Eleanor's, with a mute yet eloquent glance of earnest tenderness and infinite sorrow—a glance that Eleanor was unable to comprehend, though it impressed her deeply.

Lady Mayhew also had been silent during the repast. When it was concluded, she rose, and saying gently to her niece: "Caroline, my dear, will you come to me in the library in a few moments?" slowly left the room.

For a few seconds, Miss Ashburton sat silent and evidently deeply agitated, her eyes cast down; then she, too, rose, and proceeded to follow her aunt.

Edward stood at a distant window, looking out. Eleanor was nearer the door; and Miss Ashburton, as she reached her side, paused, and silently clasped her hand, fixing upon her once again the strangely mournful expression of those troubled eyes, and as Eleanor looked up, she bent and kissed her.

"O, Eleanor, poor child!" she murmured; "and yet happy—*happy*, in comparison with me! For you are safe, and *I*—"

She could not utter another word. Her face was turned suddenly aside, to hide the tears she was unable to restrain; and with a convulsive pressure of Eleanor's hand, she released it, and left the apartment, leaving Miss Ashby saddened and perplexed by her manner.

She went directly to the library, where she found Lady Mayhew awaiting her. She entered, pale and trembling; her eyes met those of her aunt, and were instantly cast down. She stood just inside the door, motionless, silent, unhappy.

"My dear child! my poor Caroline!" said Lady Mayhew, tenderly, advancing and taking her hands in her own. "What is this unhappiness of yours—this trouble which you compel yourself to bear alone? You *are* unhappy; you are in trouble, and you will make no confidant; you will receive no consolation. I entreat you to tell me the meaning of all this." Her voice and manner were gentle, earnest, entreating. She led her niece slowly towards a seat, with her hands pressed tenderly in hers. "Tell me, I implore," she repeated, "the cause of your sorrow."

There was no answer. Covering her face with her hands, Miss Ashburton sank upon a chair, and wept silently. Lady Mayhew waited a few moments, regarding her with a glance of blended pity and affection. Still, Caroline did not look up.

"Caroline," said Lady Mayhew, with gentle seriousness, after waiting awhile,—"Caroline, you cannot mistake me. It is not from mere curiosity that I seek to know the cause of this trouble which I see. It is not from the conviction of *my right*, after all these years of love and care lavished on you, to be admitted to your confidence now. Since the death of your own mother, I have tried to replace to you her lost affection. I have loved you with the love of a mother for her child. It is with that love, that solicitude, that tenderness, which leads my heart to share in every emotion, in every trouble or delight of yours, that I now seek to share in your sorrows."

With clasped hands, and a face whiter than death itself, Caroline Ashburton hastily rose from her seat.

"Aunt—aunt," she uttered, "don't—you will kill me! I have erred; I have sinned; I am guilty. I have deceived you. I have hidden the truth from you!" And she walked the floor back and forth, a picture of pale and passionate despair. "I deserve your reproaches," she went on, desperately,—"I deserve your reproaches; but O, they cannot be more terrible than my own! And Edward—O, that it should be mine to break the noblest, the tenderest heart that ever throbbed in a human breast!"

Silent and pale sat Lady Mayhew, listening to the agonized ejaculations of her niece. Now, as they ceased, she arose, deeply agitated, and came to her side.

"Tell me, Caroline," she said, in trembling accents of suspense,—"tell me. What do your words mean?"

She stood beside her, awaiting an answer. None came. But the hand of Caroline was placed upon her arm, and rested there more and more heavily by degrees, while a dark circle settled around her bloodless lips, and her eyes wore a fixed expression. Lady Mayhew started, and threw her arm about her, fearing she was about to faint again.

"My dear, sit down," she said, hastily, "and let me get you some water."

"No, no," murmured Miss Ashburton, feebly, making an effort to recover herself,—"no. I shall be better presently."

She sat down in the chair to which her aunt led her, and leaned her head upon her hand, with a low moan. Her eyes closed, and from beneath the heavy lids large tears rolled slowly down her pale cheeks, that seemed to have become hollow, and wan, and wasted, even within the last twelve hours. Lady Mayhew's heart was filled with anguish, as she stood there regarding her. She placed her hand tenderly upon Caroline's head.

"My poor child," she said, "do not distress yourself thus. Forget this for a little while."

Miss Ashburton's large eyes slowly unclosed, with a look of suffering.

"Forget? O, that it were possible! No; I must think—think think!" She hid her white face again. Presently it was uncovered. "No, no—I cannot forget!" she murmured; "but grant me a little time yet before I tell it,—a little time for strength, for preparation. For I am weak, now, and it is so hard—so hard!" Her voice sunk to a whisper, and the dull, heavy tears filled her eyes again. "A little longer," she repeated; "a single day; only till to-night, and then I will tell you."

She turned her face away, as she spoke, to hide the livid hue that again overspread it; but Lady Mayhew saw it, and a troubled look crossed her countenance. What was she to hear?

At that instant, a knock sounded at the library door. She went to open it, and found the servant, James, there.

"My lady, the person who called last night is here. She desires to see Miss Ashburton again."

Lady Mayhew hesitated, and turned to her niece, who had heard, and was bending forward anxiously.

"My dear," said Lady Mayhew, gravely, "I do not think it is right for you to see her. I hardly think you can bear—"

"O, aunt, let her come in; indeed I must see her," pleaded Miss Ashburton, in a still faint but intensely earnest tone. "Let her come in. Her errand, I assure you, is of the utmost importance."

"Show her in here, James," said Lady Mayhew. Then turning, she added, to Caroline: "And, meanwhile, I must insist upon remaining here during her visit. I cannot consent to leave you alone with her again. But I will go to yonder window, where I shall not disturb you."

"O, aunt—aunt," said Miss Ashburton, "if you only knew her mission! Were it not for her, I should be—" She broke off; tears once more checked her utterance.

At the moment, the veiled stranger entered. She half paused at the threshold, her dark eyes glancing through her veil, towards Miss Ashburton first, and then beyond to her aunt, who was now at the far end of the apartment, by a window. Then, as Caroline half rose, she came forward, and stood silent again, just before her, for an instant, regarding her intently. No wonder, if that pale, suffering face struck her with compassion.

"Poor child!" she murmured, "it is hard that the sins of others should be visited on you."

Miss Ashburton's eyes were turned imploringly upon her.

"The paper—the record? you have brought it?"

The stranger placed in her hand a small roll of paper which she had carried concealed under her veil.

"Take good heed that you do not lose it," she said. "The watchfulness of years must not come to naught now."

Caroline Ashburton clasped it eagerly in her hand. And even as she did so, a shudder ran through her frame, and a subdued ejaculation of misery escaped from her ashy lips.

"It seals my fate!" she uttered, in a low voice of anguish.

"And yet you were better dead than be without it," said the stranger, gravely, "and not you alone, either. Courage! and be glad that you have it in your possession; for the evil deeds of past time must be brought to light ere long, and then you may need it. I go now. When you are ready, seek me at the red house on the hill yonder." And turning away, she departed as she had come.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANOTHER WARNING. TOO LATE.

DURING the private interview of Lady Mayhew and her niece, Eleanor, in a sad and disturbed frame of mind, had left the house, and walked out into the grounds, leaving Edward, painfully absorbed in his own thoughts, still standing by the window in the breakfast-room. The mysterious and perplexing events which had occurred since the previous morning, had aroused her anxiety and concern, almost as deeply as that of Lady Mayhew and her son; for, with a heart naturally affectionate, she had become warmly attached to her new friends, and her kindest sympathies were with them; and it was with her mind fixed upon these matters that she now directed her steps towards the banks of the stream, which formed the southern boundary of Lady Mayhew's estate.

Almost unconsciously she took the path leading down the stream, in the direction of the old farm house, which she had left but a few

days before. Lost in contemplation, she walked on until she was quite out of sight of Lady Mayhew's mansion; and it was not till the approach of some person, at a little distance, startled her, that she at length looked up. It was a young country boy, with coarse frock, heavy hob-nailed shoes and enormous straw hat, whom she beheld advancing towards her; but in the well-known voice which joyfully said: "Good morning, Miss Eleanor; don't you know me?" she directly recognized that of Harry Longworth.

"So this is you, Harry, is it?" she said, with a kind smile. "I am very glad to see you. I did not know you at first."

"No—because I've on these clothes, you see, miss, that make me look different. But I must wear a strange dress when I come to you with an errand, that Sir Edward and young Mr. Morley and his father mayn't find out where I go. For although I've left there, they watch me like cats watching a mouse; and I'm only too lucky if they haven't tracked me as it is."

"Then they are still searching, Harry?"

"Pretty sharp, miss. Young Mr. Morley swears he'll hunt you out, and Sir Edward helps him, and his father, to look for you. Ah, miss!" and Harry shook his head, "I don't just see what it all means there. He's savage as a bear, is master—Sir Edward, I mean, and so crazy-like and desperate-looking all the time, and yet he seems to be led about by them—Mr. Morley and his father; to be afraid of them, somehow, it seems to me, so that they can make him do what they like. Indeed, some believe it is so; and that Mr. Victor Briancourt has got some secret kind of hold upon him, that forces him to do as they bid him, and that that is the reason he is so set upon getting you, miss, to marry the son."

Eleanor sighed. She alone knew how true this was—that he *was* in their power.

"But I am forgetting my business all this time, miss," said Harry, taking a billet from the pocket of his frock. "Here is something that the dwarf left this morning in the hollow tree in Penshurst Copse, where we have settled that he is always to leave his messages for you. I go there every day. I dare say he will tell you in it something about the goings-on at Ashby. He keeps close on the watch all the time. I am not there now, as I told you, but at Holt Farm, just beyond the village."

"So Lucy said, Harry. I hope you have a good place?" said Miss Ashby, as she received the communication.

"Yes, miss,—a very nice one, thank you."

"And the fever has all gone from the village?"

"Quite, miss. It run pretty hard while it lasted, but there weren't many took it, after all, and you know it was feared it would go through the whole place. They all think a deal of you, miss, in the village, for the care you took of one and another in the fever, and of Mr. Hugh Latimer, who did so much for them."

"I am glad if I served them, Harry. I tried hard to, during the little time I could be with them. But now, I suppose you are waiting to ask about Lucy?" said Miss Ashby, kindly.

Harry's honest face lighted up.

"Yes, Miss Eleanor,—I was just going to ask you how she is."

"Very well indeed. Would you not like to go up and see her a little while, now, at Lady Mayhew's house?"

Harry said he should be very glad to.

"But," and he lingered, "isn't it rather unsafe, Miss Eleanor, if I may make so bold, for you to be so far away from the house alone? Because there's no knowing but you might be seen by those you wouldn't like to see you."

"True—true," answered Miss Ashby. "I forgot that I had come so far. I have not been out of the grounds since Pequin sent his last caution, until to-day. But I will come up directly, Harry. You may hasten along, and I shall be there soon."

And while Harry left her and continued his way up to see Lucy, Miss Ashby returned upon her steps, and walking slowly along, proceeded to open Pequin's letter. Harry was out of sight in a moment, so rapidly did he walk; and by the time she had fairly commenced reading, had already traversed a fourth part of the way to Lady Mayhew's. The communication was as follows:

"Take heed, Eleanor Ashby, lest the danger you know of reach you ere you are aware. Sir Edward has discovered the place of your abode! The hawk is all ready to pounce upon the dove, if she venture forth from her nest. PEQUIN."

Struck with alarm, Eleanor continued, for a moment, to gaze upon these words, with a pale cheek and a troubled eye. She was no longer safe, then. Perhaps her uncle was even now about to come and claim her.

Suddenly, the rapid tramp of a horse's hoofs, on a piece of stony ground not far behind her, such as bordered the stream for some distance along here, caused her to look back quickly. With a half-suppressed cry of terror, she beheld a gentleman mounted upon a large black horse, fast coming up. The creature was like the one Morley Briancourt usually rode. The thought of him, flashing like lightning across her excited mind, filled her with dread. Hastily she turned again, thinking to flee; but the first step was a dangerous one for her. Standing upon the very edge of the bank, which was here much elevated above the stream, and descending precipitously for some ten or fifteen feet below, terminated in a grassy level extending to the water's edge, the loose gravelly earth crumbled beneath her feet, and she fell.

The cry she uttered in falling was echoed from the lips of the horseman. Rapidly he urged forward his horse, and dashing along to where the path lying at the foot of the rocks branched off from that leading parallel with it up the ascent, dismounted, and throwing the bridle over the beast's neck, sprang to the place where Miss Ashby had fallen. It was Hugh Latimer.

His face was pale as death, as he caught sight of her insensible form lying upon the ground, beneath the branches of a stunted oak that grew close by the precipitous bank. Kneeling beside her, he partially lifted her, so that she rested upon his breast.

"Eleanor," he uttered, passionately,—"Eleanor! it is you, then,—and lifeless!" He shuddered as his glance was fastened on that pale, pure, inanimate countenance. "What if she is dead?"

He lifted her in his arms, as he would have lifted a child, and bearing her down to the water-side, knelt with her there. Dipping his hand into the cool wave, he bathed her blue-veined temples, and smoothed back the heavy dark hair that lay in thick, curling masses around them. Handful after handful of water was gathered up and rained in crystal showers over her face. But she lay insensible still.

"Eleanor—Eleanor, my beloved!" he uttered again. "O, wake—speak to me, Eleanor!"

His very heart thrilled, as a faint tinge of color dawned in her cheek. Bending over her, he waited eagerly for the first ray of consciousness to beam from those hazel eyes upon him.

They unclosed, presently, and a low sigh parted her lips. For a moment, her glance rested silently upon his face. At first, it was evidently without recognition. Then a soft light stole into them; they were averted, and gradually the broad white lids drooped over them again. The tender flush that had tinged her cheek became deeper; warmer and warmer it grew, and he watched with a delight as deep as the anxiety, suspense and apprehension that he felt. The soft eyes opened again.

"Eleanor," he said, gently, "do you recognize me?"

"Yes, Mr. Latimer."

She tried to rise, grew pale again, and sank back.

"You are injured, Eleanor!" he said, in a voice of increased alarm.

"No—I have no pain; do not fear for me. But my head is not clear yet—that is all."

All! It was a miracle, almost, if it were all, if she were not crippled for life. He raised her gently, so that her head lay higher up on his breast, and dipping his hand into the stream, commenced bathing her temples once more. She lay with her eyes closed a little while. Presently she said:

"That was you, then, whom I saw, and Ranger? I thought it was somebody else. It was just before I made that false step."

"I was not far distant from you when you fell. You remember, then?"

"Yes. How horrible that fall was!" And she shuddered faintly. "I remember thinking that I should be killed; but that tree was in the way," raising her eyes to the oak above them; "the branches bent with me, and broke the force of my fall, I suppose."

"That was it, then; you were only stunned. Thank Providence it was no worse!" And he breathed a deep, unconscious sigh of relief and gratitude.

Again the warm vermilion tinged her cheek; but it faded directly again, leaving it whiter than before.

"I think," she said, after a little silence,—"I think I am stronger now; and I must get back home. Lady Mayhew will be alarmed."

The words did not surprise him. The housekeeper at Ashby had told the Latimers how Eleanor had fled from Ashby because her uncle had treated her cruelly, and shut her up a prisoner in her own apartment; and though they had remained in ignorance of her whereabouts during her stay at the farm, owing to Pequin's charge of utter secrecy to Harry Longworth, they had been assured that she was in a place of safety; and it was only the day previous to that of the events recorded in this chapter that they had learned of her being at Lady Mayhew's, through Dr. Gregg, from Dr. Morrison, her family physician.

"I am on my way to Lady Mayhew's," said he. "We can proceed thither in company. But you mistake, I think, in regard to your strength. See! no—no; you cannot stand!"

At her desire, he had assisted her to rise. But he was right: she could not stand without assistance. Her head whirled. Tenderly supporting her towards a low rock projecting from the bank, he seated her upon it.

At that moment, a bird, which had its nest among the brushwood at the end of the path, flew upward with a loud flapping of its wings, frightening Hugh Latimer's horse, which was grazing there quietly, so that he started aside, and then dashed off at full gallop.

"See," said Eleanor; "there goes Ranger; and you must go after him, Mr. Latimer, or you will lose him."

"No; I cannot leave you thus," answered Hugh.

"I shall do very well while I sit still here. I will not stir till you come back. Go, Mr. Latimer; I insist upon it."

She spoke faintly, but with earnestness. Still he did not obey.

"Go," she said again; "and when you return, I shall doubtless be so much better as to be able to go back with you."

To satisfy her, he did as she desired charging her first to remember her promise, and not attempt to move till his return. She promised, at the same time urging him, in turn, not to come back until he had captured Ranger.

Left alone, her glance fell now, for the first time, on the letter of Pequin, which had fallen from her hand, and lay half-hidden in the grass. A faint shudder ran through her as she remembered its contents. Her uncle, and Victor Briancourt, and Morley knew of her being at Lady Mayhew's. She trembled. What if they were on their way thither even now? Her head grew more and more confused. It was only by leaning back against the bank that she could keep herself from falling. She closed her eyes, feeling sick and weary. She almost wished she had not insisted on the departure of Hugh.

She had remained for some time with her eyes closed, and the dizziness in her head continually increasing, when the sound of horses' hoofs once more aroused her, striking on the stony ground not far distant.

"Hugh is coming back with Ranger," she thought. "I am glad."

Feebly she turned her head in the direction of the sound. It was not Hugh coming back with Ranger; it was a light carriage drawn by two chestnut horses, advancing slowly along the bank of the stream from the direction of the road, half a mile down, leading to the adjacent town.

Her heart bounded with sudden fear; for in her uneasy state of mind, she could not help fancying that it strongly resembled that of her uncle; and the horses, too,—those of her uncle were bright chestnut, like these. In her anxiety in watching it, she forgot for a moment that, as the carriage rounded the curve which the stream made, just below the place where the path here branched off from that leading up the ascent, the spot she occupied must be plainly visible to those within it, and that her form could be easily distinguished in its white garments, against the dark rock.

Whoever the occupants of the carriage were, they were now in full sight; and as they rounded the bend of the stream, they both—for they were two gentlemen—bent forward to the window. They came nearer—nearer; there was no longer any doubt. It was her uncle's carriage! And, at the point where the paths diverged, it drew up.

A faint ejaculation of terror and despair escaped her lips. She essayed to rise—to escape; it was impossible. It was as if she were chained to the rock. Sight failed her; there was a sound in her ears as of rushing waters; in vain she endeavored to utter the name of Hugh Latimer. She was just conscious of the approach of footsteps—of being lifted, helpless, in some one's arms—of hearing a cold, stern voice which she knew but too well—the voice of her uncle, and then she became insensible.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A RECORD OF GUILT.

It was with a savage, exultant joy, too deep for description, that Morley Briancourt—for he was one of those whom Eleanor had seen in her uncle's carriage—beheld the object of a three weeks' fruitless search, in the form of Miss Ashby, down in the hollow by the river-road to Eldon, Lady Mayhew's place, whither their course had been directed. Sir Edward, in company with him, had set out that morning, after discovering through the means of Will Humphries, the valet and spy, the neighborhood of Eleanor, to claim her from the sanctuary which had given her shelter. Of their movements during these past three weeks, little need be said. They had sought and inquired in every possible place for their missing prize: Victor Briancourt and his son, with a desperate and wrathful determination to find her, and the baronet himself, in a state of fear and trembling, enraged and despairing at her loss, yet goaded and urged on by his graceful, smooth-voiced tyrant, Victor Briancourt, to recover her at any cost; believing her beyond his reach, without the slightest prospect of finding her, and yet never daring to give her up—never daring to rest one moment from his search; cursing, day and night, the act which had put him into this man's power, but without hope of escaping from it.

As we have said, Will Humphries was the means of discovering her whereabouts by accidentally finding a note, written by the old housekeeper (who had resigned her place, like many others of the family servants, after Eleanor's flight), to Miss Latimer; and it was with a revulsion of feeling almost insupportable that Sir Edward received the tidings. Reduced by despair almost to insanity, it was a joy hardly to be believed or borne, to learn that Eleanor was so near—almost within his very grasp, as it were; and while Morley and his father exulted in the prospect of regaining their prize, the plan was made to recover her.

Not ten minutes after the discovery, Sir Edward set out, with Morley, for Lady Mayhew's, to claim his niece and ward, well satisfied of success, as his legal right over Eleanor's actions did not expire yet for some months, for she was not yet of age.

The reader has already been made aware of the encounter by the way. Attracted, first, by the sight of a woman, seated at the foot of the rocks, by the stream, in this lonely place, the attention of both had been struck by her dress and appearance, as they drew nearer; for over her white gown was cast a crimson scarf, which they had often seen her wear, and the complexion and hair, distant as the observers were, were unmistakably those of Eleanor.

"It is she!" was the deep-toned exclamation of Morley, as, having alighted from the carriage, they approached her; and his heart beat as it had never beat before.

A wild thrill rushed through Sir Edward's frame as he saw her so near. Now—now, his bond was safe. He trembled in every limb with joyful excitement. It was hard to conceal the almost delirious agitation he felt; for he had suffered so much, and so long, and now Eleanor was in his power once more. But with a hard struggle he partially subdued the evidence of his feelings. He had done or tried to do so, during all the suspense and agony of her loss, that Victor Briancourt and Morley might not see how terrible was his fear of them, and thus let them know the full extent of their power. Now, though his voice slightly trembled, it had yet resumed, in a great degree, the cold, harsh tones natural to it.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Literary dissipation is no less destructive of sympathy with the living world than sensual dissipation. Mere intellect is as hard-hearted and as heart-hardening as mere sense; and the union of the two, when uncontrolled by the conscience, and without the softening, purifying influences of the moral affections, is all that is requisite to produce the diabolical ideal of our nature. Nor is there any repugnance in either to coalesce with the other: witness Iago, Tiberius, Borgia.

INTERIOR OF THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

The series of pictures on this and the succeeding page represents some of the most striking features of the interior of the world-renowned Louvre. The engravings are made from drawings executed on the spot by the very best artists of the French capital, and may be relied on for their accuracy. The first of them represents the ceiling of the Apollo Gallery, painted by Mr. Delacroix; next we have the magnificent Apollo Gallery itself; then the Square Saloon, in which is a fine collection of pictures, where, besides the visitors, male and female artists are seen busily at work at their easels, executing copies; and lastly, the frieze of the Hall of the Seven Chimney-places. We shall refer more particularly to these features in the course of this article. The interior of the Louvre has lately been remodelled, and the pictures re-arranged. We have represented those portions of the Louvre only which have been repaired and remodelled. The museum of the Louvre, such as it has been made by the luxuries, fancies and the successive changes of the monarchy, the republic, the first and second empires, is now one of the first museums in the world. Its extent and magnificence command admiration. After having been a long time closed to the public, in order to complete the improvements and changes, the Louvre was re-opened June 5, 1851. The Gallery of Apollo, the Square Saloon and the Hall of the Seven Chimneys had been decorated with great magnificence—particularly the Square Saloon, which is devoted to the reception of masterpieces of art, like the famous Florentine "Tribune." The attention is attracted in the Square Saloon by the gildings and particolored ornaments of the ceiling. Between the spring of the arch and the place where the top of the hanging of the four walls terminates, there is a frieze containing scutcheons, on which are inscribed the names of celebrated painters, placed between the pilasters. This frieze, which prolongs at the base the brilliant ornamentation of the ceiling, diminishes the height and narrows the space reserved for pictures. Above it are a row of plaster figures in relief. These four figures, representing Architecture, Painting, Sculpture and Engraving, are placed on the edge of a cornice. The four angles are occupied in their whole length by colossal Termes, sustaining over their heads a senteheon, surrounded by instruments borrowed from architecture or manufactures, and surmounted by the head of a horse or ox. There are also other figures representing genii holding garlands of flowers. The ornamentation of the Hall of the Seven Chimneys consists principally in large figures, representing Victory, to the number of fourteen, with arms and wings extended, and holding palms and crowns of gold. They are colored very light in the flesh and the draperies. Between these figures, relief portraits of painters and sculptors, of a white hue, appear on a colored background.

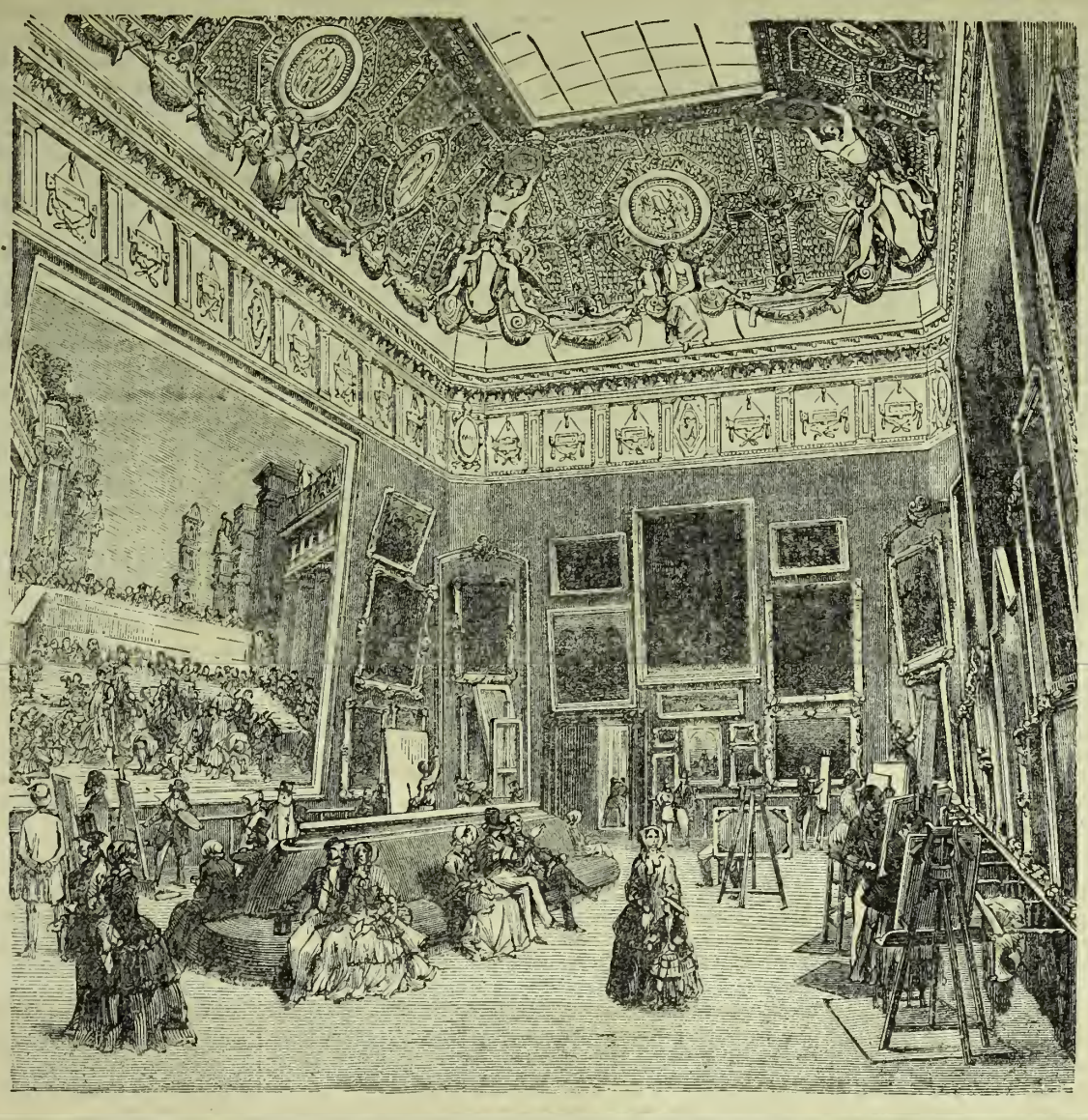


CEILING OF THE APOLLO GALLERY.

The least satisfactory part of the ceiling is, as in the Square Saloon, that of the angles of the arch, here occupied by a sort of irregular pilasters, resembling clock-cases in shape, and resting on large volutes, beneath which are gilded trophies consecrated to art, agriculture, the navy and army. On the other hand, the frame of the height of the arch is of a design at once elegant and severe, and produces a fine effect. In general, the decoration of these two ceilings is of a fertile and varied invention, full of charming details, drawn with great delicacy. They do honor to Mr. Duban, and the sculptors who aided him, Mr. Simart for the Saloon, and Mr. Duret for the Hall of the Seven Chimney-places. But, in our opinion, all this rich ornamentation has too much prominence and brilliancy for the place for which it is designed. It is ambitious and aims at effect, instead of being retiring, as it should be. In a picture gallery, nothing should enter into competition with the pictures themselves. They are emphatically the ornaments. Above perfectly smooth walls, the friezes, cornices and pannels should be simple and quiet in design, of a relief but slightly accented, and of a sober color. We think it imperative to avoid the employment of large sculptured figures and painted subjects beside figures drawn by Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and the great artists of the *Renaissance*. Whatever be their merit, it is ungraceful for these new-comers to thrust themselves into a senate of kings. The magnificent Gallery of Apollo, of which we give a fine representation, had been closed up to 1851. The restoration was effected in admirable taste. The gallery, built by Henry IV., was partially destroyed in 1661, by a fire, while they were building a stage on which Louis XIV. and his court were to dance. Repaired and decorated with its present rich ceiling, drawn and painted under the direction of Lebrun, it had been intended, under the Directory, to contain drawings, pastels, enamels and miniatures. The deteriorated condition of the arch, which threatened to fall in, required propping; and from 1824, the hall, encumbered by scaffoldings, in the midst of which, by means of hangings, a temporary passage-way to the exhibitions was contrived, testified the carelessness of governments with regard to the Louvre. Finally, after the revolution of February, and with the initiative of M. Jeanron, under the direction of whom these different restorations were undertaken, followed and brought to a close by Niewekerke, his successor, the arch and the façade on the garden of the Infanta were constructed, and the Apollo Gallery in the interior clothed with all its ancient magnificence.

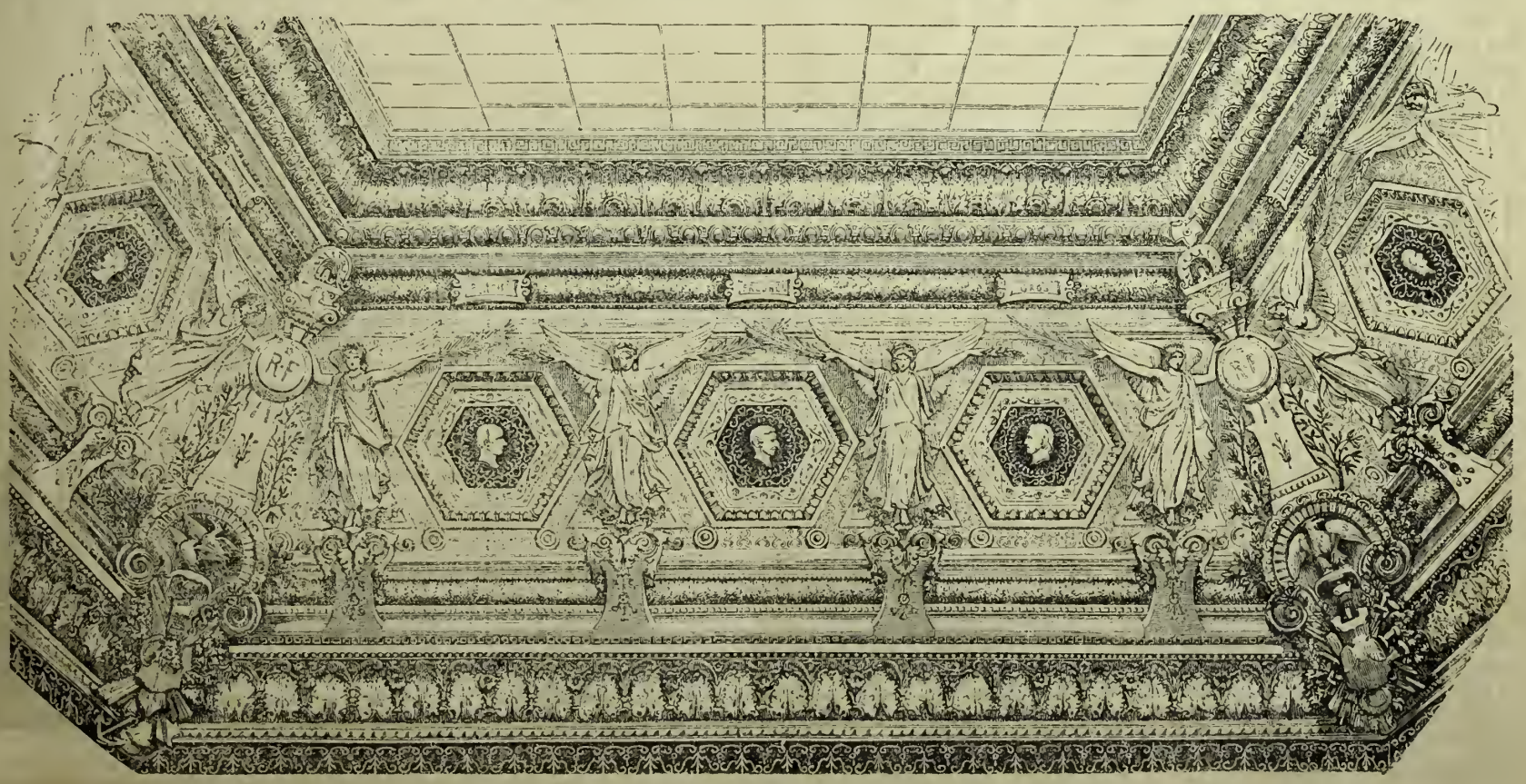


THE APOLLO GALLERY.



THE SQUARE SALOON.

The paintings have been so skilfully retouched, and the gildings renewed with such care, that they have the harmonious aspect and, so to speak, the varnish of time. Another change has been made. The old ante-chamber preceding the Square Saloon, and which contained the pictures of old masters, now placed at the commencement of the Grand Gallery, is devoted to another purpose. Thither has been transported a collection of gems and precious objects, formerly in the hall of the museum of Charles X. The cabinets of dark wood in which they are arranged, and the sombre hanging of the hall, are admirably adapted to display these rich gems, and to give to this apartment a chaste and tasteful character. Instead of an ante-chamber, it is now a retired cabinet. The Gallery of Apollo was designed entirely by the famous Lebrun. He died in 1690. For the hundred following years, the Louvre, deserted by the court for Versailles, Trianon, Marli and Choisy, served principally to lodge the different royal academies, and particularly that of painting and sculpture. The Gallery of Apollo was divided into apartments. In 1756, it served as a studio for Vanloo, with rooms for his pupils; then, successively, for different exhibitions of pictures and objects of art till 1818. It was reserved for the public to resume the task commenced by the monarchy, and so long interrupted, and bring it to an end. The complete restoration of this gallery was decided and reported on to the National Assembly on the 7th of December, 1848, and confided to Mr. Duban, the architect of the Louvre. The walls had partially given way, and portions of the arched ceiling had fallen in, which it was necessary to replace with great care. The numerous figures sculptured by the brothers Marsy, by Girardon and Renauldin were restored; the ornaments in relief reviewed and repaired; the old pannels retouched, and the arabesques and figures completed. This work of restoration, if we do not criticise too severely a few arabesques of conventional design and too modern preciseness, has arrived at a harmonious whole. It is not the same with the compartments of the arch. Lebrun did not finish his work; hence the unity he would have secured is wanting. The four compartments situated at the base of the arch, to the right and left, and representing the four seasons, were painted a century after him: Spring, by Callet; Autumn, by Taraval; Summer, by Durameau; and Winter, by Lagrenée, Jr. These two last subjects, opposite the windows, are feebly executed, in dull and faded color, whose neighborhood to the painting of M. Delacroix makes its feebleness more apparent. The only painting executed by the hand of Lebrun is that at the extremity of the gallery, on the side of the quay. It represents the awakening of the waters, on the Triumph of Amphitrite. This elegant composition, one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Louis XIV.'s painter, was unfortunately much injured in the portion to the right; six figures of tritons and naiads balancing similar figures grouped on the other side, were entirely wanting. It is not explained why M. Guichard, entrusted with retouching the paintings, did not consult the collection engraved by a pupil of Lebrun, named St. Andre, who has preserved to us all the paintings and sculptures of this gallery, executed or projected in his time. A print of St. Andre and a drawing owned by the museum, served M. Guichard to reconstruction, with an unnecessary modification in some of the subordinate details, the other composition of Lebrun facing the preceding. This painting of M. Guichard is above the entrance door decorated with the fine iron grating from the Chateau de Maison, which so generally attracts public attention: it represents the triumph of the Earth. The centre of the arch is occupied by a large composition painted by M. Delacroix, and consecrated to the triumph of Apollo. There remains nothing of Lebrun's plan for this central composition. He would, doubtless, have developed in it all the fertility of his imagination; but probably less occupied with Apollo as a vivifying and creative god, than as an emblem of the glory of Louis XIV., he would have summoned frigid allegory to the aid of his courtier-like flatteries; under the pencil of M. Delacroix, it has become a poem. Four cartoons distributed along the length of the arch and representing Diana, or Night in her car, Evening or Morpheus, the Star of Morning, by Renou (1781), and Aurora, by Mr. Muller, complete, together with medallions and cameos consecrated to the twelve months, the picturesque decoration of the gallery. In the piers, between the windows of one side and the false doors of the other, it is proposed to place the portraits of the celebrated men of Louis XIV.'s century, taken from contemporary pictures. These portraits, executed in tapestry, are preparing at the Gobelins. The ceiling by M Delacroix is 24 feet by 22 feet. The composition is so completely elaborate that it is necessary to subjoin the artist's own description of it:—"Apollo vanquishing the serpent Python. The god, mounted on his car, has already discharged a portion of his arrows; Diana, his sister, floating after him, presents him her quiver. Already pierced by the arrows of the god of light and life, the bleeding monster writhes, as he exhales in fiery vapor the remains of his life and of his impotent fury. The waters of the deluge are beginning to subside, and leave on the summits or drag with them the bodies of men and animals. The gods are indignant on beholding the earth abandoned to formless monsters produced impure from the slime; they have armed like Apollo; Minerva and Mercury spring forward to exterminate them, while waiting for divine wisdom to repeople the solitude of the universe. Hercules crushes them with his club; Vulcan, the god of fire, drives before him night and the impure vapors; while Boreas and the zephyrs dry up the waters with their breath, and finish the work by dissipating the clouds. The more timid divinities contemplate from a distance this battle of the gods and elements. Meanwhile, from the height of Heaven, Victory descends to crown Apollo, the conqueror; and Iris, the messenger of the gods, displays her scarf in the air, a symbol of the triumph of light over darkness and the revolt of the waters." This design embraces a vast field, and one would be tempted at once to pronounce it impossible, if the composition of M. Delacroix were not a splendid realization of it. Before considering it as a painting, we must first acknowledge how felicitous it is as a great decorative machine, and how it naturally adapts itself to the vivid turbulent *ornamentation*, whose abundance and luxury expand about it. Of this it is at once the centre and the crown. Considered in itself, it is a work of fire, full of vigor, and bearing the impress of burning poetry. The principal merit of M. Delacroix's ceiling, is that it is really a ceiling. It is a victorious refutation of the numerous paintings which so ridiculously usurp this name in the halls of the Louvre. This last page of the artist is a confirmation of his aptitude for this kind of work. It is a new monument to add to those he has already raised to his glory.



FRIEZE OF THE HALL OF THE SEVEN CHIMNEYS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BESSIE.

There's many a maid with lovelier face,
Of comelier form, and many a grace
Outrivalling dear Bessie, perchance;
There's many a maid of dignified mien,
As courtly as Juno, as proud as a queen,
But Bessie's the sweetest I've seen.

There's many a maid whose smile is as sweet,
With tapering fingers and ankles as neat;
There's many a maid full as fair,
There's many a maid with as kindly a glance,
With beauties and charms, which each other enhance,
But Bessie is still in advance.

There's a charm in her presence—in goodness it lies—
A charm in a true heart, and proudly I prize
The friendship which binds us together;
All the wealth in the world, the rank or the fame,
Can never allure me, or passion inflame,
While Bessie continues the same.

Her smile is so gentle, her voice is so kind,
I might search the world o'er, I never should find
One so true, so faithful, so pure;
There's a magic to me in each glance and each tone,
In her presence I seem on happiness' throne—
Shall I ever call Bessie mine own? M. P. Jr.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALESSANDRINA OF RUSSIA.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPENELL.

Although Catherine of Russia was empress of all the Russias, in the chief city of her realm was one who divided sway with her and held hardly the second place of sovereignty in the hearts of her subjects. This was the beautiful Princess Alessandrina (daughter of a deceased dignitary and ward of Galovitch, the primate), whose wit and beauty the train of her suitors testified, and whose charity and sweetness, the populace, receiving her bounty, were only too happy to acknowledge.

It was a night of early spring in St. Petersburg. The winter palace was glaring with illumination, and the court-yard packed with coaches, cars and droskas. The empress received, to-night, Ivan, the gallant young officer just returned from the victorious war, and conferred upon him, in the presence of her court, the order of St. Andrew. There was a momentary hush in the drawing-room, splendid almost to barbarity, when the Primate Galovitch entered arm in arm with Ivan, and followed by a brace of gigantic Cossacks. The extremely tall, slender figure; the graceful step; the white, jewelled hand; the long, black hair, curling in soft, fine masses over a collar of gems; the almost feminine regularity of feature and olive skin; the full, crimson lip—all these beauties gave no indication of the hero of two campaigns, of a man foremost on the enemies' ramparts, sleeping in trenches, working in ditches, never flinching in the hottest fire, and a conqueror wherever he directed his forces; but in the large, black eye, although at first sight languid and soft as a woman's, there was a fire that flashed fitfully, and transformed, whenever it kindled, the whole man into an impersonation of energy and will, lending him the majesty of Mars. Only the Cossack blood in his veins could account for the dark style of his countenance.

Catherine, it is well known, had a fine eye for beauty, and when she caught sight of the prince, her courtiers could have told beforehand, from the expression of her countenance, with what empressement she would afford him his reception. During his conversation with the empress, which lasted over an hour, his eye now and then wanderingly traversed the room and fell back dreamily and listlessly to light up beneath her smile. At last, leaving him to amuse himself, the empress turned to her primate, and the prince sauntered down the lane opened for him through the thronging nobles, bowing negligently to right and left, as his eye met one familiar. As for the ladies and maidens, he seemed to ignore either beauty or existence on their part, and idly strolled down where the curtains were looped high above an alcove. As he would have entered and thrown himself on the lounge, he hesitated, glanced again and stopped entirely still, gazing before him.

Just under the sweep of the curtains, crowned with the massive braids of her yellow hair, the white gauzes of her array fluttering in the breeze from the balcony, while she herself stood like a statue distinct in her delicate symmetry against the heavy purple drapery—her blue eyes shining upon him, her face tinged with the hue of the anemone, and her chiselled lips half parted as if to speak, was Alessandrina. Thus they mutually gazed an instant, when extending her hand, she said:

"Let it be no flagrant rudeness, if, in recognizing Prince Ivan I require no master of ceremonies."

"Nor," returned he, "shall I presume wrong if I venture to believe myself in the presence of that queen whose subjects all Europe cannot contain, most noble Alessandrina."

"Since you entered with my guardian, I should have seen you at home to-morrow, and once in a while, for a novelty, it is pleasant to forestall the proprieties, and when 'allow me to present,' comes along, to be able to return, 'I think I have the honor.' Now is it not?"

"Like taking the enemy's fort by strategy before sounding a parley at the gates," said he, smiling; "but although diplomacy is fast becoming a feminine accomplishment, I scarcely expected that your highness was a devotee at that shrine."

"Devotee? Far from it. Does one worship evil unless one is Armenian or barbarian? But I might venture to call myself an imp of it, and somewhat of an adept in the art!"

"As you intend me to find out if you allow our acquaintance to continue. Coquetry is an excellent school for that art, and therefore, no doubt, ladies are so much more successful than our blunter sex. *Sotto voce*, you have, madam, in your attendance on the empress, a fine opportunity to perfect yourself in your studies in these branches!"

The princess laughed with downcast eyes, but raising them, seemed to look at some one behind Ivan, and turning, he saw Catherine, who had left her throne, on the arm of Galovitch.

"Your highness has met with an acquaintance?" asked Catherine, with considerable hauteur.

"Obeying your imperial commands," he answered, "I have found a friend."

Alessandrina looked quickly up, and if an angry glance could have slain, would doubtless have done the prince some damage.

"It is coming on a little too fast!" quoth she, to herself. "*Friend*, indeed! when I have not exchanged fifty syllables with him!" And adding aloud, for Ivan's ear, as she curled her lip and looked at him—"Presumption!"

The fire that burned the Adonis to a hero flashed into his eye only for a moment, but that glimpse told her of something beyond the smile, and made her half repent her hasty word. It was gone, however, instantly, and in a manner totally changed from any he had exhibited, he whispered:

"I shall only be too happy to receive such an instructress in court phrases."

"Prince Ivan!" then said Catherine, "shall we have the pleasure of your society at Nicolaeff, our summer house, for a few months? We start to-morrow."

Ivan made the necessary acknowledgements, and she added:

"It is but six leagues from the city—our court goes with us. Galovitch, thou wilt order the horses; Alessandrina and I must have some hunting."

And taking the arm of Prince Ivan, she continued her walk, while a throng of courtiers clustered at once round the princess. When, some time later, she descended to her coach, an arm was presented to her by Prince Ivan, and as she seated herself, he kissed her hand and disappeared. The next morning was to be the great review of the troops, and, somewhat curious to notice the manner of her hero, Alessandrina was beside the empress, who was also on horseback, at an early hour. She looked more splendidly in that dark, tight-fitting habit, with the close, black cap, exhibiting her fine horsemanship, while a deep color was fanned into her cheeks by the exercise, than beneath a blaze of chandeliers, on the night before; and so thought Ivan, as with his sabretasche dangling at his heels, he strode across the square, to reappear, immediately, in full gallop at the head of his staff.

It certainly could not have been the martial music that startled the horse the princess rode, when the exercises were nearly through; but some unaccountable circumstance occasioned that breach of propriety on his part, and suddenly shying up against the empress, he wheeled and darted at full career up the street above, threatening to crush her every moment against the walls on either side. Heedless of all her soothing endeavors, or of whip and rein, he raced on and unexpectedly stopping stone still, threw up his heels, gave a loud neigh, turned about and dashed down the street right through the cortege of the empress, the front rank of the soldiery, the square of cavalry, and was rushing on, when, without any apparent effort the hand of Ivan, still sitting lightly in his saddle, grasped the reins, and, with an almost herculean strength, held the wild creature (who seemed to recognize a certain irresistible force in his controller) motionless. To have left his troops for her rescue would have been a glaring offence, and he had therefore, at the first moment, hastily ordered some one to gallop up a circuit and confront her, when the animal would doubtless turn and bring her within his reach, as indeed he did. Now, still holding her reins, with Alessandrina, who, though incapable of managing her steed, had maintained her seat and composure throughout, beside him, he coolly, without a word to her, put his squadrons through their last manœuvres, dismissed them, and turning, congratulated her. They remained alone in the middle of the square till the last file of the army had lowered their arms before the empress, and then sought her presence.

"A pretty interruption we have had!" laughed she, good-humoredly. "Come, everything is prepared at Nicolaeff."

And, before sunset, the court relieved from the weight of etiquette and ceremony, wandered unrestrainedly through the beautiful gardens and fields, and along the tiny lakes and river in the grounds of Nicolaeff.

Alessandrina was lying beside a brook, alone and half-hidden in the tall growth of the fern of a sudden Russian summer, when Prince Ivan, with his usual indifference of manner, sauntered idly along, and throwing himself down on the bank just below her, commenced skipping stones across the water. Alessandrina picked up a pebble, and raising herself to a sitting posture, followed his example. Looking round for his competitor, the prince beheld her beautiful face rising just above the fern like a dryad from some gigantic southern blossom.

"Your highness thinks them cannon balls!" said she, merrily.

"And what thinks *your* highness?"

"I think it marvellous that the hero of the Suspofski and the great campaigns, can play the lady so."

"Owing to undue familiarity last night, the Princess Alessandrina volunteered instructions in politeness. At this moment methinks I might retort. Nevertheless it can be said that explanations of such conduct must be vouchsafed to friends alone."

"But I am curious."

"Does etiquette allow it?"

"Pray then, let me be considered, for the nonce, as a friend, and explain."

"Ah," he returned, raising his brows and extending his hand to touch hers, "I have overcome—I am used to triumph!"

She flung his hand away, saying:

"You will not triumph again, boastful one!"

"Perchance not. But as I was about to say—you insinuate that, having engaged in one or more campaigns, I am idle, madam. I have already opened another and vaster campaign. I see an extent I could scarcely have hoped for, where to deploy my forces. Already I encounter difficulties which only kindle my zeal. Seasons may roll ere my victorious banner shelters the object of my attack."

"Your would carry your fort by storm."

"In turn I offer a fortress which has hitherto preserved an impregnable front, and, strangest event in the annals of war, the enemy refuses to take up the offer or march into the strong-hold. But conquest attends upon me. Madam, peace has her victories!"

"If you will speak in enigmas I cannot follow you."

"I utter no parable."

"You may as well be silent then."

"As you wish," he replied.

And till the stars began to come out they maintained unbroken silence, then, rising simultaneously, wound their way to the palace. The empress was alone, as she had desired, when they entered.

"How now?" she asked. "Am I forsaken by my hero already? I forbid it! You two young people must not fall in love with each other!"

"There is little danger of it, my liege," answered Alessandrina, carelessly.

"Your majesty has taken the very step likely to insure such a proceeding," laughed Ivan.

But Catherine's mandate had gone forth, and though she spoke jestingly, as was frequent with her, she meant to be obeyed. Thus matters progressed during the summer months, while the empress, lynx-eyed, watched every step, and, well abetted by the envious suitors to whose aspiring passions the singular, careless and indifferent courtship (if such it could be called) of Ivan, offered an impassable check.

The empress and a few favored ones of her train sat in the celebrated painting room at Nicolaeff, early one September evening, the Count Orrode standing beside her chair and engaged in a half whispered colloquy. The count had been, since Alessandrina's introduction at court, for some two years, an unsuccessful suitor of her highness, and was now pursuing Ivan with a bitterness almost contagious, so that Catherine, in her anger at his quest of the princess, almost forgot the transient favor with which she had regarded him, and entirely so, the victories with which he had increased her glory.

It is a fact that Catherine was as fickle as violent in her passions, and now, angry at being thwarted, she determined, if only for the success of an affair which she had undertaken, that she would bring Ivan to her own imperial feet; and as by-and-by, Alessandrina might be of service to her, she would temporarily dismiss her and put her out of Ivan's way for the present. The empress and Orrode still continued their conversation, when Alessandrina glided in and sat down on a low chair not far distant; her hat hung from her hand, her head was slightly bowed—and thus she remained in deep thought for almost half an hour, when carelessly entering, with a jest for Galovitch, a courteous compliment for the empress, and a sneer for Orrode, Ivan took a seat beside her.

"I have omitted to ask," said the princess, after a little while, "how the campaign, your highness once spoke of, progresses."

"Ah! finely. I could not wish better luck. It is no merit to overcome with a day's siege. Better a protracted struggle. You agree with me?"

"Decidedly—if one is certain of success in the end."

"In this case it is the uncertainty that piques one to further prowess!"

And he took her hand that he might examine a curious ring on her finger.

"Is your highness aware," here interrupted Catherine, blandly, "that we lose the Princess Alessandrina to-morrow?"

As if suddenly stung, Ivan sprang from his seat, but instantly controlled himself; while the princess, taken equally unawares, pressed his hand impulsively, but as quickly released it and braced herself against what was to come.

"And where does the court intend to hide its crown, madam?" asked Ivan, with indifferent languor.

"Its crown? Nay—I remain here with your highness and my other friends. It is of Alessandrina I speak!"

"Yes, madam, so you said before. Where shall you dispose of her excellency?"

"We do not disclose our private intentions," answered Catherine, haughtily.

"Do you know, yourself?" asked he aloud, turning, with considerable of the martial spirit in his eye, to Alessandrina.

"Not in the least."

"Then there is no earthly reason why I may not find out," he returned, adding aside, so that none but she might hear—"and find out I will."

"Your highness will see a reason why not," responded Catherine, "when I forbid it."

"Ay, madam, *when*."

"Does Ivan forget in whose presence he sits?"

"That were impossible, lady," he said, rising and bowing, "let me beg pardon for any seeming disloyalty and intrusion."

Instantly smiling and waving her hand with consummate grace and sweetness, the empress answered:

"In the affairs of the empire it may be necessary to grant it,

but where our own person is concerned, Ivan can not be intrusive;' with which stroke she flattered herself she had finished the business. Shortly after, Ivan approached the princess and requested permission to rescue her if she found herself in danger.

"I am quite equal to my own safety," answered Alessandrina, in the same whispered tone, and turned to continue her flirtation with Orrode, whom, in her heart, she despised.

The empress danced, later in the evening, and with Prince Ivan, while Alessandrina and Orrode were their *vis-a-vis*, and Ivan either hung by the empress's chair or danced with other ladies, till Catherine gave the signal for retirement, and never once approached the princess, who now seemed out of favor, but as regardless of that as she had been of her prosperity. The next day she was not at the court, nor the next: it was evident she had departed. But where should Ivan seek her, even if he cared to do so; for, judging from his manner, it would be a matter of doubt to determine were it actuated by anxiety or total unconcern. Should he send emissaries to Paris or Vienna, or was she more probably concealed in some apartment of the palace at Nicolaeff, or dwelling, guarded, in a Finnish hut? He could easily have inquired at the gates for the direction taken by royal couriers preceding a princely barouche, but closely as he was watched, it was not discovered that he had troubled himself at all about the matter.

"Like all men," thought Catherine, "capricious and careless. I would venture he would as easily part from me after all the pains I shall have taken to secure him."

And she glanced at the perfect splendor of his face and bearing, as he sauntered up the garden alley towards her. But after a few days, with a boldness to be expected from him, had she judged aright, Ivan did not present himself, nor, strictly as he was searched for, could himself nor any clue to his whereabouts be detected.

It was a fortnight from the disappearance of Ivan, that a black gondola was slipping one evening down the lagune at Venice, the gondolieri chanting their endless strains, and countless others shooting past and gliding down the stream beside it. Behind the curtains sat a lady in long dark robes and mantle, and her face covered by a fall of black lace. She sat listlessly, with her hands folded in her lap, and now and then audibly sighing. All at once another barge grazed against hers, and a complete entanglement seemed to take place with a dozen others, while all the gondolieri raised their voices together in one scolding tumult. A hand thrust back the curtains, parted them quickly, and a tall form, stooping, entered and sat down beside her. She would have shrieked for help, if there had been any possibility of her being heard in the snarl without. But as quickly as they had locked together in confusion, the gondolas separated, the clamor ceased, and they slid smoothly on again.

The stranger removed his hat and plume, and revealed the features of Ivan.

"I said I should find your highness," laughed he.

"And you have been successful."

"What will her majesty say?"

"Probably recall me and banish you."

"She knows nothing of my whereabouts."

"But my gondolieri are Russian spies!"

"Ah? They are quite welcome to pursue their vocation. But recall you? Why then banished for so short a period?"

"The empress will be more secure if I am in her sight. And look!"

She gave him a letter to read—it was a mandate for her return to Russia.

"You questioned me about my campaign, ages since—"

"Not quite three weeks!"

"You asked, was it prospering. It remains for your highness to say shall I, who never was foiled, be now repulsed, or shall I carry back victorious banners of a successful siege, to Nicolaeff. Shall I confront Catherine with a wife? Alessandrina! tormentor—capturer—enslaver! If I conquer, I am conquered; and if defeated—"

He stopped as if petrified by the cold, icy look she gave him, as, having uncovered her face, she turned it upon him. Her tone sounded distant and hollow.

"You are using very singular language. I do not choose to be thus addressed. You presume! Go!"

And she waved him away. He rose, and stood bending an instant, looking down into her eyes.

"False!" he said—"beautiful and false! You, too, will know what it is to suffer such pain!"

He passed his arm round her, pressed her to him, kissed her with burning lips—and was gone. Another instant and she might have relented, have recalled him, though at the risk as she knew it was, of the lives of both. But ere she could speak, four strong arms had pinioned the bold lover from behind, and two others bound him hand and foot with chains, and replaced him on the lounge opposite Alessandrina, behind the curtains, while resuming their oars and song, the gondola was turned about and sped on.

"In double and treble chains, your highness, now!" said Ivan, with a manner that seemed to declare his peculiar situation quite indifferent to him, the moment they were alone.

Alessandrina gazed at him steadily, and then bowing her face to her knees, seemed to shake with sobs.

"Sobs, lady?" said the prince. "Your pity comes too late. Pray dispense with it—it is unnecessary."

"I am not weeping," she answered quietly, raising her head, "nor do I offer you any pity. You have brought yourself into this trouble."

"I shall not retort by declaring you the magnet that drew me thither. Reverses are the fate of war and love—but I shall rise again!"

At this moment the gondola touched the riva.

"Has your highness no farewell, no word of consolation for him over whom you have impended a perhaps terrible fate?"

A gondolier offered his palm for Alessandrina's elbow, to assist her on shore. She rose without a word, although conscious that his eyes were fixed sorrowfully upon her, and only waved her white hand backward through the gloom.

"Stony-hearted!" he murmured, and she left him.

Many and many a long, dreary winter's, summer's and winter's day again was to intervene and punish her haughty spirit, ere she saw that noble form once more. Ere a fortnight she had joined the court at St. Petersburg; but, saving that the first night of her return the empress called her into her presence, and, resting her imperial elbows on the table and her cheeks on her hands, gazed at her steadily for full three hours, not a word was spoken of the late occurrences, nor any reference made to Ivan; but Alessandrina was, to all appearance, fully reinstated in favor, and Prince Ivan, with his order of St. Andrew and the memory of mighty battles won, was seen no more at court.

On first meeting Orrode, Alessandrina had congratulated him ironically on his good fortune, and then assuming her old quietude had received his services with the same coolness as those of all her other suitors; but she knew very well, in what it must all end; and weary the days, weary the nights while winter and summer crawled by, and winter, long and endless, again set in. The festivals of the season were at their height, and tired at heart of all the world, while the dreadful uncertainty of Ivan's fate hung over her, Alessandrina was apparently the centre of all gaiety.

One morning the empress summoned her to her private audience chamber. From the windows might be seen the mirth of the capital, the glistening ice-hills, and the crowds of fur-wrapped people. Catherine motioned her to a seat.

"Your highness, being in my service," said she, "cannot have been at great expense, these last two years. To how much does your fortune amount?"

"Your majesty has the inventory of my valuables. Some millions of roubles."

"I propose to double them, my child, if you accede to my proposition. You have long had several suitors—among them, one whom I have favored."

Her listener turned pale.

"I now wish you to marry Orrode, who has waited on your whims with most exemplary patience."

"And if I refuse, madame?"

"If you refuse? Do you dare dream of such a possibility?"

"Dare *do* it, madame!"

"Tush! You are absent-minded or surprised. So much happiness may have turned your head. I intend it and it shall be! Come, you have fancied idly, long enough, about Prince Ivan."

It was the first time his name had been mentioned between them.

"Ivan, madame? Where is he?"

"Think you I shall tell, having kept it secret nearly two years? No, no. Dismiss all this. I give you a week to consider."

"I do not need a day! I will never marry Orrode!"

"A week to consider," continued Catherine, "and then refuse if you dare!" And throwing down her pen, she sat back in her chair. "I shall have no punishment too horrible for you!"

So Alessandrina swept away just as determined as if nothing had occurred. Three days of the week had passed, and on the fourth a courier with his horse foaming from the speed of travel, even in that cold weather, dashed into the city. As he left his horse, the noble beast fell dead with fatigue. Instantly seeking the palace, the breathless messenger fell at Catherine's feet and told her of the dreadful condition of her soldiers on the Persian frontier, and of the enormous and dauntless hordes pouring down to overwhelm them. Three hours after, and again at midnight, others arrived with news of accumulated disasters, and at sunrise, a last one, bearing intelligence of the commanding officer's death.

"Good heavens!" cried Catherine, "what shall be done?"

Several of her ladies, the Primate Galovitch and Alessandrina were in the room.

"We shall be ruined! Overcome before all Europe! I have none to supply his place!"

"No one?" asked Alessandrina, looking steadily at her.

"What does it matter to you, minx? Do your fame and glory stand at hazard before all the world, all posterity?"

"Madame, I have no doubt they can be saved."

"Would that I had never banished him! I will give any one five thousand roubles who will bring Prince Ivan to me in time! Alas—it cannot be. There is not another man in the empire whose genius is equal to the necessity. The Siberian snows are melting and prevent travel. Tomsk *never* can be reached!"

"Lady," whispered Alessandrina, "only write out a pardon and firman. I will find some one to carry them. All will be well."

"Dear child," cried the empress, drawing pen and ink towards her, "I can almost forgive thee everything for the hope thou infusest."

Pardon, and a firman for a messenger were speedily in her hands, and Alessandrina left the room. An hour afterwards Count Orrode entered, and on being informed by the delighted empress of the steps taken, censured everything as a rash proceeding, bade her see what it would come to, and went to bid the gates to be closed and to prevent the messenger of Alessandrina from passing. But too late. The Cossack who had entered her service on leaving Ivan, had already passed out with a large stud of horses for relays along the road, and a person entirely wrapped in furs had quickly followed him, showing the empress's firman, and no questions had been asked. Orrode could only trust to the bad state of the roads for the non-success of the despatch. Next day, Alessandrina not presenting herself, the truth flashed on Catherine's mind, which, as she had a new favorite in the place of her former fancy for Ivan, she was quite ready to applaud; and as days and weeks dragged on and no Alessandrina appeared, Orrode saw that his strategy had been fairly overcome, and waited.

Thus six weeks passed, when, one morning, the old Cossack rode into Tomsk and passed out within an hour, leading a fresh collection of hardy northern steeds to be left on the southern route to Persia, and in the evening the person who bore the firman of the empress alighted beside the door of the stronghold where Ivan was lodged. Seeking the governor, the pardon of the prince was displayed and acknowledged, and the messenger was ushered into the exile's apartment and left there. A low fire burned on the hearth; the room was bare, large and gloomy; the high, narrow windows were above reach and barred. She looked round for the prince himself. He was lying on a bench of boards, over which was thrown his sable cloak. His head rested on his arm, showing his profile, thin and clear, against the black surface, and the paleness of his hollow cheek swept by the long lashes, while he slept. Herself, weary, worn, pallid and travel-stained, she moved softly towards and kneeled down beside him. He started and turned uneasily, then opened his eyes and gazed dreamily around.

"Away! away!" he murmured, closing them again. "Will you thus always torment me, heavenly, impossible vision, sleeping or waking?"

"O, my love," murmured she, but half audibly, "have I at last found you?"

A moment more and opening his eyes he beheld her again.

"Am I mad?" he cried, half rising.

"Hardly," answered Alessandrina.

"Is it possible—"

"Entirely so. Prince, you are free! I have brought your pardon."

"And did you bring me nothing else?" he asked, looking earnestly at her.

"Prince, have not the snows of Siberia cooled your love?"

"Like fires on Etruscan altars, it will never be extinguished."

"Does your highness remember that day in Venice?"

"Never, never can it be forgotten."

"Not if I beg you to put it aside forever?"

"It has taught me a thousand things. The sweet I would not lose; the bitter, only by a happiness so glorious that I dare not expect it, can be effaced."

"A glorious happiness? I can give it to you."

"I know you can."

"Behold your appointment. You are commander-in-chief of the great army on the Persian frontier. You are to leave immediately, and go forward on your conquering way. The Cossack, who has been with me since your disappearance, leaves relays all the way, to hasten your progress. There is a happiness that suits you well."

"You are mistaken. All glory and honor and fame are vain and empty beside your love! Alessandrina! Have these two years taught *you* nothing? Never brought you near me by one sympathetic pulse?"

She put her arm round his shoulder, and raised her mouth to his lips.

"I have been miserable," she said, "for I have had my own folly for a constant self-reproach."

"And Orrode?" asked the happy man, some time after.

"He is still awaiting me at the altar."

"Poor fellow! Alessandrina! how about the campaign? But now for Persia!"

Not another six weeks had elapsed, ere another courier, bursting into Catherine's presence, announced that while the army was at its worst, suddenly, like a god dropped down from heaven, a stranger had appeared, united the forces, gained a great victory, repulsed the Persians, bearing the war into their own country, added great territories to the Russian empire, and having completely subdued the enemy, would soon be on his triumphal march to St. Petersburg.

A month later, the troops, under arms, were in review upon the square—the general was in the capital, and riding by his side was Alessandrina, while Orrode gnashed his teeth outside the pale of their happiness.

"Your highness," said Catherine, "must forgive our punishment of your escapades, on account of your pardon. We should have known, when banishing you, that we only put ourselves in danger. And but for your noble bravery and the energy of my darling, the ward of Galovitch (who, by the way, is promised to Orrode, yonder), far from being the haughtiest, we should be the humblest nation upon earth. What favor would be too great to grant you? But who, pray, is the lady beside your highness?"

Alessandrina raised her cap with its shading plume and veil, and Ivan answered:

"For the favor, grant me a second pardon. Madame, it is the Princess Alessandrina, my wife!"

INCOMES.

In comparison with Great Britain and the countries of the continent, we have very few princely incomes among us. A man with $100,000 a year would be an enormously rich man. We doubt if there are half a dozen in the whole country who *spend* this, although many have it. The income of Mr. Astor, for example, is enormous. We have heard it facetiously stated, that if he were to be placed in a room full of three cent pieces, armed with a shovel, he could not throw his income into a basket as fast as it really accumulated. No doubt many millionaires hide their incomes under a basket, and many more reputed ones are glad to hide their principal *anywhere*. But abroad, £20,000 is a *very* common income. Wherever the law of primogeniture prevails, incomes *must* enormously swell.—*Sunday Times.*



GAS WORKS, JOHNSON STREET, KEOKUK, IOWA.

CITY OF KEOKUK, IOWA.

The engravings on this and the succeeding page represent various interesting portions of the city of Keokuk, Iowa, and are from sketches drawn expressly for us on the spot, during the recent tour of that accurate artist, Mr. Kilburn, undertaken for the purpose of obtaining illustrations for the Pictorial. Keokuk is one of the most thriving and beautiful among the marvellous young cities of the great West. It is the semi-capital of Lee county. From its geographical position at the foot of the "Lower Rapids" of the Mississippi River, 205 miles above St. Louis, and 125 miles south of Iowa City, and from its other local advantages, it has been not inaptly termed the "Gate City" of Iowa. Situated in the southeast corner of the State, it is the only city of Iowa that has uninterrupted water communication with all the great tributaries of the "Father of Waters," and must therefore remain, as it is now, the principal outlet for the produce of one of the largest and most fertile States of the Union, so long as river transportation is cheaper than railroad for heavy freight. Notwithstanding these natural facilities for trade, an extensive system of railroads is projected from Keokuk. The Des Moines road, following that rich valley to Fort Des Moines, 150 miles in the heart of the State, is partly constructed, and rapidly going on under the energetic superintendence of Mr. Eaton, the well-known chief engineer. The Keokuk, Mount Pleasant and Muscatine Railroad is rapidly progressing northward. The site of Keokuk is remarkably fine. It covers the top and slopes of a large bluff, round which the river sweeps in a semicircle, and thus commands a noble prospect extending many miles north and south, and is exempt from those diseases so prevalent in the low bottom lands of the western country. The city now contains a population of seven or eight thousand; but, according to the ratio of increase in previous years, it will probably gain two or three thousand on those figures by the emigration of the present season. There is an extensive and rapidly increasing wholesale business done in manufactured goods, groceries, etc., which are supplied to an immense agricultural region north and west, and the demand seems to exceed the supply. This is especially the case with building materials; and double the present number of mechanics in every trade would find employment at high wages. The citizens are mostly eastern men, and their energy is shown by the modern improvements already introduced. The gas works, of which a view is given in our first engraving, erected by Messrs. Herrick & Kilbourne, in 1855, are built of brick, in a tasteful style of architecture that does the designer much credit. The Keokuk Athenæum, the last picture on the next page, was opened for dramatic entertainments last winter; it is a handsome brick building, with a neatly ornamented front, on Second Street, between Johnson and Main. The crossing of the last named street is seen in the middle distance of the picture. It runs at a right angle to the river, and is a wide straight macadamized avenue over a mile long, lined with substantial stores, many of which would do credit to Washington Street or Broadway. The intersection of this main thoroughfare with the "Levee" is shown in our third illustration, with a perspective of the boats, landing, etc., looking towards the north. On the right is the river and the distant shore of Illinois. A large proportion of the residences in and around Keokuk are well and tastefully built. The Female Seminary, represented on this page, is a specimen of this sort of architecture. It is constructed of stone, in an octagonal shape, and, with the surrounding grounds, occupies the summit of the bluff, commanding a magnificent prospect in every direction; just to the left is seen the residence of Col. Curtis, the present mayor of the city. A line of splendid steam packets runs daily between Keokuk and St. Louis; the number of steamboat arrivals in 1852 was 795. The Lower Rapids are eleven miles in extent, in the course of which the river has a fall of twenty-four feet. The cargoes of vessels ascending the river are transhipped over the rapids by steamers drawn by horses, and then reshipped on board of steamboats for their destination. The city contains the medical department of the State University, six or seven churches, three academies, several public schools and a hospital. Two weekly newspapers and a medical journal are published here. The town contains also between eighty and ninety stores, two steam flouring mills and two iron foundries. The value of the merchandize reported as sold here in 1852, was $1,345,000. The Mississippi is about a mile wide at Keokuk, flows on a bed of limestone, and is bordered by bluffs rising abruptly to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. The above statistics, though the latest published, probably give an imperfect idea of the condition and business of the place, which is conducted on the high pressure, go-ahead principle, and increases yearly in magnitude. Enough has been said, however, to show that it is really "something of a village," as our New York friends are willing to admit that Boston is. The State of Iowa, of which Keokuk is one of the most remarkable cities, formed originally a part of the Louisiana purchase, then, successively a part of Missouri, Wisconsin, and lastly of Iowa territory. The first permanent settlement was commenced at Burlington, in 1833. It was admitted into the Union in 1846. It is bounded as follows:—north by Minnesota territory, east by the Mississippi, west by the Indian territory and Minnesota, from the former of which it is separated by the Missouri, and from the latter by the Great Sioux River, and south by Missouri. It contains an area of 50,914 square miles. The face of the country is generally a rolling prairie, furrowed by several important rivers, such as the Des Moines, 450 miles long, which traverses the entire State, the Skunk River, 200, and the Iowa, 300 miles long. Iowa is rich in mineral resources; about one tenth of the great lead region of the Upper Mississippi lies within the State. In 1853, 3,256,970 pounds of lead were shipped from Dubuque and Buena Vista. Zinc and copper are found, and there are also productive coal mines. The climate is healthy, and permits of a varied agriculture; the peach tree blossoms in April, fall wheat ripens in July, spring wheat in August, and Indian corn in October. The rivers are generally frozen over from two to three months in winter. The soil is generally excellent and easily tilled, and there is due admixture of woodland and prairie; the staple productions are Indian corn, wheat and live stock, besides large quantities of rye, barley, buckwheat, oats, potatoes, butter, cheese, hay, wool, maple sugar, honey and beeswax. Iowa is, on the whole, well wooded, though north of the 42d parallel of latitude there is a scarcity of timber. Ash, elm, sugar and white maple grow in belts on the river banks. Among the other trees are oak, black and white walnut, locust, ironwood, cottonwood, lime and pine. Manufactures are yet in their infancy; but as the State possesses abundance of coal and water power, we may presume that they will be rapidly developed. In 1850, there were 482 manufacturing establishments, with an average yearly product of about $500. Three of them were engaged in the manufacture of iron, employing $5500 capital, and producing castings worth $8500; one woolen factory, with $31,225 capital, producing stuffs valued at $13,000, and breweries and distilleries, producing from an investment of $19,000, 160,000 gallons of whiskey, beer, etc. In 1852, $280,483 were invested in mills and distilleries. We have alluded above to the internal improvements of the State. Thoughtful provision is made for education. All lands granted by Congress, all escheated estates, and whatever percentage Congress may allow on the public lands sold within the State, are to constitute a fund, the interest of which and the rent of unsold lands, together with military and court fines, are to form an appropriation for the support of public schools in Iowa, which are to be under the direction of a superintendent of public instruction, elected for three years by the people. Schools must be kept open at least three months in every year in each district. An appropriation is also made for the support of Iowa University, which is to be perpetual. In 1850, there were two colleges, with 100 pupils; 742 public schools, with 29,616 pupils, and 31 academies and other schools, with 1051 pupils. In the same year there were 193 churches in Iowa, of which the Baptists owned 20; Christians, 10; Congregationalists, 14; Episcopalians, 5; Friends, 5; Lutherans, 4; Methodists, 71; Presbyterians, 38, and Roman Catholics, 18. The rest were divided among German Reformed, Moravians and Universalists. Many excellent newspapers are published in the State, which also contains several libraries established on a good basis. The governor of the State is chosen for four years, and receives a salary of $1000; the senate is chosen for the same period, and the representatives for a term of two years—all elected by the people. The sessions of the legislature are biennial, and the two branches assemble on the first Monday in December of each alternate year. The members receive $2 per diem for the first fifty days of the session, and $1 a day thereafter—a plan unfavorable to protracted debates and dilatory legislation; the members receive mileage at the rate of $2 for every twenty miles of travel. The judiciary consists of a supreme court, presided over by one chief and two associate judges, receiving each $1000 per annum, and of district courts, each presided over by one judge, who receives $1000 a year. The judges of the supreme court are elected by a joint vote of the legislature for six years, and the district judges by the people of their districts for five years. The assessed value of property in Iowa, in 1853, was $49,384,965. In 1854, the public debt was $79,795. There was but one bank in the State in June, 1852, with a capital of $200,000. But after all, statistics and figures convey to few minds an accurate idea of the substantial realities they represent. To understand and appreciate the greatness and rapidity of growth of the great West, requires a deliberate tour through it. Travellers rush abroad to examine the marvels of Europe, and neglect the wonders that lie within four or five days' journey of their homes.



FEMALE SEMINARY, CORNER OF SECOND AND HIGH STS., KEOKUK, IOWA.

THE ASSAULT OF IVREE.

During the campaign of 1800, the French army, destined to meet the power of Austria on the plains of Italy, before it could render itself master of Turin and Milan, penetrate even to the walls of Genoa, and declare the terms of peace on the battle-field of Marengo, had yet to surmount that vast Alpine barrier which extends from the St. Bernard to Nice and Montenotte, and to overcome a series of tremendous obstacles, presenting themselves one after another in seemingly endless succession, and tasking to the utmost, if not defying, the courage of the troops and the military genius and perseverance of the leaders. These obstacles were not merely the result of natural position; but there were instances in which the resistance of the invaded was more obstinate and terrible than that of mountains, precipices or rivers. Protected by fortifications of little strength or difficulty, and but very inefficiently aided by a locality which yielded but few means or opportunities of vigorous defence, but sustained by an indomitable courage, great resource of invention, and an enthusiastic love of country, infinitely more formidable even than their courage and their skill, the inhabitants of the small town and citadel of Ivree, with a garrison of four thousand Austrian soldiers and twenty-five pieces of cannon, maintained their post for three days against an army of forty thousand Frenchmen, commanded by the three youngest, but already most illustrious generals in Europe, Massena, Lannes and Bernadotte. Furious at seeing his march thus arrested before this insignificant little place, he who had taken Alexandria in a day, and Cairo in an hour, and impatient moreover to assume his position for the investment of Milun, the commander-in-chief, on the twenty-fifth of May, 1800, ordered the division of General Lannes to march upon the village in all its force, and take it by assault. After three hours of sanguinary combat, of fierce attack and the most heroic defence, a handful of the defenders, driven from the citadel, retreating step by step, and hotly pursued by the victorious Frenchmen, threw themselves as a last resort into the quarters of Adjutant-General H., with the resolution there to maintain themselves to the last, and sell their lives as dearly as they might. In a moment the house occupied by this brave veteran was converted into a fortress—barricades were thrown up, loop-holes for musketry cut in the walls, and every disposition made that time and means afforded, for a last desperate resistance. Lannes, who was the first to enter the deserted village, detached an officer in command of two battalions, to drive the insurgents from their position. The officer, equally distinguished among his fellow-soldiers for his impetuous courage and his ferocity, soon forced his way, at the head of one of his battalions, into the disputed mansion, trampling as he went upon the bodies of the forty brave fellows by whom it had been defended. General H., the only survivor, after beholding the slaughter of his garrison, had armed himself with a hatchet, and with almost superhuman strength and desperation, opposed the entrance of the republicans; and when their leader presented himself, sword in hand, at the door of the room to which he had retreated, as his last stand of defence, the old general aimed at his head a furious blow, which would have closed his career at once and forever, had it not been skilfully parried by the sabre of the Frenchman. It was the last effort of the wounded and wearied veteran; he fell—and in another moment the apartment was filled with republicans. The Frenchman, who was never known to yield quarter to a vanquished enemy in the fifteen years of his military life, stepped forward to despatch the fallen general, when a young and lovely woman rushed from an adjoining room, threw herself at his feet, and kneeling there, pale, distracted, the tears streaming from her eyes, shrieked forth, in a voice of terror and despair:

"Spare him! O, spare him! Do not take his life; he is my husband—the father of my child!"

The Frenchman glanced for a moment at the suppliant, with an eye in which there was no trace either of anger or pity—and then, deliberately pushing her aside, he made a step in advance, took a cool and steady aim with his pistol at the wounded officer, and shot him through the heart. The wife of the murdered man uttered a fearful scream, and starting to her feet and flying to the room whence she had come, returned in a moment with her boy, who, at the sight of his father's massacre, had hidden himself, pale and trembling, under the bed; she held him up to the ferocious republican, and exclaimed:

"Monster! you have slain the father—complete your work, and destroy the son!"

At this moment loud shouts were heard, and a French general, surrounded by a crowd of officers, appeared at the door of the apartment. The scene was dramatic—a perfect *coup de theatre*. The heart of the ferocious soldier failed him; pallor overspread his features, and his limbs shook; while Madame H., as by a sudden impulse, flung herself at the feet of the general, with a single cry for "vengeance!" The general raised her kindly and respectfully, demanding at the same moment an explanation of the scene before him. There was but little need for words; the objects upon which he gazed bore to his mind the accusation of his subordinate; that disfigured corpse—that female upon whose lineaments were stamped horror and despair—that feeble child, with pallid cheeks, and his eyes streaming tears, calling upon his father, who answered not. The general perceived at once that there was no fact to be ascertained, no excuse to be admitted. His eye flashed fire, and striking his glove forcibly upon the palm of his left hand, he turned abruptly, and with a lowering brow, to the assassin who stood before him speechless, and exclaimed:

"Sir, you are a coward and a savage! What! murder in cold blood an unarmed man—defenceless—a veteran—before the eyes of his wife imploring mercy! It is the act of a fiend!"

"But, general," muttered the criminal, with a hesitating voice—the voice of one who feels that he is lost—

"Be silent, sir!" interrupted the general. "I listen to no excuses; I admit of no defence. You are unworthy to serve the republic. Give me up your sword, your epaulettes. From this moment you are dismissed from the brigade you have disgraced—from the army upon which you are a stain!"

The major raised his head with a proud, fierce look.

"General," he said, but with a voice that betrayed his emotion, "I surrender my sword, but I demand a trial by my comrades."

"You shall have it, sir, and within the hour."

Then turning to the officers who had accompanied him to the spot, and reverentially baring his head before the body of the victim, he said to them:

"Unite with me, gentlemen, in rendering the tribute of respect to unfortunate courage—to a brave and fallen enemy."

The remainder of that dreadful day was passed by Madame H. in the bitterness of grief. After witnessing the interment of her husband with military honors, this unhappy woman, who had lost in a single moment, and under circumstances of such peculiar horror, all that made life dear to her, except her boy, sunk into a lethargy of sorrow—an abandonment to wretchedness. While she had a murdered husband to avenge, a helpless child to protect and save, she had preserved her energies of mind and body; but now, when the assassin had undergone the shame of a public degradation, and the prompt and terrible justice of a military commission impended over his head, the hapless widow could think of nothing but her loss. For her there seemed to be no longer cause of hope or fear. She was therefore more astonished than alarmed, when, early the next morning, a French aid-de-camp waited upon her, with a request from the commander-in-chief, that she would repair immediately to his quarters at the Hotel de Ville. Without a word of inquiry or remonstrance she arose, took her child into her arms, and followed the messenger of the general. Led to the council-chamber at the moment of her arrival, Madame H. found herself surrounded by all the glories of the republican army; by those noted men for whom such wondrous destinies were reserved; by whom crowns were to be won and lost. There were Murat, Duroc, Lannes, Desaix, Massena, Hoche and Bernadotte; and in the midst of them the general, who, with his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the floor, walked slowly to and fro, as if in deep and painful meditation. On the entrance of Madame H. he stopped abruptly, motioned her to be seated, and then, after gazing for a moment upon the face of her child, with a gentle smile of interest and affection, resumed his walk. Madame H. began to feel alarm. This unexpected summons, this strange reception, the silence that prevailed around her, all combined, first to surprise and then to terrify her. A vague sensation of anxiety and fear oppressed her heart, and she could not command her nerves for the utterance of a single word that might call forth a solution of her doubts. All at once the roll of a drum at a little distance startled her from her painful reveries. It was quickly followed by a volley of musketry, and the general, pausing in his walk, placed his hand upon her arm, and led her to a window, from which she beheld in the square below the fearful spectacle of a military execution just accomplished.

"Look, madame," he said, in a calm, yet impressive tone. "The man whom you see lying dead upon the ground, was a French officer, whom his comrades in arms have condemned to death, for the assassination of an Austrian in a city taken by assault."

He paused for a moment; then glancing round upon the officers who stood near, he continued:

"You are at liberty to quit Ivree this morning. General Desaix, whom I have requested to be your escort, will answer to the republic for your safety. Farewell, madame; report to the Prince Charles what you have seen of the justice maintained in the armies of the French."

This general, at that time first consul, was afterwards the Emperor Napoleon.—*Portfolio.*



VIEW OF THE LEVEE, KEOKUK, IOWA.



KEOKUK ATHENÆUM, SECOND STREET, KEOKUK, IOWA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MYSELF.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

I tired of all the thousand themes
 On which we rhymesters ply the pen;
The vague desires, the various schemes,
Bubbles on fancy's flowing streams,
That fill the measure of their dreams,
 To charm the ears of maids and men.

And so, forsaking star and care,
 The maiden's pride, the miser's pelf;
The noisy town, the quiet grave;
The purling tide, the rolling wave;
I for awhile attention gave
 To one sole theme, and that—*myself.*

The past to memory was true,
 And, at my bidding, it called up
Hopes—cherished when my years were few;
Dreams—that with ripened boyhood grew;
But now, unwelcome to my view,
 Like lees from life's enchanted cup.

There was the promise of my years,
 Plain written on my ample brow;
Ere errors, agonies and fears,
Brought with them heart-notes, bathed in tears;
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers;
 What answers to that promise now?

Nothing that would redeem those hours,
 Even yet, to memory sweet;
The flowers that bloomed in those fair bowers
Have withered now, and evil towers
Supreme above her sister powers
 Of sorrow and deceit.

I look along the path of years,
 And see life's ruin as it lies,
Just where it fell, amid the jeers
Of scorning ones, who uttered sneers
In mockery of all my tears
 And all my spirit sighs.

I look again, and now I see
 A simple mound, with grass o'erspread;
There sleeps one who was true to me
Through peril and through poverty;
But now she rests! and wearily
 I watch the green grass o'er her head.

I can but own my life has been
 A failure, fatal to my peace;
I missed the goal I hoped to gain,
I missed the measure of the strain
That lulls fame's fever in the brain,
 And now—when shall my sorrows cease?

Myself! Alas for theme so poor—
 A theme no one heart calleth dear;
I stand a wreck on error's shore,
A spectre on mirth's jocund floor,
Throwing a shadow evermore—
 Ah me, what do I here?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

The low-hung clouds had drooped all day over that little green churchyard, and still the little mourner sat there upon the turf, weaving the small blue violets into wreaths with the pale, tender leaves of the hawthorn, just out of bud. Large drops of rain splashed down upon the clear olive brow, and bathed the pale cheek, and yet she stirred not from the freshly-turfed mound. She had been watched by eyes of which she was unconscious; and now the sound of footsteps startled her not, so deep was her abstraction, so self-contained her grief. But when a figure came before her, and a kindly face met her now upturned eye, she betrayed no sign nor fear of agitation.

"Who is it for whom you are making those garlands, dear?" said a gentle voice.

"My mother, sir," said the child; and as she looked at his sympathizing face, she burst into a new passion of sorrowful tears.

The stranger, a man apparently about thirty-five years of age, sat down by the side of the little child, and passing his arm about her, tenderly as a father or brother would do, he tried to hush the convulsive sobbing, which seemed as if it would shake her slight frame too violently. She covered her eyes with her small, dark hand, and the stranger then had an opportunity to remark her appearance. She was about eleven years old, he judged; with small, finely formed limbs, and a face which showed no hue but the olive. Dark, spiritual eyes, from which the sparkle had been dimmed by recent tears, teeth whose snowy whiteness was almost painful to the eye, when contrasted with the dark face, met his gaze.

No flashing of red blood came into that cheek; it was as if chiselled from dark marble. Only in the lips was a faint crimson, scarcely perceptible. Not a blue vein to be seen in the temples; and yet she was a glorious little creature. The dark crisp waves of her long hair were gathered up at the back of her neck by a large silver arrow, and a cross of the same hung from her girdle. Her dress was a simple loose robe of some black material, fastened round the waist by a broad leather belt, and coming up very high round the throat, while it left the arm bare to the shoulder. Excepting the arrow and cross, the dress, although scrupulously neat and clean, betokened something like poverty—so coarse and plain was its material.

By degrees, as she could speak, she related to her new friend the death of her mother and only brother—the long, long absence of her father, and her utter destitution of friends and money, in a strange land, and wasting with grief for her desolate state. If she could get back to Germany, she would find some one to take care of her, and if she could but keep back her tears, she would hire an organ and go round until she could get money enough to take her back; but her heart was so sore, she could not bear the sound of music. Her name was Dahl, she said—Zaira Dahl. She was named Zaira after an Italian friend of her mother's, who was also an Italian by birth, although her father was a German. But there was no trace of German blood to be seen in their child—she was all Italian.

The poor child might have lighted upon a worse person than Rufus Trent; and yet there were people who thought very ill of him, too, and would have shuddered to think of his voluntarily adopting a little girl—for even while the child was telling her simple story, the purpose was formed in his mind.

Many faults had Rufus Trent. He was an only son, left at an early age with a large fortune—so large that he had not thought it necessary to acquire any profession, and had spent most of his time in travelling. He came back from his travels with a look that spoke of something more than mere weariness or satiety. He walked apart from others, paid no homage at the shrines that were duly decked with gems and laces for his adoration, and had the air of a man who had "not loved the world, nor the world him."

Abroad, he had drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs. At home, he refused to mingle with those who drink less deeply. On his native soil he was at least free from stain. His patrimony was undiminished, his broad lands free, and the giant oaks had not been ever thinned in his ancestral woods. Some vain babble there was, that a terrible disappointment in a foreign country had blighted his happiness, had seared his heart, and perhaps steeped him in crime; but there was no evidence of the truth of this, and few would have dared to speak it loudly. It was named only in whispers, and with closed doors.

Since he returned home he had experienced, for the first time in his life, a feeling of utter loneliness. He scorned the society about him, and would neither bend to them, nor receive their hollow compliments. His home, therefore, was silent in its deep quietude of wood and vale, and mountain and rill—all his own, never intruded upon by strangers. In the house, only one old servant, who had been with his mother during her last sickness, and a man and boy, who took care of the grounds.

What would Hannah Drury say, if he carried home this child to increase her cares and labor? Little would she care, if it only made him happy; for never were servants more attached to a master—never was master more tender and indulgent to servants. So, after soothing the little girl's tearful sorrow, he took her home.

"I have brought you a present, Hannah," he said, as he drew the child into the large room where Hannah reigned mistress. "You will be kind to her, for she has neither father nor mother."

"Poor thing!" said Hannah; and her voice of genuine pity sealed a bond that was never broken. The child was "a present" to her forever, and she always called her "her own."

Mr. Trent called her Hannah's child, too; and he allowed her to come and go as she pleased, either to his own parlor or Hannah's. He would look at her as she sat reading, as she best loved to do, on a low stool by the fire, and think how beautiful she was growing. Her presence made his room seem less lonely; and, instead of exacting gratitude to her for the home he gave her, he was grateful to her for her presence there. It was like an angel's wing overshadowing his household—the continual presence of that little pure and innocent child.

She had ceased to weep for her mother, now that she had found other friends. She loved old Hannah so well, that she would eagerly lay her book aside, and run to execute any little demand upon her time. No heavy task was assigned her. But her dearest work was to wait on her benefactor. He would not take a cup of tea even from any other hand than hers, and it was she who prepared his breakfast every morning, to Hannah's manifest vexation.

He would not send her to school, but had masters attend her at home, and her proficiency in her studies, though not remarkable, was still quite good. She did not acquire rapidly, but she retained everything she learned. She had no taste for mere accomplishments, and he did not press her to learn, for he had become thoroughly tired of the unvarying round of young ladies' music and painting. Zaira sung; but it was just as a bird trills out its native, wild bursts of song. She knew no art, no measured swells or cadences. How he loved to hear her wake up the echoes of the large hall, where her birdlike notes deepened on his ear as he sat in his own quiet room. And how she would hush up as she came into his presence, until he urged her to sing to him; and then she would draw up her low seat to his side, and leaning her arm upon his chair, she would pour forth a full stream of glad music, such as never comes from the trained throats of fashionable young ladies.

"You would make your fortune with that voice, Zaira," he once said to her. "Suppose that I set you up with an organ, and let you try street practice."

"I have thought of it," she said, quietly. "When shall I begin?"

He looked at her earnestly, and for the first time in the three years that she had now spent in his house, he asked himself the question what should he really do with her? "Time enough to answer that question," he said to himself; but he could not help thinking how much she had altered since he brought her home, a little tearful, tawny child.

He had spared no expense in her dress, always getting rare and costly material, although she would wear no color but black or white. The silver arrow had given place to a pearl one, and so had the cross; the hair had grown darker and longer, but the waves were as perceptible as ever.

To-day she was radiant. Her lip, now full and red with health, had curled just a little, when he spoke of her singing in the street; and with that scarce perceptible curl, there came a memory flashing up from the past, and, as if by magic, she recalled the form of one whom he had known in Italy. And for three years he had loved this little child, and never known why. A child no longer, she was bursting upon him in the fresh glow of early womanhood. Just so had Teresa looked in her bridal garments on the day when he saw another kneel by her at the altar, bearing her away from his own faithful heart.

For nearly sixteen years he had been trying to shut out this vision, and now it was coming back to him by his own hearthstone. He had wandered in other lands, trying to drown, with the Lethean cup of pleasure, all memory of the Italian Teresa. He knew she was not happy with the man for whom she had forsaken him. He knew, afterwards, that she had suffered from poverty, desolation and sickness; that she and her children had left their home, and wandered no one knew where. Could this be the solution of the mystery which had kept him so long from finding her? Was the name of Dahl assumed? For so sure as love had ever breathed from the mother's lips to his listening ear, this was Teresa's child—and yet he had never seen it before.

Question after question succeeded, and every artless answer deepened his conviction. From Zaira he gathered enough to know that her mother was deserted, that she was broken-hearted, and that when her youngest born had died, she had but one pang in dying—leaving her helpless child to the uncertain mercy of the world. Could she have known that he would have protected her, how would the pang have been softened!

For awhile Trent almost sunk beneath his emotions. Never for a moment had he ceased to love Teresa. He was but a boy when he first saw her, and she was a radiant woman, brilliant with all the fascinations of the daughters of Italy; but he loved her with a deep and undying love, and she returned it. Then a bitter misunderstanding rose between the two fiery hearts, and in a moment of passion she gave her hand to the cold, calculating German, to whom she had really transferred her love. How often had Trent repeated to himself the words which, of all others, expressed his sensations at that period; and in this hour they returned to him again with added force:

"I saw thee wedded—thou didst go
 Within that sacred aisle,
Thy young cheek in a blushing glow
 Betwixt a tear and smile.
Thy heart was glad in maiden glee,
And he it loved so fervently,
 Was faithless all the while.
I hate him for the vow he spoke—
I hate him for the vow he broke."

Zaira felt conscious of a change in her guardian's manner towards her, but she could not fathom it. She imperceptibly followed out this change in her own conduct, and for some days the two were nearly separated, without knowing exactly why.

It took some time for Trent to analyze his true feelings for Zaira. Sometimes he acknowledged no feeling but that of an almost paternal love. He had taken her as a child, and until now had regarded her as such. She had burst suddenly upon his sight a woman—almost as beautiful and radiant as she whose image had been so dear to his boyish fancy. What relation could he now bear to this young creature? Walking hastily up and down his chamber, he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. How little had time changed him! He drew from a desk a miniature of himself which had been painted expressly for Teresa, but which was not quite finished when they parted. He was but twenty then; now he was nearly twice that age, and yet there was little perceptible change. Not a silver thread in the dark hair; not a furrow in the high, pale brow. Nothing had altered except the expression. In the miniature there was a look of hope and joy; the face reflected back from the mirror had neither.

And then the thought came over him that she, for whom this youthful face had been pictured on the ivory, who had gazed upon it as it grew beneath the painter's hand, had immolated her heart upon this unhappy marriage, and then lain down her beautiful and queenly head in the grave! How different would it have been, had he married her! All that wealth could buy, or affection suggest, would have been showered at her feet. She would have been living now, unchanged perhaps even less than himself, for she would not have been borne upon the billows of disappointment as she had been. No; Teresa's face was not one that could change.

This child should have called him father! He was that to her now almost. Could he be more? Or how could he best devote his life to Teresa's child? It was a hard question, and Trent came from his chamber that day, darkly feeling how little the present can repay us for the past. He looked again into those clear, beautiful eyes, and he almost fancied that he saw something which, had he been more trustful, would have persuaded him that he was loved with a deeper interest than he had before thought it possible.

Zaira gave him the same quiet, unquestioning obedience that she had done always. From the moment in which he had brought her home and bestowed her upon Hannah Drury, until now, his will had been her supreme law, and it was also her supreme pleasure. Not a wish did he but remotely hint at, or even look, that her ready eye did not see, and her ready hand execute. If, in the long future, he should find some being whom he might consider "divinely endued" to become Teresa's successor in his long widowed heart, would she be to him what this little Zaira was unconsciously becoming? And if that *should* ever happen, in what relation could he place Zaira to him or his wife?

He had passed out into the small but rare conservatory, which the hands of Zaira had so beautifully tended, and was leaning sadly against the door, looking at the lovely blossoms that were clustering in graceful beauty around him. From within he heard her sweet voice singing a sad, low strain, the echoes of which had lingered on his memory for seventeen years! Teresa had sung it for him again and again; and not even Teresa's voice had the beauty and volume which dwelt in this untutored child of song. It was like hearing Teresa's notes from the other world, so spiritual did that young voice seem in its low, sweet tones.

It was long past sunset, and while Zaira was wondering why he stayed from her so long, he came to the door and asked her to go with him to the grove. This was an avenue of tall oaks, under which they frequently walked, and to which they had given the name of the grove. By the time they reached it, the moon had risen, and was silvering the tops of the giant trees. Under these trees Trent had placed seats, and here they often passed long hours reading. He drew Zaira to a seat, and told her the history of the past. He dwelt longest upon his own misery when he found that he had lost Teresa; how dark and cold had seemed the world, and how fondly he had longed for companionship, but refused to take any other to his heart, because no one could be to him what Teresa had been.

Zaira wept long and tenderly at the sorrow he had known; but when he told her that this being was her mother, she looked at him with an almost incredulous surprise. In that look he again traced Teresa's. Just so had she looked at their last parting. Zaira's, perhaps, had more of dewy softness, less of fire; but there was the same dark, liquid depth, the same expression that, under strong excitement, made language almost superfluous. That expression in Zaira's eyes seemed to ask if she too was to be parted from him; and in that question seemed involved the whole of her earthly happiness.

Lonely and desolate enough seemed the girl's life, if now she were banished from the roof that had so kindly sheltered her—the heart that had so cherished her. And where could she go? These were thoughts that filled both their minds equally. To have her stay now, just as she had done, was a thing not to be thought of; she was no longer a child to be petted and indulged. She had grown up suddenly into that image of Teresa—that wife of whom he had been cruelly defrauded. He was here free, unshackled, scarcely older in seeming than when he had stood by Teresa's side, almost her husband. Could he but annihilate the time between these two periods—could he but forget that she was Teresa's *daughter!* Alas, when does knowledge bring happiness? From the time of our first parents until now, the tree of knowledge has borne its bitter fruits.

In the hush of midnight he reflected, for the first time, that there need be no haste in his decision; he would wait—wait until time should develop the best or the worst of their situation. He would go away, where he could judge calmly. This sudden restoration of Teresa to his sight might perhaps warp his judgment, and he would leave Zaira with Hannah, and travel over some unvisited portion of his own country.

There was genuine sorrow in Zaira's face when he came down unexpectedly one day prepared for travel, and announced his intention. There were tears in her beautiful eyes, too, that latterly had seemed hardly to be dry at all; and almost he felt like giving up his plan of separation. But he went; and Zaira wandered about the house and garden with a sad face and a languid step, that brought Hannah to her side with roots and herbs, and a thousand infallible recipes for sickness.

"But I am not sick, Hannah," she persisted in saying.

"Never tell me, deary," Hannah would answer. "Don't I know the *symtims of tryphus?* There's your back—that aches, *I* know, for you walk crooked, and you've allers bin as straight as an arrer. Then your head's hot—that's tryphus, too; and your eyes are heavy. So now drink all this and go to bed, for master will never forgive me, if I don't take care of you while he is gone. Says he to me that very morning, 'Hannah,' says he, 'I want you to see to her,' says he. 'And let me find her well and comfortable like,' says he, 'when I come home.' So now, I am going to do it."

And Zaira swallowed the bitterness for the sake of the sweetness of knowing that she was thus cared for by the absent.

Trent was gone four weeks. He returned one evening as unexpectedly as he went. Zaira had lived through Hannah's prescriptions, and was coming home through the grove, after a long ramble in the woods beyond. She knew his step as he came up behind her, and she turned back to meet him. Their eyes met in the dim twilight, and they knew then how dear they were to each other. These four weeks had shown them that they could not live apart. To her he was her first and only love. To him she was the new earthly embodiment of that which made at once his boyhood's hope, the suffering of his youth, and now lived again, renewed in the deep happiness of his manhood.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

This instrument, which gives forth such sweet music, should be placed in the window of every man's house. Its "mutterings" will do more to harmonize the soul than any other thing that can be devised. The Æolian Harp consists of a long narrow box of very thin deal, about five or six inches deep, with a circle in the middle of the upper side of one and a half inches in diameter, in which is to be drilled small holes. On this side seven, ten, or more strings of very fine gut are stretched over bridges at each end, like the bridge of a fiddle, and screwed up, or relaxed with screw-pins. The strings must all be tuned to one and the same note, and the instrument placed in some current of air, where the wind can pass over its strings with freedom. For instance, a window, of which the width is exactly equal to the length of the harp, with the sash just raised to give the air admission, is a proper situation; when the air blows upon these strings with different degrees of force, it will excite different tones of sound.—*Scientific American.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CRAZY CAPTAIN.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

We were homeward bound with a fair wind. Two bells had been struck in the mid-watch without one of our men having started even an apology for a story; but the silence was at last broken by the following inquiry: "Does any man on this forecastle know what's become of Cap'n Osborne as used to sail out of Boston a good many years ago?"

"Which d'ye mean?" said an old foretopman; "there's been a good many of that name masters of Boston vessels; but I never knew anything particular about any of 'em, unless 'twas Cap'n Willis Osborne."

"Ah! he's the very man!" returned the other; "I sailed with him a number of voyages, off and on, but of late years I've lost track of him; but do you know what's ever become of him?"

"Run mad—crazy—got out of his senses," was the reply, "and finally got killed by a whale, which was the most rational thing he'd done for a whole cruise; but if you'll take the trouble to listen for the matter of a few minutes or so, I'll tell you all about it.

"I was supercargo of the Muscatine barque; Cap'n Will, as we used to call him, commanded her. We were bound from Boston to Valparaiso. We were several days out before Cap'n Will made his appearance on deck. He stayed below in his state-room, and left the barque entirely to the charge of his officers; and I couldn't help thinking that certain ship owners in Boston had got rather a queer sort of man to command the fast sailing vessel in their service; however, I saw nothing which led me to suppose he was not in his right mind, until one day when we were a little more than a week's sail from home, it began to blow in squalls.

"The second officer had the deck at the time, and had just given orders to clew up the royals, when Cap'n Will made his appearance on deck for the first time since leaving Boston. 'Mr. Toby,' said he, addressing the second mate, 'I wish you to recollect that it's expressly against the laws of Neptune to ever take in a royal excepting while the vessel lies in port;' then looking aloft, he recalled the boys who had gone up to furl the royals, then went immediately below again. When we were in the Gulf Stream, he came on deck and ordered stun'-sails set, when we should at least have been under single-reefed topsails, and the consequence was, the loss of the booms with everything attached.

"After this he did not interfere with the officers again—in fact, he took no interest, seemingly, in the working of the barque, until one night off Cape Horn, when it came on to blow—and it did blow a terrific gale, too. Not caring to sleep, I left my berth a little past four bells in the first watch, and going upon deck, joined the mate on the quarter-deck. Every stitch of canvass had been taken in and furled, with the exception of the main-topsail close reefed, and the fore-staysail; yet the barque rolled and plunged fearfully, and the sea continually swept her decks.

"'Have you noticed how singular Captain Osborne appears of late?' said the mate, addressing me.

"Before I could reply, we were joined by the object of his inquiry, who came on deck with nothing on but his pantaloons, and his long hair streaming in the wind. There was no longer any doubt in my mind but what he had gone crazy, and taking the mate a little further aft, I told him my fears.

"'I think the same,' said he, 'but it will not do for him to see us talking here,' and requesting me to stand by him in case of an emergency, he turned away.

"'Mr. Freeman,' said the captain, 'go forward and call the other watch, and prepare to make sail.'

"'They are already on deck, sir,' replied the mate. "I have just taken in the fore-topsail, and was obliged to call all hands.'

"The captain burst into a fit of laughter. 'What an idea,' said he, 'calling all hands to take in a mere rag like that! A mere child could furl it without difficulty; but I'm glad you've called all hands, for we need them to make sail; we've lain here becalmed long enough; now good-by to all slow sailing, and go forward, Mr. Freeman, and set that fore-topsail again.'

"The mate hesitated a moment, to satisfy himself that the captain was in earnest, then went forward and set the sail, although it blew so violently it was with difficulty sheeted home. He started to go aft, when he met Cap'n Will coming forward.

"'Mr. Freeman,' said he, 'set everything forward.'

"'It wont do, sir,' said the mate, 'there's already more canvass on her than she can well carry.'

"'Set everything forward, I say,' shouted the captain, in his ear, 'or, if you like better, you may go below and keep the cabin-boy from throwing the anchors overboard. I'll take the barque to Valparaiso before daylight. Loose the foresail, men; see the halyards all clear, and stand by to sheet home. Wont she sail beautiful, though? Some of you boys lay up and cast the gaskets off the fore-top-gallant sail and royal. I'm bound to be in port before morning, so work lively, boys, while we have a breeze.'

"'Captain Osborne,' said the mate, 'this is downright folly, to think of carrying so much sail in such a gale as this.'

"'Loose the fore-topmast staysail and the jib,' shouted the captain, entirely regardless of the remonstrances of the mate.

"The foresail was at length set; but no sooner set, than the lee sheet parted, and the sail was blown into ribbons quicker than you can say 'belay that.'

"'Work lively with those head sails there, and bend on a new foresail—it never'll do to lose such a breeze as this.'

"Cap'n Will had hardly ceased speaking, when the jibboom parted close to the bowsprit, and came alongside with a terrible crash, throwing the man who was loosing the jib into the sea. Almost at the same instant the fore-top-gallant and fore-royal mast went over the side, carrying overboard the two boys who had gone up to loose the fore-top-gallant sail and royal.

"'Lay up and loose the mainsail, and shake the reefs out of the main-topsail—we want more kindling wood.'

"For the last few moments I had watched the mate closely, and on seeing him beckon to me, I left the quarter-deck, and made my way forward, but before I had passed the main rigging, he took a belaying pin from the rail, and with one blow felled Cap'n Will to the deck; then binding his arms with a bit of seizing stuff, he lifted him from the deck and carried him to the cabin, and into the state-room, then fastening the door, came immediately on deck, and ordered the barque put about on the other tack, in order, if possible, to save those who were overboard. The men all saw the true state of affairs, and obeyed the mate's orders with all possible despatch; but the barque was so encumbered with the fallen spars, that considerable time elapsed before we could clear the wreck, and put about on the other tack; and no boat could live in such a sea as was running then; and although we cruised about there for a long time, we saw nothing of the missing men.

"Mr. Freeman mustered all hands on the quarter-deck, and stated to them his belief that Captain Osborne was crazy, and that while any symptoms of it lasted, he should take the command of the barque upon himself. The crew had seen enough that very night to convince them of the truth of his statement, and they all agreed that it was best for him to take command of the vessel as long as Captain Osborne should show symptoms of insanity.

"The captain was securely confined in the cabin, and a close watch kept upon his movements. For a few days he raved incessantly, although he did not appear to realize how matters stood on board the barque. A few days before we got into Valparaiso, he was taken dreadfully sick with the brain fever, and remained so most of the time we laid in port; but a few days before we started for home, he began to recover not only his health, but his reason, and had forgotten entirely the events of the past few weeks. All he knew was that he had been sick. He now took the command of the barque as though nothing unusual had happened, although he several times remarked to the mate that he must have had a great deal of heavy weather to have carried away so many spars.

"When we were three days out, on the homeward passage, the mate had a fall from the main-topsail cross-trees to the deck, which broke his arm, and otherwise disabled him so that he was unfit for duty. Cap'n Will stood his watch for him. Everything went on finely until after we doubled the cape.

"One fine night, while we were coming up the South American coast, I was below, engaged in conversation with the mate, who had not yet sufficiently recovered to resume the charge of his watch.

"'I've been thinking,' said he, 'that I should go on deck to-morrow and try to stand my watch again. I don't exactly like the way the captain has appeared for the last twenty-four hours; he acts strangely; he may have another crazy spell for all I know; at any rate I think it best to keep watch of his movements.'

"He had hardly ceased speaking, when we were startled by a tremendous crash, accompanied with a shock that shook the barque from truck to kelson. The thought of the instant was that some vessel larger than our own had run afoul of us. We both rushed upon deck immediately, but not a craft of any kind whatever was in sight excepting our own. The next thought was that we had struck upon a coral reef, but upon going forward, I knew in an instant that such was not the case, for our starboard bow was completely demolished from the top-gallant rail to the water's edge, and had we struck upon a reef, the probability is that the damage done would all have been below the water line. There was but little time to spend upon conjectures, as the barque was rapidly settling in the water, and we had barely time to provision our boats and push off, before the barque went down. Upon mustering our men we found them all safe with the exception of Captain Will. He was in neither of the boats; but his disappearance was accounted for, as well as the cause of the loss of our vessel, by the man who had been last at the wheel, in the following words:

"'I relieved Jack Bronson at the wheel at four bells. I had been but a short time there, when Cap'n Will came up on the quarter-deck, and says to me, 'Ned, go forward on the forecastle and see if you can make out what there is on the weather bow.' I was going to strike one bell for some one to take the wheel while I was gone, but Cap'n Will stepped up, and taking the wheel, tells me to hurry up and report what I made out ahead.'

"'I went right away forward, and soon made out that what the captain had seen was a very large sperm whale apparently asleep on the top of the water, and I went aft and reported accordingly. At the course we were then sailing, we should have passed somewhat to leeward of the whale; but the moment Cap'n Will knew what was ahead, he had the yards braced in, and ordered me to keep her up a couple of points.'

"'I dare n't disobey orders, although I knew that if the whale didn't haul off or go down, we should be afoul of him. As soon as the yards were braced up, Cap'n Will went forward. He had hardly got on to the forecastle when the barque struck the whale about amidship, and the next instant his tail came across the forecastle directly where Cap'n Will stood—and here we are in these two boats as the natural consequence.'

"After a brief consultation, we headed our boats for Pernambuco, and having pleasant weather and a smooth sea, we arrived there in a little more than two days from the time the barque went down so unceremoniously, and we soon had an opportunity of shipping for home."

In war, people judge, for the most part, by the success, whatever is the opinion of the wiser sort. Let a man show all the good conduct that is possible, if the event does not answer, ill fortune passes for a fault, and is justified but by a few persons.—*St. Evremond.*

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

The accompanying portrait of Henry William Herbert, so well known and admired by his various works published under his own name and the *nom de plume* of "Frank Forrester," was drawn for us by C. Barry, from a fine daguerreotype by Meade Brothers, of New York. The subject of this notice was born in London, April 7, 1807. He is the eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. William Herbert, dean of Manchester, eminent as a man of science, a poet and a liberal politician, and a descendant on the paternal side, from the historical houses of Pembroke and Percy. Young Herbert was sent to Eton College at the age of thirteen, and graduated at Caius College, Cambridge, in 1829. Of the educational advantages afforded him he made excellent use, and though he is entirly untinctured by pedantry, there are probably few men of his age who are more thoroughly versed in the classical languages and literature. He is also familiar with the modern European languages, is well read in history, and possesses a large share of antiquarian lore. He commenced life with a fortune ample enough for the gratification of all his tastes—his love of study, of travel, and of the exciting sports of the field and forest—but a sudden reverse in 1830, forced him to rely upon his education and literary ability for support. He came to this country in December, 1831, and for eight years thereafter was employed as a Greek teacher in a classical school of high repute. While thus engaged he also turned his attention to authorship, and from 1833 to 1836, edited the "American Monthly Magazine" with signal ability, besides writing for various other periodicals. In 1835, he published a novel, entitled "The Brothers, a Tale of the Fronde." We well remember the impression produced by the first reading of this spirited work, an impression resembling in its pleasurable character that awakened by the first perusal of a romance by Scott. Subsequent and recent readings have only confirmed the opinion then formed of it. It is a dashing, dramatic narrative, that grasps the attention of the reader at the outset and hurries him along breathless to the close. The incidents are strange and startling but not improbable, and the characters sketched with a few vigorous, decided strokes of the pencil. The manners and spirit of the age are happily reproduced, and the story ends, like a stirring drama, with a brilliant *denouement*. This fine story was followed, in the next year, by the production of "Oliver Cromwell," a work distinguished by the same vigorous style, the same bold, truthful portrait-painting and the same marvellous perception of the spirit of the past. These works, like the subsequent performances of Mr. Herbert, republished in England, created a powerful sensation there, and established the literary reputation of their author. Their success induced him to abandon the harassing occupation of teaching, and devote himself exclusively to literature. In 1842, he published "Marmaduke Wyvil," an historical novel, and, in 1846, the "Roman Traitor," a romance founded on Catiline's conspiracy against Rome. Equally successful with these works have been his "Field Sports of North America," and "Fishes and Fishing of North America," published under the *nom de plume* of "Frank Forrester," and displaying both the experience of a thorough sportsman and the knowledge of a naturalist. His various sporting sketches published in periodicals of the day, are remarkably spirited and telling. In 1848 his scholarship and poetical talent were displayed in a poetical translation of the "Prometheus" and the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus. Had Mr. Herbert chosen to cultivate his gift he might have won a brilliant reputation as a poet. His "Wellington sonnets," written for and published in this paper, are brilliant proofs of poetical genius. We have not space to enumerate the various productions of Mr. Herbert's fertile pen. Among them, and particularly deserving mention, is a series of historical works included in his later performances, entitled, the "Captains of the Old World as compared with great modern strategists," the "Cavaliers of England," the "Knights of England, Scotland and France," and the "Chevaliers of France." His historical works appear to be equally popular with his novels and romances. A vigorous and picturesque style, an untiring *verve*, an artistic grouping of characters, enchain the attention of the reader. He does not give us the dry bones of history—he clothes them with flesh and blood, and makes the storied heroes of



HENRY W. HERBERT.

the past speak and act before us as living men and not as phantoms. It cannot be denied that Mr. Herbert has ably won a high position among the distinguished English authors of the nineteenth century.

PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES, TOTTENHAM, ENGLAND.

We present, below, an accurate representation of the almshouses recently erected and formally inaugurated at Tottenham, England, for the reception of aged and infirm members of all branches of the printing trade. The buildings will accommodate a large number of persons, though only six have yet availed themselves of this charity. The inmates of the institution receive, in addition to the gratuitous house accommodation, a certain weekly allowance, which varies according to the amount of any other means of subsistence which the recipient may possess. The building is in the Tudor style of architecture, and occupies three sides of a square, the fourth, fronting the road, being tastefully laid out as a garden. It contains between thirty and forty rooms, and will give accommodation to about twelve couples, allowing a neat and commodious sitting room and bedroom and kitchen to each couple. The ceremony of inauguration was performed only a few weeks since, on which occasion a grand breakfast was held in the grounds adjoining the building. Earl Stanhope, the president of the institution, whose family name is so intimately connected with the printing trade, in both a literary and mechanical point of view, most appropriately presided on the occasion. The noble chairman and the stewards, comprising the representatives of some one hundred and fifty of the leading publishing firms of London, assembled at the building, and were conducted over the whole establishment by the architect, Mr. William Webb. The inspection of the building being concluded, the whole party retired to the pavilion erected on the grounds at the back of the almshouses, where a breakfast was served, at which Earl Stanhope presided. In the evening a grand tea party, followed by a concert and a ball, in celebration of the inauguration, took place at the Highbury Barn Tavern, at which between four hundred and five hundred persons connected with the mechanical portion of the printing trade were present. On the day preceding the opening of the almshouses, a neighboring Quaker lady (an acquaintance of Elizabeth Fry), rapidly approaching threescore years and ten, visited the institution, and, having inspected the building, presented each of the newly-elected inmates with five shillings, and directed them to send to her residence every other morning for a supply of new milk; nor did this kind visitor depart without leaving a donation in the subscription box and her name enrolled in the visitors' book. The subscriptions in connection with the festival exceeded four thousand dollars. The public charities of England are numerous and munificent, and they had need be so, for misery and destitution are rife there. It requires the utmost exertions of the philanthropist only to alleviate and assuage the sufferings of the poor—to banish them entirely is out of the question.

A FASCINATING LION.

About thirty years ago, says Jules Gerard, the great lion hunter, a young man named Seghir, belonging to the tribe of Amamera, established in the Aures mountains, fell in love with a young girl who had been refused to him by the father on account of his poverty. The young people, however, were much attached to each other, and one fine evening the girl ran away with her lover. The distance being considerable between the two douars and the road extremely perilous, Seghir had armed himself from head to foot. Already the most dangerous part of the road had been cleared, and they were beginning to hear the dogs of the douar towards which they were rapidly advancing, when, all at once, a lion, who till that moment had lain concealed behind the bushes, rose and walked straight towards them. The young girl shrieked so fearfully that her cries were heard by the people in the tents, and several of the men immediately seized their arms and rushed out to the rescue. When they reached the spot to which they were directed by the screams of the young maiden, they saw the lion walking slowly a few paces in front of Seghir, with his eyes steadfastly fixed upon him, and leading him thus towards the forest. The young girl did all she could to prevent her lover following the lion, or induce him to let go his hold of herself, but it was in vain; he kept dragging her on in spite of all her efforts, saying: "Come, my beloved, come, our master will have it so, we must go!" "But your weapons," she cried, "what are they good for, if not to save me?" "Weapons! I have none," answered the fascinated wretch; "great lord, believe her not, she lies—I am perfectly unarmed, and will follow you wherever you will!" At this moment the Arabs, eight or ten in number, who had come to the rescue of the unfortunate couple, perceiving that the lion would very soon have them in the forest, fired every one of them upon him; but on finding that he did not fall, they took to their heels. The lion sprang upon Seghir, and with one bound crushed him to the earth, smashing his head at a bite; after which he laid down by the side of the young girl, placing his huge paws upon her knees. The Arabs now finding that the lion did not condescend to pursue them, took courage and returned, and having reloaded their guns, prepared again to fire; but being afraid of killing the girl, they told her to try to get a little way from the lion, which he allowed her to do, without ever losing sight of her. The moment the guns of the Arabs were levelled at him, the lion sprang into the midst of them, seized one with his teeth and two others with his claws, dragging them together, so as to make, as it were, one bundle; then, placing under him that mass of palpitating flesh, he instantly smashed the three heads, as he had done that of Seghir. Those who escaped ran to the douar and told the story, but no one was bold enough to return for another attack. The lion then carried the woman into the forest. Next day they came to carry away the bodies of the four men; as to the young girl, nothing was found but her hair, her feet and her clothes. Is it true that the lion has the power of fascination over weak organizations? All I can say is that the Arabs answer in the affirmative, and give numerous examples.—*Spirit of the Times.*



PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES, WOOD GREEN, TOTTENHAM, ENGLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

FRANCE AND THIS COUNTRY.

Some months since there was certainly a little unpleasant, uneasy feeling with regard to the relations snbsisting between this country and France. The very want of anything tangible to create this feeling, produced a certain uneasiness—for

> ——"trifles light as air,
> Are to the jealous confirmation strong
> As proofs of Holy Writ."

There was a story going about that Marshal Vaillant had insulted the officers of our army sent abroad to pursue military investigations, that raised our blood to fever point. But the trouble has been set at rest by the marshal's disclaimer, and we are now assured that the "winter of our discontent" has been made "glorious summer" by a perfect cordiality existing between France and America. This is just as it ought to be. Of all the countries of Europe, we should least like to have a quarrel with France. We can never forget the service done hy the ready money and the gallant hearts and strong arms that France sent to us in the days of our sore trial and our sore need. It would be with extreme regret that we should cross swords with the countrymen of Lafayette, of Rochambeau and of D'Estaing. When the parent country forced us into revolution, France came to our aid with a fraternal alacrity and cordiality. No—we can never forget it. A war with France would be like a civil war. When General Jackson, in Louis Philippe's time, demanded the payment of the French claims, with a menace of war in the event of refusal, our admiration of the old hero's pluck, and our consciousness of being in the right, did not banish a sorrowful feeling at the very idea of coming into armed collision with an old friend. But the danger passed, and the little ill feeling to which we have alluded subsided too. France, England and the United States, united together in the bonds of a common interest, should cultivate feelings of cordial amity. Each nation is great enough, and each nation has a sufficiently independent sphere of action, to view each other's magnitude and increase without jealousy and without hostility.

MARKING UP.—The Evening Gazette tells a good story of some burglars who decamped from a dry goods store they had broken into, because they found the articles marked up so high that they couldn't afford to take them.

APPRECIATIVE OF ART.—A celebrated landscape of Rubens, called the "Rainbow Picture," from one of its features, was lately bought by the Marquis of Hertford for $18,000.

SPLINTERS.

.... An oriental traveller told Prince Eugene, in 1728, that with 40,000 dragoons he could capture all China.

.... Many deaths have occurred recently from the extreme heat of the weather and drinking iced water.

In the Pacific Mills and Print Works, at Lowell, which manufacture delaines and chenilles, 1600 hands are employed.

.... The Rev. Dr. Kirk has been conducting divine services on Sunday under a tent on the Common.

.... The Sultan of Turkey is said to be sunk in imbecility and physical prostration—a mere wreck.

.... The Richmond people think they had a shock of the earthquake lately—the houses vibrated.

.... A fine edifice is to be erected by Dr. Dix on the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets, Boston.

.... Deacon Jonathan Howe, the oldest printer in Boston, died lately at Charlestown, at the age of 75.

.... The century plant lately exhibited at Ogdensburg, N. Y., had 18,000 blossoms upon it.

.... A man named Cane was terribly injured at Bangor, lately, by coming in contact with a circular saw in motion.

.... A gentleman at Hartford who thoughtlessly endorsed a bank bill, was obliged to pay the amount it represented.

.... There is a lady in the town of Durham, Me., married 88 years ago, who is over 111 years old.

.... They talk in Paris of a canal between the Baltic and the North Sea to dodge the Danish sound dues.

.... Mrs. Heady, of New Orleans, who has been in straitened circumstances for years, now inherits $250,000 in England.

An editor in the southwest "receives challenges and fights duels from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M."

.... Ice was seen at the head of Valley Fork of Elk, Va., as late as the twentieth of June.

.... The Emperor of France has determined to legitimatize the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte to Miss Patterson.

.... The Chippewa Indians lately feasted on boiled dogs at their annual "medicine dance" in Minnesota.

.... During the last seven years it is said that 1400 murders have been perpetrated in and about San Francisco.

.... John Grindell, the pedestrian, lately ran five miles at Lawrence, in this State, in twenty-eight minutes.

.... The season at Saratoga and Niagara Falls has, thus far, yielded a fine harvest to hotel keepers.

.... The Journal of Commerce says most of our railroad and steamboat accidents are the result of carelessness.

.... The tax bill for the current year in New York city is over 7,000,000 of dollars—nearly twelve dollars a head.

.... The Sauks and Foxes lately had a bloody battle with the Camanches, and completely routed them.

GO AHEAD!

We used to think that the first words that an American baby learned to speak were "papa" and "mamma," and so indeed it was in the slow-going times of our great-grandfathers. "Young America" couldn't "go ahead" then very well, for its very dress impeded its free action. It emerged from petticoats into knee breeches and long-skirted coats, and its movements were correspondingly old-fashioned. But we have changed all that. The first words the infant tongue is taught to lisp is "go ahead." Father and mother are secondary enunciations and considerations. The continent of Europe has some rather fast people, and among the most rapid are the French, whose Shibboleth of "*En avant!*" (forward!) has been considered as tantamount to "go ahead." But the French "forward!" has not a quarter the significance of our "go ahead!" It indicates low pressure—our watchword the greatest possible head of steam. Old Marshal Blucher was called Marshal "Vorwarts" by his Prussian followers; but if he had marched in company with Scott or Taylor, his command would have been nowhere.

These remarks were suggested by the letter of an intelligent French traveller, speaking of the railroad across the isthmus of Panama. He says honestly that both the French and English governments sent out engineers who made studies, plans and sketches, and employed years in the business entrusted to them, without arriving at any practical result.

"The Americans came. They obtained a charter and a concession of land of the government of New Granada, and then went to work with their customary audacity. After a very summary survey of the localities, they started from one ocean to reach the other by the aid of the compass. To fill up bogs, to turn rivers, to avoid too great obstacles, to surmount difficulties, to rise, to descend, to wind, to describe curves, but always to *go ahead*—such was their object, and on a fine day the railroad was finished. But what a railroad! One must be a Yankee—that is, must be possessed by a demon to venture on it. What is astonishing and incomprehensible is, not that travellers pass over this road—for, once in the cars, they are obliged to abandon themselves to Providence,—but that engineers, conductors and employés should be found who willingly consent, for any salary, to expose themselves daily. It is enough to make you shudder when you see the rails over which you glide, supported at prodigious heights by trembling scaffoldings, scarcely stayed, or resting on a moving soil mined and swept away by torrents of rain. At certain points where you are suspended above the abyss without protection, without fences, the level of the rails is destroyed by the sinking of one of the sides of the terraces or scaffoldings, the cars roll over sloping planes, and the slightest pebble on the track would be enough to destroy an equilibrium already sufficiently compromised, and cause the whole train to disappear over frightful precipices."

Of course, there is any quantity of Gallic exaggeration in all this, and the letter-writer admits that the conductors and employés are careful, that the rate of speed is slow, and that armies of laborers are constantly engaged in repairing and strengthening the road; but is not the very existence of this railroad, considering the locality and the difficulties of establishing a patent, proof of the goaheaditiveness of our countrymen—one proof among a million?

When shall we slacken this national velocity? When shall we subside into the moderate pursuit of the ends of sublunary existence? Not until the whole continent is redeemed and occupied, regenerated and civilized. When the whole of North America is covered with a network of railways, when every navigable stream swarms with steamboats, when there are free presses, and free schools, and free colleges in every nook and corner of the land, then, and not until then, shall we begin to pull on the breaks and open the safety valves.

THE ASPECT OF NATURE.

There is something awful in the immutability of nature—in the unchanging aspect of those glittering stars, that soar, and sink, and wheel in their appointed courses forever and the same. We ascribe to them benign or baleful influences according to our moods, but beautiful as they are, they are cold and unsympathizing. They look down with equal brightness on the city of the dead and the city of the living—on the corpse and on the bride. The nearer we approach the earth, the more ephemeral are the objects that meet our eyes. The trees that stand for centuries yet have their appointed time to fall. Even the steadfast rocks crumble and decay. The life of man, the lord of all, is the briefest of all. Yet something in every bosom tells us that there is a life beyond and above all these perishing creatures—a glorious guerdon reserved for man's immortal spirit.

FLOWERS IN WINDOWS.—There are fewer tests of a happy home than a display of beautiful flowers in a parlor window. In the winter in the city, they attract the eye of the passer-by like the smiles of sunbeams.

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVALS.—Many individuals banished by the Vigilance Committee from San Francisco, have arrived in New York, to add to the cares of the officials of Gotham.

AMERICAN ACTORS.—Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have been prodigiously successful in London. We were sure beforehand that they would make a hit.

AN ODD IDEA.—In England, they are talking about presenting a testimonial to the jury that convicted Palmer of poisoning!

TRUE.—Difficulties dissolve before a cheerful and resolute spirit, like snow drifts before the sun.

TRAVELLING.

A very clever writer in Blackwood's Magazine, in a paper on travelling, admits that his countrymen, as a general thing, do not derive those advantages from travel which it ought to yield. In a word, they do not understand the art of travel, for, justly considered, it is an art. The Englishman is very apt to carry his country with him in his travels. He usually moves about with a prodigious amount of baggage, including as many British cooking implements as he can scrape together. He travels, if possible, in company with his countrymen—and when he can find an English hotel, or if not an English hotel, an establishment where English is spoken, he puts up at it. He goes to an English reading room, when he can find one, and reads an English paper, of course. He very rarely takes the trouble to acquire beforehand the languages of the countries he proposes visiting. Consequently, he looks at everything through an English medium, and has, from his system, or rather from the want of it, a partial and one-sided view of the land he visits. He comes back with his prejudices confirmed. Of course, there are many honorable exceptions to this style of traveller, but they only prove the rule.

The German, on the other hand, travels more philosophically. He posts himself up thoroughly in the history, literature, art, geography and manners of the strange lands with which he designs to make a practical acquaintance. He goes abroad to learn, and he comes back with enlarged views and a good stock of information.

But after all, we think the Yankee is the beau ideal of a traveller—that our countrymen possess a real talent for travelling. They are sharp and inquisitive, and understand how to gather the greatest amount of information in the shortest given time. Moreover, they possess a faculty for acquiring languages, only equalled by that of certain exceptional peoples of the continent—the Poles and Russians, for instance. And, added to that, the social habits of a democratic form of government fit them readily for mixing with all classes of people. Their peculiar cleverness enables them to make up for the want of book knowledge, which the Germans possess in a greater degree. But the Germans are apt to undertake too much. They dive rather too deep and mine rather too extensively; whereas the Yankee traveller suits the extent of his investigations to the time he has to spend on them.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.—Mr. T. was relating that he saw, in the course of his travels in Japan, a church a thousand feet long. A friend checked him as he was going on, and Mr. T. added, "and two feet broad." Everybody laughed at this absurdity, when the story-teller flew into a passion, and exclaimed: "It's my friend's fault—if it hadn't been for him, I'd have made the church square."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Edmands, Mr. William Moses, of Bath, Me., to Miss Lizzie J. T. Randall; by Rev. Mr. Gardner, Mr. Horace D. Jerauld to Miss Mary B. Cooper; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Thomas Waltou to Miss Sophia Taylor; by Rev. Mr. Cruft. Mr. William W. Bjerson to Miss Abby F. Swasey, both of Roxbury; by Rev. Mr. Studley, Mr. Edmund C. Bradford to Miss Luey M. Whittaker; by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. W. B. Carney to Miss Lizzie Turner Cobb; by Rev. Mr. Grimes, Mr. Daniel Dorrington to Miss Harriet Harris.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Thomas, Capt. Horace H. Watson, Jr. to Miss Anna Freeman.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. McCurdy, Mr. Edward E. Herriek to Miss Emily F. Moody, both of Beverly.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Howe. Mr. Albert A. Horn, of Boston, to Miss Selena H. Sanford.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Durfee, Mr. Edwin M. Wheelock, of Ithaca, N. Y., to Miss Ellen M. Brackett.—At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Emmett Weeks to Miss Elizabeth Green, both of Cambridge.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Benjamin R. Symonds, Jr. to Miss Sarah C Fillebrown.—At Waltham, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Dr. Algernon Coolidge to Miss Mary Lowell.—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Field, Mr. Thomas Clinton Hooker, of Rome, Italy, to Miss Elizabeth Temple Winthrop.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Barnaby, Mr. William S. Campbell to Miss Ellen Woodbury.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Peter White, 22; Mr. Charles Browne, 63; Mr. George Graham, 34; Miss Helen Callender, 56; Mr. George Tileston, 40; Mrs. Elizabeth H Twolrig, 24; Mr. Timothy W. Bennott; Mr George Dorr, 34.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Caira L Pike.—At Chelsea, Mr. Samuel Ward, 29.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Sarah W. Newman, 67.—At Quiney, Mr. Thomas Page, 71; Mr. James B. Reed, 48.—At Lynn, Mr. Edward W. Payson; Widow Mary Ramsdell, 80; Mr. J. Harris Chadwell, 21.—At Lynnfield Centre. Mrs. Sally Newhall, 93.—At Salem, Widow Mary Pease. 82; Mrs. Sarah Babbidge, 87; Mr. John Campbell, 21; Mr. Nathaniel P. Morse, 54; Mrs. Mary Tears, 50.—At Marblehead, Miss Mary G. Stacey, 26.—At South Danvers, Mr. John Dodge, 57.—At Groveland, Mrs. Sally Colby, formerly of Newburyport, 65.—At Abington, Mr. George L. Thompson. 56.—At Marlboro', Mr. William Felton, 75.—At West Brookfield, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Henshaw, 66.—At Nantucket, Mr. Daniel Austin, 83.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Susan M. Lumbard, 32.—At Sandwich, Mr. Elisha B. Faunce, of Charlestown, 45.—At Northampton, Mrs. Fanny E. Thayer. 34.—At Hadley. Mr. Samuel Kellogg, 78.—At Amherst, Mrs. Zebina Hawley, 81.—At Gosben, Mrs. Elizabeth Lyman James, 84.—At Dartmouth. Widow Hanuah Thaeher, 70; Widow Hope Kirby, 70.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SHADOWS.

They are around our every path; we feel
 Their touch upon our brows when summer's breath
Fans the pale cheeks of flowers, and bids them glow
 With a bright splendor, whispering of death.
Upon the mountain tops with folded wings they rest,
 And to the valleys steal with sure, still feet,
Amid the broad green fields, and on the heart
 Of the blue sea, in tireless bands they meet.

Where the red sun sinks low o'or battle ground,
 And helm and plume amid the dust are strown—
They fall on white, still brows like kisses prest
 By weeping Love, in hope to wake her own.
Slowly the stars arise—a thousand winds
 Are on the track of night, and o'er the plain
Pour their low requiem, then with patient gaze
 Those dark-robed watchers gather by the slain.

When the calm hour of evening prayer has come,
 And friend meets friend, and gentle words are said,
And kind thoughts for the living blend with tears
 That fall at memories of the blessed dead;
With folded hands beside the dear home hearth,
 And heads bowed lowlily and lips compresst—
The angels of the shadows stand in grief,
 That on warm, loving hearts their touch must rest.

Each human life at first is a white scroll
 From God's great library, unsoiled and fair,
Each writes upon it his own destiny in part,
 But none can help the shadows falling there.
They may sweep o'er it with a wild, stern wing,
 Blotting the dreams which love in gladness drew,
Or gently, tenderly, with warm, soft breath
 Remove each sign that tells where blossoms grew.

We all walk sometimes in a cloud, and feel
 A trembling longing which we may not speak,
For the full noonday light, which from the walls
 Of Christ's fair city beams upon the meek;
O brothers! whether on the mountain top
 Of glad prosperity our feet shall tread,
Or in the vale of grief, 'tis well to think
 From His dear hand are light and darkness shed.

L. H. F.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

Mrs. Endicott was a very quiet, unassuming, contented farmer's wife; kind and hospitable, and quite able, from her circumstances, to carry out her intentions of being so. Single-hearted and genuine herself, she never suspected any under-current in the character of those with whom she associated; and as she was so unsophisticated, she was very liable to deception on the part of others who might have a motive to employ it. Her house was ever open to all who might seek, from motives of friendship or interest, a pleasant retreat in the warm season; and every attention which she or her daughters could bestow was at their service.

It was not an unusual circumstance, then, when one very sultry afternoon in July, a carriage stopped at her door, and deposited Mrs. Waterbury, her niece, Miss Hastings, two boys of thirteen and fifteen, and a little girl of seven. The day was hot and dusty, the travellers tired and hungry. It was the busy hay season at the farm, and in addition to the usual family, Mr. Endicott had half a dozen extra hands in the fields. Mrs. Endicott had not been very well, and Sophia and Alice had been more fatigued than usual, in consequence of her inability to perform her own part of the work. All the family, however, received the visitors with kindness and attention. Two of the best rooms in the house were given up to them, and the daughters resigned their own room to the boys, retiring to the attic themselves—which attic, not being finished, proved a warm retreat, compared with the large airy apartments, with their cool straw carpets and delicate white drapery, which their guests enjoyed.

Mrs. Endicott's house, so neat and cool-looking when the company arrived, presented a scene of confusion the next morning perfectly indescribable. Shawls, dresses, bonnets, shoes and boots lay indiscriminately on the beds, on the floor, on the couches, which were covered with spotless white dimity; and, in fact, everywhere. Water was spilled, soap left on the painted stands, towels were thrown wet on the straw matting, leaving brown stains on the surface, and indeed it took Sophia two or three hours to restore anything like decent order.

After breakfast the two boys went out to the pond to fish for pickerel. They returned at noon with splashed clothes and wet stockings, which Mrs. Endicott had to place in water, but which Mrs. Waterbury did not offer to assist her in doing. Tired and cross, they laid themselves down on the clear white bed with their shoes on, and slept off the afternoon. Mrs. Waterbury also retired for a siesta, and Sophia and Alice had to entertain Miss Hastings and little Maria Waterbury, whose incessant demands for new objects to play with taxed them severely. After tea, Mr. Endicott took them out in his large family wagon, which Mrs. Waterbury declared was so heavy and jolting, that she should never get over it.

When Saturday night came, Mr. Waterbury made his appearance, bringing also a gentleman friend, and staying until after dinner on Monday, and another room had to be given up. Although the Endicotts were well supplied with abundance of food on the night of the first arrival, yet the addition of five to the family required constant cooking, and Alice declared that her arms were swollen to twice their usual size, by rolling pastry so continually.

Other company—dear friends, too, they were—arrived, and they were obliged to find rooms for them at the next farmhouse. Three weeks formed the period of the Waterbury visit; and it took three more to restore the house to its wonted condition, and to repair damages. Mrs. Waterbury begged them to call if they came to the city next winter, and Mr. Waterbury told the girls that he would take them to the theatre and the opera, if they would come in some time and stay all night. Mr. Endicott smiled his quiet smile, but said nothing. After they had gone, he sat down to his writing-desk, and appeared absorbed in accounts.

"What are you writing, John," said his wife, "that engages your mind so intensely?"

"I am calculating my losses, Susan."

"Losses! In what way have you lost? Has anything happened?"

"Nothing but the Waterbury advent," he said, with a queer look. "I am casting up the probable expense of their visit. I will read you the items. First, board for five people for three weeks, including transient boarders, fifty dollars; second, loss of time, fifteen dollars; third, damage to house and furniture, twenty dollars; fourth, yourself and two daughters, in the capacity of servants, three dollars—very low; besides which, I have paid Symonds ten dollars cash for the use of his horses, making a hundred dollars for the pleasure of Waterbury's taking our house for his summer stopping-place, instead of going to a hotel or boarding-house."

"So it is, John; but I would not have thought it. However, the girls shall make their visit there next winter, and so all will be right. I am anxious to have them go; and I am sure they cannot be too attentive to them, after all this exertion on our part."

"But did you notice that Mrs. Waterbury said they must *call* when they went to town?"

"Well, of course they meant them to stay with them. What else could they mean?"

"Poor little wifey! You are not up to the Waterbury tactics, I see plainly," said Mr. Endicott, as he left the room, laughing. "We shall see when winter comes."

* * * * * * *

Winter in Boston! Bright, dazzling snow and ice, merry sleigh bells, theatre and opera house open, lectures, concerts—it is a pleasant season in town, and the country has few attractions now for town people. The Waterburys have forgotten that they were ever at Belleville, in the hurry and excitement of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Waterbury, Belle Hastings, and two visitors, are dressing for an evening party. The cars are just coming in on the Worcester Railroad, and they are expecting grand friends from New York. A carriage stops at the door, and a servant is sent down to receive the expected guests. He returns with the names of the Misses Endicott and their father, from Belleville. Mrs. Waterbury stands at her toilet aghast.

"Do you hear that, Belle?" she says, gaspingly. "What on earth has sent those people here to-night? Mr. Waterbury, you must go and say that we are engaged, and make an apology."

"But how can we? We are under obligations to receive them."

"Fudge! For what?—for their miserable accommodations of last year? I am sure that I did not have a single night's rest while I was there, with their terrible musquitoes."

"Fy, Mrs. Waterbury! I am ashamed of you! Do you know that Endicott has loaned me several thousand dollars lately, and that I should have failed if he had not done so?"

"No, I did not. But if that is the case, I suppose we must receive them. Austin's family will not be here to-night, I suppose, for the cars are in, by these people being here at this time."

Mr. Waterbury went down and received his guests somewhat cordially, made excuses for his wife and Belle, and showed Mr. Endicott to his room himself. The chambermaid was called to conduct the young ladies to theirs, and after tea had been provided for the guests, Mrs. Waterbury made her appearance in full dress.

"Make yourselves comfortable," she said, "and retire when you please. This is an engagement which it would not answer to break, so you will excuse us."

Belle Hastings extended the tip of her gloved hand to the girls whom, in the country, she had loaded with caresses. The two boys sat apart, eyeing Mr. Endicott, who was resting his lame foot on an ottoman, as if he was committing some grievous sin against etiquette. They forgot their afternoon slumbers on Mrs. Endicott's spotless quilt.

After they had gone to the party, and the boys had retired to bed, Mr. Endicott drew a writing-table towards him, and wrote a note to his host, in which he excused himself for taking his daughters away during his absence. He remarked that, as his visit seemed to be made at an unseasonable time, he was about to have them removed to the Tremont House, in order that they might enjoy the privilege of attending public places, without inconvenience to acquaintances.

They left this letter on the table, and Mr. Waterbury, to his great mortification, read it when he returned from the party. He called on Mr. Endicott the next morning, and made every apology necessary, entreating him to return to his house, but in vain. He stayed two or three weeks, during which time the Waterburys called several times, but there was an evident coolness on the part of Mr. Endicott and his daughters.

Several times they met at the houses of distinguished people, who honored the plain country farmer, so long known to them, and admired the beautiful girls, whose simple graces charmed all who saw them. At such times, Belle Hastings recognized them warmly; but they did not need her patronage. They were on intimate terms with some whose acquaintance she had not been permitted to approach, and could have looked down upon her, had not they been too amiable. On her part, she was somewhat mortified to see Sophia and Alice led out to dance, or urged to play, while she was neglected.

Years afterwards she recognized two ladies at a large party, where she sat unattended. They were leaning on the arms of two distinguished gentlemen, and she heard them introduced as the wives of these gentlemen. They were Sophia and Alice Endicott, and she was Belle Hastings still!

PRACTICAL PRAYER.

In the vicinity of B—— lived a poor but industrious man, depending for support upon his daily labor. His wife fell sick, and not being able to hire a nurse, he was obliged to confine himself to the sick bed and family. His means of support being cut off, he soon found himself in need. Having a wealthy neighbor near, he determined to go and ask for two bushels of wheat, with a promise to pay as soon as his wife became so much better that he could leave her and return to his work. Accordingly he took his bag, went to his neighbor's, and arrived while the family were at morning prayers.

As he sat on the door-stone he heard the man pray very earnestly that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the needy, and comfort all that mourn. The prayer concluded, he stepped in and made known his business, promising to pay with the avails of his first labors. The farmer was very sorry he could not accommodate him, but he had promised to lend a large sum of money, and he presumed neighbor A—— would let him have it.

With a tearful eye and a sad heart the poor man turned away. As soon as he left the house, the farmer's little son stepped up and said:

"Father, did you not pray that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort mourners?"

"Yes—why?"

"Because, if I had your wheat, I would answer that prayer."

It is needless to add that the Christian father called back his suffering neighbor, and gave him as much he needed.

Now, Christian readers, do you answer your own prayers?—*New York Evangelist.*

CURIOUS LAKE.

The Placerville American (Cal.) gives an account of a peculiar lake on the east side of Bear River Valley. It is an immense pool or spring, rather than a lake, a little over one hundred yards in length along the base of the mountain, and nearly the same in width, but extending in one place under a shelving rock that nearly touches the surface of the water for many yards. That it is an immense spring issuing from the mountain, is apparent from the fact that any floating substance thrown under the shelving rock, is immediately brought outward to the opposite bank. There is no visible outlet to the waters, except that the margin is little else than rock, with innumerable fissures traversing it in every direction, and through which, though with no apparent current at the surface, the water undoubtedly escapes.

The surface of the rocks at the edge of the water, and for several inches above and below, is coated thick with a substance closely resembling sulphur, but without its properties, being uninflammable. Not a living fish is to be seen in its waters, but digging into and breaking up a kind of soft scoria or volcanic mud nearly hardened into stone, that makes a portion of the bank, great numbers of fish, from two to six inches in length, are embedded therein, and perfectly petrified.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Picture Book for the Young. By Mary Howitt. With twenty illustrations by Byram & Peirce. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856.

The pictures in this book are very well executed, and will afford nice patterns for young draughtsmen, while the letter-press is excellent. For sale by John P. Jewett & Co.

Altha: or, *Shells from the Strand.* By Mrs. Ada M. Field. Boston: James French & Co. 1856.

The staple of this volume is a series of well-connected pictures of home-life, gleaned, we are told, from experience. The book certainly exhibits great power and great knowledge of the human heart.

Life, Explorations and Public Services of John Charles Fremont. By Chas. Wentworth Upham. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 355.

This work, though recently published, has met with a vast sale. It is a well written sketch of Fremont's adventurous career, and well calculated for popular reading.

The Life and Public Services of James Buchanan. By R. G. Horton. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 428.

Mr. Buchanan's career is sketched in this volume, and illustrated by copious extracts from his speeches on various questions and occasions. The book is very well got up, and is embellished with a fine steel portrait of the veteran democratic statesman. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Fashionable Life. By Mary H. Eastman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 394.

An interesting and well written narrative by a vigorous writer, prepared with the purpose of showing the "effects of a system, in which pleasure is the chief aim, on the heart and on the destiny of woman." It is affectionately dedicated to the only daughter of the author. For sale by John P. Jewett & Co.

The Kingdom which shall not be Destroyed, etc. By Rev. J. Oswald, A.M., York, Pa. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. pp. 302.

The seventh chapter of the Book of Daniel may be regarded as the basis of this volume. Its object is to direct the attention to the study of the prophecies, and to the kingdom which is to come. For sale by John P. Jewett & Co.

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from the best and most popular writers in the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages: there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

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☞ Sample copies sent when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Twenty-two and a half tons of printed matter is daily sent from the Boston post-office. —— In the town of Jerez-de-la-Fronteta, near Cadiz, in Andalusia, a grocer gnve a poor woman, whose importunities nnnoyed him, a powerful dose of arsenic, from the effects of which she died nlmost immediately. She was the sister of the grocer's first wife. —— It is recorded that Linnæus cured himself of gout by eating strawberries. —— Bridgeport, Ct., claims that the title of "City of Churches" belongs more appropriately to her than to Brooklyn, N. Y. The latter has a church to every thousand inhabitants, but Bridgeport has sixteen churches, or one to every four hundred of her population. —— Mrs. Elizabeth Green died nt Natchez, aged one hundred years. —— In a beautiful little valley, near Stockholm, a most remarkable stone, covered with Runic characters and of considernble dimensions, bas been discovered. The inscription is complete, and the ornaments are well executed. Its site, it is presumed, implies facts of more than ordinary importance. —— Mr. Kellogg, the American artist, hns succeeded in purchasing a genuine "Raphael," entitled "La Belle Jardiniere." —— It is said that Lord Gough is of opinion that English women who were in the Crimea previons to tho armistice or the end of February, ought to be decorated with the Crimean ribbon solely. In India, Lord Gough states, four English ladies were decorated, nmongst them Lady Gough, who is very proud of her Mahnrnjapore bronze star, and likewise of the one given her by the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers. —— The father of Mr. Fillmore resides on his farm at Aurora, N. Y., and is now eighty-six years of age. —— A noted brigand named Gembilargin, whose band had long infested the vicinity of Sassari, in the island of Sardinia, has just been taken with two of his companions, after a desperate defence. He is accused of twenty assassinations. —— A pickerel was recently caught in tho Connecticut River, by George Burnham, of Amherst, which weighed twenty pounds. ——Mr. Littledale, who has a farm on the Mersey, opposite Liverpool, England, keeps eighty-three cows and fifteen working horses on the produce of eighty acres of land. One acre of land to support a cow is deemed a small pattern in America, but should not be. The fnct shows what thorough cultivation can do. —— A new locomotive, built at Baltimore, is said to be tho largest in the world. It has 12 wheels 44 inches in diameter, 22 inch stroke, 11 feet fire-box, and weighs 33 tons. —— Tho country on both sides of tho Rio Grande is described as being in an unsettled state. —— The Paris journal La Pays, says that all the difficulties in the way of the construction of the canal across the Isthmus of Suez have been surmounted, nnd that more than the capital required for the execution of the works —which nre already in progress—has been subscribed. —— France and Saxony havo agreed on the terms of convention for the guarantee of litorary rights in the two countries. —— The Tehuantepec Carriage Road across the Istlmus is about to be prosecuted, laborers having been sent out recently from New Orleans. The greatest confidonce exists thnt this road will he open for travel in the month of November next. It will givo a new and nearer route by which California emigrants may reach the Pacific. —— To ascertain the length of tho day and night, any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of its setting, which gives the length of the day. This is a little method of "doing the thing" which few of our readers havo heen aware of. —— A river fire steamer has just been built at Cincinnati, constructed like a ferry boat, nnd hnving a fixed steam fire engine on hoard, to bo used in the port of St. Louis, in case of a firo occurring among the steamboats at the levee. —— It is said the cost of the new dome for the centre of the capitol at Washington, will be $1,000,000.

SUBTERRANEAN DISCOVERY.

The remains of a magnificent palace havo been discovered under a garden in the Islo of Capri near Itnly. It must not only have been splendid in structure, but in situation, commanding a view of the bay of Palermo and Naples. Marble of various colors was used in its construction, and all its apartments, so far as the excavations have proceeded, are of the most spacious nnd elegant character. The doorwny is twelve feet wide, and of white marble, and the rooms are paved in mosaic, while the walls are painted in red, blno, yellow, etc. Several coins of tho reign of Augustus and Tiberius bave been fonnd, some of them disclosing the curious fact that the coins of one reign were at times recoined in another.

Chemical Minuteness.—On the recent trial of Wm. Palmer, in England, for poisoning Mr. Cook, nnd for which he has been executed, Dr. Herepath, the well-known chemist, stated thnt the presence of strychnine could alwnys be detected, and gave ns nn important proof, that if he put 10 grains into 70,000 grains of water he could detect its presence in a tenth part of a grain of that water.

Literary.—"The law is," said a sage alderman to a vender of oysters, last August, "that oysters shall he sold in months in which there is not an 'R.' How do you excuse yourself from being fined as the law directs?" "Why, the easiest way in the world; for I puts the R. in, nnd spells it Orgust." The man was excused for tbat month.

A Clergyman ashamed.—A robust clergyman, meeting a physician, ran to hide himself behind a wall. Being asked the cause, he replied, "It is so long since I have been ill that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

Telegraphic.—The New Bedford Mercury learns that a line of telegraphic communication hns been nrranged between New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, Plymouth and Boston, to connect with the Cape Cod line at Tremont.

Wayside Gatherings.

Tbe camels work so well in Texas that the government is about to send for another cargo.

Our navy consists of eleven ships-of-the-line, thirteen frigates, nineteen sloops-of-war, three brigs, one schooner, twenty steamships and five storeships.

The works of Ducornet, an extrnordinary French painter, recently deceased, who was born without arms, and held his brush either in his mouth or with his toes, are about to be sold in Paris.

A man named Pever made a balloon ascension at Havana, on the 29th of June, and was wafted over towards the sea. He hns not been heard of since.

A son of Alfred Van Wyck, of East Fishkill, N. Y., aged two years, lately died there. The child bad been playing with a friction match box, and swallowed a portion of the paper of which it was composed.

Letters from the Romagna, in the Papal States, give a frightful account of the state of society there. Brigandage had arrived at such a pitch that it was dangerous to go two or three miles from a town even in the day time.

A subscription, limited to three kreutzers (about three halfpence) each person, has been opened at Worms, for the construction of a Gothic chapel in that town, in honor of Luther and of his protest to the Diet of Worms.

Mr. John Trimble has contracted to completé a new theatre in sixty days for Miss Laura Keene. It is to be located at 622 and 624 Broadway, New York, on the ground now occupied by the Grinnell House.

A memorial, signed by influeutial authorities, has heen addressed to the first lord of the treasury, praying for a final and limited search after relics of the Erebus and Terror, the lost ships in which Franklin and his crews left England.

Sixteen persons were bitten lately by mad dogs in Patterson, N. J., so severely that their death is regarded as certain, and one has already resulted fatally—in tho case of a young mau aged twenty-seven years.

The domain called John Brown's tract contains 210,000 acres, nnd lies in Herkimer, Lewis and Hamilton counties, New York. It is a portion of 1,920,000 acres, conveyed by letters patent from the State of New York to Alexander Macomb, Jan. 10, 1792.

The Russian and Austrian newspapers contradict the report that Odessa was to be made a free port, and they add that docks and ship building establishments for the construction of merchant vessels are to be immediately commenced at Sebastopol on a very extensive scale.

Count de Tocqueville, father of the nuthor of "Democracy in America," recently died at an advanced age, in his chateau in France. He wrote and published, after he had completed his eightieth year, several historical works of acknowledged merit, among others, n "Philosophical History of Louis XV."

The Jewish disabilities bill was rejected in the British House of Lords, on the 2 d of June, by a majority of 110 to 78, after a long speech from Lord Lyndhurst in favor of it. He showed that the oath of abjuration, "on the truo faith of a Christian," did not contemplate the exclusion of the Jews, as it was in use before the Jews came into the country.

A cabinet maker at Northampton has made a beautiful set of furniture out of chestnut wood. The Gazette says this wood, smoothed and varnished, shows the grain in such a manner as to make highly ornamental cabinet work, and it is rapidly taking the place of most other kinds. It is more easily worked and can bo afforded at a cheaper rate.

Official information received from Cordova announces that more than two tons weight of locusts have recently been killed in that neighborhood. As it is calculated that there are in each hundred weight 1,720,000 locusts, some mighty nrithmeticians hnve figured it out that at Cordova no less than 404,332,500 of these insects have been destroyed and afterwards buried.

The deficiency in the French budget in the last three years is 1200 millions of francs. Seventy-six millions were spent in useless public buildings; fifty millions were paid out of tho public trensury to keep down the price of bread in Paris to prevent riots; and the industrial exhibition cost eleven millions. The dinner at the imperial christening cost two hundred thousand francs.

The Emperor Alexander, in imitation of France and England, has just instituted a Crimean medal, to be given to all those who took part in the defence of Sebastopol. It will be in gold for the officers, and in silver for the privates. It will have on the one side, the words, "To the eternal memory of the immortal defence of Sebastopol," and on the other, "By their Majesties, Nicholas, of eternal memory, and Alexander II."

Several specimens of topazes, corundum pyrites and iserene, have recently been added to the Museum of Natural History at Melbourne. The pyrites contain nine or ten per cent. of gold, and the discoverer, a Frenchman, who says there are thousands of tons, has asked £1000 from government as a reward, on his pointing out the locality. A topaz of considerable size was lately found in a reef near the Criterion Hotel, Bendigo.

The Providence Journal says there is no doubt that the deserted schooner recently taken into Newport was a slave vessel. She is a splendid model, not over three years old, and pronounced by the pilots and boatmen of Newport as, in their opinion, one of the fastest vessels that ever came into that port. She is about one hundred and forty tons burden. The name "Ferrit" is cut on the starboard rnil, and "Elise" on the larboard rail.

The cheap press in England, whicb has sprung up within the last two or three years, is beginning to exercise n healthful influence upon the public mind. It is chiefly through this instrumentality that the goverument was compelled to a more moderate tone in the matter of Mr. Crampton's dismissal. The Times demanded retaliation on Mr. Dallas, but the independent press exposed the folly and madness of such an act, and public opinion would not justify it.

One of the persons who necompanied the emperor of France to Lyons, relates an interesting incident which passed under his own eyes. At the moment when he was the busiest engaged in distributing aid to all the sufferers around him, a man of the people, an *ouvrier*, face to face with him, standing right in front of his horse's head, and staring fixedly at him, said: "Well, Louis Nnpoleon, I cordially detest you; but I admire you as cordially, too."

An English journal relates the following: "To show the relative position in life of members of yeomanry corps, the following anecdote may be cited. A regiment in the north, recently on permanent duty, were going through their movements, when a private not suiting his sergeant, the latter bawled out, 'Private Jackson, if you don't pay more attention I shall report you.' The private rejoined, 'Ay, du if thou dar, an aw'll raise thee thy rent.' The effect may be imagined."

Foreign Items.

Immense preparations are making at Moscow for the Czar's coronation.

Miss Nightingale hns been presented hy the Sultan with a magnificent bracelet, set in brilliants.

An imperial ukase orders the issue of government bonds to the amount of 12,000,000 silver roubles.

The Cologne Gazette states that it is in contemplation to erect a monument to Handel, at Halle, his native town.

M. de Raynevnl, the French amhassador in the papal city, is seriously ill, and is going home on sick leave.

A French soldier, who lost a leg by a Russian cannon ball in the Crimea, has set up a shop in Lyons, with tho shot over the door as a sign.

The Swiss federal council has pronounced in favor of the declaration of the Congress of Paris regarding maritime rights in time of war.

The last descendant and grandson of the poet Schiller, Captain Frederick Von Schiller, of the Austrian cuirassiers, was lately married to Mdlle. von Alberti.

The king of Ava is said to have deputed Messrs. Kincaid and Dawson, American missionaries, on an embassy to the president of the United States, with a view of establishing friendly feelings between the two courts.

The emperor of Austria has recently joined the Antiquarian Society of Vienna; and, on becoming a member, granted the learned body a subsidy of two hundred florins per annum for tho provisional term of three years.

Sands of Gold.

.... Tbe wisest man is generally he who thinks himself the least so.—*Boileau.*

... Some books, like the city of London, faro better for being burnt.—*Tom Brown.*

.... He who says that there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

.... That which passes for current doctrine at one juncture and in one climate, wont do in another.—*Tom Brown.*

.... Perfect virtue is to do unwitnessed what we should be capable of doing before all the world.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... Amhition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping.—*Swift.*

.... Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them; for your friend is so much your second self, that he will judge, too, like yourself.—*Pope.*

.... The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.—*Swift.*

.... A short and certain way to obtnin the character of a reasonable man is, whenevor nny one tells you his opinion, to comply with him.—*Pope.*

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words.—*Swift.*

.... He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against; for if he had civility and good breeding, he would forbear such lnnguage.—*Selden.*

Joker's Budget.

Happy Ladies.—At what age are ladies most happy? Marri-*age.*

A contemporary noting that Fred Cozzens has gone to Havana *for his health*, wonders bow it got there!

The position of an aeronaut must be a very painful one, from a constant tendency there is in it to make him soar.

Fred, a boy of three or four years, on being asked how he liked his ice-cream, replied: "Very well, though I'd like it better *fried.*"

There is a man in Connecticut who has such a hatred to everything appertaining to a monarchy, that he wont wear a crown on his hat.

A Fifth Avenue lady being told that several poor people had died of starvation, in a wretched part of the city, said, with lofty contempt: "What silly people—before I'd starve, I'd eat brown brend and mutton!"

A wag says it is "folly to expect a girl to love a man whom everybody speaks well of. Get up a persecution, and her affections will cling so fast thnt a dozen guardians can't begin to remove them."

Two things to be kept—your word and your temper. The former when dealing with a printer—the latter when disputiug with a woman. This may be difficult, but may bo done by getting a couple of chapters of Job by heart.

A little boy, while writhing under the tortures of an ague, was told to rise up and take a powder his mother had prepared for him. "Powder! powder!" said he, raising himself on one elbow, and putting on a smile; "mother, I ain't a gun."

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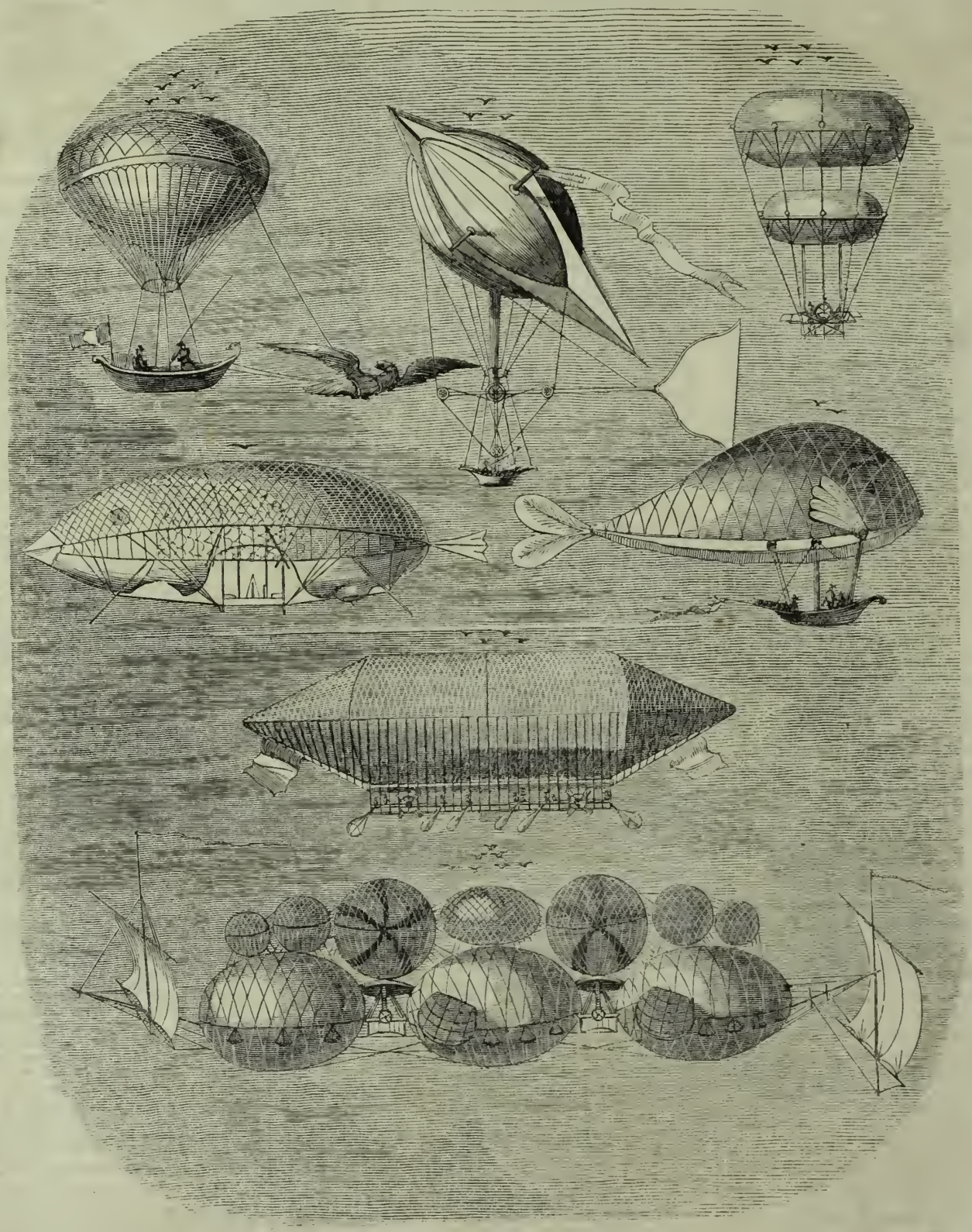
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NAVIGATION OF THE AIR.

The taste for hallooning, after having lain dormant for a nnmber of years, seems recently to have revived, and the various ascensions lately made by daring acronauts have attracted as nnmerous and enthusiastic crowds as those which in the past century greeted the experiments of the first adventurers. What multitudes thronged Boston Common when Mr. Wise took his daring flight from earth in his splendid balloon, and soared away majestically over the city and its environs! Bnt that was a free exhibition, and of course was liberally patronized. Yet when, shortly after, M. Godard, the hero of three hundred and six ascensions, announced that he would make an ascent with his monster balloon from the Agricultural Fair Grounds, no fewer than twelve thousand persons crowded the arena, though an admission fee was charged, while at least forty thousand persons were collected outside. This exhibits the desire of humanity to soar—to rise above sublunary things, to aspire higher and higher. It is something more and better, let us trust, than mere idle curiosity—something more than love of science—that prompts these aspirations. As the subject of aerial navigation seems now to be attracting a good deal of attention, we have prepared the engraving that accompanies this article, embracing a variety of machines by which the inventors fondly hoped to be able to navigate the air instead of floating through space the sport of every current. As none of these contrivances have proved successfnl, it would be idle to attempt a minute description of these machines, or an explanation of the various theories which governed their designers. Moreover, most of them sufficiently explain themselves—others are inexplicable. In one place we see an air ship, with rowers at work, as if they were afloat on the water. In another, a series of balloons linked together with masts and sails at each. In one corner is Madame Tessoire's ship, drawn hy a vulture, wbich she proposed to tame. There are other odd and mirth-provoking contrivances in the cut. Mr. Petin, an honest haberdasher of Paris, brought over here, three or four years since, a machine which he was *sure* would be able to navigate the air, and on which he had expended a little fortune amassed by years of toil. The ascensive power was supplied by several monstrous balloons connected together. Then there were two planes suspended beneath sustaining a steam engine, (!) which was to drive a windmill, producing a current of air sufficient to control the course of the balloon. It was very ingenious, but it didn't work at all. The first balloon was launched in the air on the 5th of June, 1783, at Annoneey, a town in France. The first ascension took place in Paris on the 21st of November following, and yet, before the end of the same year, a hundred projects for the direction of balloons had been already proposed, described, published or announced. Enthusiasts say that the invention of the Montgolfier brothers is the point of departure, the assured basis of the regular transportation of men and merchandize through the air—that aerial navigation is certain, and will he the *ultima ratio* of future locomotion. The great problem to be solved is, how to steer and guide the balloon after it has been launched into the realms of space. There have been successively proposed, the re-action of the heated air of Montgolfiers' or fire balloons on the amhient air, hy means of large valves opening in the sides; hydrogen gas, or atmospheric air, compressed externally or internally in the envelopes of balloons; the employment of steam, and even gunpowder; the archimedian helix, or screw; oars, sails, paddles, the reversed parachute, enormous hellows, etc. This is not all, some have proposed the use of trained birds of huge size, such as eagles and vultures! The latter idea was first enunciated in 1783. Linguet wishing, as he said, to come to the assistance of the "Parisian Prometheans," devotes several pages of his "Annals" to the examination of this curious method of traversing the air. "Even if every other resource snould fail," says he, "have we not the birds?" Buffon has well observed that "in the midst of the slavery of almost all nature, this division of living creatures has maintained its independence and guarded against the attempts of man: he has assassinated many individuals, but he has succeeded in enthralling only a small number of races, from which his gluttony reaps more profit than his labor." Since that date, this method has been often suggested, and by persons who fancied that they had hit on the idea for the first time. The cut in the engraving of a large bird drawing a balloon illustrates a plan proposed in Paris, in 1845, by Madame Tessoire. She puhlished a book on the subject, in which she seems to indicate as most particularly suited to the purpose of towing a balloon the great vnlture of the Alps, whose wings in their full extent often measure fourteen feet from tip to tip. It is seen to poise itself softly in the air, and to remain suspended sometimes for whole hours. "The bird," says Madame Tessoire, "would be held at a proper distance from the car by a trace, which would start from a collar round his neck, passing under his wings and through a ring attached to a circingle going round his body. The reins would lead from his heak, being fastened to a ring inserted through both sides of the beak, in order that he should feel readily the hand of the aerial coachman. The reins would also pass under the wings through the trace rings attached to the circingle. The whole harness ought to be snpple, light and very strong. The aeronaut, reins in hand, would have a long whip (carver) with which to cut the vulture in case he took



NAVIGATION OF THE AIR.

a wrong direction, or exhibited a propensity to light on trees or house-tops." After having pointed out the manner of taming them, Madame Tessoire adds: "My confidence in vultures arises from what I saw of one in Portugal, in the fort of Caiscails, about twenty leagues from Lisbon. He had been brought there very young, but in all his strength and beauty; he was perfectly obedient to the officer who owned him. The vulture would fetch and carry like a dog, and at intervals he took leave of absence, and returned of his own accord, sometimes at the end of eight days. As he was always seen to direct his flight to the sea, it was conjectured that he went to Africa, whence he had been originally brought." It will he seen from the above that Madame Tessoire seriously considered birds as useful auxiliaries in aerostation. This lady is not alone in her opinion. Mr. Roch, the distinguished writer, thought the eagle and condor suitable to determine the direction of a balloon in calm weather. Linguet, whom we have before cited, gives in another part of his "Annals" another theory of aerostation, and certainly a very triumphant and victorious method of travelling through the air: A Swedish naturalist was engaged on the subject of the migration of birds. He had made numerous observations. Not finding in the migratory feathered species a power of flight and organization sufficient to account for their journeys from one country to another in search of the temperature and climate they required, and which was necessary to their pleasure and existence, this learned man asked himself, if these birds, instead of cutting the atmospheric mass horizontally, did not rise perpendicularly till they reached a stratum of air whose circular rapidity was less than that of the earth? After having remained there for a time, which their instinct would indicate, they would afterwards have only to descend in an oblique direction. Thus passing without effort from one parallel to another, they would find themselves without fatigue, transported into the favorable climate they sought, and which the diurnal rotation of the globe had substituted for that the severity of which had bunished them. Starting from this hypothesis, Linguet, after having calculated the rotary speed of the earth, reckoning that of many sublunary regions much less, proposes to aeronants to imitate the migratory birds, to rise rapidly, like them, into the higher regions of the atmosphere, to wait there a certain time to allow the balloon to lose the speed of the horizontal or circular movement acqnired by the machine, while it yet was near the earth and participated in its motion, to watch from the height of this observatory the movement of the globe, and then to regain its surface when the country proposed to be visited should be observed to "turn up." One might in this manner, avoiding the wear and tear of his aerial carriage, and without stirring as it were, traverse vast spaces in very little time. What a magnificent idea! This is a tolerably fair specimen of the chimerical ideas of many experimenters in aerial navigation. As we observed at the outset, no man has yet succeeded in inventing a machine capable of traversing the air at will in any acquired direction; yet the possibility of so doing has been admitted by many scientific and practical persons. Whoever will enable ns to traverse the air with certainty and safety will acquire immortal renown and a fabulous fortune. Even in ancient times, the idea of inventing a machine to enable man to navigate the air, seems to have occupied the mind, and the fable of Dedalus and Icarus undoubtedly originated in some early attempt at aerostation. When in 1766 Henry Cavendish discovered the great levity of hydrogen gas, or inflammable air, as it was termed, Dr. Black of Edinburgh conceived that a bladder filled with this gas must ascend into the air. Cavallo, who made experiments based on this theory in 1782, found that a bladder was too heavy and paper not air-tight. Soap bubbles inflated with the gas rose with great rapidity. It was reserved for the brothers, Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, in France, to make the first public exhibition of a machine inflated with hot air and rising into the atmosphere—to send up the first balloon, in short. The Montgolfiers did not attribute the ascensive power of their balloon to the rarefaction of the air within it produced by heat, but to a peculiar gas arising from the combustion of the wool and straw which they burned in inflating. M. Charles, a professor of natural philosophy at Paris, sent up the first gas-filled balloon. Pilatre de Rozier, who went up in a balloon constructed by himself and the Montgolfiers, in 1783, was the first man who ever ascended with one of these machines. This was a fire balloon. In November, when he and the Marquis d'Arlandes ascended from the Castle of la Muette, in the presence of an innumerable multitude, they came nearly being burned to death. M. Charles and M. Robert were the first to go up in a balloon filled with hydrogen gas, and their aerostat was the same in form and managed pretty much in the same way as those of the present day. January 7, 1785, Blanchard crossed the channel from Dover to Calais with a balloon, having Dr. Jeffries of this city for a companion. Pilatre de Rozier and Mr. Romain lost their lives in an attempt to cross from the French to the English shore. On this occasion he had two balloons, one above filled with gas, and the other below filled with hot air supplied from a coal fire, by which he meant to increase or diminish his ascensive power. The machine took fire, and the mangled bodies of the adventurers, killed, probably, by the explosion of the gas, fell to the earth. This is only one among the many fatal accidents that have happened to navigators of the air.

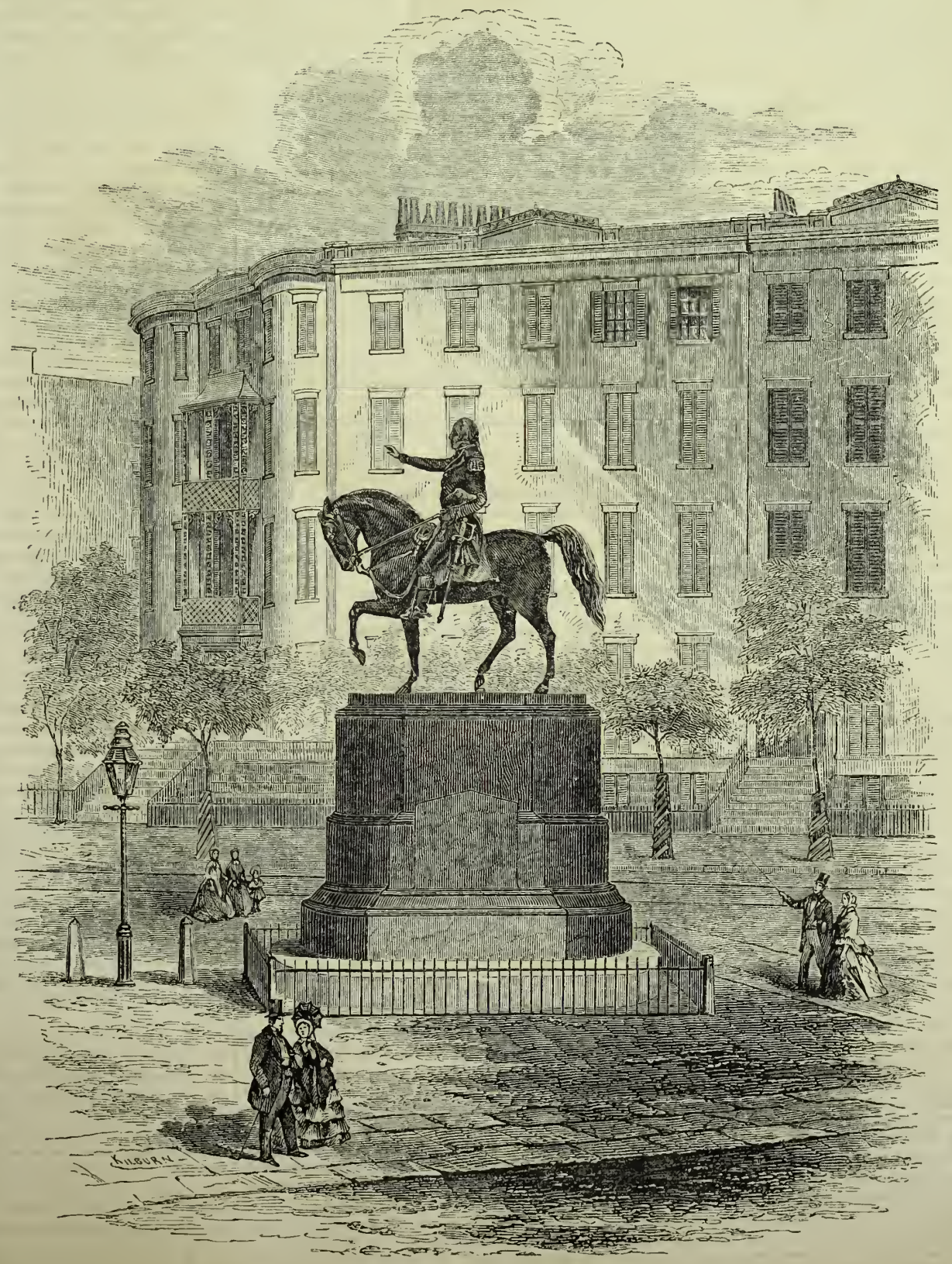
BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1856. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. XI., No. 9.—WHOLE No. 269.

WASHINGTON STATUE.

The engraving on this page of the Washington Statue, in Union Park, New York, is from an original drawing made for the Pictorial after a daguerreotype taken expressly for us by those excellent artists, Meade Brothers, of New York, and represents the noble equestrian statue by H. K. Browne, the American sculptor, inaugurated on the fourth of July last, and justly regarded as one of the proudest ornaments of the city of New York. The statue is of bronze, and was cast at the foundry of the Messrs. Ames, at Springfield, in this State. It stands in Union Square, in the corner between Broadway and East Fourteenth Street. The weight of the horse and rider is about four and a half tons, distributed as follows:—The plinth, 2000 lbs.; horse, 2700; the rider and other parts, 3800. The combination of metals is as follows:—88 parts of copper, with nine of tin, two of zinc, and one of lead. The body of the horse was cast in one piece, and the thickness of the metal averages three-eighths of an inch. The group is fourteen feet in height, and is mounted upon a granite pedestal of equal height. The statue faces toward the west. The Father of his Country is represented sitting in the saddle attired in the Continental uniform. His head is uncovered, and his right arm extended as if he was about to speak. The artist has modelled the face from Houdon's bust, the only statue ever taken from Washington's person. Mr. Houdon came from France, in 1785, and reached Mount Vernon on the 3d of October of that year. He spent two weeks at that place. The work was modelled when Washington was in his fifty-fourth year. A cast of this statue by Houdon is in possession of the Boston Athenæum. We are glad that the artist chose to represent Washington "in his habit as he lived." The popular mind has a distinct image of him in the costume of his day, and never will be brought to recognize their hero in the garb of a Roman proconsul, as in the Canova statue, or denuded of all drapery, like the figures of the classic gods and demi-gods. So far as we have learned, this statue gives universal satisfaction. It is the only statue of Washington in the city of New York, and its existence is owing to the indefatigable exertions of Colonel Lee, chairman of the Monumental Committee. The work cost thirty thousand dollars, which was contributed by the following named gentlemen, whose names are worthy of commemoration:—William B. Astor, Augustus Belmont, John Bridge, Isaac Bell, Jr., James Brown, Edward K. Collins, William Chamberlain, Richard F. Carman, Henry A. Coit, William W. De Forest, Benjamin H. Field, Hamilton Fish, Seth Grosvenor, Jasper Grosvenor, Boonen Graves, Moses H. Grinnell, Samuel S. Howland, Wilson G. Hunt, John Q. Jones, Shepard Knapp, James G. King, Jacob Little, Charles M. Leupp, Edward B. Little, Peter Lorillard, James Lenox, Andrew Mount, Samuel S. Mitchill, David S. Miller, Robert B. Minturn, Charles H. Marshall, William C. Rhinelander, Robert O. Williams, Nelson Robinson, Gerard Stuyvesant, Cornelius Smith, Uriah J. Smith, Jonathan Sturges, Moses Taylor, Robert L. Taylor, William Wetmore, William Whitewright, Jr., Augustus H. Ward, John D. Wolfe, William E. Wilmerding. The ceremony of inaugurating this statue was an imposing one, and took place in the presence of an immense concourse of citizens, including a large proportion of ladies. The military made a splendid appearance, and the oration by the Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D., was worthy of the occasion and the man. He closed by dedicating the statue in the following eloquent phrases:—"And now, fellow citizens—not of this State—exult as we may at other times, and exult more we who were born on its imperial soil, in that designation—it is not equal to this occasion—citizens of the Union (cheers), hear me and bear witness, that in the name and by the authority of those who have erected this statue, I give it, before God and our country, to the people of the United States! From St. Croix to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, it is theirs! And you, people of New York, individually and collectively, and not by any delegation of the trust, but as a democracy, shall be its guardians. God save the Republic!" The example thus set by our sister city will, we trust, soon be followed by our own. A proposition is on foot to raise by the subscription of small sums, through an appeal to the patriotism of the citizens at large, an amount sufficient to procure a colossal equestrian statue of Washington in bronze, and to erect the same on the highest eminence in Boston Common, a peculiarly advantageous site, than which no better can be chosen. We feel very confident that this project will be successfully carried out. It would be an honor to our city.



THE NEW WASHINGTON MONUMENT, IN UNION PARK, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXIV.—[CONTINUED.]

Eleanor never moved, as they came up, but sat leaning against the rock, with her face turned towards them. She must recognize them. Why did she not rise and flee? When they came close to her, her face was colorless, her eyes set, and slowly closing, she had fainted.

"She is ill," said Sir Edward. "Morley, go and bid them bring the carriage nearer."

While his orders were being obeyed, he lifted her in his arms, and turned back with her. Insensible as she was, he placed her in the carriage, and sitting by her side, supported her; while Morley, without speaking, followed, and then drove rapidly homeward.

Twice, during that homeward journey, Eleanor awoke from, and as often relapsed into, unconsciousness; and she was still insensible when, on reaching Ashby Place, Sir Edward lifted her from the carriage, and bore her to her old apartment.

Nearly all the old servants at Ashby had been replaced by new; and it was now a strange attendant who usurped the place of Eleanor's favorite Lucy. Sir Edward bade the woman use means to revive Miss Ashby; and after giving her directions as to the security of his ward, with orders to keep strict watch that she did not escape, he descended to meet Mr. Briancourt and Morley. They were both in the library, in conversation. Victor Briancourt advanced to the baronet, and extended his hand.

"The most admirable success, Ashby!" he said, with his usual light tone and smooth air,—"the most admirable success! You are the favorite of fortune, certainly."

Sir Edward bowed silently, and declining the seat placed for him by the gentleman, commenced slowly pacing the floor, with his arms folded. Morley Briancourt stood by the chimney-place, leaning against it, with the gleam of passion and triumph shining darkly in his eyes. Victor Briancourt at length threw himself carelessly upon a seat, saying:

"Was the young lady insensible when you came down just now?"

"She was," answered the baronet.

Sir Edward shortly after left the apartment. In a few moments he returned. Mr. Briancourt regarded him with an inquiring glance.

"The maid reports," said Sir Edward, "that Eleanor is sensible, though very weak. She has spoken little, and asked no questions."

"Ah? I am gratified to hear that she is better," remarked Mr. Briancourt; while Morley, who had listened with unconcealed interest to the statement of the baronet, said nothing. After a brief pause, however, he moved towards the table, at which Sir Edward had seated himself, saying, as he did so:

"I suppose, sir, you are inclined to favor me by allowing this long-deferred marriage to take place as soon as may be?"

"Certainly. You will please yourself in all that regards this matter," responded the baronet.

"I am not disposed to subject the matter to any further risk. If agreeable, I should wish it to be consummated this evening."

"As you say," said Sir Edward, with a slight inclination of the head.

"So far, then, everything is right," exclaimed Victor Briancourt, lightly. "And now, my dear Ashby," addressing himself to his host, "you have but to see to the safety of our fair captive for a few hours. There is little difficulty in assuring us of that, I dare say. The greater will be, I fancy, in gaining the approbation of the lady herself; however, she will not resist when she finds there is no other way." And so it was settled.

* * * * *

It was some three or four hours past noon, when, with a pale cheek and closed eyes, Eleanor reclined in a large easy-chair by a window in her own apartment. The faintness of the morning was gone; the dizziness occasioned by her fall was also banished, under the care of the woman whom Sir Edward had sent to wait on her, and who, not unskilled in the simpler arts of healing, had administered to her a medicine which had entirely dissipated the effects of her fall.

But worse than might have been the danger of the morning, was the evil that threatened her now. Horror and despair had seized her, at finding herself once more in her uncle's hands; for she knew well that the purpose for which she had been brought hither would be speedily executed. And there was no help near, this time.

And yet she had hardly prepared herself for the sudden shock she received, when, near sunset, her uncle presented himself at the door of the boudoir adjoining her dressing-room, and after a brief conference with her maid, announced to Eleanor that her union with Morley Briancourt would take place that evening.

"And mind, Eleanor," he added, hoarsely and threateningly, laying his hand upon her arm with a grasp trembling with desperate excitement,—"mind, I say, no more attempts at escape! no struggles, no rebellion! In another hour, you will go voluntarily to the altar with the husband I have chosen, or—" He paused. His eyes flashed forth a glance more terrible than words. He released her arm. "The license is procured," he said; "the clergyman waits for us at Woodthorpe church. Within the hour, I give you away!" He turned to the attendant: "Prepare your mistress for her bridal." And without another word, he left the room.

A thunderbolt seemed to have fallen over Eleanor's head, depriving her of all power. The sense of her own utter helplessness crushed her beneath its weight. The event so near, and not a hand to save! As one in a dream—a trance, she submitted to the preparations which she had no power to resist.

Three quarters of an hour had not elapsed, when Sir Edward knocked at the door again, and was admitted by the maid. Eleanor was conscious of his coming up to her, and drawing her hand through his arm; of his leading her from the apartment, down into the great hall; she moving mechanically the while, still in that trance-like state. How she reached the church, she never knew; still, as one in a dream, bound by some terrible, invisible power, she felt herself led from the carriage into the church porch, and up the aisle, without the ability to break the spell upon her.

And, at the communion-rails, Morley Briancourt stood side by side with her, his heart throbbing with mingled passion and triumph, as the clergyman, book in hand, commenced the services. In that moment of exultation, he cast one hasty glance of triumphant retrospection into the past. Where now were Maida's threats?—where Hugh Latimer's rivalry? The first, sepulchred in silence at the bottom of the Wye; the last, defeated. And he himself held the disputed prize. What power was there to wrest it from him now?

Slowly and solemnly the ceremony proceeded. Quiet and firm stood Morley Briancourt by her who was almost his bride. But Sir Edward himself was obliged to support Eleanor on the other side; for so fixed was her glance, so colorless her face, that he was in dread lest she should faint. With an anxious yet perplexed glance, Victor Briancourt, too, standing at a little distance, beheld her; for he wondered at that stony silence, where he had looked for opposition—for resistance.

The services went on, and the clergyman's tones, low as they were, penetrated to the furthest corner of the dim old church, where the dusk of night was fast settling down among the lonely aisles. Did some sudden sting of conscience deceive Morley Briancourt? or did the man of God utter in a voice that seemed to grow into that of an accusing angel, the terrible warning contained in the marriage service?

"I require and charge ye both (as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed), that if either of you know of any impediment why ye may not lawfully be joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it; for be ye well assured that as many as are coupled together otherwise than as God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful."

In the pause that followed, a voice, that sounded hollow and dreary through the dim aisles, broke the stillness with a sound that was awful.

"Let the ceremony be broken off," it said; "it is a mockery and a sin!"

And slowly up the aisle, advanced a tall, dark woman, with her head covered only by its own luxuriant black hair, dark as night; her countenance deathly white, with sunken outlines; only a single red spot burning on either cheek, and her large black eyes brilliant as with fever.

"Let the ceremony be broken off!" she repeated, coming forward.

Sir Edward started and shuddered in every limb, while he continued to support Eleanor. Victor Briancourt, turning also, uttered a half-subdued exclamation, that seemed suffocated by dread. From the ashy lips of Morley, on hastily glancing at the face of the woman, broke a low, abrupt cry of superstitious terror. Was it a spirit he beheld? or did his eyes deceive him? He clutched the rails for support.

"Maida!" he ejaculated.

It was Maida—Maida in flesh and blood—alive—her very self! No ghost was it. And yet his very flesh crept as he looked upon her. She was here, but how? That night by the river, the stab, the watery burial, the cold face of the corpse—all rose up before him, to mock the reality he now beheld.

"You look astounded, incredulous, aghast, Morley Briancourt," she said, coming near; "and you, too, sir," and she looked from the son to the father, who stood, struck speechless, and gazing on this sudden apparition. "Doubtless," she went on, addressing the latter, "the death of Maida was revealed to you. But I am not silenced yet. See, Morley,—I escaped! This hand is no ghost's; it is warm with life, though I rose from a sick bed but three days ago. Touch me; be satisfied!" and she laid her brown yet beautiful hand on that of the young man.

He started and shuddered.

"Alive!" he murmured, convinced. But how escaped? And had she come back to denounce him for that attempted murder?

She read his thoughts.

"Ay—you may tremble," she said, in a low voice. "You thought all secure; but there was one at hand who witnessed and saved me, even as you fled. No friend of yours was my preserver. And it is by his means that I am here to-day. I have been lying for weeks between life and death; but I am here now: not to avenge my own wrongs, however; do not fear that. I shall not betray that night's deed. I am here for another purpose." She turned to the clergyman. "This marriage cannot proceed. There is an impediment to it—an insuperable one."

"Take her away; she is mad!" ejaculated Victor Briancourt, recovering himself, with his conviction of her identity. "Let the marriage proceed!"

"That I cannot consent to do," said the reverend gentleman, "until some explanation of this interruption has been given."

"Would you listen to the words of a mad woman? for she is nothing more. Once more, let me request you to proceed."

"Sir, I must positively refuse to do so. An explanation I must have. And see, besides, the young lady is ill!" And he turned their attention to Eleanor, who, unnoticed, and supported still by the arm of her uncle, had fainted quite away.

Visible consternation overspread the countenances of the father and son. Sir Edward trembled as he looked at her. The clerk brought some water, and suggested, as did also the clergyman, that she should be carried out into the air.

"No, no!" was Sir Edward's hoarse and trembling reply; "she will recover where she is in a moment. But send that woman away. Do you not see? It is she who has alarmed her!"

"Excuse me; I must discharge my duty," said the clergyman, coldly. "Will you, madam," and he turned to the gipsey, "have the goodness to explain this singular scene?"

Meanwhile, Victor Briancourt had whispered to his son:

"Courage, Morley! She can prove nothing." And they both regarded Maida with an air of calm defiance, as, at the clergyman's question, she answered:

"It takes but a few words to explain it. Morley Briancourt cannot marry, for he has a wife already!"

"A wife already?" and the clergyman regarded the young man and his father alternately.

Morley Briancourt, already pale, turned paler still, but assumed an air of calmness.

"It is false!" said his father.

"The proof—your evidence?" were the clergyman's only words, addressing Maida again.

"I will give it as briefly as possible. It must first be known that, though gipsey born, I was, from my sixth year, an inmate of the Briancourt family—a protege of Victor Briancourt's wife, who had been a good friend to my mother, and kind to our people. It was in the north of England that we lived; but just before the death of my kind protectress, when I was nearly eighteen, the family took up their residence in the neighborhood of Leicester. It was there that Morley Briancourt, unknown to his family, and especially to his father, who had other prospects for him, secretly wooed a young girl, then a temporary resident of a neighboring village; and in private he married her. It was in the little church of St. —— that they were married, on the evening of the third day of May, in the year ——, exactly eight years since.

"As I have said, the affair had been quite private; but it happened that the ceremony was scarce concluded, before the father of the young man became aware of what was going on. Morley Briancourt and his bride had but just left the church, when he met them. An interview followed between father and son; in that interview, either by threats or bribes, Morley was induced to abandon the bride won but that very hour."

Listening to this straight-forward, circumstantial account, so accurately given, Victor Briancourt and his son had stood astounded—almost petrified. Now, from the white lips of the former, quivering with rage, broke the words, "Liar! fiend! traitor!"

"Sir—sir," said the clergyman, rebukingly, "I entreat you to remember the sacredness of this place." Then turning once again to Maida, he continued: "Will you have the goodness to proceed, and bring forward the main points of the case as quickly as possible? If this gentleman's wife is living, how is it that the existence of such a relation between them has so long been concealed?"

"You shall know shortly, sir," returned Maida. "But I am forced to be thus particular in the details of the matter, that I may prove my evidence to be true."

"Ay—doubtless the tale is well prepared," sneered Victor Briancourt.

Again the clergyman silenced him, and the gipsey continued:

"It was a *golden* marriage that Victor Briancourt wanted for his son; and he, either forced or won, consented to his father's scheme. It was—to conceal the marriage, and destroy all evidence of it.

"It was not an hour after this young girl had been married to her lover, when his father declared to her that the ceremony was illegal; and with the most consummate art, distorted the facts in such a manner as to convince her that he spoke the truth. She was scarcely more than a child—not yet sixteen—and easily deceived. She was told that she could never see her lover again, and either persuaded or terrified into a promise that she would never divulge the events which had that evening transpired. Thus, in the space of a single hour, was she made a bride and a widow. She returned home, and they saw her no more; for the next day, in company with friends going north, she had left the village where she had been staying.

"Another step was yet to be taken—to destroy the record of the marriage; but, bold as both these plotters were, it was a difficult thing to undertake.

"There was not an iota of all this that was not known to me; and I, the hitherto silent observer—I, who had been from infancy the companion of Morley, loving him with a blind and dog-like affection, at least as jealous as it was deep,—I, prompted first by jealousy of, and finally by pity for, the bride of Morley Briancourt, resolved to employ myself in this perilous act. I knew, too, that Morley, legally married as he was to one woman, could not lawfully wed another during her life. And that I might be the means of preventing evil thereafter, and yet avoid betraying this second crime that he was about to commit, and thus injuring him forever, I worked to prevent the destruction of the record.

"By throwing myself in their way, while they were arranging this matter, and then letting them find that I had overheard their conversation, I rendered it expedient for them not only to take me into their confidence, but, with my own offer, to make me the

instrument of the deed they would accomplish. They trusted in me. That night, I gained access to the church, and to the register. The record of the marriage was there, and the only one upon the leaf where it was written. Lifting that leaf up, I wrote on the next one, in a corresponding line, a tolerable copy of the record, and was about to tear it out, to give to Morley, *leaving the true one in the book*, when some sound near startled and caused me to turn round. It was only the wind sighing. I instantly turned to my task again, and carefully tore out the leaf.

"But what was my consternation to find that I had torn out, *not only my copy, but the true record also!* the wind having blown it back, above the other, while I looked away, I supposed. For a moment, I felt my cheeks burning with alarm; but I had no time to lose in distress over the accident. I could not replace the leaf now. Secreting it, therefore, in my dress, I put the book back, and leaving the place, hastened away to Morley, who was waiting for me not far off. I gave him the record; he looked at it by the light of the moon, and, without detecting the cheat, tore it instantly into atoms. *The true one I retained.*"

Victor Briancourt's hardihood had forsaken him. During these last disclosures, when the existence of the record was asserted, he had grown fearfully pale. Detected guilt sat on his fallen countenance. He moved nervously, and looked furtively towards the door of the side aisle. Morley, on his part, was also pale; but there was a look of deep desperation, of recklessness, succeeding the troubled, startled, alarmed expression which Maida's concluding declarations had caused his countenance to wear.

"And this record—you have it still?" asked the clergyman.

"No—it is in the hands of the clergyman who married Morley Briancourt. He is coming hither directly," answered the gipsey. "I have had it, however, in my possession until to-day. You little thought it, Victor Briancourt, or you, Morley, when, on learning that you were to seek a wealthy bride in the place of the one whom you had discarded, I warned you that I would expose you if you did, and you dared me to do so. You knew my feelings then; you did not guess my *power*."

Victor Briancourt ground his teeth, and cast a fierce look upon the baronet, who still supported Eleanor's insensible form.

"Baffled!" he muttered; "but the game is not up yet. Come!" And beckoning the baronet, with a frowning gesture, he strode from the church.

Sir Edward shuddered—a strong and terrible shudder. He almost staggered with the light weight of Eleanor. Instantly the gipsey took her from his arms, and trembling as one with an ague fit, he followed Mr. Briancourt.

Even as she did so, a group of persons entered the church door, and advanced up the aisle, the two nearest being Mary and Hugh Latimer. Morley Briancourt started; his glance passed them to those beyond, and he stood as if petrified. Maida, too, marked the approaching party, and a slight exclamation broke from her lips. At that moment, Eleanor's eyes slowly unclosed, and a deep, shuddering sigh marked her return to consciousness.

"O save me—save me from them!" she uttered, faintly.

Hastily Hugh approached with his sister. Those feeble, entreating words had reached his ear.

"Take her—take her," said Maida, quickly, giving Eleanor to him. "She is well rescued, but it was barely, and she needs to be away from here now."

"Eleanor—safe! thank Providence!" was the murmured ejaculation that reached only Miss Ashby's ear, in fervent and passionate tones, as his arm was thrown about her, and, Mary on the other side, they led her tenderly out to the air.

The party who had entered behind them consisted of three persons. The two foremost advanced directly up the aisle. The one was Edward Mayhew, and his companion, leaning on his arm, a lady, closely veiled. Morley Briancourt still stood with one hand resting on the communion-rails, his lips compressed, and his eyes bent upon the new-comers.

"Now for the finale!" muttered the gipsey.

It was near. Edward Mayhew's countenance was colorless as marble, dark, stern, rigid, as he came up. He stopped before Morley.

"I have the honor of addressing Mr. Briancourt, I think,—Morley Edmond Briancourt?" he said, in subdued but deadly tones.

Morley bowed, with a dark and restless glance.

"You probably recognize this lady, then, sir?"

The veil was raised, revealing a woman's face, stamped with the unspoken suffering of the heart. Morley Briancourt looked upon it, met those large eyes, full of anguish, and started violently; but he did not speak directly. A thousand rapid changes crossed his countenance in that one brief moment of silence. All the past rose up before him; he was desperate. The game was up for *him*. Let right have its way; for might had proved itself powerless. He took a step forward.

"I recognize my wife—Caroline Briancourt!"

It was true. That afternoon had Caroline's unhappy secret been revealed, bowing the heart of her aunt with grief, and sending a fatal shot to the breast of Edward Mayhew.

A gentleman in clerical attire, who had accompanied the cousins hither, now stepped forward. It was, as Morley saw, the clergyman who had united him to Caroline Ashburton.

"You acknowledge it, then, sir?" he asked, of Morley.

"I declare it," was the brief answer.

"It is well," said Edward Mayhew, sternly. "Caroline," and he gently released her hand from his arm,—"Caroline, go home to my mother. You, sir," to Morley Briancourt, "will have the goodness to follow me. I have a word to say to you."

Morley received and glanced at the card handed him by Edward Mayhew, and instantly the two left the church together.

"O, Edward," uttered the unhappy Caroline,—"Edward, what are you about to do?"

The cry rung from her lips in accents of anguish. She endeavored to move forward, failed, and sank fainting to the floor.

They hastened to raise her. At that instant, the report of pistols was heard; and while Maida supported the insensible form of Caroline, the rest hastily followed in the direction the two young men had taken. But too late. Just at the back of the church, in a small field, they found them—Morley Briancourt stretched lifeless upon the turf, and, lying a few paces from him, Edward Mayhew, resting upon his arm, his hand pressed tight upon his left side, where the blood was streaming rapidly. Even as they came up, he, too, sank back, with one faint moan, and lay silent.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHADOWS ON THE HEARTHSTONE.

Desolate was the hearth at Eldon Manor; silent the halls so lately filled with the music of happy voices. A shadow had fallen over the place. Rank grew the weeds in its neglected gardens; the grass sprang up tangled and wild, and thorns and thistles choked the untrodden paths. The autumn winds sighed drearily around it. The very sunshine that fell there had something sorrowful and lonely in its still beams, as it lighted up all this deserted wilderness.

Edward Mayhew, recovered from the illness succeeding his duel with Morley Briancourt, had left England forever, and wandered, a solitary, heart-broken man, over the wide continent.

Lady Mayhew had gone back to Scotland, to spend the remainder of a saddened, embittered life in seclusion, taking with her Caroline, who, freed from her husband by his death, even in the very hour of that first and fatal meeting since their marriage, and rendered wretched by the remorse resulting from the unhappy error of her girlhood, became a recluse from society, seeking, thenceforth, by works of mercy and charity, to secure for others a portion of the happiness which had fled from her own heart.

In the family of Dr. Morrison, these events caused the sincerest sorrow. It was during the year spent with them in England by Caroline, that she was drawn into that erratic step, whose consequences were so terrible, and it never ceased to be a source of sorrow to them that they had not guarded their trust more watchfully.

Victor Briancourt, in the sudden destruction of his long-cherished plans, and the death of his only son, had received a terrible shock; but it only served to render him desperate—to bring out, by the disappointment he had received, the darkest traits of a naturally evil nature, no longer covered by the smooth graces which had artfully cloaked them hitherto, and which now were recklessly thrown off. What had hitherto been concealed in his way of life, was now open. A roue, a gambler, a villain, he had always been, but it was under the character of a gentleman. Now he plunged, without restraint, into vice. His name was coupled freely with those of the lowest in London, whither he returned the very hour after Morley's burial.

Thus Sir Edward Ashby was left to himself, for a while, and relieved of the presence of one whom he dreaded as a vampyre. But it was not for long. The power that menaced him had not released him. It was there still; and the hair might break—the sword fall, at a time when he least expected it. Meanwhile, grown a thousand times more harsh, and gloomy, and morose, than even before the failure of the marriage which he had so endeavored to bring about, he shut himself up in solitude at Ashby, and led a hermit's life. He grew nervous, fanciful, irritable; while, day by day, a deeper and darker melancholy seemed to settle over his mind.

Since the day which had produced such a change in the lives and destinies of so many, he had, as with some deep aversion, studied to avoid Eleanor. He shunned the sight of her, meeting her not even at meals, taking his own in his own apartment, or the library. He seemed to have taken, too, not only a dislike, but a dread of her. If ever by chance he encountered her, he passed her hastily and shrinkingly by, muttering to himself. Why it was, he alone knew. But he whispered, with a strong shiver, one day, on seeing her, something about her looking too much like somebody who died long ago.

A severe and somewhat protracted illness was the immediate consequence to Eleanor, attendant upon the excitement and distress of that day, when the projected union was so near being consummated; and for nearly a month, she never left her room. During this illness (in which Sir Edward never once visited his niece), Miss Latimer passed the greater part of each day by the bedside of her friend; and with her kind care, the faithful attendance of Lucy Elmore, and the daily visits of kind Dr. Gregg, Eleanor, after a tedious illness, slowly progressed towards recovery. Many a time, during her convalescence, she talked with Mary Latimer of all she had escaped, and of all she had suffered; and together they expressed their gratitude to those who had been the means of saving her—Maida the gipsey and the dwarf Pequin, who, as they rightly guessed, had some connection with each other. For Pequin was really one of Maida's own people.

It was he who had been near on the night of the scene by the river side,—he, who, though come too late to save the deed from being performed, had yet, with the assistance of a strong dark fellow of the tribe, who had remained with him on Penshurst Common that evening, drawn the yet living Maida from her watery bed, at a time when one moment more of delay might have been her last. She was resuscitated; and though the blow which she had received was nearly fatal, it was not quite so, and she had escaped with a severe illness. During this illness, while she took care that the fact of her existence should be kept secret, she had employed Pequin to take her place, in watching Morley Briancourt's proceedings; and, learning the near neighborhood of Caroline Ashburton, or Caroline Briancourt, had, on recovering sufficiently, proceeded (and the reader may have already guessed her identity with the veiled lady who called at Lady Mayhew's) to acquaint Caroline with the fact of the validity of her marriage, and place in her hands the record which proved it. As has already been seen, she was but just in time.

Eleanor had heard nothing of them since that opportune denouement at Woodthorpe church, nor, indeed, had any one else in the neighborhood. She wished much to meet them again. She could hardly have been said to have seen Maida more than once, since she had seen her but for a moment at the church, on recovering from her swoon, after which, being carried out, she had directly lost sight of her again. She wished to see her, and express the gratitude she owed her, and earnestly looked for some sign of her from day to day.

Meanwhile, she grew every day stronger, and finally was able to go out. It was with good Dr. Gregg and Miss Latimer that she drove out the first day of her leaving the house. She saw her uncle at the library window, as they set off. He was white, and worn, and haggard, as he always looked lately. He turned hastily away, as he beheld her, without noticing any of the party. It was to Briarfield they directed their course—Briarfield, whither Eleanor had not been for many a long week.

They reached their place of destination; and it was with the tenderest affection that Eleanor was welcomed by Aunt Dorothea, who was overjoyed to see her out again. Her coming had been quite unanticipated, Mary having planned it as a sort of surprise; and Hugh, when he looked suddenly up from the book he was reading, and found her standing beside him, started from his seat with a thrill striking every nerve.

"Eleanor—Eleanor!" he uttered, in tones of involuntary tenderness; and his eyes beamed on her, his hand clasped hers, with a look and touch that made her heart throb with a delicious emotion that she could hardly define—a sensation half of pleasure and half of pain, as new as it was sweet. Her cheek colored; she trembled; her eyes fell beneath his eloquent glance. Hugh Latimer alone marked these things, and it was with a sudden glow of hope, of relief, almost of conviction—a conviction too dear for words, filling his breast with brightness.

He had been sitting there, reading, for the last three hours, quiet, lonely, and rather weary; sometimes letting the book rest idly on his knee, and thinking, as he leaned back in his chair and looked about him, that there was growing to be something desolate and monotonous in the stillness of Briarfield,—that there was something dull and gloomy in the peaceful atmosphere around him,—that the sunlight was clouded.

Now, how inexpressibly bright and cheerful had the place suddenly become! A restless joy filled him. He sat and heard the others talking together; he talked with them, or, rising, paced the floor with unquiet steps; the agitation he felt, barely concealed by the resolute mastery of a strong will.

He longed for a moment alone with her, to know if he had not deceived himself. It came ere long. Once again, in the beautiful glades of Briarfield Park, he walked by her side, that morning. They had all come out together, with the exception of good Aunt Dorothea; and now, while Dr. Gregg and Mary lingered behind, Hugh Latimer kept on by Eleanor's side, talking with her of all that had been in the past.

"Until to-day," he said, "we have met but once, and not exchanged half a dozen words, since that morning when you so mysteriously vanished from the roadside, and when, on returning from my chase with Ranger, I found vacancy where I had left you. For our meeting in the church could hardly be called one. You were faint—ill. You could barely recognize, much less speak to me. But I was only too glad that you were safe. I had suffered much alarm concerning you." He broke off; his voice was subdued, yet earnest with the feeling that thronged back upon him with the recollection of that day.

"What did you think when you discovered that I was gone?" asked Eleanor. It was more for the want of something to say, than from any necessity for that particular question, that she asked it. She must speak, and calmly.

"I can scarcely tell you. But you had promised to stay, and I knew that you would not have moved from the place, of your free will. I searched instantly on every side. In vain. The only trace left was a crumpled letter, lying in the grass, which bore your name, and which you had probably dropped. But I discovered footsteps about the place, those of more than one person; and at the junction of the two paths, traces of carriage wheels, where some carriage had driven up, and turned back again, though none was in sight then. The tracks of the footsteps led up to it, and instantaneously a vague suspicion of the truth flashed across my mind. I rode on at full speed to Eldon, and informed Lady Mayhew of the case. Her alarm was excessive; and you may judge how it was augmented, when Harry Longworth, who had come to visit your maid, Lucy, told of the letter he had brought you, discovered it to be the same which I had found, and we learned its contents. The fears we entertained were, ere long, changed to a painful certainty. It was but a little while before a hastily written communication was received from some unknown source (which has now proved to be your friend the dwarf), declaring that you had been carried away to Ashby. And not three hours after, a second, stating that a forced marriage was about to take place, and that if friendly measures were not taken, you would be sacrificed before the setting of that day's sun. It was then that the secret of Caroline Ashburton's marriage was disclosed, wrung from her lips by your danger, and the hour that followed, I believe it would be impossible to describe. It was then that we hastened to Woodthorpe, to witness that painful and fearful scene."

"Fearful, indeed, it must have been," echoed Eleanor. "Poor Caroline, how has she suffered! and what suffering has that fatal error of hers brought upon others! Edward, with his hand stained by the blood of a fellow-creature, and his heart turned to bitterness, has become an exile and a wanderer. His mother's heart is well nigh broken; and Caroline herself—alas! what is the promise of her life now?"

"Let us hope that it is not blighted forever. Let us hope," said Hugh, gently, "that one day may see the atonement; that some future sun may rise upon those hearts re-united; upon those lives flowing again together as one; with the bitterness of this great sorrow past. When the violence of that sorrow shall have become calmed; when, strengthened and purified by trial, they shall have learned to seek the way pointed out to the weary in heart, and meeting there, shall tread it thenceforth together, leaning upon a promise such as earlier days never gave."

"Amen!" uttered Eleanor, reverently.

Rendered serious and subdued by the reminiscences in which they had indulged, they walked on in silent meditation. When Hugh Latimer spoke to his companion again, it was with the tide of feeling flowing on in a calmer, quieter, serener flow than it had known, in its joyful, restless agitation, an hour before.

"Eleanor," he said, "I have been thinking how much of trouble there has been, in many hearts, during the time that has past. And though, perhaps, you never guessed it, my own has hidden not the least. It was for you."

"For me?" she echoed, in a low tone.

"For you, Eleanor;" and he took her hand gently in his. "You know that when I came home first from the continent, I met you in the belief that you were before a great while to become the bride of one who has gone. I looked on you as another's; and yet, when I saw you, day after day, and talked with you, and listened to the tones that were music to even your lowest dependent, I found in them a charm deeper, sweeter even than I had seen in your features, when, unknown to you, I had studied them with delight a long time before. I met you at the bedside of the sick and dying, where you waited, night and day. I heard you speak words of comfort to the bereaved. It was as if I had stood in the presence of an angel. I had loved you before, Eleanor; I did more then; I revered you. My love became deeper—purer. It was the soul that spoke to me through the purest, loveliest countenance on earth. Eleanor, you are free: I may speak now. My love is deep, and strong, and abiding. Will you take it? Eleanor, will you be Hugh Latimer's wife?"

Slowly his arm gathered her in a half embrace, as his clear and tender glance sought hers. As she lifted her tear-filled eyes to meet it, he saw that a happy smile trembled in them.

"Yes, Hugh," she said.

And for the first time, Hugh Latimer's lips were pressed to the brow of her he loved best.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DARK DEED, AND A DYING DECLARATION.

It was a wild night, late in autumn, when not a star gleamed through the black clouds that overcast the sky. Through the leafless woods of Ashby Place, the cold winds wailed mournfully. A storm seemed near at hand.

It wanted some three hours of midnight, when a horseman, mounted on a powerful black beast, and muffled in a heavy cloak, dashed at full speed across the park, up the door of the hall, and dismounting, fastened his horse to a tree, and entered the mansion. There was no servant at hand to announce the visitor; but he seemed to need none. Proceeding directly to the library, across the dimly-lighted hall, he threw open the door, and went in.

Sir Edward Ashby was sitting beside the table in the centre of the apartment, an old man, worn and haggard, growing older and more worn and haggard every day now. You might see it even by the candle-light, that shed a softer glow than that of day over the white hair and the pale face, crossed and lined by many a deep wrinkle. He started up from his seat as the door was flung open, and an exclamation of fear was half arrested on his lips as he recognized his visitor, Victor Briancourt.

"Victor—you here?" he uttered, in a trembling voice.

"Ay—I am here, and for a purpose. Well, am I not welcome? You do not ask me to sit down. I will even do so without it!"

The baronet made no reply, but sat with his eyes cast down, and his hands folded lightly together before him.

"Come!" said the guest, frowningly. "Sir Edward, do you not hear? I want twenty thousand pounds to-night."

"Twenty thousand? You—you cannot have it!"

"I cannot?" Victor Briancourt smiled. "This bond says something different." He drew from his breast pocket a folded paper, and tapped on it significantly with his finger.

"Ay—it said that I was to advance you a certain sum *on the day of the marriage*. That marriage did not take place."

"How?—do you evade the conditions?" thundered the guest, springing from his seat. "Beware! Remember my power! Refuse to fulfil this written agreement, and I publish your guilt to the world; ay—even though my own life is the forfeit! See—I hold the bond, signed with your name. I will show it!"

The baronet looked ghastly white. He glared on his guest for a moment with a glance of terror and of hate, and upon the paper he held forth. Then, with a cry like that of a wild beast, he sprang forward, and bending across the table, attempted to seize it.

He succeeded; but before his trembling fingers could tear it, Victor Briancourt had reached him. Sir Edward threw the paper away, and grappled with him. Victor Briancourt was the younger and stronger man of the two; he could have easily flung his adversary to the floor; but Sir Edward's right hand clutched his throat, with a hold made terrible by desperation. He could not shake him off. Suffocating with the vice-like grasp, he snatched from his breast a small dagger. For a moment it flashed on high in the light from the flaring candles, then was plunged to the hilt in the bosom of his antagonist.

A wild cry of agony arose from the lips of the baronet, as he staggered back, echoed by another fainter one, as the library door was flung open, and Eleanor Ashby stood there, her face white as death, gazing upon the horrible scene before her.

Instantly the baronet's hold was released. Victor Briancourt sprang past Eleanor, and out through the hall, leaving his victim weltering in his blood upon the library floor, with the disputed bond—the evidence of the fatal league—lying beneath the dying hand that vainly strove to clutch it. It was of no use to its late possessor now.

Faint with terror, Eleanor sprang to raise her uncle, calling at the same time for assistance. In an instant the servants had flocked to the place. Sir Edward was conveyed to his apartment, and the physician summoned from Woodthorpe. Doctor Gregg arrived, but too late.

"Nothing can be done for him. He is dying!" he said. "How did this come about? What violence is this?"

The dying man touched him.

"Send for a clergyman," he asked, faintly,—"send—quick!"

Directly a servant was despatched; and while he was gone, Eleanor told Doctor Gregg of the scene she had witnessed. But it was in but a few brief words; for the dying man was calling her.

"Eleanor—O, Eleanor! come to me—look at me!" he said.

Weeping, she stood beside him. He looked at her earnestly—wildly.

"You weep!" he said. "For whom—for me?"

"Yes—for you!"

"You weep for a wretch who has been your greatest enemy. I have wronged you—I have persecuted you. You should hate me!"

"I do not hate you. I pity and forgive you," uttered Eleanor, solemnly.

He groaned, and turned his face away.

"She forgives me!" he moaned,—"she forgives me! Me—who caused her all the sorrow she has ever known. Yes—all, even the first tear of trouble her infant eyes ever shed! The clergyman—quick!" he said, feebly, after a moment's silence. "Why does he not come?"

"He is coming now," answered the physician; and he held water to the baronet's pale lips.

Sir Edward drank, and looked up.

"How long have I to live?"

The physician hesitated.

"How long? Tell me."

"An hour."

"An hour? Ah, mercy—mercy!" he moaned.

Deeply as he had wronged her, Eleanor felt nothing but pity and grief for him now. She turned away to weep. He saw her.

"Ah, you leave me!" he uttered. "Come back. And yet, why should you pity me now? You will curse my memory when I am gone. Ah, I must confess! let me confess. I am dying! There is no more concealment. Everything will be known beyond the grave. It cannot be hidden there. I shall meet him face to face—I shall meet James Ashby. The account must be rendered up then!"

Eleanor had come back to the bedside. Her troubled glance met that of the physician.

"What is it that he means?" he asked.

"What do I mean?" echoed the dying man, catching the words. "This—this! It is this for which Victor Briancourt has slain his victim!"

He held in his wasted hand a crushed and crumpled paper. He groaned as his eyes fell on it. A cold dew covered his brow and lips. The sight of that fatal paper seemed to fill him with mad terror.

"Eleanor," he ejaculated,—"Eleanor, I can keep the secret no longer! Fifteen years has it been wearing away my life; fifteen years has existence been a burden to me; fifteen years has Victor Briancourt tortured me with the memory of my crime; fifteen years he has held this paper to keep me in his power!"

He lay there, exhausted and panting, with a look of anguish on his pale face, and his hollow eyes closed. Doctor Gregg answered with a glance of sympathy and painful concern the anxious, appealing look of Eleanor. But he shook his head. He could do nothing. He was powerless to still the workings of a guilty conscience.

The dying man opened his eyes, and fixed them on Eleanor. He was growing weaker and weaker.

"Eleanor," he murmured, "my strength is nearly gone. I have little time left. I must tell you, if the clergyman has not come."

The door opened gently. The clergyman entered.

"He is here," said Miss Ashby, in a low voice. She beckoned. Mr. Graham advanced, and bent over the baronet's pillow.

"You have come? It is well. You are in time," were the faintly-spoken words of the dying man, meeting his glance. "Eleanor, nearer. Listen!"

With the sudden energy of re-awakened excitement, he slightly raised himself, and turned towards her, his eyes gleaming with a strange fire.

"I have wronged you; I have treated you ill, Eleanor," he said, panting, "and you have forgiven me. Know that there is *no* forgiveness for me, here or hereafter! I have been your enemy. I was your father's enemy—his bitter, deadly foe. He was my elder, but only my half brother—the child of our father's first marriage. I hated him when we were children, and as we grew up together, that hatred grew deeper; for I was jealous of the elder and favorite son. And while he was the wealthy heir of the house of Ashby, I was poor and obscure, with only a younger brother's portion, that I scorned to touch, contrasting it with his."

He paused for an instant, almost exhausted. A strengthening cordial was held to his lips, and directly he revived, and went on.

"We grew to manhood. Our father died, and James became the master of Ashby. Deeper grew my envy—darker my hate. Victor Briancourt was my friend, then. He was wily—cunning—evil. He fostered the enmity I bore towards my brother. He said to me, 'if it were not for James, *you* would be heir. There is none nearer than you.' My brother married. Within the four years succeeding, two children were born to him—the first, a girl; the second a boy. My hatred was now a thousand times augmented; for, if there had ever been a prospect of better fortunes for me, it was cut off now. Another direct heir was born to the house of Ashby. And now, Victor Briancourt was ever by my side, filling my soul with evil thoughts."

He paused, laboring for breath. A moment, and he raised himself with almost superhuman exertion.

"Eleanor!" he ejaculated, wildly—desperately—"how did your father die? and your brother?"

She could not speak. She had grown deadly white within the last few moments. She faltered and would have fallen, but for the supporting arm of the clergyman.

"You cannot answer me—but you know! You have heard—as all others have heard!" uttered the dying man, in a voice of frenzy. "Francis Ashby died in his cradle—it was I who poisoned him! My brother was drowned in the river—it was my hand that struck the dagger to his heart, and sunk the body in the waves! Victor Briancourt was my accomplice—my tempter—and there is the bond I gave him to keep his secrecy! He claimed it—his reward for helping me secure the wealth I had coveted. He has kept it for fifteen years—it is mine now. But I am a murderer—a *murderer!*"

And with a single groan he sank back—dead.

Years have passed away since the last painful scene which we have recorded was enacted within the walls of Ashby. Many a happier one has it beheld since. For, though for a long, long time, it was shut up and left in solitude, it has been re-opened, and often resounds to the music of pleasant voices when a happy family party gathers there from Briarfield, from Eildon, and from Upton Grange, just beyond Woodthorpe, where Doctor Gregg used to live a quiet, bachelor life. For Hugh Latimer has long since won the bride of his heart, and the old house at Briarfield is Eleanor's house now, with her husband and her children. And the prayer in which Hugh and Eleanor once joined, for the re-union of those who had suffered so much unhappiness has been answered. Once again is Lady Mayhew with her son and Caroline, a happy dweller in her English home. Happier, even, than when we first met her of old; for Edward Mayhew and Caroline are man and wife now. A happiness, subdued, quiet, but perfect, is theirs. Purified and chastened by affliction, it has something in it yet sweeter than of old, when they loved, not having known sorrow.

Mary Latimer—sister Mary—is married to the doctor. They are a kind-hearted, cheerful pair, loving each other with a quiet, earnest affection, and making everybody around them happy.

Lucy Elmore and Harry Longworth are married, too, like the rest, and are both in Eleanor's service still. Faithful, honest and affectionate, they are as dear to each other, and as firm in the favor of their kind mistress, as ever; and Hugh, also, their beloved master, shares a place in their hearts, by her side.

Maida, the gipsey, and her dark Ariel, our old friend, Pequin, still lead a happy, because a wandering, life. The tragedy at Ashby played out, with all its plots and schemes of evil and of good, their sojourn here was over. They performed the services they had undertaken, and then took leave of it. Their object was accomplished. But they made Eleanor and her husband a brief visit ere their departure; and when they bade them adieu, it was with tears in the eyes of more than one of them, for the services on one side, and the obligations on the other, had served, as only such will, to draw their hearts towards one another in friendship and gratitude. Their parting was one of the warmest and kindest feeling; and the home of Eleanor and her husband will be ever a place of welcome to them.

Little have we to say of Victor Briancourt, save that he died worse than he had lived; and his name, if it were ever spoken afterwards, was coupled with dishonor, villany and shame.

The death-bed confession of Sir Edward Ashby, fearful as it was, and terrible as was its effect on the mind of Eleanor, at first, left a saddening influence forever after. The mournful story of her father's end and the murder of her infant brother, never recurred to her without causing a feeling of inexpressible grief. But she dwells with compassion on the memory of her uncle, remembering that if he sinned, he also suffered.

QUESTIONS FOR A WIFE.

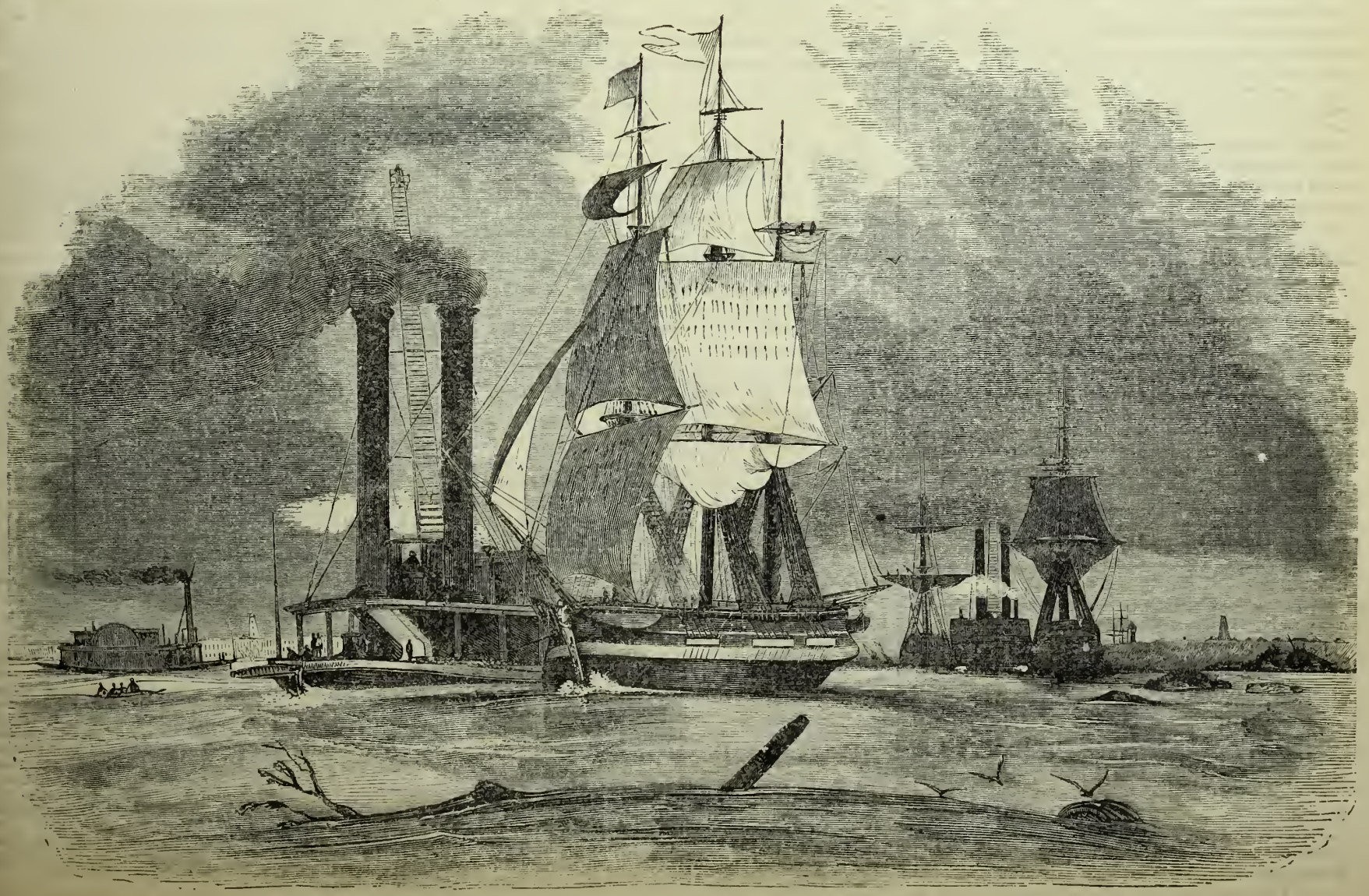
Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, is, and ever will be your evil genius! It is the temper which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really most required your love. It is the cancer which feeds on those unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip. Never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the good natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.—*New York Independent.*



THE BELIZE.—MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

THE BELIZE.

The first of the two large pictures on this page is an accurate view of the Belize, one of the mouths by which the "Father of Waters" seeks an outlet to the Gulf. At the present time when so many statistics are being published in reference to this great artery of trade and travel, the sketches we publish will be regarded as possessing peculiar interest. The scene we first present is a rendezvous for pilots, and on the low shore to the right a lofty look-out is erected for their use, from which they can descry vessels at a great distance. The buildings all along the pass are picturesque, and the trees planted at intervals impart a very pleasing aspect to the scene. Many of the little houses sketched in our view, are occupied by pilots. As soon as vessels requiring their services are signalled, they put off to discharge their arduous duties. From the Belize nearly all vessels are towed up to the city of New Orleans, and the vessels employed for this purpose are very different from the little steam-tugs that ply in our harbor, as the force of the mighty current they are obliged to stem requires powerfully built craft and ponderous engines. Our readers are referred to the second engraving for a correct representation of these craft. One of them is seen alongside a large ship, while another in the distance has two vessels in tow—one to starboard and one to larboard of her. The long ladders seen in these tow-boats are peculiar to them. By reason of the immense extent of lowlands existing about the delta of the Mississippi, fogs are of very frequent occurrence. Indeed, a foggy state of the atmosphere appears to be its normal condition. These fogs generally settle and hang upon the surface of the water, only extending upward forty or fifty feet, so that above them the air is comparatively clear. Thus the masts of ships reach entirely clear of the obscurity while their hulls are immersed in the lower stratum of fog. The steamboat people take advantage of this very peculiar phenomenon, and, by means of the high ladders shown in our engraving, are enabled to keep a bright lookout aloft. From these ladders the men descry the masts of ships waiting for tugs below, and are enabled to steer directly for them. They are also enabled, by the same means, to avoid collisions with vessels. If the fogs reached a much greater elevation than they do, the delays and dangers of an entrance to New Orleans would be often disastrous. In approaching the pilot ground, the snorts and screams of the high pressure steam engines are heard long before the boats to which they belong can be descried. The river opposite the city of New Orleans is half a mile wide and from one hundred to one hundred and sixty feet deep. It preserves the same width almost to its entrance to the Gulf of Mexico.



TOWING ON THE MISSISSIPPI, FROM THE BELIZE TO NEW ORLEANS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"NOT WITHOUT HOPE."

Inscribed, with true sympathy, to Mr. and Mrs. Decatur Mowry.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

There is a night no earthly morrow's bathing
Can fully cleanse to-day;
A winter with no spring beyond its seathing
Of wholly joyous sway.

Living or dead, the child is portion tender
Of fond parental hearts,
The chill of death stays from the forced surrender,
Nor ever quite departs.

Yet heaven hath wondrous mercy in its keeping
For souls baptized in gloom,
They are made dear to Him who once stood weeping,
A friend, at Lazarus' tomb.

Uplift the eye of faith to read the token!
Lo! mid your falling tears,
Where sunshine of immortal hope hath broken,
A promise bow appears.

She, darling of your bosom, has not perished,
But gone to be Christ's own;
The form below is now not more your cherished,
Than mound and lettered stone.

But view her on the mount of love reclining,
With earth-clouds 'neath her feet,
An angel in eternal radiance shining,
Her song forever sweet.

Rare was the loveliness unto her given,
Of face, and form, and mien;
But beauty such as she doth wear in heaven,
No mortal eye hath seen.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BY ANNIE CLAIR.

Permit me to introduce the reader into one of the most imposing mansions that wall the street on ——— Avenue. Nothing can be imagined that would please the eye or attract the fancy more than in that brilliantly lighted room. Long curtains of crimson damask, bordered with rich fringes, descended to the floor, and gave an air of imposing luxury to everything around. Soft Turkey carpets lay so thickly on the floor that it must have been a heavy footfall that sounded as it trod them—sofas and lounges of every form and fashion wooed indolent repose—choice pictures from skilful artists and magnificent mirrors decked the walls—books in gilded bindings glittered in rosewood cases; yet in the midst of all this—all that could charm the senses and fascinate the cultivated mind—one of the inmates was ill at ease and painfully abstracted.

Augusta Somerville was very queenly in form, and her tall, elegant person betrayed a love of command never surpassed in our republican cities. Her luxuriant hair was arranged in a heavy braid above the forehead; her dark eyes, usually sparkling and bright, were now downcast, while her small mouth was compressed closely over her regular and pearly teeth; and she pressed her diamond ring so hard that it actually caused a drop of blood to fall on the crumpled note she had dropped in her lap.

"Walter is very late to-night," remarked a lady who was in the corner of the apartment, and who had been gazing listlessly at her daughter for the last half hour.

"He is not expected this evening, as he is necessarily detained elsewhere," replied Augusta Somerville, with a proud curl of the lip.

In another moment the door bell was heard, and the lady hastily took up a volume and to all appearance was deeply engaged in its contents. The servant announced "Mr. Percival," and a tall, distinguished form, with a countenance which expressed nobleness of soul, approached the place where Augusta Somerville was sitting, took the small hand that was resting on the table, and placed it to his lips. The hand was hastily withdrawn, and a frown for an instant darkened the countenance that Walter Percival had always thought so lovely; but soon she saw that she was betraying more feeling than her wonted calculating policy permitted, and all was again calm and quiet.

"Why, Walter, I did not expect you this evening, and have become much interested in this volume that Colonel Fay sent me. I supposed you had gone to spend the evening with your new favorite, Miss Benton. Have you been rehearsing for our private theatricals?"

"Do not trifle with me this evening, Augusta; for I am in no humor for it. Listen to me calmly."

And his voice became almost stern as he placed his dark, earnest eyes on her countenance, while her own for a moment fell beneath the gaze. It was but for a moment, however—and she proudly confronted him, while she haughtily replied:

"Indeed, you have assumed a tone of authority this evening. Please to remember that the irrevocable words are not yet spoken which bind me as your *slave!* There was a time when my wishes were respected—my pleasure cared for."

"And so they ever shall be. But what is it that you require? To gratify a mere whim for selfish amusement, perhaps the happiness of a fellow-creature is to be sacrificed. And even were I to consent, Jennie Benton is too gentle and retiring to take so conspicuous a part in a society where she is a complete stranger."

"But I tell you, Walter, it is all to be reality to her for the time being. Do you think that a poor seamstress who has spent all her life in L——— Court, can have the sensitive feelings of one who has always lived with refined society? For a few moments, while the delusion lasts, she will be supremely happy at being the wife of the most—but I do not wish to flatter you—and then, perhaps, will repeat to her low companions how she has taken a part in one of the exclusive private amusements in ——— Avenue."

Could Augusta Somerville have seen the expression of her companion's countenance at that moment, she might have feared that her influence was not so potent as she had believed—but his face was turned from her, and for the space of five minutes there was no reply. When he spoke, his voice was quite natural, though the expression of the face then was one she could not fathom.

"Listen to me for a few moments, and then, if you still persist in this wish of yours, it shall be gratified.

"It was about twenty years ago that a poor orphan boy, scantily clad, wandered from one New England village to another in search of a home. He was a mere child then—not ten years had passed over his head, and it was a long time before there was any one that would give him a permanent shelter. But at length a country shopkeeper took him in and gave him employment in his store. The family of this kind man consisted of a wife and one child of two years of age.

Time passed on. By a fortunate speculation the village grocer became the possessor of half a million. He removed to New York, where they were now welcomed in the exclusive circles of the elite of the city. The daughter had grown up accomplished and beautiful and was just budding into womanhood, when, by another sudden reverse of fortune, he was reduced to extreme poverty, and in two months the father was called away to another and better mansion. But I am getting in advance of my story and will go back for the space of a few years.

"The child he had taken under his protection had no taste for a merchant's life, which his adopted parent had designed for him, and at the age of fifteen he went into a lawyer's office. I will hasten over the trials and privations he experienced, but in due course he was admitted to the bar. The position of a young lawyer, without money, friends, or clients, is not an enviable one. For two years he lived a life of almost abject poverty. His law books disappeared, one by one, to pay his landlady for lodging; and in the shadow of his adversity his proud and ambitious spirit feared and shrank from the tones of sympathy and pity that perhaps his former patron would have bestowed. He shunned all who had previously known him. But 'there is a tide in the affairs of men'—and one evening, as he sat alone in his office, casting panoramic views over the past, and probably dark future, the door slowly opened and a man with an appearance which suggested the idea of 'poor poet' entered. He stated without delay the object of his visit, and informed him that he had applied to several members of the bar, who considered his cause so hopeless that they refused to take it on his terms, which were—five hundred dollars if successful—but if not, he would be destitute of the means to pay any expense.

"He accepted the proposition of his client, though from all the evidence gained, his case seemed almost a hopeless one. In a few days there were other papers found which he believed might prove of some consequence. How anxiously he waited for the event which he believed would decide the 'great event of his life.' The important morning at length arrived. It was dark, rainy and cheerless. Was it a type of his future? He feared it was. It was not with pleasure that he surveyed his scanty and threadbare wardrobe; he knew that it was seldom the world remembered 'The mark was but the guinea stamp,' and appearances went a great way to those just commencing life. His reputation had not been handed down by a parent who had trod the paths of fame before him—or by a long retinue of influential friends aiding him onward on a smooth, pleasant road—or by gold and encouragement from a sympathizing world. No—he had none of these—but he had a heart strong in the consciousness of right, an untiring energy, a persevering will, to surmount all obstacles. And what would these accomplish? It was to be tried this day.

"Reputation, if it came to him at all, was not a free gift, but it must be earned—yes, earned by untiring toil, and sleepless nights devoted to study, and mental labor—earned when many others of his profession were quietly sleeping on beds of down, or revelling in the ball room and fashionable assembly.

"He entered the court house of the great city of New York. There were assembled judges, lawyers and jurymen—some who had grown old in the discharge of their duties in this very place; there were many in the full meridian of life, and not a few of his own age, seated by friends of the same profession, who came to listen to their protege's maiden speech. All were surrounded by friends—all but one—and so much depended on this day.

"It was near the middle of the afternoon when it came his turn to rise. He had listened through the day to the different addresses that were made, and at times his heart sunk within him as he thought how little was in his favor. At length he arose, and while big drops of perspiration stood on his brow, looked round on the audience. Many were glancing over papers which they held in their hands, while others were reclining on their seats and addressing those by their side.

"His voice trembled a little as he commenced, but it was unnoticed in the hum around him. Soon it grew firm, and as he proceeded the people rose from their indolent posture, the papers were laid aside and they turned their attention to the orator. During the space of three hours he addressed them, and not a sound was heard save the voice of the speaker. When he closed a murmur ran through the court house—whether it was approval or censure he did not know; but when the court adjourned the members of his profession crowded around him and congratulated him on his success. Old men with hoary hair grasped his hand and confessed themselves happy to make the acquaintance of one who they flattered themselves was an honor to his calling. Those of his own age told him his would prove a brilliant career.

"When he retired to his lodgings that night he felt happier than he had ever before been in his life—he had reached a crisis in his career, he had made his first address since he had been admitted to the bar—and it was not a failure.

"His career was now an upward one; for fortune smiled and friends gathered around. He has ascended a few more rolls in the ladder of fame, and the gay and brilliant circles of fashion admit him into their midst, all of which he appreciates at its full value. But it has not hardened his heart, and he remembers that his feelings were as refined and sensitive when he was a penniless student—yes, and a thousand times more so, than when a gay world was murmuring its applause lovingly.

"And now I have given you a true history of one who was a near and dear friend of my own, and you will believe me when I tell you that it is not wealth or rank that makes the heart sensitive or the blood rush to the cheek with a rich glow at an unmerited slight or insult. And now I will leave it to you to say that all this deceit which you think will give you so much pleasure, is wrong and should be avoided."

"Your sketch has been a very interesting one, Walter, but then I cannot see what it has to do with the present subject under discussion, and then it will seem so much more natural to have her believe it reality, and she ought to think it a favor to be admitted into our pleasant assemblies, even when it was for our amusement. I am sure I do not see the harm in it, and if there is, I will let it rest on my shoulders."

"Be it so, then."

And his brow darkened, while his lips and cheeks became hueless as marble.

"And in return I will tell you a bit of a compliment to gratify your insatiable vanity. The other evening, when you were delivering your oration at ——— Hall, I sat on a seat behind this fair inamorata (you see I am not jealous) of yours, and at some new burst of eloquence she clasped her hands and whispered to an acquaintance at her side, 'O, is not that beautiful!' and you should have seen those eyes glisten—but I see by the flush on your cheek at this moment, that your vanity is raised to a high pitch. But you are not going so soon. We have made up and are friends now; if I was a little vexed at the note you sent this afternoon—it is all forgotten."

But Walter Percival had reached the door leading into the hall ere he trusted himself to speak. Then his words came clear and distinct:

"It shall be as you say, Augusta, only let me have a week longer to prepare for the occasion. In the meantime I shall be much engaged—" he hesitated a moment, then added: "how I have loved you, Augusta, you can never know, for it is a love you cannot understand. But—no matter—farewell!"

And he was gone.

"I have conquered, and I told Mabel that I should. It serves *her* right to think that my seamstress should dare to think of him. But then I must do away with the unpleasant impression which I have made on his mind, for I could plainly see it, and had it not been for Mabel Nelson I would have yielded; but she says I am a slave to his every caprice. I will tell her a different story. And she believes he loves *her!*—she cannot believe it! She merely says it to vex me, just because he insisted upon carrying her umbrella for her one stormy night, when she had been sewing for me till a late hour. But I did not like the way he spoke the last sentence he uttered—'how I have loved you.' Did he place an emphasis on the word *have*, or did I imagine it? It must have been the latter."

In a very poor but cleanly kept dwelling in an unfashionable street, sat a form clothed in mourning robes, attentively perusing a large volume which she held in her hands. Her face might not have been called faultlessly beautiful when perfectly at rest, but whenever it moved with the least play of feeling it became so to a very high degree. Every sentiment of the heart the lips gave with a singular correctness, while the mind was as finely wrought as ever existed in palace or cottage; and grief or pleasure was as invariably telegraphed through eye and lips more faithfully than words could give them. The eyes, those "windows of the soul," were as clear and pure as an angel's might be imagined, while the voice might be pronounced faultless.

The door was slightly ajar, and Walter Percival paused a moment ere he should disturb the reverie into which she had fallen. She closed her book, pressed her hands to her forehead, and said:

"Mother, O my mother! why did you leave me alone in the dark, friendless world?" She paused, breathed a prayer to the throne of grace, and then added: "Thou, O my Father, thou hast done it, and it must be right."

How that face carried him back to the years beyond years when they had dwelt in the same homestead and sat at the same table—the one with her loving parents, the other with kind friends. There was the same outline, and yet there was a difference; for life had changed them. The brow with its purity and truthfulness, wore a shadow upon it such as only comes at the bidding of sorrow; and in every line of the face there was that which went to the heart of the person that was reading it.

He gave a gentle rap and in another moment was clasping the hand of the sorrowing one in his own.

"What has happened, my sweet friend?" said Percival, as he glanced at the mourning dress she wore. "You have not lost your only remaining parent?"

"My mother died the evening I was last at Mrs. Somerville's. She had long been sinking under a decline, but I did not suppose her hour of departure was so near. On my return I found her much more ill than I had ever seen her, and before midnight her spirit winged its upward flight to the 'house of many mansions.'"

"And what do you propose to do for the future, Jennie? You will surely not remain here longer, for you would be very lonely without a friend or companion. Don't you remember the time, Jennie, dear Jennie, when we dwelt together as brother and sister; when the world was all bright, and we thought friends were all true? When the heart had never been borne down by care, nor sobered by disappointment, nor chilled by bitter experience?"

"I remember all this—all the shadows that have fallen on my life—but I do not complain. All that I ask is, that a Father's hand may guide and help me to be faithful to the end. But what has this to do with you, who are surrounded by the society of the rich, the great and talented, beneath the smile of prosperity, in your bold and upward march to the temple of fame?"

"But all these are very unsatisfying. There is something wanting—another to share, to bless, to sympathize and to love. I am rich now, Jennie, and I have never forgotten the little fairy I used to say should become my wife when I grew to be a man. I love you, Jennie—can you return that love, and become my cherished wife?"

And he placed the hand he had taken tenderly to his lip. The hand was withdrawn and a tear trembled on the eyelashes—but there was but one, and her eye returned the gaze fixed upon her with a half-indignant, half-sorrowful look.

"These words to me, and from your lips! You, the betrothed of the proud and beautiful Augusta Somerville! You, yourself, confessed it the first time we met, three weeks ago. It were perjury in the sight of Heaven, were you to wed another. But you did not mean it. I did not believe this of you—go—we do not meet again!"

"Stay one moment—no, you must listen to me." For she had arisen from her place at his side, and looked anxiously for him to go. "Hear me, and if then you say so, I will leave you and not again return. I once believed I loved Augusta Somerville with a love that knew no change. We met a twelve month ago—she was very beautiful, beautiful in form and feature—but the soul—there was a stain there. It was but of late that I perceived it, for I vainly hoped that so fair and lovely a face was accompanied by a corresponding soul. That was a wild dream—a strange infatuation. The dream is over; the spell is broken, which for a time drove the sweet flower I had loved in boyhood from my mind. By the memory of all the days we have spent together, Jennie, I beseech you to believe me when I tell you that there is nothing dishonorable in breaking an engagement with Augusta Somerville, for she has never loved me. She has played a strange game, but one perfectly consistent with her character; and thanks that we learned this in time. She will never become my wife, and it remains for you to say whether my life is to be brightened by the presence of the only one I feel I can ever love, or is henceforth to be cheerless and lonely."

Jennie looked up with a startled look of wonder, but the dark eye gazing as though it would read her inmost soul left no doubt of the sincerity of his words, and ere Walter Percival turned his footsteps homeward, he knew that pure, truthful heart, with its untold treasure of priceless love, was all his own.

"And you will be there, Mabel? Will it not be glorious sport to see her come in hanging on his arm, with downcast eyes, while trembling lips utter the response which she will vainly believe makes her mistress of the most elegant mansion on ——— Avenue? But I owed her something in return for the insolent manner in which she replied that she was otherwise engaged, when I asked her to assist in making my bridal *trousseau*. As though any engagement of hers was of so much importance as that. Walter took it somewhat amiss when I first proposed it, but he seems as much, or more, interested than I am, now. He has been busily engaged, during the last two weeks, in preparing his mansion for my reception. But supposing we go over to this new residence of mine, Mabel, for I believe it is almost completed?"

"O, yes—let us go immediately, for I am all impatience. You are very fortunate, Augusta, to win the love of one of whom the world speaks so highly, and who is adding increased laurels every year to a name already high on the roll of fame. Do you know aught of his connections? I have never heard him mention his parents."

"Neither have I; and I have never inquired aught of his connections, for it matters not, when his own talents and wealth have placed him on such a dazzling height."

But a well-known footstep was heard, and in another moment the door was opened and Walter Percival with a lofty and now haughty carriage entered the room where the two young ladies were standing surveying the apartment.

He coldly extended a hand to each, and with a faint "good morning" passed onward to the room beyond.

"It seems rather a chilling greeting from one so soon to become a husband, Augusta! What can it mean?"

But the question was all unheeded, and Augusta Somerville bent her steps homeward, heart-sick and almost feverish with anxiety and excitement. How often she repeated to herself the inquiry of Mabel, "What can it mean?"

But she well knew the meaning of that proud look. She knew that he was seriously, and she feared, irreparably displeased with her; and he had been absent so much of late. There was a time when he visited her daily, but now he had called but once since the time they had their quarrel. She had believed him absent from the city, but it was evidently not the case, as so much had been accomplished toward the fitting up and furnishing of their residence; and she had not been consulted—but then that did not make so much difference, as all had been arranged in the most exquisite taste, nothing with which the most fastidious could find fault was to be seen. If she only knew when and where this would end—but the morrow would tell.

Augusta the evening after she and Mabel had met Percival, had received the following note:

"Miss Somerville:—The tableau which you have wished so much to see, will come off this afternoon at the appointed time, at my residence. I hope, for your own sake, you have not invited many to be present.

In haste, W. Percival."

The note was torn angrily in pieces, while her face almost became livid with rage.

"I will not be trifled with. He shall repent of this hereafter. Were it not that he is the most talented and sought after of any individual in the city, I would never see him again. But it will not do to trifle with him—I have found that out. He thinks by this pretended indifference to bind me to his stubborn will—let him see if he can do it. I will be seemingly mild, gentle and amiable for a short time—a *very* short time! But it is time to array myself for this grand wedding! I will seem gay, brilliant and happy, at peace with myself and all around me."

There was quite a large assembly collected to witness—they knew not what, except that it was an amusement Augusta Somerville had prepared for them; the last entertainment before she became mistress of the splendid mansion where they now met together. But hush! a carriage stops, and the tall, manly form of Walter Percival leads a gentle girl, dressed in simple white, without jewels or ornaments save the orange wreath that surmounts the bridal veil, up to the noble looking man who had just preceded them into the room. The stillness as of death reigned, while some almost held their breath until the stranger arose, and with a serene and benignant look pronounced the marriage ceremony and uttered the nuptial blessing. The holy man and the expression on Percival's countenance, for he was no dissembler, caused a conviction of the truth to rush to Augusta Somerville's brain, and she stood transfixed like a statue until all was ended and Walter's friends were uttering congratulations—then she fell senseless to the floor.

"Do not weep, my dearest wife; it was indeed a bitter punishment, but she deserved it. And, Jennie, forgive me for deceiving you—it has been the first time and it shall be the last—but really I do think the lesson was needed, and will prove useful."

"'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay,' are the words of One who rules both heaven and earth," uttered the sweet voice of Mrs. Percival, as her husband passed his arm caressingly around her and drew her more closely to his side. "It is a sad thing to wound the heart and cause unhappiness to one of God's children."

"Well, Jennie, you shall help me to attain to your truthfulness and forgiveness. But fear not—the heart is not wounded, though perhaps pride is."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A TRAGEDY OF BY-GONE TIMES.

BY E. S. SMITH.

[The following relation of a true story was given me in Paris, by General de Lambot, who was aide-de-camp to Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantes, at the time it happened.]

In the year 1805, while General Junot was governor of Paris, as a poor mason inhabiting that city was returning one evening from his day's work through the Champs Elysees, he was accosted by three men, whose features the darkness of the evening prevented him from distinguishing. They asked him if he was willing to come with them at once, for the purpose of executing a work in masonry which it was necessary should be completed before morning.

He expressed his readiness to go, provided he was well paid for it. They then promised him five and twenty Napoleons as his reward, on condition that he would consent to have his eyes blinded, and would come with them without an instant's delay. The mason acceded to the proposal, and a handkerchief was bound over his eyes. The men then led him along at a quick pace for some time. At length they stopped and told him he was now to get into a carriage. Having placed him in it and got in themselves, the carriage drove off with great rapidity. For a considerable space of time they rolled over the stones, but afterwards left them and appeared to be passing along a cross-road. About two hours' ride brought them to the end of their journey—the carriage stopped and the mason was taken out. He was led through various passages, and up and down many staircases; probably for the purpose of rendering it the more difficult for him on any future occasion to trace his way.

When the bandage was taken from his eyes, he found himself in a room illuminated by a profusion of wax candles, and hung with black cloth. The floor, the walls, the ceiling and the furniture were alike covered with these mournful hangings; and no portion of the apartment was without them, except one large niche in the wall, near which were placed stones and mortar, and the necessary implements for making use of them. The mason was astonished and alarmed at all he saw; he turned round to seek an explanation of it, but found himself entirely alone.

He had full leisure to examine the funeral ornaments by which he was surrounded, but at length he heard a noise, and a portion of the hangings being lifted up discovered a door, which was thrown open. Through this entered a number of men in black cloaks, and whose faces were concealed by black masks. They entered, dragging with them a beautiful young woman, whose dishevelled black hair, streaming eyes and disordered dress proved at the same time her misery and the compulsion under which she suffered.

As soon as she was in the room she sunk on her knees before her masked conductors, and implored them in the most moving manner to have pity on her; but they only shook their heads. She particularly addressed herself to one of them, who, from his gray hairs appeared to be older than the rest, and entreated him by the holy name of father. She embraced his knees, and with sobs and cries besought his mercy. To these supplications no answer was given; but upon a signal made, she was again dragged forward, and in spite of her screams and resistance, was forced into the niche, where she was bound with cords. The gray-haired man then desired the mason to begin his task and to wall her up. But the poor man, horror-struck at what he had seen, and affected beyond measure by the imploring lamentations of the lady, who besought him not to be an accessory to so foul a murder, refused to proceed.

Upon this the masks began to threaten him. The mason fell upon his knees and entreated to be permitted to depart. But the masks drew their swords from beneath their cloaks, and told him, with many imprecations, that if he continued to refuse to perform what he had promised, instant death should be his portion; while, on the other hand, if he obeyed, his reward should be doubled.

The poor man being thus intimidated, unwillingly commenced his horrible task, but stopped from time to time, and requested to be permitted to desist. The masks, however, stood over him the whole time with drawn swords, and obliged him to proceed, till at length, while the shrieks of the victim became every instant more dreadfully piercing as the wall rose upon her that was to shut her out from life, the tragedy was completed, and the niche was hermetically sealed with solid masonry.

The mason threw down his trowel, more dead than alive—the gray-haired man put fifty Napoleons into his hand, his eyes were again covered, and he was hurried from the room in which this tremendous scene had taken place. As on his arrival, he was hurried up and down through various passages, and then put into a carriage. The carriage was whirled along as rapidly as before, and after the stated period, the man found himself with his eyes unbound, on the spot in the Champs Elysées where he had first been met—and alone!

The night was now far advanced, or rather, the morning was approaching. The man was stunned and bewildered by what he had witnessed; but after a short time, he recovered the use of his intellect so far as to determine to go forthwith to the governor of Paris. Having with difficulty gained admission to Junot, his tale was at first disbelieved; but the fifty Napoleons which he produced, and still more the unvarying accuracy with which he related the different circumstances of that dreadful night, at length gained him entire credit.

The police employed themselves very diligently for some weeks in tracing the scene of the crime and the perpetrators of it. Various houses within a certain distance of the capital were searched and the walls of rooms were inspected, to see if any marks of freshly made stone-work could be discovered. The principal house-agents of Paris, the letters out of carriages, the horses and guards at the *barrieres* were examined, in the hopes of finding some clue—but entirely without success.

This mysterious murder remained, and still remains unexplained, but conjecture imagined it to be an act of family vengeance. According to this solution, the masks were the father and brothers of the unfortunate lady, who was considered in some way or other to have dishonored her race. They were also supposed to have been strangers from some distant part of the country, who had come to the neighborhood of Paris for the purpose of completing the vindictive act, and had gone away again after its perpetration.

In most matters of opinion men resemble the time-pieces in a watchmaker's shop. No two of them agree precisely. Even the subtlest intellect or the finest chronometer may sometimes be a little out; and yet the homely Dutch clock and plain common sense are generally near enough for all practical purposes.

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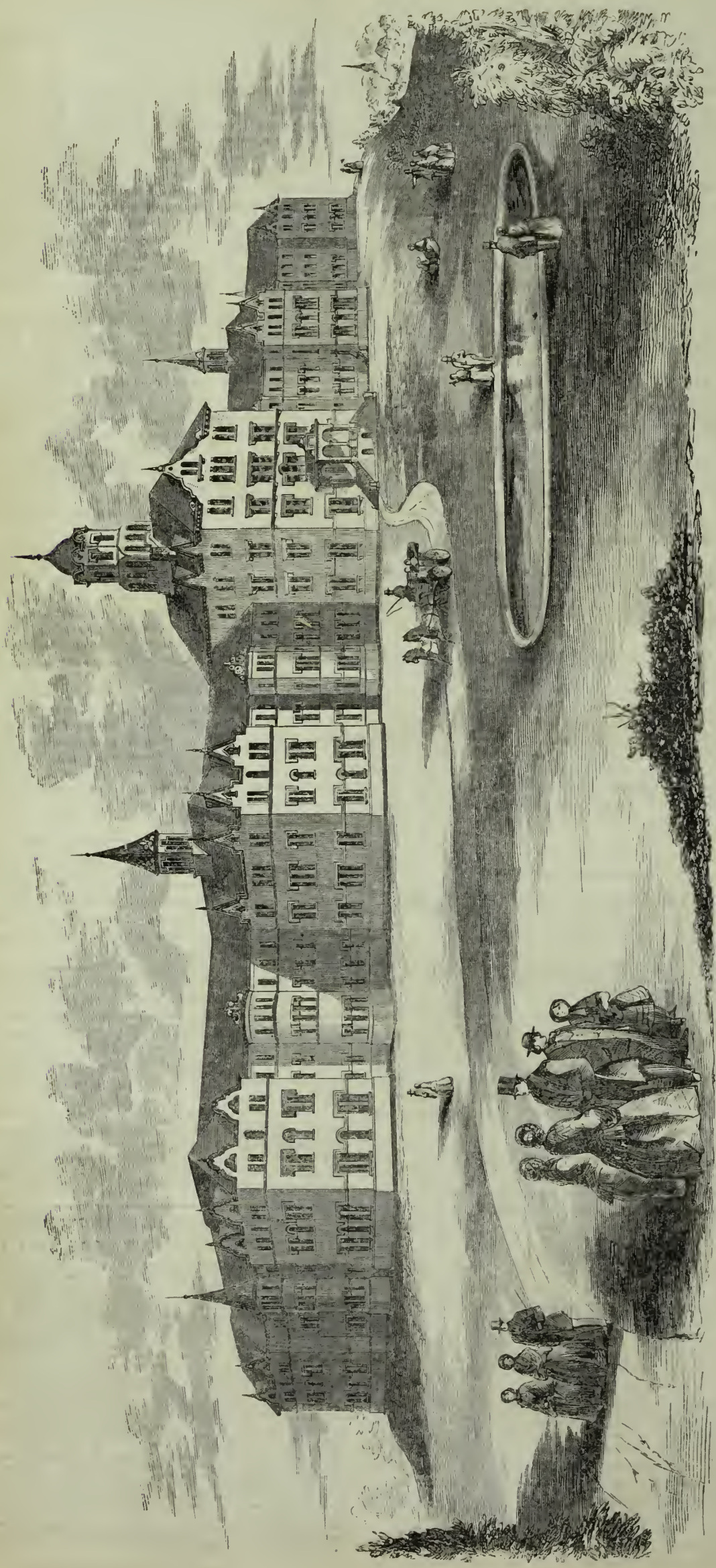
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VIEW OF THE INSANE ASYLUM, NOW BUILDING AT NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

The accompanying drawing of the Third Insane Hospitnl, now in process of erection for the western district of the Stnte, may be relied upon for neeurney, having been tnken expressly for us from the original plans in the possession of the nrchitect, Jonathan Preston, of this city. It is being built in pursunnce of a resolve of the legislature of 1855, which appropriated $200,000 for this purpose. And it is hoped that under the control of such men as Hon. Luther V. Bell, Lieutenant Governor Benchley and S. S. Stundley, Esq., the commissioners, the most earnest and best wishes of the people of the State may be realized, that this be a "model hospital." The Elizabethan style of architecture, which has been chosen, will distinguish this edifice from the gloomy and prison-like styles in which public buildings of this chnracter have heretofore been built. Its exterior nspect will be cheerful, thnt it may be pleasant nnd healthy to the sight of the inmates; and its interior will have a domestic air, that it may be as dear to them ns the fireside of their fathers' home. The building is 512 feet long in front, and consists of a mnin building and wings that recede on either side. The main building is 200 feet deep and four stories high, surmounted by a tower 100 feet nbove the level of the ground. The wings are three stories high—ench being 12 feet. It contains about 340 rooms, covers nn acre of ground, and will accommodate 250 patients. The extensive circular stairs in the rotunda; the number and size of the day rooms; the width and openness of the corridors; the complete domestic appurtenances; the capacity and open timbered roof of the chapel: and the ample provision for warmth and ventilation, are the characteristic features of the building. Strennous measures were taken by a committee of the tast legislature for suspending the work by reporting that another hospital was not needed, but the statistics of insanity were more reliable and convincing than the arguments of the committee, and their report was rejected, and accordingly on the 4th of July, 1856, the corner-stone was laid with all the honors and ceremonies peculiar to free mnsonry by the grand lodge of the State. Bneath the stone were deposited coins, local documents and a solemn address to posterity by the inhabitants of Northampton. The building is in rapid progress, and will be ready for occupancy in the winter of 1857—58. It is located in one of the most beautiful districts of western Massachusetts, a short distance from the village of Northampton, upon an eminence which embrnces in its panorama the most pleasing varieties of landscape. The broad meadow lands of the valley of the Connecticut, with the villages that animate it with life; the majestic river winding its shining lines through the level lands; the rival mountains, Holyoke and Tom, rising like sentincls to guard the vale below; the spots of interest, which, besides their natural beauty, have an association with the past,—these are the advantages of the locality for such an institution, and it is no matter of wonder thnt it allured the good taste of the commissioners. And if there be any power in the charms of natural scenery for restoring, by their silent influences, wandering reason back to its vacant throne, then this spot will be impressive with many a lesson of strength and health. The erection of this hospital is an exponent of the humane feeling that is entering the heart of our State government, replacing the cold and unchristian-like spirit which has formerly regarded these poor, unfortunate beings, from whose minds the light of intelligence has departed.

'76 AND '56.

On the next page we publish two fine large engravings from designs made for us by Champney, of a scene in the Revolution and one of our day. The first depicts the "Minute Men of 1776." The nlarm hns been given and the pntriot soldiers are springing to their arms. The wild excitement and enthusiasm of the "sons of liberty" are vividly delineated. Their antiquated attire nnd arms carry us back, in imagination, to the past century. There are muskets and cartouch-boxes thnt have done service in the old French nnd Indian wars—swords that may have flashed in the sunlight before Louisburg, or glistened in the gray dawn at the Heights of Abraham, when the mother country did not disdain the aid of her offspring in her pursuit of conquest nnd glory. The idea of this picture was suggested to our nrtist by the following passage in Mr. Lincoln's "History of Worcester." "Before noon, on the 19th of April, an express came to the town, shouting as he passed through the streets at full speed, 'To arms! to arms! the war is begun!' His white horse, bloody with spurring and dripping with sweat, fell exhausted by the church. Another was instantly procured, and the tidings went on. [In a note the historian says: The passage of the messenger of war mounted on his white steed, and gathering the population to bnttle, made a vivid impression on mi mory. The tradition of his appearance is preserved in many of our villages In the animated description of the aged, it seems like the representation of death on the pale horse, careering through the land with his terrible summons to the grave.] The bell rang out the alarm, cannon were fired, and messengers sent to every part of the town to collect the soldiery. In a short time the minute men were paraded on the green under Captain Timothy Bigelow. After n fervent prayer by Rev. Mr. Macarty, they took up the line of march. They were soon followed by ns many of the train bands as could be gathered, under Captain Benjamin Flagg. On that dny 110 men marched from the town of Worcester for Concord." In contrast with this picture we have a military pageant of the present dny. Before a general nnd his staff, a brigade of citizen soldiers is passing in review. The serried ranks, the well-dressed muskets, the rich uniform, the rustling banner, the "pomp, pride and circumstance of military array," are here in strong contrast with the rusty arms nnd diverse accoutrements of our fathers. But the spirit which animates the men of to-day is the same. There is the same attachment to our common country—the same devotion to our flag—the same valor, the same zeal, the same readiness to encounter danger and brave death at the call of their country. There are some men who are always fond of harping on the degeneracy of the dnys in which they live—who are always flinging the past in our faces. They are false philosophers. Such men, when the Mexican war broke out, shook their heads and said that the present generation were mere holiday soldiers, thnt they had become enervated by peace, and that they wou d mnke n poor figure in the field. To such croakers the answer was given from tongues of flame and tones of thund r at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, nt Monterey nnd Buena Vista, at Cerro Gordo, nt Contreras, at Churubusco, at Chapultepec and at the Garitas. No—the old, heroic spirit has *not* died out—and the more we cherish nnd love peace, the readier we are to defend in the field the institutions that secure and guarantee it. The nation thnt shnll presume upon our love of peace to insult our flag will sorely rue its fatal error. It is most certain that while the love of military glory is not a passion with us, as it is with the French, as it was with the Romans nnd some peoples of Greece, a readiness to bear arms in self-defence is one of our national characteristics. The necessity nnd habit of using the weapons of war sprang up with the earliest colonization of the wilderness, and has been continued through our foreign and our Indian wars, so thnt whenever occasion requires us we become at once a nation of warriors.

THE MINUTE-MEN OF 1776.

MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA OF TO-DAY AT REVIEW.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NEWPORT BELLE.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO'.

"I SHALL not remain in the city another week. I am resolved to have my own way in this matter. It is a shame to be shut up in this furnace, when all my friends are enjoying the seashore. Yes, I shall leave the city on Saturday. My mind is made up, and when I resolve upon a plan, I never yield."

This spirited speech came from the lips of a pouting beauty, and was intended for the ears of her husband, who had been for the last half hour absorbed in his newspaper and cigar. He had not heard the first of the speech, but was forcibly reminded of the latter clause, by the energy with which it was uttered.

"To the seashore, Clara? I have a plan in my mind, that I was to propose this evening, which I think you will like better."

"What is it, Charles?"

"To board in the country during the three warmest months."

"In the country! For mercy sake, Charles, do not talk about the country! a place as gloomy and quiet as a churchyard, and swarming with mosquitoes. I should die of loneliness, to be banished from society three months!"

"But I shall be out every evening, Clara, and we shall have Sundays to enjoy together, while if you go to the seashore, I shall not be able to be with you at all; besides the enormous expense of watering-places, with the fashion and style kept up there, would be a serious obstacle in the way."

"It need not be, I am sure, Charles. I know you can afford this little extra expense; and then, too, I had rather spend a fortnight at a genteel watering-place, than three months in the country. 'Live while we do live,' is my maxim."

"I hoped, Clara, you would be pleased with my plan, for I have taken great pains to secure an agreeable home for us in a pleasant family, in the midst of a fine country, where there are plenty of trees, woods, and handsome summer residences. You cannot possibly be lonely there."

"Nobody goes into the country, Charles, only those who cannot afford to go to the seashore. All my acquaintances have gone to Nahant or Newport, and I am going, too."

Charles knew there was no use reasoning with his spoiled wife. She had been indulged too long to be influenced by reasonable arguments now. There was no other way to do but to let her have her own way, and work the harder, and sacrifice the pleasure he had planned for both.

Clara was wilful and selfish, without knowing it. Before her marriage, this trait took a very charming form. Cupid often puts out the eyes of lovers, or so distorts the sight, that black becomes white, and white black. Clara was exacting then; but Charles fancied he loved her all the more for it. It was too late now to teach her reason, so he resigned himself to his fate, and began to devise means to gratify his wife.

Fifteen dollars a week at a fashionable hotel on the beach, with three or four more for extras, was not a small matter to a young man just starting in business, and depending on every day's hard labor for success. But he determined he would let Clara go, and give up the three months in the country. He would economise in the city, that his wife might live in luxury out of it.

Clara saw she had gained her point, and rejoiced over it, with a selfishness that shocks us all, when written out in plain terms, but often fails to excite a breath of disapproval, when witnessed in real life. Charles knew very well what the next request would be, and was not surprised when Clara said she positively must have a new summer fit out. She was altogether too shabby to appear in fashionable society. All her friends had bought new and expensive wardrobes, and she must do the same.

Charles thought to himself that all this expense might have been spared, had his plan been adopted; but he said nothing, not caring to bring about a family quarrel, with the prospect of being worsted himself in the combat. A hundred dollars was none too little to prepare for the summer's pleasure, but it was cheerfully given, with no allusion to the sacrifice he was to make.

Clara was right in her predictions. Saturday night found her at the most fashionable hotel in Newport. Charles did not regret the effort he had made to gratify his wife, when he saw how happy she was made by it.

Clara was pretty and exceedingly charming in her appearance, a woman just fit to be petted and spoiled, as long as there are people to do it. The same amount of energy and perseverance that made her so wilful, if turned into another channel, would have made her a noble, unselfish woman. Her faults had been engrafted into, not born in, her character. God had given her this great gift of beauty, and her parents, her associates and instructors felt privileged to assail her young nature by praise and flattery; to check every generous impulse, by constantly pampering to her childish whims and desires. When she grew up, she was more beautiful and winning, and as she developed in grace and beauty, just so much more was she spoiled by those about her.

Clara found many of her friends awaiting her at Newport, who, having gone before her, were ready to introduce her into the pleasures of the season. Her beauty and charming ways were exceedingly attractive to strangers, and she soon found herself surrounded by admirers. She had not forgotten during the two years of her wedded life, her little arts of coquetry, and knew very well how to control homage. Before she had been a week at the hotel, Clara was unanimously voted the belle of the season.

This was a very flattering position to sustain, and in the midst of this tide of admiration, she forgot what little good sense Nature had spared to her, and plunged headlong into fashion and pleasure. A crowd of attendants were pressing their services and devotions upon her. Her talent for music was brought into use, and no songs were so much applauded as those of the charming Clara.

In the midst of this homage, Clara was awakened from her dream by a letter from Charles. It breathed only kindness and love. He was happy because she was enjoying herself so much. He wrote in so cheerful a tone that it reassured Clara, and gave her courage to make new demands upon his exertions. Another hundred dollars was seriously needed to make the necessary change in clothing. The belle of the season must not appear two nights in the same adornings. To excite the pride of her husband, she sent a paper containing an account of the last fete, in which her name shone most conspicuous of all the bright stars in that galaxy of beauty.

Charles received this letter in his counting-room, worn out with heat and overwork, and its contents were anything but gratifying to him. He had dismissed one of his clerks to lessen expenses, and was performing the extra labor himself. He had not even found time to leave the city for a day, but worked early and late and with renewed diligence, to make up for the unusual demands upon his purse. The hundred dollars was sent, accompanied by a gentle remonstrance, and a deep anxiety lest she should be injuring her health by this excess of dissipation in pleasure. He hinted at the time of her return, and proposed to go for her whenever she would appoint the day of her departure.

Clara had no desire to leave a place where she was winning such golden honors. It was not a slight thing to be the belle of Newport, and, consequently, the object of jealous envy from more wealthy and fashionable ladies than herself. A fortnight passed on, and the gay belle found no time to send a message to her husband, even to assure him of her health and safety.

Poor Charles! he was now reaping a small part of the retribution that was following upon the heels of his own misguided love. He had himself helped to make his wife what she really was. He had never uttered a word of kindly reproof, but every breath had helped to swell the tide of flattery, that for years had been bearing the poor victim far out into the sea of selfishness and frivolity. But he did not see this quite plainly yet. A still deeper experience was needed to open his eyes to his own part in the wrong. Clara was not wholly to blame. She lived as she had been taught to live, only on excitement and admiration.

Among the many admirers of the Newport belle, was an Italian count, who had lost all but his title and ancestral blood through some unlooked-for change in his native country, and came to America, resolved to prop himself up by hoisting the flag of his royal descent, and hoped by keeping this fact before the eyes of our people, to sail into high places of favor. He was accomplished and prepossessing in appearance, and like most of his countrymen, excelled in music. With these external advantages, he made himself very attractive to Clara. In fine, he was the favored attendant.

The fortnight at the seashore, extended to a summer at Newport. It was not possible for Clara to tear herself away from the enchanting round of pleasure. She became selfishly unmindful of the trouble she was bringing upon her faithful husband, and thought only of herself and her new friend. She was not aware of the dangerous ground on which she trod, as her fairy feet flew through the excited dance. She had never stood on this giddy pinnacle before, and knew not how a slight a misstep would plunge her from the dizzy height. She was borne on by the great whirlpool of fashion far out into deep, dangerous places. But she was as ignorant as a child of her danger.

Count Leanarto was flattered and gratified by his power over the beautiful woman. His ambition was first excited to become the victorious champion, and in pampering to this passion, he aroused more subtle feelings in his nature. He became greatly enamored, and with the impetuousness of his national character, gave evidence of his love by the most untiring devotion. Clara was blinded by her own life of excitement, and did not understand or believe the import of the count's attentions.

While these events were transpiring at Newport, Charles Le Grange had ample time and opportunity for reflection. At first, he was quiet and submissive, more for the love he bore for his wife, and from a natural desire to gratify all her wishes, than from any weakness of character. As the weeks passed by, he grew restless and miserable, and, at length, out of his deep experience, his resolution was formed. He saw the danger to which his wife was exposed, as no other person could, and he resolved to save her from the sorrow that might fall upon her unsuspecting head.

After mature reflection, Charles Le Grange took upon himself a disguise that afforded him perfect security, and made his way to Newport. Here he would mingle with the crowd, and watch his treasure from a distance, and yet be near to ward off danger if any should approach. His jealous love colored with the brightest tinge every little act, and the homage rendered to his fair and beautiful wife, seemed to him the foulest insult. He knew better than Clara, the real character that lay beneath the pleasing exterior of her many admirers.

On arriving at Newport, Charles made but little effort to gain acquaintances. His purpose would be better accomplished by a retired seclusion. He feared Clara might recognize him, should he be brought into her immediate presence. He stood afar off, listening to the remarks of the bystanders, and endeavored to learn from the popular current of conversation, the esteem in which she was held. He had never seen her in such a blaze of glory and beauty, and was bewildered by the splendor of her appearance. Had he not felt a painful interest in her, he would hardly have been able to suppress his feelings of admiration.

Charles Le Grange was a good man, and he believed in his heart that Clara was true to him, although he knew full well her weakness of character that required, and even exacted, constant homage from others. But now he saw, as he never before did, his own part in the fault. If danger fell upon her, he was partly responsible. What had he ever offered her but this same doating, blind devotion? Never had he opened his mind, with its wealth of knowledge and practical experience, to her, and taught her to prize it above flattery. For the first time in his life he saw his mistake, and with his generous nature resolved to atone for it.

His quick, jealous eye soon fell upon Count Leanarto, and unnoticed, he watched his path every hour when it was possible to gain access to him. He heard, as if by some supernatural power, the tender word of parting, and the delicate flatteries addressed to Clara on the balcony, after the dance had ceased. He followed her like a guardian angel, and never for a moment lost sight of the great purpose that inspired him.

Charles fancied he had often noticed a strange look on Clara's beautiful face, at times when she had been engaged in conversation with Count Leanarto. It expressed a vague fear, a slight foreboding of distrust and a breaking up of confidence. It indicated the power to which she was fast becoming subjected, and her inability to rise above and conquer it. He saw at times the bright smile instantly disappear, and a look of half reproach steal over her face, as if some word had been spoken she had no right to hear.

One evening a party were strolling together towards the beach. It was a moonlight evening, and nothing could surpass the beauty of the sea, with the soft light falling upon the water, and the white sails of little skiffs resting upon the waves. At a distance, one solitary wanderer paced up and down the beach, or occasionally seated himself by the rocks.

The gay party went down to the very edge of the water. For some time the conversation was general, but the beauty of the night tempted them in different directions, and in smaller groups the company separated and loitered slowly away in quiet strolls.

Clara and Count Leanarto were left alone, standing on the sand by the shore. For a few moments there was a silence between them, Clara being impressed with the glory of the moonlight sparkling upon the smooth sea, and her companion equally absorbed in his own contemplations. Then taking her arm, the count led Clara to a secluded seat under a shelving rock.

Charles followed the steps of his companions, without appearing to do so, and soon found himself so near as to distinguish their lowest tones, and was yet secreted from their view. He blushed when he thought of his position. It seemed mean and dishonorable to be dodging the steps of his own wife. But the thought of the danger surrounding her was the motive that prompted the act.

The influence of the evening was particularly inspiring, and the impetuous feelings of the count burst out into extravagant expressions of love and tenderness. Now for the first time did the scales fall from Clara's eyes, so that she saw clearly her position. Her vanity and ambition had been gratified, but her nature had remained faithful. She resented the words addressed to her by her companion, and with all the dignity of her outraged woman's nature threw back the insult offered to her wedded love.

But it was vain to strive to check the fountain pent up in the breast of the young count. In vain did she entreat and even command him to cease the expression of words that burned her very soul with shame. She found, too late for her influence, that her will was powerless, and that unconsciously she had been yielding to his stronger nature. He entreated her to fly with him to his beautiful Italy, and pictured in the most glowing colors the splendors of that rich, luxurious country. Clara would have torn herself from him, had she the power to do so; but her companion had clasped her arm, and, as if fearing to lose the prize, held her almost frantically in his strong grasp.

At this moment the sound of carriage wheels was heard approaching the beach. A terrible fear came over Clara. The carriage stopped at a near point, and Clara felt herself hurried across the sand of the beach.

"All stratagems are fair in love, my pretty Clara," said the insulting count. "I have prepared this little surprise for you."

At this moment a strong arm was laid upon the count, and a powerful grasp wrested the lady from his hold, and bore her swiftly on toward the carriage. The count was unprepared for resistance, and the surprise of the attack so unsettled him as to leave him no chance for regaining the lady.

"Take this lady to the —— Hotel!" said the stranger, with a voice that carried authority with it. "She has fainted, and must be taken immediately to her own room."

The coachman hesitated, not understanding the turn matters had taken.

"Go," said the rescuer, "and your most extravagant demands shall be satisfied."

At the promise of better remuneration, the coachman enlisted in the stranger's cause, and without further delay hurried the horses over the road. The count saw with deepest chagrin, the failure of his stratagem, and to avoid any personal exposure, left Newport in the early morning boat.

When Clara became again conscious, she raised her head that had been pillowed in her husband's arms, and joyfully gave vent to her feelings.

"O, Charles, my dear, true husband! from what danger have you rescued me? Take me home with you, and teach me in future how I can best prove myself worthy of your love."

"Do not reproach yourself, Clara; your danger is past. I am guilty in a participation of the wrong brought upon you. We will now begin a new life together, and God give us strength to persevere in it and be made better by the experience through which we have passed."

Clara was soon able to accompany her husband home to the city. The bitter trial through which she passed has taught her that there is something more noble for a woman to receive than admiration and flattery.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES WRITTEN BY MY MOTHER.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Flushed with life but late I saw thee,
Spirits buoyant filled thy breast;
Visions gay of childish fancy
On thy bosom hope impressed.

But ere yet thy heart was tainted
With the love of vicious way,
Death had marked thee for a victim,
And thou fell his certain prey.

Then the flush of life forsook thee,
Paleness settled on thy brow,
And corruption plainly showed us
Man is mortal here below.

But the page of Inspiration,
Like the sunbeam lights our gloom,
And reveals to fainting nature
Scenes that lie beyond the tomb.

When the flight of time is finished,
Death no more can hold his prey,
And our nature's foul corruption
Quick as thought be purged away.

Life immortal! bloom celestial!
Then will animate the frame;
And throughout eternal ages
Live and bloom in heaven the same!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

BY CLEMENT ARNOLD.

"Among our passengers are Mr. Morton, his wife and infant daughter."—*Log of packet ship G——, on her voyage from the West Indies to London.*

Dear reader, that "infant daughter" is the subject of the present sketch, and numberless are the young ladies who have been made heroines, whose claims to the honor were far less than those possessed by Ernestine Morton. True, at the time I first saw her she was a mere baby, and the most unprepossessing one I ever beheld; but a few years made a wonderful change in the little creole.

Born at Demarara, of English parents—the last of a large family of children who had fallen victims to the climate—the child looked as if a whole lifetime of trouble were impressed on her brow, and her great sorrowful black eyes were almost unearthly in their wild melancholy.

Sallow and deathlike from the effects of the yellow fever, from which she had recovered as by a miracle, the poor infant was an object of compassion to all on board our vessel; and as the violent sea-sickness of Mrs. Morton prevented her from paying it proper attention, our lady passengers vied with each other in performing offices of kindness for the unfortunate little one.

For myself, I may as well confess that I took more pleasure in listening to Mr. Morton's flute, than I did in attending to the wants of his little daughter, who always impressed me with the unpleasant idea of being some fairy changling or half-spiritual being, employed, as my best-loved books informed me, in continually plotting evil. She never laughed like other children, and the low, pitiful wailing in which her sorrows were made known always made me shudder.

I loved music, hence my attachment to the instrument on which Mr. Morton so exquisitely performed; but my childish instincts all taught me to dislike the man himself, long ere I was old enough to understand his character. As I shall have occasion to mention him once or twice more, I may as well give a brief history of him at once.

I have said before that he was English. He had been a bandmaster in one of the regiments then in the West Indies, but owing to his fondness for liquor he had been obliged to leave; he was a heartless, cruel man, as his treatment of his poor wife gave evident proof. She, though born in England, was of Irish parentage and a Catholic—circumstances which appeared to furnish him with an endless theme for reproach and ridicule. This conduct on board the ship was so disagreeable, that more than once our captain felt called upon to remonstrate with him; and even the ladies at times interfered to protect the helpless invalid from his unmanly insults.

Mrs. Morton's whole happiness appeared to be centred in the little infant Ernestine; and all who showed it kindness were thanked with a warmth that told more than words the depth of her feelings. The one on whom she particularly bestowed gratitude was young Vernon Ashford, the only son of one of our passengers, a fine boy of eight or nine years, and who became deeply attached to the little girl. For hours he would sit on the deck with the child in his arms, telling stories and singing songs; while she would look up in his face with her great dark eyes, until it seemed as though a more than mortal intelligence animated the glance. Mrs. Ashford, Vernon's mother, had lost her only daughter in infancy, and it was whispered on board the vessel that she had solicited Mrs. Morton to allow her to adopt little Ernestine—a request the mother had refused.

But poor Mrs. Morton did not live to complete the voyage. In very poor health when she came on board, the violent sea sickness utterly prostrated her; a severe cough came on, and hemorrhage of the lungs put a speedy end to a life there was every reason to believe had been an exceedingly unhappy one. Mr. Morton did not refuse the request that Mrs. Ashford renewed on his wife's death; and when our voyage was ended, the same carriage that came for the mother and son, also bore away the little girl to her new home.

During the six years that I remained in England, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the happiness of the child, who had come, as it were, to take the place of the lost daughter; and not on her own child could Mrs. Ashford have lavished more tenderness and affection. As my vacations were always partly spent at Ashford Manor, I also met young Vernon, and had every reason to believe that his boyish regard for little Ernestine was growing with his years. The little girl herself appeared to have but one care in the world, and that was the thought that her father had forgotten her. Of course she did not remember his looks, but his history was known to her, and she evidently grieved at his silence and apparent carelessness.

I imagined that Mrs. Ashford's fair brow grew clouded whenever the father's name was mentioned; and during the last visit I paid them previous to returning to my home, she scrupled not to tell me her fears lest he should some day return and claim her darling. Very imprudently, she had taken no legal means to make good her title to the child, knowing his utter inability to provide for it at that time; but now when years had rendered her unspeakably dear, and also unfolded and developed a surpassing intellect, joined to great promise of beauty, the adopted mother lived in continual dread of losing her, and bitterly bewailed her own imprudent neglect. It needed no very sharp sight to discover that the beloved stranger was to be trained up after her own heart, as a wife for her scarcely more beloved son. Alas! the hopes of the daughter, and the fears of the mother, were to be realized sooner than either dreamed of, and in a manner more distressing than either could have imagined.

As I did not learn the following particulars until long after they took place, I shall give them as they happened, without reference to the time that elapsed before they came to my knowledge. But before I proceed further with Ernestine's history, I must give some clearer idea of the position of the family into which she had been admitted. Mrs. Ashford was the widow of a gentleman of large fortune, and who, with his handsome estate, inherited an unstained name and very popular reputation. For many generations the family had dwelt in the old manor house, and the property had gone down from father to son, if not much increased, certainly not diminished.

Mrs. Ashford had been left by her husband sole guardian of the little Vernon; and not having those occasions for outlay that would have been necessary had there been a master at the mansion, and also having considerable property of her own, there was a fair prospect that the youthful heir would some day inherit a far richer estate than had ever heretofore been in the family. Their style of living was in accordance with the lady's good taste and love of refinement, but always with a due regard to unnecessary outlay; and a more elegant and happier home could scarcely have been found in all England, than the one in which little Ernestine dwelt until her tenth year.

It was but a short time before Vernon's summer vacation, and the household were busy in preparing all possible pleasant surprises for his enjoyment, when every one was astonished by the appearance of Mr. Morton, and dismayed by the announcement of his intention of removing the young lady from her kind friend's care. With mingled sorrow and anger, Mrs. Ashford remonstrated on the injustice of thus depriving her of one on whom she had bestowed so much; but her grief availed naught, and her anger had only the effect of provoking the cruel father to add to her trouble by proclaiming his intentions. Ernestine was destined to become an actress! Immovable in his resolution, he tore her from the arms that would have detained her; and three days after this unwelcome visit, Vernon returned to find his darling sister gone, and his mother dangerously ill.

He was now in his seventeenth year, and the boyish look of earlier days was changing into the deeper feelings of the man. It was therefore with a settled determination and unchangeable resolution, that he avowed his intention of never giving up the search or resting until he had found his lost sister; and deeply as the mother regretted his departure, she never by word or look gave him reason to change his purpose.

But time passed on, and disappointed, almost disheartened, he returned again and again to his home, and the result was still the same. True he had several times been on the eve of succeeding in his endeavors, but it seemed as if fate was determined to thwart him.

And Ernestine, how had she fared during all these years? Sadly enough. Thrown into society repugnant to her every feeling, pining for the motherly love that had become part of her very existence, and forced to undergo ceaseless drudgery, or suffer ill treatment at the hands of her unnatural parent, the poor girl had endured extreme misery. Mr. Morton had endeavored by every means in his power to overcome the horror his daughter experienced at the unlicensed conduct of those with whom he constantly placed her in contact; and enraged at her obstinacy, he refused to allow her to have the slightest communication with her friends, unceasingly striving to elude the pursuit of young Ashford.

For five years they had dwelt in France and Italy. Ernestine's musical education had been followed up, but never had Mr. Morton been able to induce her to appear in public. The best judges had pronounced her voice magnificent, and the most tempting offers had been made to her father by those whose business it is to cater for the public taste, to secure the services of his talented and beautiful daughter.

But threats and promises were alike unavailing in inducing the young girl to depart from her resolve. She would study, would eagerly seize on every opportunity of improving her talents, of adding to her knowledge, and perfecting herself in all graceful accomplishments, but never would she display those talents to the public, and the father threatened a fearful vengeance.

A constant frequenter of the gambling-houses of the city where he dwelt, Mr. Morton was frequently reduced to absolute poverty. After borrowing and begging all he could, he found himself one night in a Parisian saloon without one sou in his purse, and five hundred francs indebted to his antagonist. His antagonist, the Viscount M——, a young English nobleman of immense fortune, had the reputation of being one of the wildest young men of his time, and Mr. Morton had frequently heard the reports of his utter disregard of expense where his feelings were interested, and he immediately formed a diabolical plan, which he lost no time in carrying out.

I have not the inclination to give the particulars of the vile contract, whereby Mr. Morton, in return for a withdrawal of the young nobleman's claims on himself, and a large sum besides, freely and fully sold his child. The subject is too horrible to contemplate; and had it ended as the unnatural father expected, I should never have written this history of Ernestine Morton. But in him who had thus purchased her, the poor girl found a friend when she least expected.

Filled with horror at the conduct of Mr. Morton in thus sacrificing his child; charmed with her loveliness and grace, and deeply impressed by her sad history, Lord M—— made her an offer of his hand, with the assurance that in their short acquaintance she had won his heart already; but finding that the regard was not mutual, and that her feeling for himself was simply gratitude for his kindness, he placed her in a safe refuge, and returned to England to attend to his somewhat disarranged affairs at home, and also to be the bearer of good news to Ashford Manor. It was a strange coincidence, and served to enlist the young nobleman's sympathy for Miss Morton, that his own mother was a Vernon, and nearly related to Mrs. Ashford.

Words are incapable of describing that lady's feelings on learning from her young cousin the sufferings endured by her adopted child; and if Lord M—— had felt some disappointment at the termination of the affair, he was amply rewarded by his estimable relative's warm gratitude—a gratitude that was all the more valuable from knowing he deserved it. And the satisfaction was complete when he witnessed Vernon's unfeigned joy, and received warm thanks from one hitherto very shy of his society.

Mrs. Ashford, not being well enough in health to undertake the journey, despatched two of her most trusty dependents to bring home her long lost favorite, and every arrangement was made to ensure comfort and convenience to the stranger. It was with almost painful anxiety that her arrival was awaited by the mother and son, who came far on the way to meet her; and this anxiety gave way to astonishment at beholding the object of so many years and hopes. In the beautiful woman before her, Mrs. Ashford could find no trace of the very plain child she had so fondly loved in other days—save that those glorious eyes still seemed to read her very soul, and in their expression told of the unchanged heart of the affectionate girl.

To Vernon the wonderful change in his beloved was of little importance compared with the joyful knowledge that she was restored to them. He had loved her as an almost repulsively plain infant, he had loved her as a very ordinary looking child, and he could have loved her had she returned to him without one feature changed, so true was the sentiment with which he regarded her. But nevertheless he felt a glow of very natural pride, as he realized that in his bride the long line of Ashfords would receive an addition unsurpassed in beauty or elegance, if not of such patrician birth as some of his grandmothers had boasted.

They were married; and need I add that all Mrs. Ashford's hopes were realized—more than realized, and she never found reason to repent of having indulged her fancy by adopting a child of humble birth. Ashford Manor became the resort of a select circle, who took delight in flying from the gay vortex of fashionable society in the capital, to enjoy peace and repose in its romantic shades. And when Vernon beheld his lovely wife entertaining their guests, entrancing them with her magnificent voice and finished execution on her favorite harp, or with quiet dignity leading the conversation, while all listened deferentially to her sweet, sensible words, he ceased to regret the painful trial through which she had passed, since it had been the means of developing mental treasures, a calmer existence might never have brought forth. For more than a year after her marriage, Ernestine heard no tidings of her parent, and then a simple announcement of his death at an obscure lodging house in Paris was all that told his fate.

Among the most welcome guests at the manor, Vernon and his wife always included the young nobleman who acted so conspicuous a part in the latter's history. He had drank deeply of the delusive draught misnamed pleasure; but having once experienced the happiness of performing good actions, even at the expense of selfish motives, he resolved to follow up the experiment, and found his efforts crowned with success. An almost broken-hearted mother restored to happiness, a conscience at peace, and an estate restored to its wonted prosperity, were some of the fruits of this most desirable change.

But satisfactory as was this result, a still more precious reward was in store for the truly reformed young man. An early and most suitable marriage had been broken off by the fair lady, in consequence of the well known habits of her intended; and when all was over, he found too late that his dearest hopes had been sacrificed to his folly. Now, however, the case was different; and the lady, finding that his reformation was complete, bestowed her hand on one to whom she had long before given her heart, thus completing his happiness and insuring his future well doing.

When I meet with any that write obscurely, or converse confusedly, I am to suspect two things: first, that such persons do not understand themselves; and secondly, that they are not worthy of being understood by others.—*Colton.*

FREDERICK S. COZZENS, ESQ.

The nccompanying engraving is from n drawing mnde expressly for us by Barry, from a painting by Elliott, and is tho portrait of a gentleman who has won an enviable position as a humorous writer, and whose name alone is suggestive of n thousand pleasant reminiscences. To be named as the "author of tho Sparrowgrass Papers," would insure n warm reception from almost any circle within these broad United States; for both in its serial and book form, that happy compound of genial humor, acute observation and good-humored satire, cemented by eloquence, and even pathos, has penetrated every nook and corner of Uncle Sam's territory, disarming criticism, and provoking Homeric laughter in its triumphant progress. Mr. Cozzens hails from New York, and is one of the many men who have demonstrated the possibility of uniting commercial with literary pursuits. He is at once a man of business, a wit, a poet and humorist. Like many other literary New Yorkers, he has mnde his home on the banks of tho classic Hudson; nnd it is from actual experience that he has presented us with the comic phases of a country life—those phases which develop themselves with peculiar richness to tho man of the city when he becomes smitten with the love of green fields, and exhibits a corresponding verdancy in his first experiments of rural life; when he finds that urban sharpness is no match for the sharpness of rustics, and that Arcadian simplicity does not bear entire nnd controlling sway in the "rural districts." In his sparkling journal, the "Wine Press," Mr. Cozzens had given many proofs of his genius, his sparkling wit, his playful fancy and his quaint lore before becoming a contributor to Putnam's Magazine, in which he made a reputation by the "Sparrowgrass Pnpers," thnt will prove enduring. There is the greatest variety in these papers. Humor enters largely into the fabric, but there are the golden threads of poesy, and sentiment, and pathos, intimately blended and interwoven with the whole. The story of the "New Godiva" is a specimen of some of the higher-toned episodes in the book. But nbove all, the truthfulness of all its pictures of life is particulnrly praiseworthy. What amateur that has ever dealt in horses, does not acknowledge that the following sketch of the horse-trading portion of humanity is to the life?

"I have bought me a horse. As I had obtained some skill in the *manege* during my younger days, it was a matter of consideration to have a saddle-horse. It surprised me to find good saddle-horses very nbundant soon after my consultation with the stage proprietor upon the topic. There were strange saddle-horses to sell almost every day. One man was very candid about his horso. He told me, if his horse had n blemish, he wouldn't wait to he asked about it, he would tell it right out; and if a man didn't want him then, he needn't take him. He nlso proposed to put him on trial for sixty days, giving his note for the amount paid him for the horse, to be taken up in case the nnimal was returned. I asked him what were the principal defects of the horse. He said he'd been fired once, because they thought he was spavined; but there was no more spavin to him than there was to a fresh laid egg—he was as sound as a dollar. I asked him if he would just state what were the defects of the horse. He answered, that he once had the pink-eye, and added, 'now thnt's honest.' I thought so, but proceeded to question him closely. I asked him if he had the bots. He said, not n bot. I asked him if he would go. He said he would go till he dropped down dead; just touch him with a whip, and he'll jump out of his hide. I inquired how old he was. He answered, just eight years, exactly; some men, he said, wanted to make their horses younger than they be—he was willing to speak right out, and own up that he was eight years. I asked him if there were nny other objections. He said no, except that he was inclined to be a little gay; 'but,' he ndded, 'he is so kind, a child can drive him with a thrend.' I asked him if he was a good family horse. He replied, that no lady that ever drew rein over him would be willing to part with him. Then I asked him his price. He answered, that no man could have bought him for a hundred dollars a month ago, but he was willing to sell him for seventy-five, on account of having a note to pay. This seemed such a very low price, that I was about saying I would take him, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass whispered, thnt I had better *see the horse first*. I confess I was n little afraid of losing my bargnin hy it, hnt out of deference to Mrs. S., I did ask to see the horse before I bought him. He said he would fetch him down. 'No man,' he added, 'ought to buy a horse unless he saw him.' When the horse came down, it struck me that, whatever his qualities were, his personal appearance was against him. One of his forelegs was shaped like the handle of our punch-ladle; nnd the remnining three legs, nbout the fetlock, were slightly bunchy. Besides, he had no tail to brng of; and his back had a very hollow sweep from his bigh haunches to his low shoulder-blades. I was much pleased, however, with the fondness nnd pride manifested by his owner, ns he held up hy both sides of the bridle the rather longish head of his horse, surmounting a neck shaped like n pea-pod, and said, in a sort of triumphant voice, 'three quarters blooded.'" The nbove extract, selected nlmost nt random, will serve ns a taste of the humorous quality of our nuthor, which, as we hnve observed, is but one element of his versatile genius. We look upon Mr. Cozzens as one of our most reliable writers. He is still young, and we trust that it will be our pleasant task to chroniele, in succession, a series of volumes from his gifted pen.



FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

Hardly a man, whatever his circumstnnces nnd situation, but if you get his confidence, will tell you that he is not happy. It is however certain all men nre not unhappy in the same degree, though by these accounts we might almost be tempted to think so. Is not this to be nccounted for, by supposing thnt all men measure the happiness they possess by the happiness they desire, or think they deserve?—*Greville.*

THE CITY OF CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

The city of Cairo, Illinois, of which we herewith present an accurate view, drawn recently for us by Mr. Kilburn, is situated at the mouth of the Ohio River, and at the junction of that stremn with the Mississippi. This is n place much sought after by travellers on the river—more from the celebrity of what it was to be, than what it is at the present time. Great disappointment will, therefore, be felt in taking the first view of Cairo, and learning that it has a population of less than two hundred souls. The leveo or bank in front of the town is severnl miles long, and artificial, and is said to have cost a million of dollars. The Rothschilds, the celebrated bnnkers, were deeply interested in the success of this place. There is no question but this is a most admirable site for a large city, being in the centre of the great Mississippi valley, nbout a thousand miles from Pittsburg, at the head of the Ohio, nnd the same distance from New Orleans and the Falls of St. Anthony. Tho great obstacles that hinder the growth of Cairo are the extreme lowness of the ground, nnd the consequent unhealthiness of the plnce. It is greatly in danger of being overflowed, the Ohio having been known to rise sixty feet. It is the southern terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad, the depot of which is seen in our picture. The state of the water was moderate at the time of our sketch; at high water it rises to the top of the levee or bank.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

For some time past, Mr. Isaacs, n dealer in dry goods, on the corner of John nnd Nassau Streets, New York, has been annoyed at intervals by the disappearance from his establishment of pieces of costly ribbons, silks, sntins, velvets, and other rich goods. A few days since, one of his customers—a lady "of the highest respectability," residing in Jersey City—cnlled in her carriage, accompanied by a little girl, and, after making a nnmber of purchases from one of the clerks, was on the point of leaving, when another lady, who was in the store nt the time, informed Mr. Isaacs, who was busy in another pnrt of the store, that she had seen the Jersey City lady purloin nnd secrete three pieces of costly ribbon. A short time previous to this, Mr. Isnacs had discharged an employee for accusing this same lady of theft, and he was consequently considerably startled at this new charge against her. He was still doubtful, however, and addressing his informant, he said: "You must be mistaken. It cannot be possible that Mrs. —— would descend to so low a crime ns theft! Why, she belongs to one of the first families in Jersey City!"—"I can't help thnt," said the informant, "I saw her secrete the ribbon."—"Will you accuse her to her face?" asked Mr. Isaacs. "Certainly; I am never ashamed of the truth." Approaching the Jersey City lady just as she wns nbout entering her carriage, Mr. I. touched her upon her shoulder, and requested her to step back into the store for a moment. She unhesitatingly complied with his request, nnd when they reached the spot where the necuser stood, Mr. I. said, addressing his customer, "Mrs. ——, this lady neeuses you of having purloined and secreted three pieces of that costly ribbon at which you were looking." For a moment the lady seemed startled, but instantly regaining her self-possession, she replied, "Well, Mr. Isaacs, I *did* steal them, but I hope you will not expose me." Isaacs could senrcely believe his ears. He then neeused her of having committed numerous former thefts of a like character. "I have," said she, bursting into tenrs, "but don't expose me, and you shnll be compensated for your losses. The desire to steal has become n monomania with me, and I cannot help it." Then, plncing her hnuds behind her, she took from the opening of her dress the ribbon, together with n number of other articles, saying, "Here is your property, nnd if you will say nothing nbout it, I will pay you $1000 to cover my past indebtedness." Mr. Isaacs told her he only wanted the goods which she had stolen. These she agreed to restore as far as she could do so, and accompanying her to her home in Jersey City, she brought forth goods to the amount of $700, which she had from time to time stolen from him.—*New York Despatch.*



VIEW OF CAIRO, JUNCTION OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.

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BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY may always be found for sale at all the periodical depots, for *ten cents* per single number. But the way to obtain it at the *earliest* moment after publication, is to enclose one dollar to our address, and become a regular subscriber.

A NEW WAY TO LEARN TO SING.—Prof. A. N. Johnson, the well-known author of "Johnson's System of Thorough Base," has perfected a system for instruction in vocal music, by which the learner is taught and enabled to remember the exact position of the vocal organs necessary to produce any given singing tone, thereby rendering it certain that every tone will be pure, mellow and perfect tune. It is called the physiological system of vocal music. This valuable work is published by Murray Young & Co., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

A NEW STORY.—We shall commence in the next number of Ballou's Pictorial, a new novelette, from the pen of that favorite authoress, Mrs. Caroline Orne, entitled: "The Lost Heir: or, The Young American Soldier." We need not say one word in commendation of this delightful tale. The reputation of the authoress is a guarantee for its beauty of conception and excellence of finish.

THE HARVEST.—We have an abundant one, thank Providence, all over this prosperous land.

SPLINTERS.

.... In England, a man named Dunn has been writing love-letters to the Princess Mary. A very troublesome dun!

.... Jenny Lind seems determined not to give the Parisians an opportunity of criticising her fine voice.

.... Dante's motto, "Leave all hope behind who enter here," ought to be inscribed on certain railway cars.

.... The church revenues in Mexico have been largely appropriated by the state. They used to be very large.

.... The new ballet of the "Corsair," now playing in London, is said to have been invented by the empress of France.

.... Palmer, the English poisoner, was said to have made an indirect confession of his guilt to the Suffolk jailer.

.... It is said that the attachés to the French embassy to St. Petersburg paid 50,000 francs apiece for the honor.

.... Two amateur fishermen at Long Branch lately caught 404 pounds of blue fish in two and a half hours.

.... The first Presbyterian church in this country was organized in Philadelphia in the year 1698.

.... Missionaries have lately been very successful among the Choctaws. There are 1494 Choctaw communicants.

.... The Virginia gold mines are said to be yielding very well. The Mitchell mine has been valued at $15,000.

.... The crops in Southern Russia are coming in well, but little grain will be exported thence this year.

.... In Santa Barbara, California, raising pears for the San Francisco market is a good business.

.... Emigration from China to California, checked for a season, has lately been resumed vigorously.

.... A movement is on foot to obtain by subscription an equestrian statue of Washington for Boston Common.

.... There are said to be 68,700 Mormons in this country, of whom 38,000 are in Utah.

.... The Mount Vernon Street Church (Rev. Dr. E. N. Kirk's) will re open in September.

.... A great excitement was raised in Paris because the Empress Eugenie stooped to pick up a fan!

.... Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne has been playing with the greatest success at the California theatres.

"TOO LATE!"

"Too late!" How often do these despairing words fall upon the ear from lips of those who are urged to arouse themselves from a state of lethargic apathy, to perform some good deed, to achieve some high aim, to make some onward movement in the great army of humanity. "Why don't you set out trees?" says the lover of nature and of beauty, to the old settler who has grown gray in the unpainted house, on which the unfenced suns of summer and the pitiless storms of winter have beaten for more than half a century. "It is too late! I am old—my sands are numbered—it wont pay—it is too late!" Even the middle-aged man, who daily deplores his want of early educational advantages, when urged to employ his tardy leisure in supplying his deficiencies, will shake his head and reply, sadly, "It is too late!" "Give up the wine-cup—throw up the cards!" you cry to the inebriate and the gambler. "It is too late!" The words ring out the funeral knell of departed hope and vanished resolution.

But they are fatally false words. It is *never* too late. Your vessel is on a lee shore—the dismal sound of breakers rings through your ears—the wind is howling through your rigging. Shall you say it is "too late" and sit down to await the crash? No! spring to the work—bend every energy to the duty of self-preservation—brace up your yards, jam your helm a-port, and, God aiding, you will weather the reef.

"Come wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back."

"It is never too late!" such should be the brave watchword of every true soldier in the battle of life.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success—
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

The world around us is full of examples of what may be accomplished by energetic men advanced in years, acting on the invigorating motto—"never too late." Aged men who have taken to tree planting have lived to see forests of which they sowed the seed or set out the tender saplings flourish in majesty around them; middle-aged men without education, have set themselves to study and become accomplished scholars; literary reputations have been conquered at a very late period in life. The very best novels ever written, Don Quixote, for example, have been written by men well advanced in the pathway to the grave.

Of course these late achievements and successes are not to be won by fast livers—men who have been prodigal of the energies of life in its outset—who have worn themselves down in the pursuit of gold or pleasure in the first few years of existence. Such must be content to drift down the tide towards the ocean of eternity, shattered waifs and wrecks. But to those who have not wasted the golden gift of life—to those who in the winter of their days, rejoice in a perpetual summer of the heart—to such there is no significance in the words "too late." In connection they do not exist in their lexicon. Each day witnesses some new exertion of mind—some fresh expansion of heart—bringing back their rich returns like bread cast upon the waters. To such men ennobling and elevating pursuits have their charm even to the very latest day and hour of existence, and they repose at last,

"With cross and garland over their green turf,
And their grandchildren's praise for epitaph."

SEEING THE ELEPHANT.

The first distinguished Roman who "saw the elephant" was Fabius. Pyrrhus, in invading Italy, carried a large number with him, to carry destruction and terror into the Roman ranks. While Fabius, who was on a diplomatic mission to the invader, and who had the day previous refused a heavy bribe to turn traitor to his country, was suddenly, by the raising of a curtain, treated to a sight of one of the largest of the Asiatic monsters. He took it very coolly, however, and remarked, "The sight of your elephant to-day terrifies me no more than did that of your gold seduce me yesterday." But it was really a trial; for when Alexander the Great first saw a line of elephants drawn up in front of Porus's army, stretching forth their snake-like trunks, and uttering their wild trumpet-notes of defiance, he declared that he had never before encountered an enemy so worthy of his courage. These were gratuitous exhibitions, however; now-a-days one can't "see the elephant" without paying handsomely for it.

FRANCE.—Late letters from France inform us that there is no danger of the overthrow of the government of Louis Napoleon, though an outbreak may be attempted by some of the secret revolutionary societies. The soldiers are true to a man, and would shoot revolutionists like dogs—business men dread the disturbance of commercial affairs, and men of property, large and small, see that a change of government could only be effected by wholesale slaughter, followed by pillage and the guillotine.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can supply any one or all of the back numbers of our Pictorial from the commencement of the work. Single numbers six cents each. The ten volumes complete, elegantly bound, for *twenty dollars*, a splendid illustrated library in themselves, and of immense value in any family circle.

THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.—There is a dog belonging to the "Guards," lately returned to London from the Crimea, who was under fire at Alma and Balaklava, and wounded in the leg at Inkermann. He is a great pet of the soldiers.

UNEQUALLED.—Subscribers pour in upon us at the rate of nearly *one thousand per week* for Ballou's Dollar Monthly, the cheapest magazine in the world.

LOSS OF MEN.—The English *say* they lost but 20,000 men by the Russian war, but the truth is, they lost nearly 50,000

"HOT—HOTTER—HOTTEST."

We have passed through these degrees of comparison during the summer now drawing to a close, and now, that the nights are lengthening and growing endurable, and our friend John Frost, Esq., may soon be expected to visit us, we look back to what we have endured, as the soldier who aided in the storm of the Mamelon and Malakoff looks back to those days of fire. We have reason to exult. We have passed through a furnace seven times heated, and have come out unscathed. Our brains were neither baked nor liquified, and we retain our full complement of legs and arms. Talk of the tropics! Why, noontide on the Alameda at Havana is nothing to what we have gloriously endured. St. Lawrence was broiled on a gridiron, but perished in the experiment. We were broiled figuratively on a gridiron, and have survived—that's the exact difference between a martyr and an editor. It was nice fun, though, writing editorials towards the last of July and the beginning of this month, with the thermometer at 95° in the shade, suggestive, certainly, of "earning your bread by the sweat of your brow;" but we did it. We have a faint recollection, one day, when we felt particularly spiteful, rather disgusted with the course of the weather, and voting the "procession of the equinoxes," or whatever else the scientific men term it, meaner than a fourth of July procession,—we recollect, we say, about that time, in a Mephistophelian mood, advising our readers to "keep cool." Ha! ha! we knew they couldn't do it; we knew it would only aggravate them and make them hotter; but we wanted everybody else to be as miserable as ourselves. We are afraid to say how many tumblers of soda we swallowed after the perpetration of that effusion. We well remember meditating a desertion of our post—even went so far as to write to the British admiralty to know about that expedition to the Arctic regions—"positively the very last" to be undertaken in search of the very last remains of Sir John Franklin. We hunted up a file of last winter's papers, and read about people freezing to death, and envied them the luxury of their fate. But we have grown calmer now. We are soon to pass the threshold of autumn, the most glorious season in the world in New England. We feel capable of prodigious pedestrian excursions, of gigantic literary labors, of anything and everything requiring nerve, and, once more, we are happy.

BOSTON.—Statistics show that this city has maintained its reputation, during the present summer, as being the healthiest locality in the United States. This result is as much attributable to the strict sanitary measures observed by the city authorities as to natural advantages.

HAY.—The hay crop this year equals in value that great staple in this country—cotton.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr Caldicott, Mr. Samuel Merrill, of Surry, Me., to Miss Anna S. Hinkley, of Bluehill, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. George B. Elkins to Miss Laura J. Erskin; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. George Bancroft to Miss Mary E. McKelzher; by Rev. Mr. Renouf, Mr. Joseph Scarlet to Mrs. Henrietta Pusey; by Rt. Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Mr. James Watkins to Miss Lucretia Orne Davis; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Richard S. Carpenter, of Foxborough, to Miss Ann M. Cressey, of Rowley.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. John F. Dyer to Miss Helen E. Smith.—At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. Charles T. Jenkins, of West Cambridge, to Miss Josephine W. Strong.—At Lynn, Mr. Thomas R. Pierce to Miss Mary E. Miller, both of New Bedford.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. George W. Kent to Miss Mary E. Fisher.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Pierce, Mr. Thomas Latter to Miss Ann Lane.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr Vermilye, Mr. Samuel Collins to Mrs. Agnes Wallace.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. Stephen G. Russell to Miss Hannah T. Shiverick.—At Pittsfield, by Rev. Dr. Porter, Mr. Nathan Oscar to Miss Mary Jane Walker.—At Gardner, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Hollis Thompson to Miss Maria L. Jaquith.—At Nortou, by Rev. Mr. Clarke, Mr. Henry G. Warren to Miss Eliza Wilbur.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Anna M. Keach, 23; Mr. John Sylvester Gardiner, 26; Miss Mary O'Brien, 19; Mrs. Catherine Foote, 48; Mr. James Fitzgerald, 35; Mr. George Doherty, 23; Mr. Robert Shannon, 30; Mr. Hugh McIntire, 40.—At Chelsea, Mr. John Snelling, 44.—At Cambridge, Mr. Charles G. Comer, 27. At Cambridgeport, Mr. Nathan H Nutting, 27.—At West Cambridge, Mr. George Lee, 83.—At West Roxbury, Mr. Thomas Bowthorpe, 68.—At Winchester, Mrs. Sarah H., wife of Mr. Charles N. Cram, 21.—At Woburn, Mrs. Sarah A. B., wife of Mr. William M. Barron, of Marietta, Ga., 30.—At Quincy, Mrs. Marie A. P. Beal, 53.—At Norton, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. William Reiden, 23.—At Salem, Widow Lucretia Pope, 81; Widow Nancy Hood, 88.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Margaret J., wife of Mr. John M. Wood, 23; Mrs. Sarah H., wife of Mr. Fitz J. Hinckley, 20.—At Stoughton, Mr. David Packard, 35.—At Ballardvale, Mrs. Jane Morrison, 78.—At New Bedford, Miss Mary E. Blain, 19.—At Bernardston, Mr. Oliver Root, 78.—At Orange, Mr. Peter Cheney, 66.—At Attleboro', Mrs. Catharine, wife of Jonathan Ellis, Esq., of this city, 52.—At Springfield, Mrs. Mary White, 70.—At Chicopee Falls, Mrs. Henrietta O. Stiles, 29.—At Lunenburg, Mrs. Mary Putnam, 82.—At New Salem, Mr William Cogswell, 76.—At Pawtucket, R. I., Hon. James C. Starkweather, 61.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY BROTHER'S STAR.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

[Early, very early, this morning I arose, and the first object that attracted my attention was the bright morning-star, peering down the calm ether in silent majesty: my thoughts naturally reverted to my brother.]

Wake, boy awake! thy day-star bright is beaming,
Hung in the zenith, like a lamp afar:
Wake, boy, awake! the morning light, on-streaming,
Devours with glory thy bright matin star!

Wake, boy, awake! its mellow lustre, dying,
Like softest gleam of moonbeam, floats afar:
Wake, boy, awake! or thy bright glory, flying,
Will wane, as beams away thy morning star!

Wake, boy, awake! prepare for days of glory;
Arm thee for passion's tempest—duty's war!
Wake! boy, awake! Let no ignoble story
Be mine to tell, boy of the golden star!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BLIND BOY.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

"Take care, Harry!" said Bella Verner, to her little brother, as the child grasped a branch of a tree nearest him. It was in a violent thunder storm, and the two were out together in the field near their father's house. The tree was a large one, but there were one or two branches growing very low down, and to one of these Harry clung. "Take care, dear," repeated Bella, "I have heard that it is dangerous to touch a tree or to be near one." She spoke too late, for already the flash had struck the tree, and shrivelled up the leaves, and charred the branches, and even split the huge trunk.

For a moment Bella staggered, and then she ran up to Harry. Apparently he was unhurt, but he had a strange, bewildered look upon his face that frightened her.

"Harry, Harry, speak to me, love; tell me if you are hurt?"

"I cannot see you, Bella. Where are you?"

Not seeing her, with his eyes fastened directly upon her countenance! How could that be? Into her mind a thought, terrible almost as death, suddenly darted. She had heard of people struck blind with lightning, and the dreadful truth took possession of her faculties. She threw herself on the wet ground sobbing aloud.

"Where are you, dear Bella?" again repeated that little mournful voice; and she roused herself up to take the child to her arms.

It was with a sense of oppressive awe that she led him carefully home. His touching questions upon the nature of his calamity, pierced the heart of the affectionate sister. She could not tell him that he was never again to behold the green carpet of the earth, the soft blue of the sky, the flowers and the stars. She could not bring home to him the sad truth that henceforth he must be dependent on other eyes—that his own would never again gaze on the friends he loved, or the pleasant scenes which had been so precious to his young heart.

She turned heartsick as she came within sight of the house; she had no mother to go to with this sorrow, for her mother had long since died—died when Harry was born. She alone must bear this trouble until her father should return from his long voyage. No relation, competent to advise or assist her, could she remember to summon to her aid. She laid Harry down upon the couch, and sent the servant for Doctor Morris. When he came, his look told her all that she had foreboded. Her lip quivered, but she tried to be firm, and the doctor promised to befriend her.

"You have got your life's work planned out for you, Bella," said the good doctor; "but I know you will do it bravely and well." To the child he gave soothing and tender words, and then Bella was left alone to finish the task of self-sacrifice—to weave the first flower into the chaplet, which should adorn her youthful brow with greater honor and glory than a queen's diadem.

It was up-hill work at first, and Harry grew fretful and peevish under his terrible privation; but he soon became calm and reconciled. Bella at first devoted night and day to him, and almost wore herself out with the constant watching which this involved. Subsequently she learned to save herself, bright and fresh, for those hours when he most needed her. She drew around him little companions, whose society was pleasant and refreshing to him; and when they were near, availed herself of the opportunity of changing her employments, or varying the scene for herself.

There was a boy in the village, who was bound by ties of gratitude to Captain Verner's family. This boy offered his services for a certain number of hours every day to relieve Bella. He was engaged in an occupation which left his morning hours free; and Bella gladly engaged him for a term of months, promising that when her father returned he should lose nothing by the sacrifice.

It was sweet to see the unselfish surrender which the sister made of herself to the blind child. No persuasion could induce her to be absent a single day without him; and as any change of place annoyed him, she forebore to visit. Still, she gathered around her the friends in whom the child most delighted, and the hours devoted to music, reading and walking or riding in the open air, were as happy to Harry as to the rest.

To cultivate his musical talent was now Bella's desire; and even before his father's return, he had learned to play and sing very sweetly. One person, who had stayed for some time in an asylum for the blind, and had eventually recovered her sight, offered to teach him various little arts, which contributed greatly to his happiness.

Things were in this state when Captain Verner arrived. The good ship anchored with flags all streaming in the harbor, but the blind child saw it not. The father went hastily to his home, and clasped the children in his loving embrace. His cheek was sunburnt and brown with exposure, and Harry's soft hand played with his hair, now turning to silver, but the child saw neither silver nor brown. He only heard his father's voice, and felt his tears when he told him that he was blind—for with all Bella's bravery, she could not tell him.

It was a hard thing for the father to hear, but men shake off these things sooner than women; and he was laughing with Harry long before Bella had recovered herself from her weeping.

"I will take him to London or Paris," said Captain Verner, "and I believe they can cure him there." He did so, but with no success; and the voyage wearied the child to no purpose.

"Leave him to me, dear father," said Bella. "I can manage him best." And he gave up interfering with her quiet, simple mode of making Harry happy.

Among Captain Verner's passengers was a gentleman, whose name was Christie, to whom he felt obliged to extend an invitation for a visit of several days. He accepted it, had his trunks brought, and established himself without ceremony. The first two days Bella was absent with Harry from six o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, and consequently did not see Mr. Christie. The third morning they met at breakfast, and the young man was evidently struck with her beauty, and her attention to her brother. It made an impression upon him that could not be effaced without an effort that he did not seem disposed to make.

Captain Verner evidently thought very highly of his guest, and it must be owned that Bella was not indifferent; and yet she treated him somewhat distantly. She knew not why she did this, except that ever since he had been received on such intimate terms into the house, he had appeared jealous of her attentions to poor little Harry. She had tried to think that this was not the case; that her affection for Harry made her think this—but it was too evident. He invented every possible excuse to get her away from the boy, who clung to her more than ever since his father's unsuccessful attempts at getting him cured. He seemed afraid that he was meditating another, and the very sound of the sea made Harry sick at heart; but still more he seemed to dread leaving Bella with Mr. Christie. He had an intuitive sense that he wished him away, and, childlike, he resisted him with a pertinacity which very much provoked their guest.

"*You* do not wish me to go, Bella, do you?" he whispered to her, one fine afternoon, when Mr. Christie had been urging him to go out into the garden with little Julia Arnold, the child of their next door neighbor.

"No, indeed; stay love, if you wish to," she answered. She was vexed to see that Christie's brow grew dark as she said this.

"You will spoil that boy, Miss Verner," he said, after a pause. "Already he is out of your power to manage."

"I do not *manage* Harry," she said, proudly; "there is too good blood in Harry's veins to manage or to spoil."

Christie saw that she was offended, and probably he thought that this was no time to urge his suit; but when Harry was in bed, he sought her again, and told her his purpose.

"I cannot be your wife, nor that of any other, Mr. Christie," she said, anxious to make her refusal as easy as possible. "I am married to Duty, already," she added, smiling.

"Your best years have already been sacrificed," said he, "to this idle phantom, duty. Have you no heart—no feeling to provide for? Is your whole life to be a sacrifice to this child?"

"If God sees fit to make it so," she answered, "I will never voluntarily separate myself from Harry. No other love can be to him what mine is. No other love has yet been to me like his." She closed her eyes tightly, but a few tears came between the shut lids and overflowed them.

Christie's brow darkened again. His resolution had been taken that morning to win her love before the day was past, and separate her from Harry through that love. He was angry to find himself baffled by her firmness; he had not counted upon it. Indeed, he had deprived himself of the best claim he, or any one else, could have had to her love; for had he not so obviously wished her to discard the child from her care, she might have returned his love.

There was a struggle in Christie's breast between selfishness and generosity, and the latter prevailed, only because the former was likely to be benefited by it; and he very magnanimously offered to let Harry remain with her. But the concession came all too late. Her rejection was positive—definite; nothing could alter her determination.

And yet, when he was gone, Bella *did* sink down into a state of loneliness, which was very trying to a spirit so buoyant by nature as hers. She covered her eyes with her hands, and the tears fell fast over them; she thought of her future lonely life, with scarce a tie, save this little child. "And what would he be, bereft of his sister?" she thought—and in a moment sunshine sprang goldenly and warm upon her vanishing hopes. "Dear Harry," she murmured, "you are more to me than a thousand lovers, after all!"

"What is that, dearest Bella, about lovers?" said Harry, whose quick ear caught the sound of her voice.

"*I* love *you*, Harry," she said, affectionately, as she drew his arm within hers. "Come, let us go down to that sweet dell again." And the two went away together, Bella glad that she had resisted this temptation. For she could not deny to herself, that anything that called her from the monotonous life which she was living was a temptation; although, under different circumstances, it might not have been difficult, or even any effort to resist it. But for a moment she had thought that it might be pleasant enough to be Horace Christie's wife; to travel, as he proposed to do, in those far lands where her imagination had often wandered; to be for a while the *protected*, instead of the *protector*.

She had but to feel the weight of Harry's little hand upon her arm for a moment, to make her think that she was wicked and unprincipled to harbor such a thought. She could and would banish Horace Christie forever from her heart—almost from her memory. At least, she would not weakly sit down and repine. Harry's life must be made as happy as his state would admit; and in all the vicissitudes of his pilgrimage, as they were likely to occur, whose hand could tend him like his sister's? So that dream passed; and Bella turned her eye steadily towards duty, and called it happiness.

"Are you weeping, dearest Bella?" said Harry, one evening, when they sat by the deep bay window, so heavily garlanded with roses and honeysuckle. The full round moon was looking down upon Harry's sightless eyes, and she was thinking of his future, and how sad it was that, of all this returning of the season's glorious beauty, those eyes could never behold a single ray.

"Not for myself, darling," she murmured, as the bright tears flashed in the moonlight, and fell upon Harry's white hand.

"For me, then, is it?" said the boy. "O, dearest sister, do not weep for Harry. Do you not know what beautiful sights I have of heaven? I can see mother there, and our little sister, and the holy angels; and once, Bella, I thought I saw another—far more glorious—I cannot tell you who it was, but some time you will see him, too."

Bella checked him. "It is not good for you, my love, this excitement. Be quiet now, and I will sing you to sleep." And she sang the "Evening Hymn;" and the boy leaned his head upon her arm and slept heavily, until she roused him to retire for the night.

As she laid him in his little bed, and kissed his fair, pale cheek and waxen eyelids again and again, she reproached herself for ever thinking of any other life than to watch over him. Still she was lonely. Captain Verner was again far over the sea, and her only companions were Harry and the two servants; for Lawrence Gaffield, the boy who waited on Harry, had now taken up his abode with them entirely, as she needed some one in her father's absence besides Alice.

The summer was intensely hot, and Harry's weak frame seemed to droop beneath its sultry influence. Doctor Morris advised sea-bathing; and as his own family were going for a few weeks to a watering place, he proposed that Bella should take her whole household and accompany them. The change was both pleasant and beneficial to Harry. It was the first time that he had shown pleasure at being away from home; but he had heard Doctor Morris say that Bella herself looked pale and worn, and he was delighted to have her go to the seaside, as a means of comfort to herself. So, with his usual unselfishness, he declared that he really wanted to go, and that he would not shrink at all when Lawrence should put him into the sea, if only Bella would go too.

They went to the seaside, and the clear, bracing air strengthened Harry's feeble limbs, and brought back the rose hue to Bella's cheek. Harry was very brave in the water, and did not struggle when Lawrence let the great waves rush over them. But one day, Lawrence was seized with cramp, and lost hold of the boy, and Bella and Alice were powerless to save him. In that moment of time, all of sorrow that life could give seemed concentrated in the breast of the devoted sister, and had not some one caught her, she must have gone down.

Borne senseless to the beach, she lay without motion until Harry had been rescued and lain beside her. Then she opened her eyes and saw Harry's preserver standing over the lifeless boy, and trying to restore him. It was a face that she could never forget, the one she saw now. Twice she had seen it in her dreams. At any rate, it was a face worth remembering. The head was crowned with a wealth of shining curls lying wet and heavy around the forehead; while the eyes seemed to look into Bella's very soul. Alice was rubbing Harry's limbs, and the gentleman turned to support her in rising. At the thought of the wet, cheerless-looking group which they presented to the view of the gazers on the rocks, Bella could not forbear laughing, now that she knew all was safe.

"I am Howard Preston," he said, as he bowed to her at the door of the bathing-room.

"And I am Bell Verner," she rejoined, and they parted.

Evening brought Mr. Preston. Bella had recovered entirely, and Harry partially, from the effects of the morning adventure. They were better acquainted now than they could have been by a month of fashionable calls. Mornings passed on the beach, and afternoons devoted to Harry's amusement, soon made them intimate; and when at the end of a fortnight they separated, it was with the promise of a week's visit at the doctor's in September.

* * * * * * *

"I wonder what has become of Preston?" said the doctor, when the twentieth of September arrived, and he had not come.

"Hush," said little Harry, "Mr. Preston is coming up the gravel walk this very minute."

The trees hid his form from their eyes, but Harry's nice ear had distinguished his footsteps. Bella blushed and withdrew to the shadow of the heavy window curtain, where she sat playing with the tassels, and trying to look unconscious of his approach.

Preston's eyes were full now of a soft light as he approached her, and one look into that face told her a new history. Howard Preston loved her, and he told her so that very night, as they wandered off upon the smooth beach together. It was late when they returned, but all was settled. They were to be married when her father returned, and Harry was never to leave her.

How sweetly did Bella's life flow on now! Was Horace Christie forgotten? He was; or if remembered at all, it was with such memory as we give those about whom we are perfectly indifferent. *This* friend was Harry's friend also, and to none other could she give her heart. Who loved Bella, must find room also in their heart of hearts for Harry, too.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

One year ago the town of Clinton, in Iowa, on the Mississippi, was not known on any map of Iowa. To-day it contains a population of 1000 souls. —— At the Crystal Palace in London, when the fountains are in full operation, they have eleven thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight jets playing, and the quantity of water displayed simultaneously in them is about one hundred and twenty thousand gallons per minute. —— The Buffalo Courier is informed that the ill-starred steamer Northern Indiana was valued by her owners at $200,000, and that she was not insured. —— During a severe storm in St. Albans, Vt., a young lady who was hooped up in extreme fashion, while on her way from church, was lifted up by the wind and borne quite a distance, but landed without serious damage to herself. —— A flock of swallows attacked a man in Salem, recently, and it was with difficulty that he defended his face from their assaults. —— While some men were mowing a field in Worsley, Eng., one of them killed a leveret, which was found to have seven legs, one with two perfectly formed feet, three eyes and three ears. —— Washington Irving was paid twenty thousand dollars for the English copyright of his "Life of Columbus." —— Mr. John Burford, landscape painter, a native of England, but for a long time resident of New York, was run over recently by one of the cars of the Second Avenue Railroad and killed. —— At Newport, Ky., a pedler shot a deformed girl who refused to marry him because of her own defects. He then committed suicide. —— An exchange says, that restless and crying infants may frequently be relieved and quieted by a draught of cold water. Who knows but this simple agent might profitably supersede both spanking and paregoric? —— On one of the railroads in France, excellent beds are furnished to the passengers at the extra charge of two cents only. —— The Birmingham (Eng.) play-bills announce the re-engagement of "Sir Wm. Don, Baronet, late Lieutenant in Her Majesty's 5th Dragoon Guards, and Aide-de-Camp to his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland." The papers say he plays too much as if he considered the whole thing a good joke. —— Mr. Emory, a London actor of considerable prominence in character parts of a heavy nature, is about coming to this country. —— Under the head of "Funeral Expenses," an Irish paper states that the proprietor of the Roscommon Journal obtained a verdict of £25 damages against the proprietor of a rival paper, for stating that the journal had died. —— Hail a cab in bad weather, and it may come to your assistance; but hail a friend in your adversity, and see what notice he will take of you. —— "In Moscow," says a modern traveller, "I asked for the residence of an acquaintance, and was answered, 'he lives in this very street;' but I drove three miles before I reached his house." —— The tortoise beat the hare in the fable; but what of that? In the race for soup at our city feasts, we have seen the turtle beat the hare a thousand times. —— The peach crop of Delaware, upon which New York is largely dependent for supplies, is this year a total failure. —— During the last seven years fourteen hundred murders, it is said, have been perpetrated in and about San Francisco, and the city has been burned down seven times. —— The following words, if spelt backwards or forwards, are still the same—"Name no one man." —— The life of the Bedouin Arab, his appearance and habits, are precisely the same as those of the patriarchs of old. Abraham himself, the first of the patriarchs, was a Bedouin, and four thousand years have not made the slightest alteration in the character or habits of this extraordinary people. Read of the patriarchs in the Bible, and it is the best description you can have of pastoral life in the East at the present day. —— By a singular and accidental meeting, the widow of Marshal St. Arnaud and the widowed Lady Raglan are now travelling together on the Continent, and are at present at the baths of Plorabiers, where Napoleon III. is now sojourning.

NAVAL APPRENTICES.

A bill has been reported in the House of Representatives to require the employment of apprentices in the commercial marine of the United States, as follows: for every vessel of 150 tons burden and less than 300, one apprentice; from 300 to 500 tons, two apprentices; 500 to 900 tons, three apprentices; and one additional apprentice for every 500 tons above 900 tons. Commissioners to be appointed under this act are empowered to bind apprentices applying, not less than 15 years old, during the remainder of their minority, or such portion of the same as may be agreed on; the consent of the parents or guardians of the applicant having been first obtained by writing.

Antiquity of Gunpowder.—The first Englishman who mentioned gunpowder is Roger Bacon, who, about the year 1274, described it as then in common use all over the world for making squibs to amuse children. It is mentioned by Philostratus, 355 years before Christ; and in the code of Hindoo laws it is referred to a period coincident with the time of Moses. The military use of rockets in the armies of India reaches to a period beyond record.

The growing West.—Nebraska City, two years ago, was a wild waste, where night was made hideous by the dismal howl of the wolf, and the Indian lodge might occasionally be seen dotting the untrodden grass of the prairies. On two days recently the sales of lots by the organized town proprietors amounted to ten thousand dollars.

Humane.—Some of the stage drivers in Broadway have erected awnings over their seats. It would be a sensible and humane improvement in this direction to protect the drivers against the heat, cold and storm.

Emigration.—More than two millions of people have left Ireland in the last fourteen years.

Wayside Gatherings.

A railroad is talked of from Chicago to Galveston—distance 1050 miles.

Grasshoppers have destroyed one-third the vegetation in the Williamette Valley, Oregon.

David Dane, Esq., one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens of Lowell, died in that city recently.

For the relief of the sufferers by the late inundation in France, the sum of $7550 has been raised in New York.

T. Buchanan Read, Esq., the poet artist, is now engaged in painting a full-length portrait of Colonel Fremont.

A young man swam in Mystic river, from Charlestown to Chelsea, a distance of a mile, when he became exhausted, and was carried home in an insensible condition.

Strict quarantine is now in operation at Charleston, Savannah, Norfolk, and most other ports South. New Orleans, we believe, is the exception.

Wm. E. Burton, of New York, the well known actor and manager, was thrown from his carriage, lately, and his spine was much injured, and he was otherwise much hurt.

The Chinese emigration to California, which had been arrested for some time, has revived, and the celestial emigrants are arriving quite numerously.

A great trial of fire engines is to come off at New Haven this fall, the first prize being a new machine, in complete running order, worth $1500, the victors to take her home with them.

All through the rich valleys of the Ohio the weather for the harvest has been fine, and the crop has been gathered in the best possible order. It is sound, the grain large and full, and very perfect.

Four of Louis Napoleon's ministers of the *coup d'etat* are dead: M. Fostoul, minister of public instruction; Marechal St. Arnaud, M. Ducos of the marine, and M. Bineau of the finances.

The army bill now before Congress contains appropriations for the current year to the amount of $15,616,700. Of this amount, $3,276,175 is for the pay of the army, and $98,000 to be expended about the Springfield armory.

From the forests of Mexico there were sent to the Paris exhibition, last year, three hundred and fifty-six different species of wood, embracing mahogany, rosewood, cedar and ebony, besides the more common sorts—pine, hickory, chestnut, etc.

Advices from Hayti announce that Emperor Soulouque was about to acknowledge the independence of the Dominican republic, and that a treaty of peace will shortly be concluded between the two parties who inhabit the island of St. Domingo.

The secretary of the navy has recently imposed fines upon the Collins line, to the extent of $36,000, for failures of time, under their contract, owing to the employment of the Ericsson as a substitute for the Arctic. The exaction of this penalty has led to some sharp correspondence.

Tobie Koch has been arrested for placing obstructions on the Milwaukie and La Crosse Railroad, in Wisconsin. The man owns a farm on the line of the road, and exhibits the most inveterate hatred towards the railroad company, on account, as he says, of their running over and killing some of his stock.

The editor of the New York Pathfinder, formerly a spiritualist, says that there is an individual in that city who has spent upwards of $25,000 in promulgating spiritualism within the last two years, and probably will spend $25,000 more before he discovers the old adage—that a fool and his money is soon parted.

The criminal court of Breslau recently condemned a lady of rank, the Baroness Von Z. (daughter of a major-general), to six years solitary confinement, besides a fine of one thousand dollars, and prohibition of connubial rights during that period. The charges brought against her were swindling and forgery of documents.

Twenty have been arrested of a gang of thieves whose headquarters were near the Gap in Lancaster county, Pa. They have agents in other States, and include a dentist, a lawyer, a preacher, and a quaker. Their operations have embraced horse stealing, barn burning, cattle driving, counterfeiting, robbery and murder.

The London editors were never very famous for an intimate knowledge of American geography. Thus, a journal of the pretensions of the Illustrated News, even gives us a picture of "Baton Rouge, Nebraska." A large steamer is ploughing the stream, and on the bank of the river is the gothic and turreted state house of Louisiana.

Mrs. R. eloped from Cincinnati, one Sunday afternoon recently, with a gentleman in a buggy, leaving a note for her husband to read on his return from church, wishing him to take good care of the child. Mr. R. took the matter coolly, but not altogether indifferently, for he knocked down an intimate friend who undertook to sympathize in his bereavement.

One of the most rapid journeys on this continent, was that performed by Sir George Simpson and some fellow-travellers, from the Sault Ste. Maria, at the outlet of Lake Superior to Montreal—a distance of upwards eleven hundred miles—in the incredibly short space of fifty-five hours, including stoppages and changes of conveyance.

In Mexico the soil is of almost fabulous richness. An English farmer near Jalapa asserts that in the year 1854, one bushel of corn yielded him two hundred and fifty bushels! In the regions around Jalapa, it is averred that manure is never required, and Indian corn is there reaped three times a year, while further up the country it is planted twice a year.

Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, writes from California to the New York Independent a graphic account of the immense cedars of California, the greatest trees in the world. One of them, which had been felled, he ascertained, by counting the grains of the stump, to be twelve hundred and eighty years old. When Mahomet was at nurse this tree was sprouting.

The Rochester Union notices a singular escape on the Central Railroad, near Lockport. A small boy, son of Mr. Richardson, was struck by the locomotive, and thrown a distance of 85 feet by actual measurement. The fireman said he first saw the child in the air some fifteen feet from the ground, and supposed it was a dog. Though at first insensible, the child has nearly recovered.

It is stated on the authority of the Mexican minister of finances that at the present day the church property is valued at from *two hundred and fifty to three hundred millions of dollars*. In the city of Mexico alone, of the five thousand houses there, valued at eighty millions, one-half belong to the clergy. From the rent of these houses they derive an income of twenty millions of dollars.

Prince Paul Esterhazy, who is to represent the Emperor of Austria at the coronation of Alexander at Moscow, is making extraordinary preparations. His four Hungarian costumes surpass in richness and elegance all belief. They are richly embroidered, in exquisite taste, and almost covered with brilliants and costly pearls, valued at $1,000,000. The carriage and liveries of the prince are not less rich.

Foreign Items.

The Paris Moniteur is publishing Mr. Thackeray's "Book of Snobs."

The fine weather and heat have been very favorable to the French vineyards. The *oidium* has totally disappeared in many localities, and is fast fading away in others.

An important modification of the postal convention between Great Britain and France has just been agreed upon, by which the postage between England, France and Italy will be reduced.

The Hanoverian Ministers have appropriated 6000 dollars in place of 4000, their proper salary. They have asked the Chamber to sanction their proceedings, and have received a censure.

A prize having been offered for the best poem in French, on the subject of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the King of the Belgians, one hundred and fifty-six pieces have been sent in.

While the King of Greece is in Germany the question of the succession of the Greek throne will again be brought before the protecting powers, as Prince Adalbert of Bavaria, positively refuses to join the non-united Greek Church.

The Austrian Gazette states that for the last three years, during which time horseflesh has been sold at Vienna, 4725 horses have been slaughtered, which have furnished 1,902,000 lbs. of meat, distributed to the poor in 3,804,000 portions of half a pound each.

The Prussian Minister of Public Instruction has sent a circular to all the universities, excluding Jewish students from the benefit of all charitable or public funds for the assistance of students. Several eminent professors have protested against this act of intolerance.

Sands of Gold.

.... Praise is the daughter of present power.—*Swift.*

.... Where the heart is right, there is true patriotism.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

.... Every man desireth to live long, but no man would be old.—*Swift.*

.... It is more easy to be wise for others than for ourselves.—*La Rochefoncauld.*

.... Some grief shows much of love; but much of grief shows still some want of wit.—*Shakspeare.*

.... A man ought to buy all the bad books that come out, because they will never be printed again.—*Tom Brown.*

. .. Moral evil is never to be committed; physical evil may be incurred either to avoid a greater evil or to procure a good.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

.... An act, by which we make one friend and one enemy, is a losing game; because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.—*Colton.*

.... No man is born wise; but wisdom and virtue require a tutor; though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master.—*Seneca.*

.... Whoever is an imitator by nature, choice, or necessity, has nothing stable; the flexibility which affords this aptitude is inconsistent with strength.—*Landor.*

.... No man should be so much taken up in the search of truth, as thereby to neglect the more necessary duties of active life; for after all is done, it is action only that gives a true value and commendation to virtue.—*Cicero.*

Joker's Budget.

On a child being told that he must be *broken* of a bad habit, he actually replied: "Papa, hadn't I better be *mended?*"

What a blessed change for society, says Punch, it would be, if all the numerous rascals now upon the turf were under it instead!

At a jeweller's shop on Ludgate-hill, London, a bill is exhibited in the window, on which is written: "Wedding-rings at this shop made out of *lucky* old guineas."

Sharp Shoe Black—I say, Bill, what's the last letter but one of the alphabet? *Bill*—Y. *Sharp Shoe Black*—'Coz I wants to know, stoopid.

"You want a flogging, that's what you do," said a parent to his unruly son. "I know it dad, but I'll try to get along without it," replied the brat.

Old King Lear, in the play, when he was out in the storm, said in his apostrophe to the rain, wind, thunder, and lightning:

"You owe me no subscription."

Prentice says he wishes he could say as much to all his readers.

A gentleman who was relating an accident he had met with in Cambridge from a fall, was asked by a surgeon if it was near the *vertebræ* that he had been hurt? "No, sir," was the reply, "it was near the observatory."

A young clerk undertook to commit suicide last week by shooting his daguerreotype. He was unsuccessful, however. This is the third attempt he has made on his life within the last three months. Cause—broken sleep brought on by intense devotion to a young lady with auburn ringlets.

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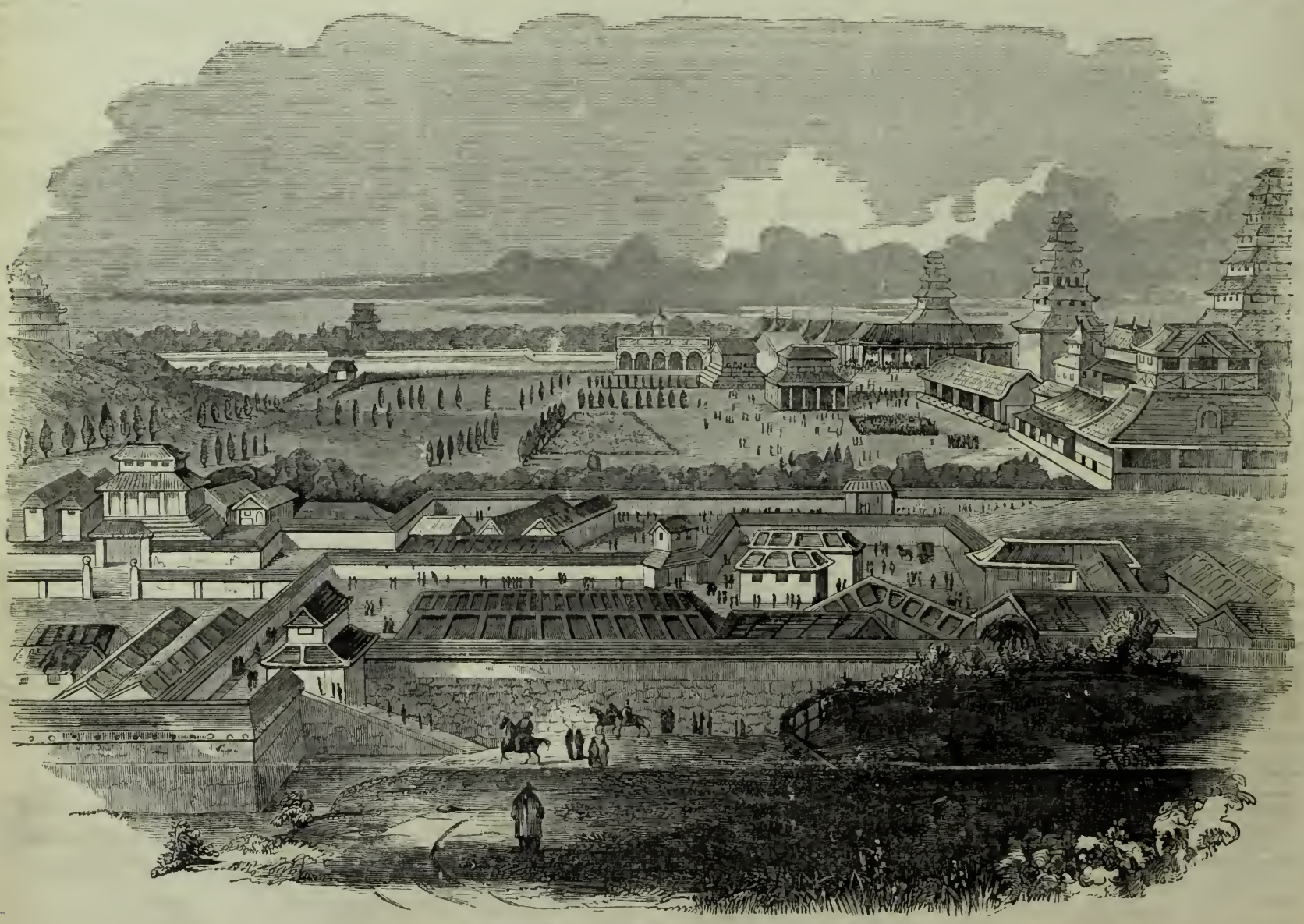
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SKETCHES IN JAPAN.

The interest felt in every thing relating to Japan has received a new spur from the recent publication of the History of the Expedition, by Dr. Hawks. We therefore continue our pictures of Japan scenery with which we have from time to time presented our readers. The first is a scene on the road to Jeddo. The primitive habitations scattered on the route are quite characteristic and note-worthy. On the road are seen a couple of pack-horses. The horses seen by the officers of the expedition, were much inferior to European and American horses in size and spirit, but far better than the Chinese. There is a sketch of a horse, by a native artist, in Dr. Hawks's book, which, though rather faulty in drawing, conveys probably a correct idea of the style of animal in general use in Japan. If this is one of their model horses, their cavalry cannot certainly be well mounted. In the interior, however, the Americans were told that great attention was paid to the growth of horses and fine cattle, and that in the vicinity of the Nonoga lake, a mountainous region in the north part of Niphon, the chief occupation of the inhabitants was stock-raising. At their annual festival, which they call Sangnatz-Sanuitz, horse-races are common. It appears that the Japanese care less for speed than for endurance in their animals. The race track is a complete circle, and the competing horses are started by the riders at full speed. The horse which performs the greatest number of circuits within the period allowed for the trial, and is pulled up at the close in good condition, is declared to be the winner. It is enough that a single horse outlasts all competitors—if he is blown by his exertions the prize is never decreed to him. Hence the riders study to be acquainted with the bottom of their nags, as well as their speed. Racing one horse against another, neck and neck, for the supremacy, rarely occurs, and then not designed, but when the horses themselves are excited by the spirit of emulation voluntarily engage in the contest. The riders display a good deal of skill in riding, bending low down over their horses' necks in order to catch the wind as little as possible. But they do not dress in what we should call jockey style; on the contrary, they wear flowing robes. The Japanese peasantry ride and manage their horses very well, but the upper classes seem to have lost that fondness and appetite for equestrian exercise which formerly led them to engage in hunting and hawking on an extensive scale.—Our second engraving is quite an extensive view of the imperial city of Jeddo. Its aspect is very peculiar. The rectangular manner in which it is laid out is particularly note-worthy, while the curved roofs and piled up stories of the buildings have a singular effect. This view of Jeddo is not the one usually given, but is taken from a different point, showing part of the Palace of the Kobo, which is built in the middle of the city, and which consists of five smaller palaces or castles, and has large gardens and enclosures around and behind it, said to be ten miles in circumference. Jeddo, altogether, is almost forty miles in circumference, and the largest city in the empire. In populousness, activity and bustle, it is said to much resemble the great commercial cities of the civilized nations. A large river runs through the town and encloses the imperial palace, and over this stream there are thrown several picturesque bridges. Niponbus, the principal bridge, is also called the Bridge of Japan. The houses are chiefly constructed of timber and bamboo, in consequence of which the city is frequently visited by terrible conflagrations. In consequence of all the nobles of the empire being obliged to live at Jeddo the year round, the city contains many fine palaces and gardens. These, in connection with the long ranges of trees planted along the canals that traverse the city, make Jeddo the handsomest city of the empire.



SCENE ON THE ROAD TO JEDDO, CAPITAL OF JAPAN.



WESTERN VIEW OF JEDDO, CAPITAL OF JAPAN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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VIEW OF HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

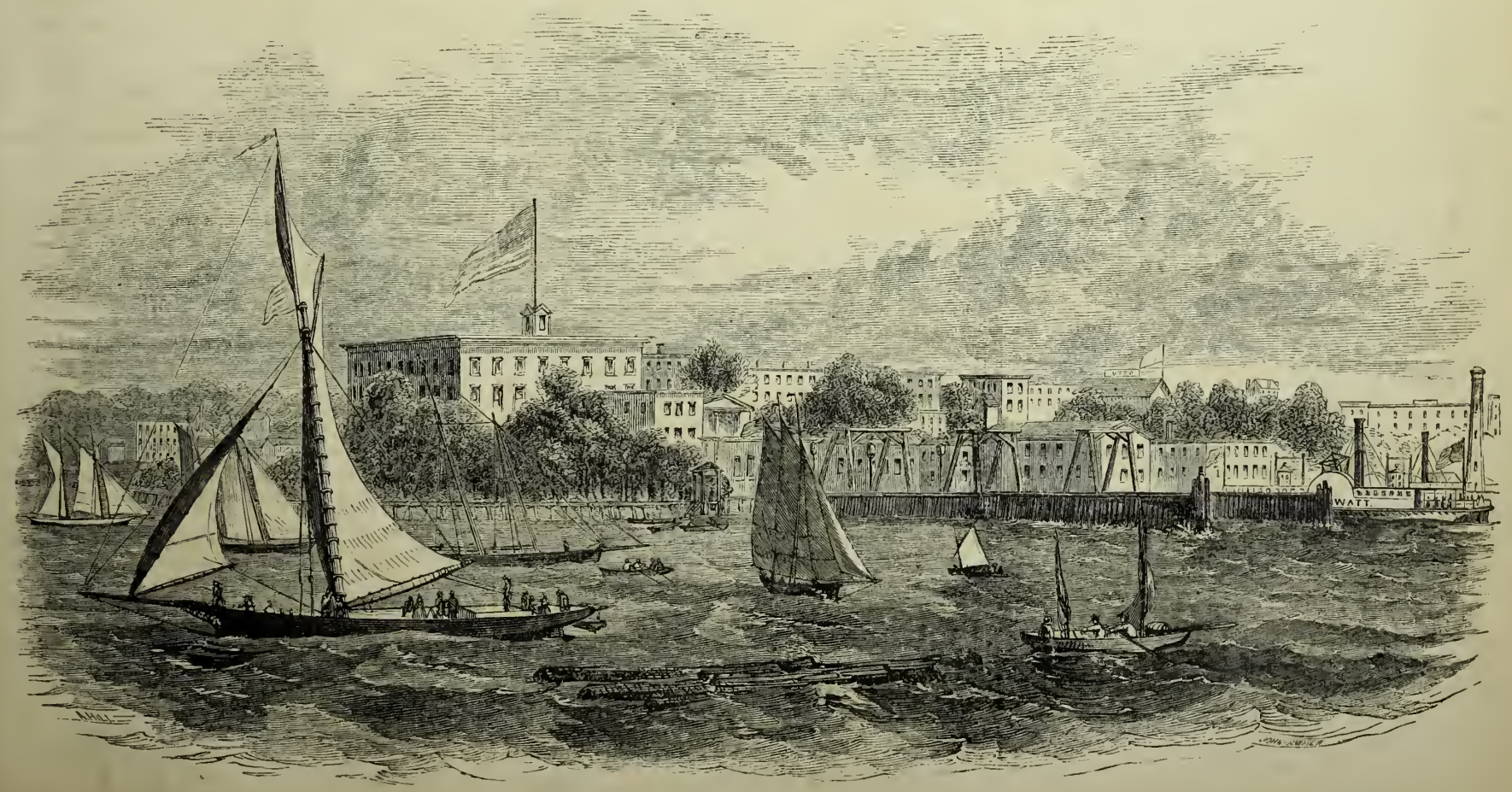
The view of Hoboken, presented in the engraving on this page, was sketched for us by Mr. Hill, from the deck of one of the famous yachts belonging to the New York Yacht Squadron, this being the anchorage ground of the club. On the right are the ferry ways. The steamers that cross to New York every quarter of an hour, running to Barclay, Canal and Christopher Streets, are very different affairs from that in which the hero of Halleck's "Fanny" made the excursion, when

> ——"he had dined, by special invitation,
> On turtle, with the party at Hoboken,
> And thanked them for his card in an oration,
> Declared to be the very shortest ever spoken."

In those days the "perilous stream of the North River" was navigated by horse-boats, the motive power being supplied by horses, traversing an endless circle, like the unfortunate animals who do duty for the proprietors of bark-mills and brick-yards. We believe these horse-boats have entirely disappeared from the waters of New York, steam, everywhere, supplying the place of quadrupedal power. Above the ferry are the Otto cottage and gardens, and beyond are the shipyards of Commodore Stevens, who, before his death, which occurred recently, owned nearly the whole water front of Hoboken, and immensely valuable property in the city, including the estate bounded by the river. In these yards is the great iron floating steam battery for the defence of New York harbor. This battery has been a long time building. It was a favorite hobby of the late commodore, had the support of government and the approval of the ablest scientific men. On the left of the ferries are the Battery Hotel and gardens. Here, enjoying the cool south wind, many congregate of an evening to watch the crowded spires, the forest-like shipping of the New York docks, the arrival and departure of various crafts, from a steam frigate or Collins liner to a towboat, from a Canton clipper to a mud lighter. An unrivalled view of New York is thus obtained.

> "Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
> And banners, floating in the sunny air,
> And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
> Green isle and circling shore are blended there
> In wild reality; when life is old,
> And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold
> Its memory of this."

On match days, the lovers of maritime sport assemble here in thousands to see the winning yacht come in. Hoboken is to New York what the parks are to London, Paris and Vienna, and to the children, a place of pleasure and delight that realizes their dreams of fairy-land. Hoboken! what a world of pleasurable associations there is in the word to a New Yorker, when, far away from his beloved imperial city, his memory reverts to its manifold fascinations—visions of summer gardens, rocks, fields, woods, strolls by the river side and in the "Elysian Fields," military and target excursions, affectionate evening walks in the company of angels in silk or muslin, first declarations, picnic parties, and waltzes and polkas on the greensward! These and many more are the attractions of Hoboken. Pleasantly situated on the Hudson, at this spot about two miles wide, it has been supposed by some to have been the original Manahatta. That it was an island at no distant date, the extensive marshes on the west side abundantly testify. Now, these form the hunting ground of adventurous Teutons, who, landing in New York, armed to the teeth for mortal combat with wolves, bears and other ferocious "varmint," are reduced to the ignoble pursuit of sand-pipers and chipping birds. Beyond the marshes are the rocks rising in abrupt masses fully two hundred feet, the scene of many festive parties. But the shores of Hoboken have not been always sought by persons intent on pleasure, or the quiet enjoyment of the beauties of nature. Among those green shades, the death-shot has rung more than once Many years ago, a monument marked a spot where one of these unfortunate encounters took place which resulted in the death of a man honored by the entire nation. This victim to the code of honor was no other than Gen. Alexander Hamilton, one of the brightest names on the record of America's great men, the friend and companion in arms of Washington, the soldier and the man of letters, the gentleman and the statesman, one who not only contributed by his sword to the success of the Revolution, but by his pen to the establishment and consolidation of the Union. His antagonist was also a man who filled a large space in the public mind, and who had won distinction as a soldier, a lawyer and a politician—Colonel Aaron Burr. There are many still living in New York who remember the wild excitement created in the city when the news of this duel and its fatal result were made known. The monument erected to the memory of Hamilton on the spot where he fell was removed by the authorities, from a belief that it would tend to perpetuate a terrible practice by a constant memento of an illustrious example. We believe that the spot is not now readily identified. Hoboken is a blessing to New York, as the Common is to Boston. Its accessibility and its numerous features of beauty, its extensive walks, its calm shades and its pure air are attractions that woo forth all classes. It is pleasant to see whole families straying about in the Elysian fields, or grouped in delightful little domestic picnic parties. On a holiday all its rural portions are crowded, and as you pass by the different groups, you hear, besides the familiar English tongue, the brilliant accents of the French, and almost every other European nation.



VIEW OF HOBOKEN, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

—OR, THE—

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE FARM-HOUSE.

DURING the early part of the present century, a large, rambling, moss-grown farm-house, situated in the western part of New England, formed the central feature of a landscape, rich in rural beauty, and partaking in many instances of a wild and even gloomy grandeur. At one point, the swell of land on which the house was situated, swept downward with a gentle slope, till it melted away and was lost in a broad expanse of meadow, which margined a tributary to one of the larger rivers, while at another, by a descent more abrupt, it was gradually merged into bold undulations, growing still loftier as they receded, till they rose into heights which were mountainous. To the north, the view was terminated by a grand old forest, which towered in primeval pride, and which, in days gone by, re-echoed to the voice of the red hunter.

It was June, and the long summer day was drawing to a close. Above the setting sun hovered purple and crimson clouds, brightened by dashes of burnished gold, which, at first, lying in shapeless masses along the whole extent of the western horizon, gradually assumed the form of a pavilion, surpassing in splendor the fabled palaces of the East.

Seated near a window of the old farm-house, watching this gorgeous sunset, were two maidens—Edith Grosvenor and Bessie Hamleu. The same rich light which flushed the clouds with such brilliant and varying hues, streamed in at the open window and lit up with "a kind of golden gloom" the black and shining braids of Edith's hair, arranged with careless grace round her superb head, only a few wavy curls being suffered to hover round her smooth, white forehead, full of intellectual beauty. She was only eighteen, and yet there was something in the light of her deep, dark eyes, and in the curve of her finely cut lips, which showed that shadows as well as sunshine had fallen across her path.

Edith sat leaning back in her chair, with one arm passed lightly across Bessie's shoulders, who was seated near her so as to face the window. Though she and Bessie were cousins, they did not in the least resemble each other. The damask bloom of Bessie's cheeks varied with each changing impulse, and there was a bewitching uncertainty as to the color of her eyes, whose light was at one moment veiled by their long, dark lashes, the next flashing forth a sunny, almost dazzling brilliance. Her hair, which was suffered to float free and unconfined, and which, at the present moment, as she bent a little forward, fell in a shower of rich, nut-brown curls over the dark dress of Edith, being thus by contrast rendered doubly bright, was no less beautiful than her eyes. In some other respects many might have thought her plain rather than handsome, her features being far from regular. Her mouth, particularly, was too large, and yet it possessed great sweetness of expression, and the flexile lips were as red and fresh as the coral gleaming through the white foam of the wave.

"How beautiful!" broke from her lips, as spires and pinnacles rose silently upward from the magnificent cloud-palace.

The bloom of her cheeks deepened into a warmer and richer glow as she said this, but the next moment, as she caught the sad, almost mournful expression of Edith's face, it quickly faded.

"You are thinking of this dreadful war which is threatening us, I know you are, and of—"

She hesitated, and finally ceased speaking. She had been going to say, "Austin Sedley." Austin Sedley had for some time been engaged to Edith, and about six months afterward, owing to some wilful misapprehension, as was believed, had, while in an English port, been seized by a press-gang and conveyed on board one of the king's ships.

Edith apparently did not notice the abrupt manner in which Bessie left off speaking, and quietly remarked that it was hardly right to regret what could not be honorably avoided.

"I heard Mr. Thaxter say, the other day, that a war with England was as unnecessary as it was inexpedient," remarked Bessie.

"Better judges than Mr. Thaxter think differently," was Edith's reply.

Before Bessie had time to say anything more, a horseman swept round an abrupt bend of the road, the winding course of which had been concealed by a thick growth of trees. She bent eagerly forward, and then said, in a voice which betrayed considerable excitement:

"Look, Edith, and tell me if you know who it is."

"Wilton Richmond, I believe, though he is still so distant I can hardly tell," replied Edith.

In a minute more all uncertainty was at an end. It was, as Edith had said and Bessie's heart had told her, Wilton Richmond. He was a young man of four or five and twenty, finely formed, and with a dignity of mien somewhat above his years, while the ease and grace with which he managed the high-blooded animal he rode—alike remarkable for beauty and speed—showed him to be an accomplished horseman. He soon reached the broad strip of vivid green, crossed by foot-paths in various directions, which lay in front of the house, when, springing lightly to the ground, and removing the saddle and headstall from his horse—an attention which he acknowledged by rubbing his head against his master's shoulder—he left him to crop, at will, the short but sweet grass already silvered with dew.

The smile with which he greeted the two girls, who met him at the door, faded as Edith asked him what news he brought.

"The bill declaring war with Great Britain has been signed by the president," was his answer.

"Do you think it was right to declare war?" said Bessie.

"Undoubtedly. Were we to look tamely on and see our seamen impressed, our commerce plundered, and our great staples prevented from reaching their legitimate markets, in consequence of the unjust measures of the British parliament?"

"Certainly not!" replied Bessie; "yet it is so sad, to think of the misery war always brings in its train."

"And British injustice—hasn't that brought misery to many a heart and home? Edith could tell you it has," he added, lowering his voice.

"Yes, Sedley's fate is indeed cruel," said Bessie, in the same low tone. "When I think of him, it almost reconciles me to the war—that is," and her eyes sought the floor—"if I were sure you would be content to remain at home."

"That is a question, my dear Bessie, which is settled."

"Not in favor of your staying at home," said Edith.

"No, I have already accepted a captain's commission, and have succeeded in enlisting a few recruits."

"I knew that at such a crisis you wouldn't be willing to remain idle. I shouldn't have been very proud of your acquaintance if you had been."

"Edith, how can you say so?" said Bessie, with quivering lips, and turning hastily away, to conceal her tears.

"My own Bessie," said Wilton, encircling her with his arm, and drawing her towards him, "you must think of the glory, not the danger."

Bessie could not answer, for she thought how often the glory won on the battle-field sheds its light on the soldier's grave. They were prevented from pursuing the subject by the entrance of Mr. Grosvenor, Edith's father.

"Wilton," said he, grasping his young friend's hand, "I am heartily glad to see you—the more so, on account of what I have just heard."

"You have heard of the proceedings of Congress, then?"

"Yes, Mr. Thaxter told me, and he lamented in bitter terms what he considered the uncalled-for measure. I couldn't help telling him that I was glad it had decided as it has. This temporizing spirit, when carried beyond certain limits, to me appears mean and cowardly. You are beating up for recruits, I understand."

"Yes—can I hope to obtain any in this vicinity?"

"Not within a mile. You must get beyond the Thaxters and the Bayntons before you'll find any."

"Then I must be off early in the morning."

"You must—there is no disguising the fact; though I think I may venture to say, that were it consistent with your duty, my niece and daughter would be glad to have you remain weeks instead of a few hours."

Edith confirmed her father's assertion, while the silence of Bessie was more eloquent than words.

CHAPTER II.

THREATENED DANGER.

WE will not dwell on the sad parting which took place in the morning, between Wilton Richmond and his friends at the farm-house. He devoted several weeks to the enlistment of soldiers, in which he was more successful than he had anticipated, otherwise, as far as he was concerned, the interval was unmarked by any incident worthy of notice.

At the end of that period, some service connected with his military duties required his presence some seventy or eighty miles from where he was stationed. It proved to be one of the sultriest of July days that he started on his journey, and when the sun had nearly reached the meridian, more for the sake of his weary horse than his own, he for a few hours sought the shelter of a wood. He found the rays of the sun to be as scorching as ever, when, at last, he felt compelled to resume his journey. It would, even then, be scarcely possible for him till several hours after dark, to reach the place where he had been instructed to pass the night. This was at a place of public entertainment designated as the "Wolfe head Tavern," in "honor" of the gallant general who fell on the Heights of Abraham, and not, as many imagined, because the surrounding country was infested with wolves.

It was after night-fall, when he heard a noise which sounded like distant thunder. A repetition of the sound left him no longer in doubt, and looking towards the west, he saw that a heavy mass of clouds lay low down, along the whole extent of the horizon, from which, now and then, broke a faint flash of lightning. The clouds were stationary, for there was not even air enough to rustle the light and glossy foliage of the birch which grew by the wayside. In a little more than five minutes, however, the wind, with a deep sough, broke the unnatural stillness, and then with a hollow and mournful wail, came sweeping down the road, driving before it clouds of dust and bending the sturdy trees of the forest, which bordered the right-hand side of the road. At the same moment, the sun was darkened, for the heavy clouds, driven by the wind, were rapidly surging upward towards the zenith. A few heavy drops of rain dashed against his face, then came a flash of lightning so vivid as to be almost blinding, and in the same breath, a crash of thunder. This, as he well knew, was ominous of one of those deluging showers so common at that season of the year, and he hastened to free from the fastenings which bound it to his saddle-bow, a short horseman's cloak. He had scarce time to throw it over his shoulders when the rain commenced pouring down, no longer in separate drops, but in continuous streams. He knew of no house where he could obtain shelter, and that which the woods would afford was fraught with too much danger, as he was warned by the zig-zag chains of lightning which were momentarily descending. The wind, too, being in a direction to dash the rain full against his face, it almost blinded him. He had proceeded in this manner ten or fifteen minutes, when, through an opening in the woods, he saw a rude dwelling. He checked his horse, and for a moment remained doubtful whether to proceed or to turn aside and seek such shelter as the building would afford. Finally, suffering the reins to fall loosely on his horse's neck, the animal without hesitation turned into the opening.

Wilton was soon at the door of the hut, for it could not be termed anything better. Back of it, he discovered a small shed partly formed by an excavation in a ledge of rocks. Leading his horse under its shelter, he returned to the door of the hut and ventured to knock, though, by the perfect silence which reigned within, he inferred that he was an unwelcome visitor. At first, such was the unbroken stillness, he thought the hut might be uninhabited, but he soon discovered indications to the contrary, such as a small pile of wood with an axe lying near it, and a few implements of agriculture.

Having knocked a second time, footsteps were almost immediately heard approaching the door, which, after a stout wooden bar was withdrawn, was opened by a woman, rather coarse looking, yet not without certain traits of countenance which might inspire a degree of confidence.

"Will you be so kind as to give me shelter till the shower is over?" said he.

"Yes—though you had better not accept it," was the woman's reply, who at the same time drew back that he might have a chance to enter.

"Why had I better not accept it?" inquired Wilton, as he stepped into a rather large room, which appeared to be the only one which the hut contained.

"Because danger worse than being exposed to a thunder-shower may overtake you here."

"Of what nature?"

"You are an American officer?" she said, interrogatively.

"Yes."

"Need you ask, then, the kind of danger you're exposed to? The gold of the British, as you must know, is every hour drawing to their standard the red men of the forest."

"Am I more exposed to danger on their account than I should be on the road?"

"You are. Their way would lie through the forest, and you might pass along the road undiscovered, or if not, the speed of your horse might enable you to escape—but what can you do here against seven of the fierce Iroquois?"

"Does that question mean that you are expecting that number here?"

"It does."

"You have no fear on your own account?"

"No, or I shouldn't have, if alone."

"You are on friendly terms then with your expected guests?"

"I have never seen them, but they know that here they will find food, and dry boards to lie on. You may think this strange, but there are others besides Indians who accept bribes—and what can a helpless woman do, except as she is commanded?"

"I will leave you then, at once. The worst of the shower appears to be already over, and I've no right to remain, if it will bring you into danger."

Instead of answering him, she placed her finger on her lips in token of silence.

"Did you hear that?" said she, as a long-drawn, piercing cry cut through the duller sounds made by the wind and rain.

"Yes—what does it mean?"

"That in a minute more the Indians will be here. It is their signal, and I was commanded not to unbar the door to any except them."

"I may yet elude them."

"It is too late. If you go forth, it will only be to meet your death. Even here your life isn't worth a single whiff of a tobacco-pipe, if *he*—the owner of this place, is with them."

While speaking, she had pulled forward a ladder which leaned against one side of the room, and placed it against an opening overhead.

"You must go up into the loft," said she, "and then pull the ladder up after you. You must then cover the open space with some pieces of board you'll find lying near. All you will have to do then will be to lie as still as death, for these Indians have quick ears."

Without saying a word, Wilton snatched his cloak from the back of a chair, the sight of which might have excited suspicion, and ascended the ladder, which, as she had directed, he drew up after him.

"Even if Dorson comes, you'll be safe enough now, as far as he is concerned; that is,"— and she turned pale at the thought—"if his dog isn't with him. If it is, we are both lost."

A trampling of feet was at this instant heard near the hut. She unfastened the door and threw it open, then seating herself in a corner of the huge fire-place, constructed of blocks of granite, she took a pipe, lit it and commenced smoking. As she did this, one of the Indians, uttering the shrill, whooping cry which had told of their approach, bounded nearly into the centre of the room. The others followed, the whole number, as she had expected, being seven. In the meantime, the woman sat, apparently unmoved, smoking her pipe.

"We cannot frighten the white squaw," said he who had first entered.

Could he have known how wildly her heart throbbed, and in what heavy drops the perspiration stood on her forehead, she would have sunk many degrees in his good opinion.

"Why should I fear?" said she, constraining herself to speak calmly. "The corn is ground, and the venison steaks are ready for the coals."

Even as she spoke, a new fear assailed her. Dorson, though he had not yet entered, might have come with the rest, and, attracted perhaps, by some noise made by the stranger's horse, had gone to the shed to ascertain what it was. As this thought flashed into her mind, it was with difficulty that she assumed an appearance of indifference, as she inquired if Dorson had come.

"The white hunter finds plenty of game," replied one of the Indians, "and wont return to his lodge till another moon."

This answer caused her to breathe more freely, and, laying aside her pipe, she rose and commenced preparing supper for her hungry guests.

Meanwhile, Wilton could easily see what was going on through one of the numerous broad cracks in the loosely laid floor of the loft. With the exception of one of the Indians, whom the others appeared to look upon as their leader, they were not very favorable specimens of their tribe. They, however, undoubtedly would have looked much better, had their dress been confined to the Indian costume, instead of being incongruously intermingled with various garments, and of cast-off British uniforms, among which a discolored scarlet coat showed conspicuously. They still retained their hunting-knives and tomahawks, but the gun supplied the place of the more picturesque bow and quiver.

At first, any slight noise he made by changing his position for one more comfortable, was lost in the noise of the descending rain. It was not long, however, before the rain, from beating violently upon the roof, began to descend softly and silently, and soon entirely ceased, so that the least movement was in danger of being overheard.

Once, when his limbs became so cramped, from having long remained in the same posture, as to be almost unendurable, an attempt to assume one that was easier drew upward the glances of seven pair of keen, piercing eyes. The hostess also gave a nervous start, which, fortunately, was unobserved. The Indians listened a few moments to see if the noise would be repeated, though, in accordance with the habitual taciturnity ascribed to them as a people, they forbore to make any remark on the subject to each other. They did not forget it, however, as was shown by a stealthy glance being from time to time directed towards the loft. More than once, it seemed to Wilton that their glittering eyes met his, though reason told him that this could not be the case, as the flickering light emitted from the pine-knot placed in the corner of the broad fire-place and from the coals where the steaks were broiling, was not strong enough to dissipate the darkness of the loft.

At last, the simultaneous movement which followed the announcement of the hostess that the hoe-cakes and venison were ready, enabled Wilton to wind round him an old brown coverlet which he found near, and to press himself closely into the narrow space where the sloping roof met the side of the house. His next care was to draw towards him some unswingled flax, a large quantity of which was piled in the centre of the floor, and so arrange it as carefully, though lightly, cover him. He then, with as much composure as he could assume, awaited in his wretched place of concealment, the time—for he well knew it would come—when search would be made to find the cause of the noise which had excited suspicion.

The meal was despatched, when the faint hope indulged in by the hostess, that the noise heard in the loft would not be recalled, was destroyed by the laconic question:

"Who's up there?"

The Indian who made this inquiry, pointed to the loft as he spoke.

"Those, which a great part of the time are my only company," replied the woman, with an appearance of indifference.

"I asked who?" said he, with angry emphasis.

"The rats."

"The white squaw is jeering me," said he, a ferocious light kindling in his eyes.

"I speak the truth," she answered.

"We will see."

As he spoke, he sprang upon the table and quickly shoved aside one of the loose boards overhead. As many others followed as could find a footing on the table, with cries full of an eager thirst for blood, which caused the cold drops to start from every pore of him, who now bitterly regretted that, instead of leaving the hut when he first became aware of the approach of the hostile Indians, he had consented to follow the woman's advice and availed himself of so precarious a place of concealment. He reproached himself the more severely on account of the inexcusable thoughtlessness which caused him to leave his pistols in the holster, which still remained fastened to the saddle. Had they been ready to his hand, he believed that even yet, there would have been a chance for his life.

Standing on the table, their heads and shoulders reaching above the floor of the loft, the Indians peered round on every side. The hostess knew their silence to be a good omen. She had before entertained a faint hope, and now she felt certain, that her stranger-guest was, at least temporarily concealed from view. As her own life, she believed, as well as his, hung on this chance, the self-control may be appreciated, which enabled her to preserve an appearance of calmness.

"You see that I told you the truth," she ventured to say.

"There's something under this flax," was the reply. "Maybe the rat is caught in a trap."

The next she expected to hear was a savage cry of exultation, and she turned away to conceal the paleness which, she knew by the sudden faintness which came over her, must have overspread her countenance. They had immediately commenced overhauling the large pile of flax in the centre of the floor. As they took it up in large handfuls, they threw it back where Wilton lay, thus more effectually concealing him. When they found that there was nothing beneath it, they looked at each other for a moment, and then, without saying a word, sprang from the table.

"We will rest till midnight," said one of them. "The moon will then be up, which will guide us to the camp of the white chief."

"I will spread skins for you to lie upon," said the hostess, taking some from a pile in one corner of the room.

Having conveniently arranged them, the red-men, meanwhile, looking gravely on, she withdrew to a distant part of the room, where, leaning back in her chair, she was to all appearance fast asleep. What was feigned on her part, was real as regarded her tawny guests; who, lying in various attitudes, in a few minutes had sunk into a profound slumber. When satisfied of this, she softly rose and stole through a back entrance by which she could gain access to the shed, for more than once Wilton's horse, which there had been no opportunity to attend to, had given audible signs of impatience. She returned and resumed her place in the chair, but the agony of fear through which she had passed had driven away all inclination to sleep. That of the Indians continued to be deep and heavy, as one tedious hour after another wore away, without anything to indicate their silent lapse to either of the impatient watchers.

The fire had gone down and was nearly out, though a faint uncertain glimmer would now and then, for a moment, play on the smoke-stained walls. At length a soft, silvery light shone in at the high, unglazed window, and fell full upon the face of one of the sleeping Indians. It roused him, and half rising from his recumbent posture, he rubbed his eyes and looked round. The noise he made, slight as it was, awoke the others.

"The moon is up and will show us the trail," said he, who first woke. "We will go."

They all started to their feet, and the next moment they were gone. The woman did not move till the noise of their receding footsteps was lost in the distance. She then rose, fastened the door and placed something against the only window which the hut contained, so that a light could not be seen by a person without; she lit a pine knot, which she placed on a ledge of the rudely constructed fire-place, in default of anything which might serve as a candlestick.

Wilton, who, in the meantime, had crept from his confined and uncomfortable quarters, found himself so benumbed, that even if the low roof had permitted, he would at first have been unable to rise to his feet.

"Come," said the hostess, when she had lit the torch, "you must prepare to be away. Day will break in less than two hours, and then, if not before, more of the redskins may be here."

"Why should you expect them?"

"They know that here they can have food. Dorson has so agreed. Be quick, and let down the ladder."

Wilton obeyed, and having descended, remarked that he must go and see to his horse.

"Your horse has been cared for," she replied, "though it will be well for you to look to him yourself."

She had already kindled a fire, and by the time Wilton had returned from the stable, some choice slices of venison which she had purposely reserved, were nearly ready. These, with a wheaten loaf and a cup of excellent souchong pretty liberally dealt from a canister of lackered ware, produced from some mysterious corner, constituted a meal, which by Wilton was highly relished after an abstinence of twelve hours, notwithstanding the peril to which he he had recently been exposed.

"Do not think me actuated merely by a spirit of curiosity," said he, when, having finished his meal, he rose from the table, "if I venture to express a wish to know the name of one to whom I am indebted beyond what I may never be able to pay."

"My name is Burmann—Christina Burmann, and my parents came from Germany when I was only two or three years old."

"You are not the wife of this Dorson, then, that you have spoken of?"

"No—he is my step-brother, and is a bad man."

"Why not leave him then?"

"How can I? I have no home except the one he gives me."

"This can hardly be called a home."

"That is true—but where else can I go?"

"Some day it may be different."

"There is little hope of that. Do you return this way?"

"Yes."

"And yet I dare not ask you to call."

"Should you wish to know my fate hereafter, if you have an opportunity, inquire for Wilton Richmond."

"I sha'n't forget."

Thanking her warmly for her kindness, Wilton now took leave, having first placed a piece of gold in a place where he knew she would be sure to find it. In a few minutes more, he was again on the road, with an unclouded moon to light his way, while the air, rendered cool and balmy by the late shower, revived and exhilarated his spirits.

CHAPTER III.

A STAGE-COACH ACQUAINTANCE.

When Bessie Hamlen's father found that hostilities had actually commenced between the United States and Great Britain, his wife, by his request, wrote for her to return home. His views with regard to the expediency of the war being entirely different from those of his brother-in-law, Mr. Grosvenor, he was not willing that his daughter should prolong her visit. He probably would not have consented to her going, had he been at home, but an annual visit, ever since they were children, had been interchanged between her and her cousin Edith, and as the usual time for her going had arrived, Mrs. Hamlen had permitted her to make the visit, as she knew of no reason for non-compliance with a long-established custom.

Some ventured to whisper among themselves, that a constitutional love of ease, rather than, according to his own assertion, a love of country, gave a bias to his political principles. This might or might not, have been true. At any rate, those best acquainted with his disposition and habits, would not have imagined that his patriotism was of so ardent and active a nature as to make him wish for an opportunity to be "set in the forefront of the battle," the place assigned to Uriah, the Hittite.

Mr. Hamlen's home was on the northern shore of Chesapeake Bay. It was a fine old mansion, and situated in the midst of extensive and highly cultivated grounds, which bore ample testimony to the opulence of the owner.

Bessie was expecting to stay, at least, four or five weeks longer with her cousin, when she received her mother's letter. It informed her that Mr. Marshton, an elderly gentleman, with whom Bessie was well acquainted, was on a visit to his daughter, residing only a few miles from her Uncle Grosvenor, and that an arrangement had been made for her to return in company with him.

"Is your letter from home?" inquired Edith, when Bessie had finished reading it.

"Yes, it is from my mother, and she says that father wishes me to return home."

"Why, you haven't staid half as long as usual! Has anything happened?"

"Mother doesn't say that there has."

"How soon must you go?"

"I am to start next Monday morning. Mr. Marshton, a near neighbor of ours, who is on a visit to Mrs. Olney, his daughter, is going then, and he will take charge of me."

"Wilton thought he might get a chance to ride over, and spend an hour with us, next Monday evening."

"I know it. But I sha'n't see him now. I may never see him again."

Edith felt that what Bessie said was only too true, though her answer was cheerful and full of hope.

It was one of the brightest and balmiest of summer mornings that Bessie waved her final farewell from the coach window, to her uncle and cousin. For some time, the pain of parting with Edith, who was more like a sister to her than a cousin, added to which, as must be confessed, was many a sharp regret at the necessity that compelled her to return home without once more seeing Wilton Richmond, prevented her from taking any notice of her fellow-passengers. She only knew that besides Mr. Marshton and herself, there were but two, a middle-aged gentleman and a lad of fourteen, who was his son.

Bessie had the whole of the back seat to herself, the gentleman and his son occupying the middle one, and the forward one having been taken possession of by Mr. Marshton. It was not long, however, before there was a fifth passenger to share it with him.

He was a tall, slightly built man, about forty-five years of age, or a little older. His countenance was singular, and, in some respects, strongly marked. His brows were heavy and projecting, denoting a pretty strong development of the perceptive faculties, a trait of countenance rendered more observable by the low, receding forehead. His hair, black as jet, was of that lank, oily kind which cleaves together in flakes, and is often found in connection with a corresponding facial unctiousness; a combination which, in accordance with some hypothesis more easily realized than explained, is thought to impart to their owner that peculiar look of meekness, which is often taken for cunning and hypocrisy.

For the first half hour all the passengers remained silent, when the man just described, abruptly addressed Mr. Marshton.

"Did you ever happen to hear of a gentleman by the name of Hamlen?" said he.

"I have," was Mr. Marshton's answer. "The house of a gentleman by the name of Geoffrey Hamlen is within a short distance of mine."

"Ah—indeed—that is fortunate, as it gives me the promise of your company during the whole of my journey. The Hon. Geoffrey Hamlen is an old friend of mine."

Bessie, at the mention of the name of Hamlen, raised her eyes for the first time after entering the coach, and looked towards the speaker. They quickly fell, however, for they encountered his, which were fixed on her face with a look of unequivocal admiration. Judging by a few of his next questions, he did not suspect that she was a daughter of the Mr. Hamlen he was on his way to see.

"I have been told," said he, "that Mr. Hamlen is immensely rich—that he owns land enough for a principality in Germany. Have I been rightly informed?"

"He is, without doubt, very well off," was Mr. Marshton's answer.

"Has he any children to inherit his wealth?"

"He has only one child."

"Ah, yes, I have heard that he has a daughter."

In order to put a stop to being further questioned respecting what, in consideration of Bessie's presence, was rather an awkward subject, Mr. Marshton was about to make known to the inquisitive stranger, that the young lady present was Mr. Hamlen's

daughter. Bessie, however, who divined his purpose, gave him a significant look to prevent its execution, for she was curious to know in what manner the catechism would proceed.

"Is the daughter single?" was the next question.

"She is."

"But is spoken for before this time, I dare say."

"Likely enough."

"An answer which I suppose means that she is. Who may the fortunate man be?"

"Really, sir, I cannot take it upon me to say. Though Miss Hamlen and I are very good friends, I don't pretend to be her confidant."

"It's my belief that the name of the young man, or boy, I might rather say, is Wilton Richmond," said the stranger, casting an oblique glance towards Mr. Marshton.

"I don't often attempt to shake any one's belief," Mr. Marshton replied, "as it commonly proves to be labor spent in vain."

And turning his face to the window, he appeared to be intent on viewing the scenery. Bessie followed his example, partly for the sake of avoiding being stared at by the disagreeable stranger, whose name, she subsequently ascertained, was Ishmael Withers.

Bessie did not arrive at her father's house till Wednesday evening. During the whole of the intermediate time, as far as Mr Withers was concerned, she had preserved her incognito, Mr. Marshton having, by her request, avoided having called her by name. As she expected, Mr. Withers called in the morning, but she took care to be out of sight. Although in the course of a few days, he was on such intimate terms with her father that he called without ceremony at any time he chose, she continued to avoid meeting him. It was not long before her father spoke to her on the subject.

"Mr. Withers," said he, "has promised to take tea with us this afternoon, and I shall expect you to be present. I was not aware that you had always been absent from the room when he called, till this morning he expressed a wish to be introduced to my daughter."

"I've seen him, if I haven't been introduced to him, and I don't like him."

"You shouldn't say that of any person I call my friend."

"O father, do you call Mr. Withers your friend?"

"Certainly I do. Why shouldn't I? He is a man of influence, as I have heard, and belongs to a good family."

"I'm afraid that he doesn't resemble the family he belongs to then."

"You will please make no more remarks of that nature. And there is another thing that I may as well warn you against, now that I have a good opportunity."

"What is it, father?" said Bessie, finding that her father hesitated a little. "What do you wish to warn me against?"

"Against your any longer corresponding with Wilton Richmond. It is my desire, that from this time the correspondence be entirely broken off."

"I thought that you liked Wilton, and that you were willing we should write to each other."

"If I was willing once, I'm no longer so."

"I may at least write him a few words of explanation."

"Not a single syllable. I didn't suppose that he would be among the first to take up arms in an unjust war."

"He doesn't consider it unjust—neither does Uncle Grosvenor."

"Your Uncle Grosvenor's opinion needn't be cited. We all know how headstrong he is."

Bessie attempted to reply, but he silenced her with an angry gesture.

"We wont enlarge upon the subject now," said he. "You will bear in mind, that you are to assist your mother and me to entertain Mr. Withers, and that you are to do it cheerfully too,—or, at least, with an appearance of cheerfulness."

Mr. Hamlen had been called an easy, good-natured man, and Bessie was not only deeply grieved, but almost frightened at his angry manner even more marked, than his words. The truth was, he was apathetic, rather than good-tempered, and when roused, his ill-disciplined passions were not readily controlled. Bessie sought her mother, and told her what had passed between her father and herself.

"It is what I've been expecting," said Mrs. Hamlen. "You wont make any attempt to elude your father's commands."

"O no, but it is so hard not to be allowed to explain to Wilton why our correspondence is to be broken off."

"Write to Edith, and she can tell him."

"Yes, but then I should so much prefer doing it myself."

"'Bide your time,' my daughter. Be careful to do right, and all, so we may hope, will come out right in the end."

Mr. Withers did not fail to make his appearance at an early hour in the afternoon. Mr. Hamlen met him at the door, and conducted him to the presence of his wife and daughter. He entered the room in a kind of stealthy, gliding manner, and there was that in his whole appearance, which excited still more in the heart of Bessie that feeling of repugnance produced by the first sight of him, so that it now nearly amounted to loathing.

He started a little, as he recognized in Bessie the young lady he had met in the stage-coach, and for a moment—for the questions he had asked Mr. Marshton flashed upon his mind—he was a little embarrassed; but instantly recovering himself, for notwithstanding the meekness of his looks he was not a man to be easily abashed, he met her the same as he would had he never before seen her.

Bessie and even Mrs. Hamlen were at a loss to account for the uncommon attention, and even deference, with which Mr. Hamlen treated him. It seemed impossible not to imagine that he was not actuated by some covert reason.

Bessie sat by a window, busy with some needle-work, and Mr. Withers soon drew his chair near hers. She involuntarily shrunk back, as preparatory to speaking, he bent towards her, and assumed a confidential air.

"You may depend on my discretion, Miss Hamlen," said he, looking at her from the corners of his eyes, the same as she had seen him look at Mr. Marshton, when in the stage-coach.

"Sir?" said she interrogatively, for a moment raising her eyes to his, with a look of unfeigned astonishment.

"You don't take my meaning."

"I certainly don't."

"Wilton Richmond [his voice dropped still lower as he pronounced the name] was mentioned the first day I had the felicity to travel in company with you."

"Yes, I believe you mentioned him."

"And from a certain remark I made, you must be aware, that I knew this Richmond was a sweatheart of yours; a circumstance which I suppose you wouldn't wish to have come to your father's ears, seeing he is so hard against the young man on account of his political principles, and so I came to the very natural conclusion that as your father and I are hand and glove as it were, you might suffer some uneasiness, lest I should turn informer against you—betray you, as one might say. But you needn't be afraid, Miss Bessie, the secret shall rest between ourselves."

This was said in a soft, wheedling way, which to Bessie, as well as the proposition of sharing a secret with him of any kind, whatever, was inexpressibly disgusting. He probably mistook the expression of her countenance, for he immediately added:

"You needn't be afraid—I am making no attempt to deceive you—I mean precisely as I say. As I've already said, you may depend on my discretion."

"I certainly shall not dispute your assertion," she replied, "but as there are no concealments of any kind between either of my parents and myself, there will be no occasion for the exercise of your forbearance."

"I'm truly glad to hear it. What you say about not having any concealments between yourself and parents, has raised you a hundred per cent., as it were, in my good opinion. I might have known, that an angel like you must be incapable of entertaining even a wrong thought. And so, after all, perhaps this Wilton Richmond and you are not on the good terms I supposed you to be."

"You will pardon me, Mr. Withers, if I venture to remark, that though there may be no concealments between my parents and myself, as respects Wilton Richmond, or any other person, I know no reason why I should bestow my confidence on a stranger."

She rose as she spoke, and took a seat by her mother, as the best means of putting an end to a conversation, equally impertinent and disagreeable.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COTTAGE OF DAME ANSTIS.

Something like a week afterward, Bessie, as she often did, went to carry some cakes and other delicacies, such as are not attainable by the poor, to a woman who lived in a little house nestled down in a hollow of some wild and craggy hills, at the southwest extremity of her father's domain. She found Dame Anstis, as she was called, sitting just outside the door, at her wheel, spinning linen. The sun was getting low, but through a break among the hills, a broad belt of sunshine fell across the little moss-grown cottage, and her whose home was beneath its roof. All around was in deep shadow, making the sunshine look brighter, and the bit of blue sky overhead seem softer and more delicious. Bessie stopped a minute at the entrance of the glen and listened, for Dame Anstis was singing an old New England ballad, commemorative of Lovewell's fight, in low, chanting notes, to which the humming of her spinning wheel formed no inappropriate accompaniment. She was singing the subjoined stanza, the words of which Bessie could plainly distinguish:

"When gone, my Mary, think of me,
And pray to God that I may be
Such as one ought, who lives for thee,
And come at last, in victory."

When she had finished the stanza, Bessie, finding that she did not see her, stepped forward.

"I was thinking of 'Bright Bessie,'" said Anstis, without ceasing to turn her wheel.

"Were you? Well, I've come on purpose to bring you some of those cakes and tarts you are so fond of."

"Thank you. But how is this?" said Anstis, peering into her face. "You are not the 'Bright Bessie' you were the last time you were here. You smile the same as you did then, but there is a mournful light away down in the depths of your eyes. I know what has done it."

"What has done it, good mother?"

"Let me see your hand, and I will tell you."

It was not without a slight thrill of fear that Bessie held out her hand for her inspection. Anstis took hold of it, and for a few moments followed with her eye the delicate tracery of the lines, which, with many a graceful curve, crossed the soft, rosy palm.

"The lines lose themselves in such a way," said she, "I can make nothing of them. But, last night, I looked at the stars. They were as golden letters to me, on the dark blue sky. I read them."

"And what did they tell you?"

"That the shadow of an evil and a dark-minded man has fallen across the path of 'Bright Bessie.'"

"What more did they tell you?"

"That the same shadow would darken the path of him of the heart and open hand, who is gone to fight the battles of his country."

Bessie felt a chill creep over her as the hateful form of Ishmael Withers rose in imagination before her.

"Even now," resumed Anstis, "he is weaving villanous plot in the dark chambers of his brain, which, if successful, will cost the young, noble-minded and generous man his life, and make yours miserable."

"May they not be hindered?"

"They might, if the boy Hammett were here, for I can weave as cunning plots as Ishmael Withers. Hammett has a true heart cool head and swift foot, and can execute them."

"Your nephew is absent now?"

"Yes—this is the twelfth day since he left me."

"When will he return?"

"He should have been here the tenth. If, with the close of another day he comes not back, I shall know that some misfortune has befallen him."

"And must I remain passive? May I not do something to avert the danger which you say is impending over Wilton Richmond?"

"Not yet. Your path is dark. Wait till the light breaks in upon it. In the meantime, keep your heart pure and your tongue from uttering evil."

As she finished speaking, the sun's broad disk sunk below the horizon.

"You must go now, Bessie," said she. "If Hammett were here to guide you across that dreary moor, you might stay till the stars shine. Now, if you wait till dark, you may miss the firm path, and then, though your steps are light and free as the fawn's, they might sink in the black, soft mud of the fen."

"I shall be across the moor long before dark," said Bessie, taking the basket which Austis handed her, after removing the contents.

"If you should meet Ishmael Withers, let him see that you don't fear him. He carries a coward's heart in his bosom, and will quail before the light of a calm and fearless eye, even if its light shine upon him from beneath the smooth, white brow of my 'Bright Bessie.'"

"I don't think I shall meet him," said Bessie. "No one but mother knew that I was coming here."

"In two days come again."

"I will if I can. Good-by, Dame Anstis."

"Good-by, Bessie, and don't let thoughts of that evil-minded man trouble you, but be cautious and circumspect."

"What you say gives me courage," said Bessie.

And tripping lightly along, she turned at the entrance of the glen, and once more bid Anstis good-by. She soon came to the moor, but the sinuous path which crossed it was firm, though so narrow that she needed all the light afforded by the fading twilight to avoid stepping aside. The rest of the way was through broad, open fields and flowery lanes, except a narrow belt of woodland. She had crossed it half way when she heard some one coming towards her. She was prevented from seeing who it was by the gloom of the woods, but fearing that it might be Ishmael Withers, she turned to go back. The next moment the person addressed her.

"Don't be afraid, Miss Bessie, it is I," said a clear, pleasant voice.

She was not afraid, for she knew very well that the voice was Hammett's, the nephew of Anstis.

"It's getting dark now. Let me go with you till you arrive in sight of home," said the boy.

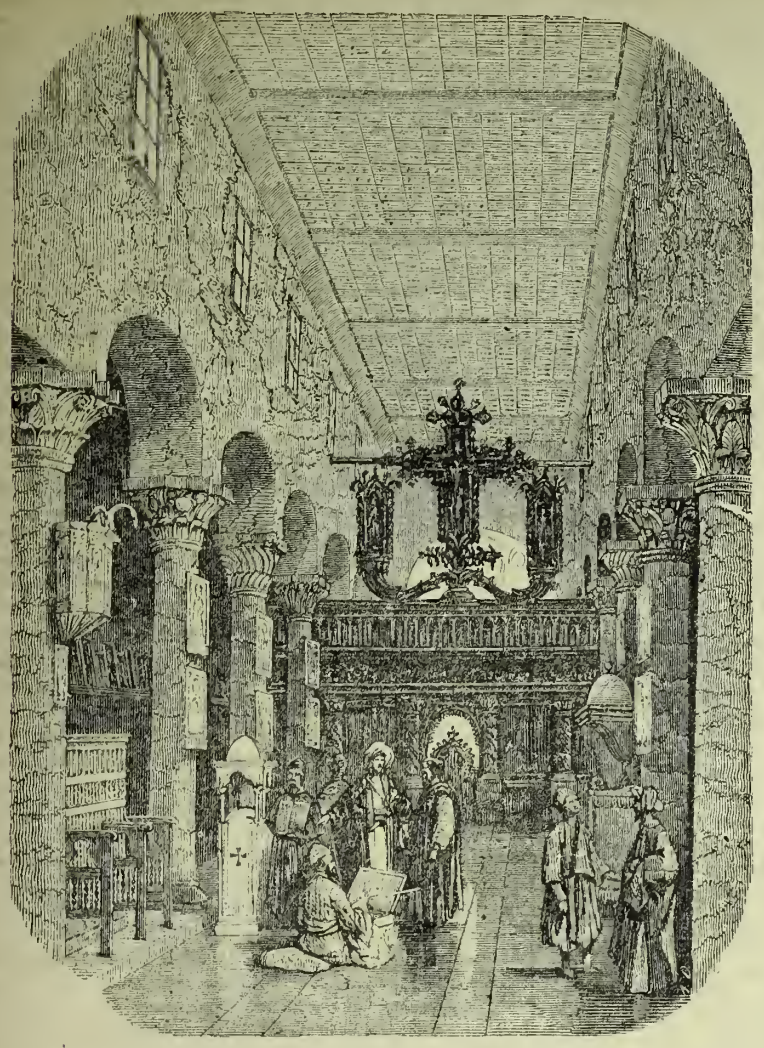
Bessie gladly accepted his offer, and she felt still more grateful to him, when, on emerging from the woods, she saw Ishmael Withers dart quickly behind a clump of trees.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH OF CAPTAIN DEATH.

Perhaps history cannot afford a more remarkable instance of desperate courage than that shown by the officers and crew of an English privateer, called the Terrible, under the command of Captain Death, of twenty-six guns and two hundred men. On the 23d of December, 1757, he engaged and made prize of a large French ship, from St. Maloes, after an obstinate battle, in which he had his brother and sixteen seamen killed. He then secured his prize with forty men, and directed his course for England; but in a few days he had the misfortune to fall in with the Vengeance, of thirty-six guns, a privateer, off St. Domingo. Their first step was to attack the prize, which was easily re-taken; the two ships then bore down upon the Terrible, whose mainmast was cut away by the first broadside. Nothwithstanding this disaster, the Terrible maintained such a furious engagement against both, as can hardly be paralleled in the annals of the British navy. The French commander and his second lieutenant were killed, with two-thirds of his company; but the gallant Captain Death, with the greater part of his officers and almost his whole crew having met with the same fate, his ship was boarded by the enemy, who found no more than twenty-six persons alive, sixteen of whom were mutilated by the loss of a leg or an arm, and the other ten grievously wounded! The ship itself lay like a wreck upon the water, and the whole exhibited a scene of horror and desolation. The victor itself was so shattered that it was scarcely able to tow the Terrible into St. Maloes, where she was beheld with astonishment and terror. This adventure was no sooner known in England, than a liberal subscription was raised for the support of Death's widow, and that part of the crew which survived the engagement. There was a strange combination of names belonging to this privateer—the Terrible was equipped at Execution Dock, commanded by Captain Death; his lieutenant was named Devil, and the surgeon's name was Ghost.—*Chronicles of the Sea.*

I have observed that most ladies who have had what is considered as an education, have no idea of an education progressive through life. Having attained a certain measure of accomplishment, knowledge, manners, etc., they consider themselves as made up, and so take their station: they are pictures which, being quite finished, are now put in a frame—a gilded one, if possible—and hung up in permanence of beauty!—permanence, that is to say, till old Time, with his rude and dirty fingers, soil the charming colors.—*Foster.*



INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE.

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE.

The engraving on this page represents the interior of the church belonging to the Greek convent on Mount Sinai, one of the most celebrated spots in the Holy Land, being that where the law was communicated to Moses by the Almighty. The convent is enclosed on all sides by lofty walls; and being in the midst of a population inimical to the Christian faith, it was built on the brow of a precipice, the only means of access and egress being by a basket raised and lowered by ropes and pulleys. It is one of the most interesting places which the traveller can visit. The massive and simple style of the interior architecture is peculiar. The effect of those ponderous pillars and heavy arches is very solemn, as seen by the "dim religious light" which fills the interior, lighting up the prominent points of the architecture, and casting heavy shadows from the columns and projections. The peculiar situation of the church gives it additional interest.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN,

THE IRISH PATRIOT.

The accompanying head is an excellent and authentic likeness of William Smith O'Brien, who is now, after his tedious exile, returned to his native land, and the home of his fathers. He is the second son of Edward O'Brien, baronet, of county Clare, Ireland, who sat for several years in the Irish parliament. Born in 1806, he was educated at Harrow School and Cambridge University, and in 1827 was elected a member of parliament for the horough of Ennis. Though sometimes acting with the whigs, he did not consider himself a party man. He spoke occasionally with effect, and as he exhibited an aptitude for business, was placed on several important committees. In 1837, he voted against a measure introduced by the whig ministry; and his vote having placed the government in the minority, the ministers were forced to resign. Mr. O'Connell denounced him on that occasion, but he was sustained by his constituency, and returned to parliament from Limerick. In 1843, he opposed the passage of the Arms act for Ireland, and received the thanks of the Repeal Association for his vote. He became an active member of that association, but withdrew with others on the passage of Mr. John O'Connell's peace resolutions,—joining in the new party organization that resulted therefrom. After the French revolution of 1848, he was very bold in the expression of his views, both in parliament and in Ireland, and was brought to trial with Mr. Meagher for sedition. The government failed to convict him, and he was liberated. He was afterwards arrested, tried for treason, and sentenced to death; but his punishment was commuted to transportation to Van Diemen's land. During the Eastern war he received permission to visit Europe, and latterly to return to Great Britain, of which it appears he has availed himself. He is a man of great ability, great resolution, and a sincere lover of his native land.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

We present on this page an accurate and pleasing general view of the city of Montreal, the principal city and second commercial port of British America, and connected by railroad with Plattsburg, Portland, Boston and New York. The facility of intercommunication has rendered us near neighbors to the good citizens of Montreal. The city is built on the south side of the island of Montreal, at the confluence of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence, 420 miles north of New York, and 600 miles from the sea. Latitude, 45 deg. 30 min. north; longitude, 73 deg. 55 min. west. The city occupies a narrow tract about two miles wide between Royal Mount, which is a beautiful eminence, and the river. It was founded in 1640, under the name of Ville-Marie, on the site of the Indian village of Hochelaga. In 1760, shortly after the surrender of Quebec, it was taken by the English. In 1849, the seat of government was removed to Quebec, a mob having burned the parliament house and the adjoining library. In 1852, a large part of the city was laid waste by a destructive fire. The upper and lower parts of the town offer a strong contrast. In the former the streets are broad and well lighted, and the houses handsome and commodious. The material chiefly used in building is a grayish stone; the roofs are covered with sheets of tin, and these glittering in the sun, and taken in connection with the numerous spires and towers, give the place a very attractive aspect when viewed from a distance. The main street, running on the centre of the ridge on which the city stands, is called Notre Dame Street. St. James Street, further west, is broader and more elegant. In the lower part of the town the streets are narrow and ill-paved, and the houses, generally in the French style, dark and gloomy The city is well supplied with water, and the streets lighted with gas. The principal public buildings, most of which are on the Rue Notre Dame, are the Town Hall, the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the Hotel Dieu, a large hospital for the reception of the sick poor, the convent of Notre Dame designed for female instruction, the General Hospital, two convents, English and Scotch churches, the court house, new jail, government house, Nelson's monument, the barracks, the new Roman Catholic cathedral (which is capable of containing from 10,000 to 12,000 persons, 255 1-2 feet in length, by 134 1-2 feet wide, and with six towers, three of which in front are 220 feet high), and the Market House, a magnificent pile with a lofty dome, fronting the wharf. There are also a library and reading-room, a society of natural history, a mechanics' institute, the Canadian institute, Merchants' Exchange, mercantile library, and an agricultural association. The largest banking-houses in British North America have their head offices here, which are mostly situated on the Place d'Armes. The tubular iron bridge across the St. Lawrence will cost about $2,000,000. The harbor is fine, and the quays are said by some to be the finest in America. They extend for several miles, presenting a vast extent of beautiful masonwork. The city is divided from the river by a terrace of gray limestone. The commerce of Montreal is very extensive, and it is the centre of the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company. Many manufactures are carried on within the limits of the city. The climate is very hot in summer, and very cold in winter. The educational advantages of the city are great. There are a French college, a university with five professors, open to persons of all religious denominations, a Roman Catholic theological school, a high school, and several classical and scientific academies. The population, in 1851, was 57,715, composed mainly of French Canadians, English, Scotch, Irish and Americans. The French language is much spoken.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL, CANADA.



SMITH O'BRIEN, THE IRISH PATRIOT.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A writer in the North British Review, speaking of the wonderful advances science has made in the past quarter of a century, thus comments: "It is curious and deeply instructing to observe how much of the advance which mankind has made in some of the most essential branches of material improvement has been effected within the last quarter of a century; and on the other hand, in how many departments human intelligence reached its culminating point ages ago. It is not likely that the world will ever see a more perfect poet than Homer, a grander statesman than Pericles, a sublimer or more comprehensive philosopher than Plato, a sculptor equal to Phidias, a painter superior to Raphael. In the fine arts, and in speculative thought, our remotest ancestors are still our masters. In science and its applications, the order of precedence is reversed, and our own age has been more prolific and amazing than the aggregate of all the ages which have gone before us. Take two points only, the most obvious and the most signal—locomotion and the transmission of intelligence. At the earliest period of authentic history, men travelled as fast as in the year 1830. Nimrod got over the ground at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. Napoleon could go no faster. Between 1830 and 1840, we raised the maximum of speed from ten miles to seventy. The first six thousand years did nothing, or next to nothing—the next six years did everything, reached the limits of possible achievement in this direction; for no one imagines that any greater speed is attainable or would be bearable. Again: it is probable that Abraham sent messages to Lot just as rapidly as Frederick the Great, or George III. transmitted orders to their generals or admirals. In 1794, the old wooden telegraph was invented, and made a certain though a partial and a slight advance. But, with this exception, the rate at which intelligence could be conveyed had remained stationary at that of ordinary locomotion on horseback up to 1840. In 1840, we communicated at the velocity of twelve miles an hour. In 1850, we communicated over immeasurable distances in inappreciably infinitesimal subdivisions of time. The experiment was made, and a message was transmitted from Belgrade to Liverpool instantaneously. Here, too, at a single leap, we have reached the 'ne plus ultra' of earthly possibility. In ten years—nay, in five—we have reached the vast space between the speed of a horse and the speed of lightning."—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

APOLOGY TO MY BROTHER,

On my apathetic reception of his Commission in the Navy.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Forgive thou my gross selfishness! my heart was fraught with grief;
But my neglect has burned until it laves thus in relief.
I mused upon my own tame lot, nor thought of glorious thine;
I pray thee, brother, now forgive that strange neglect of mine.

Hand now the parchment; let my eye its finest traces scan:
Ha! was this warded unto the? my brother now a man?
Methinks but yesterday we twined damp algea in our hair,
Tossing our tresses on the wind, we sported, childlike, there:

There, by the seashore; where the waves dash up with hollow moan,
Forever singing to the heart in strange sepulchral tone:
There, where great ships flit to and fro, like spirits voyaging on
Time's sea unto eternity—a moment here—and gone!

Methinks we stroll upon the sand; the wavelets kiss out feet;
The sea breeze fans our throbbing brows with saline odor sweet;
Beside us wreaths of stolen pearls—the nerlads shells, forgot;
he while old sea rolls thundering on, making the old rocks rot.

And thou hast won this! ay, by toil: toil of that brain of thine!
And oft hast dreamed of this proud day, and of a smile of mine;
When lo, it lies neglected by! like shells upon the sand—
That parchment, which enrolls thee, boy, among a patriot band!

Go! don thy "navy blue," my boy; gird on that sword of thine;
And poise thy chapeau gallantly, to please me, brother mine.
Now dost thou deem no thrill awakes thy sister's hosom core?
Lend me thy chapeau and thy sword, comrade! *Salut ae la gloire!*

There is no curse upon this earth; no, not one under heaven
Worse than affectiou's apathy—or living unforgiven:
I'd rather be the thing I am—devoured with fierce emotion—
Than calm and coolly reign the queen of earth, and air, and ocean!

But there is that upon my tongue, within my heart, to-day,
That never have I said or sung; but now, 'tis time to say:
Life is a lesson hard to learn—harder for some than other—
But long as oceau thunders on, I'll love thee, O my brother!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FOOTFALL ON THE STAIRS.

AN OLD-TIME HISTORY.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

Only in the hour of grief and sorrow—only when desolation and death had fallen upon the house, and when another soul was about to quit its hold on life,—then it was, and then alone, that the footfall was heard upon the stairs. Generation after generation had passed away, and for the space of nigh two hundred years so said the records handed down—it had existed, throughout the huge old hall, echoing and re-echoing a solemn, slow and ghostly footfall in the ancient mansion of the Grandons.

Always the forerunner of a death to one of the name. When the wind howled around the house, and the rain dashed wildly against the windows, like some invisible, troubled spirit seeking for an entrance; while the thunder rolled above and died away in low mutterings afar off, and while the wailing of bending trees swinging to and fro in the strong grasp of the spirit of the storm could be heard without, then, if death hovered over the ancient mansion of the Grandons, it echoed through the huge old hall.

When sunshine and brightness smiled in the summer sky, and the sweet voices of wood songsters making music beneath the tabernacle of heaven, filled pleasantly the air; when nature was decked out in her robes of verdure, and aught save joy and cheerfulness seemed strangely out of place, then, too, if death hovered over that house, it echoed through the huge old hall.

In the stillness of night, in the broad glare of day, whether death approached beneath the shadow of the home-wales, or far off in a foreign land—no matter; when the destroyer's hand rested on the brow of one of that family, so surely resounded that footfall, slow, solemn and ghostly, echoing and re-echoing throughout the huge old hall within the ancient mansion of the Grandons.

And its history was said to have been this: Long, long years agone, Geoffrey Grandon was holder of the name and possessions of the family. A stern, swarthy man, upon whose brow evil passions had left their deep impress, and in whose glittering black eye might be read a cruel and malignant disposition. Mabel his wife was one of those gentle beings whom fate at times sees fit to tie for life to some such extreme opposite as was her husband, Geoffrey Grandon. She had sweet blue eyes and golden-hued hair, and her voice was like unto music wafted over the waters on the breath of the evening wind.

The marriage of these two had been like many of old, and even some of the present,—an ambitious father's will overruling the feelings and happiness of his child. Possession soon tired Geoffrey Grandon of his sweet young wife, and he scrupled not to display towards her his indifference—nay, even his aversion of her patient and enduring nature. And as day after day passed by and years rolled on, she became that most sorrowful of beings—a scorned, a martyred wife!

The time drew near when she was to become a mother, and she looked hopefully forward to the birth of her child, in the fond thought of its being the means of her gaining from her husband a tythe of at least his respect; his love, she knew now, she never had possessed. So she would sit in her own chamber looking out upon the sea, and watch the golden sun as he dipped his red beams into the waves, slowly disappearing beneath them, and would lose herself in glad visions of this pledge given to her to calm her tortured heart, and dreaming on and on, would rouse at length with a start to find that she had lingered unconsciously until gloom and darkness had gathered over the earth, seeming to mock the air-formed visions of brightness in which she had thus indulged.

And so he came at length—the lovely infant boy, with his mother's blue eyes and her own soft golden hair, and as she held him up before the gaze of her stern husband, she watched eagerly his face as he took him from her. It was plain to see that he was pleased after his own rough fashion, and that he looked with something of pride upon the helpless little creature that he held with such unwonted gentleness within his arms. But, alas! there was no change in his manner towards herself; the little comer was no bond to draw his one iota to herself. She gazed long and fixedly upon him as he stood playing with the child; and as she read her doom of a lifetime of further wrong and indignity, she sunk helplessly back upon the pillow with a sigh of utter woe.

She saw it still more when, some time after, he brought into the house a woman who seemed to rule all things by the power of her will, and before whose, not even her husband deigned to bow. It was a long time before she even dreamed in her guiltlessness of the deep wrong transpiring beneath her very eyes. But it was all laid open before her at last.

This woman—how she shuddered to meet her gaze fixed upon her when she chanced to meet her, for she seldom left her own apartments since the birth of her boy, scarce leaving him from her sight for even a moment, and heeding nothing that was else transpiring around her. But the wrong so openly displayed could not be hid forever from her, and the half-dropped hints of a favorite domestic at length aroused her from her sleep. As she listened to the woman's words, the light dawned faintly at first, and then burst suddenly upon her like a flash, and she knew herself not only as the scorned wife, but as the deceived and dishonored mother of his child.

And she refused indignantly—for the first time throwing aside her blind obedience—to appear again at the board where sat this woman, who, by her husband's sanction, so disgraced the roof beneath which she alone was entitled to sit as mistress. Entreaties and commands were alike unheeded in persuading or compelling her to countenance this last and greatest indignity, and so she was at length suffered to rest in peace. On the last occasion of her husband's attempting to gain her to his point, he had been brute and coward enough to use even violence; but finding it would be as easy to move a rock from its solid bed within the earth as coerce her in this matter, he had left her with a red spot on his swarthy brow, and a heavy black frown settled on his countenance, dashing the door fiercely to with a terrible imprecation.

"Now Heaven support me in my hour of need," murmured the unhappy lady, as she listened to his heavy footstep echoing along the hall until it was lost in the distance. Heaven support thee, indeed, poor lady, for this is but the beginning.

Another chamber in the mansion.

"I tell thee, Geoffrey Grandon,"—it was this woman whom he had brought into the house that spoke,—"I tell thee that the veriest school boy hath more courage than thou showest in this matter."

He sat in the shadow of the room, with his cheek resting upon his hand, and his heavy eyebrows were knit together as though he pondered deeply on some weighty thought that occupied his mind. She had risen as she spoke, and approached him, laying her hand upon his shoulder.

"Then wert not always wont to be so fearful in removing from thy path an object which offended thee. Why, then, dost hesitate now?"

"Must blood again stain the walls of the house of Grandon?" murmured he to himself, musingly. "I had thought there was enough shed within them now."

"Then what matter for a few drops more or less? If that there be a perdition for past crimes, this cannot sink thee deeper in its gulf, Geoffrey Grandon!" And as she spoke, she laughed with a low mocking laugh that sounded drearily and echoing throughout the darkened chamber, as though a troop of demons had caught it up and repeated it merrily among themselves.

"This deed," said he, after a moment's silence, "is to me a more fearful one than has ever before reddened these hands. It would seem as though some dread calamity would befall our house should it go on. I know not what mean these fancies, but they do weigh most heavily upon me."

"Then shake them off, and be thyself. What!—art thou turning canter thus late in life, Geoffrey Grandon? Now, out upon thee! I grow a-wearied of this silly feeling. Since thou art no longer a man as once thou wert, mine shall be the hand to accomplish the task."

A pitying angel, hovering over that guilty pair, approached and whispered in his ear a word—it was of his boy. The spark of mercy laying deep within that man's stern bosom was fanned into a gentle life, and he murmured forth:

"She is the mother of my child!"

"And if she is," hissed the temptress in his ear, "he shall not need her care, for I will be to him all that she should, and more. Enough! Choose, Geoffrey Grandon, and quickly, between her and me. See, my hand is on the door; once past its threshold, and I return no more. Speak, thy choice!"

Tearfully the angel pleaded, "She never harmed thee in word or deed, but was all that a loving wife should ever be to thee!"

Yet the words rung in his ear, "Thy choice!"

"She hath lived a pure and gentle life, and all who know her bless her name."

"Thy choice!"

"By withholding now thy cruel hand, there will be hope for thee in the dread hereafter."

"Thy choice—thy choice!"

He sprang to his feet, and between his clenched teeth cried out:

"It is made! Do with me as thou wilt, devil that thou art. I am thine!"

And he felt a presence pass swiftly by him, and could have sworn the sound of a whispered voice echoed through the room: "A curse, then, rests upon thee and upon thy house forever!"

And the tapestry upon the walls swayed mournfully to and fro, as though in wailing for this anathema that had descended on the house. The night-owl shrieked without, and the sullen roar of the sea afar off seemed to repeat it, while the winds bore it to his ears again: "A curse, then, rests upon thee and upon thy house forever!"

* * * * *

In one of the vast chambers in the proud mansion of the Grandons, and extended in all the sublimity of death, lays the gentle woman who had borne the empty title of its mistress. None knew assuredly the cause of her death; but the servants exchanged frightened glances one with another, as though each bore a fearful suspicion in his or her mind, but yet dared not give it tongue. For while she had lain upon her dying couch, and while they sorrowfully watched her fainting breath and the dews of dissolution gathering upon her fair brow, they had all been startled by hearing at intervals a slow and solemn footfall on the stairs, echoing dismally through the hall without. And as they went to discover who this intruder might be thus pacing to and fro in the dead stillness of the night, they gazed in one another's faces in blank dismay at finding no soul visible.

And yet the door once more closed, and silence reigning through the apartment, again was it heard—that solemn, slow and ghostly footfall. And until the family vault received the form of the unhappy lady, it was constantly heard pacing to and fro. Then once more all was quiet, and the guilty couple who had listened to it in undefined terror, breathed again with a feeling of deep relief.

They were married—the dark-eyed woman and he whom she had incited to crime, and there was royal feasting and drinking in and about the mansion. But though shouts and cheers greeted the pair as they appeared together, it was but the mocking semblance of joy that met their ears. No soul, as they passed by, murmured forth the cheering "God bless them!" None beheld in Geoffrey Grandon a benefactor, or saw in her face the kindly heart that had beat within the cold breast laying so still beneath the burial vault of the Grandons. So the rude crowd feasted upon the good cheer spread out before them, but gave no thought of thankfulness for the hand that had bestowed the bounty.

And now it was late into the night, and the revels were hushed; the few invited guests departed for their habitations. In the chamber they stood together alone—the guilty pair now made legally one by the ties of holy mother church. Her point was gained, and she was satisfied.

He sat and leaned his head upon his hand; and as his wife approached and laid her hand upon his shoulder, his thoughts reverted to *that* night when they had thus sat in the stillness and gloom, and conceived their plans together concerning her who was now laid at rest. And as he felt her touch, he shuddered visibly, and fancied that once more he heard that whisper breathed within the room, "A curse, then, rests upon thee and upon thy house forever!"

Hark! Why do they thus start, and in the gloom strain their eyes to gaze in one another's blanched faces, while the blood is leaving their pulses, and their hearts beat with painful distinctness? He grasps her hand, and feels it ice-cold as his own, and half rises from his seat to listen.

Without the chamber, echoing through the huge old hall, and sounding ghostly and fearful in the silence reigning throughout the mansion, they hear it plainly—a solemn footfall on the stairs.

They had listened to it when watching by the death couch of their victim, and the sound had struck terror to their hearts as they heard it slowly pacing to and fro. What could it now portend? He arose, mastering with a powerful effort his emotion, and sprang to the door, throwing it open.

The lights still burned in the great hall, so that its remotest recess was visible; but as he gazed along it, a shudder shook his iron frame as he saw that there was no one there; the hall was quite deserted. And a deadly, undefined fear fell upon them both as they re-entered the darkened chamber, and sat down without uttering a word. Scarcely were they seated, when there again—that footfall, slow, solemn and distinct!

Now it was almost lost to the ear, as it seemed to ascend and grow faint in the distance. Anon it comes again, descending, and each moment coming nearer, until it is even close beside the door of the apartment. This it passes slowly by, and goes towards that portion of the building wherein the future heir of Grandon's name is sleeping.

He loved his child; it was the one bright spot in his heart, and as he listened to that dread footstep slowly approaching the sleeping place of his son, he cast aside all alarm, and hastened to him with a vague feeling of shielding him from harm. His wife followed, and together they entered the nursery.

A taper shed its faint light through the room, and fell upon the infant's face with a strange ghostly hue. He went softly towards it, and took gently with his grasp a little hand lying extended over the edge of the couch. Suddenly he reeled as though a fierce blow had been dealt him, as he felt that hand was cold as death. With a chill and terror at his heart, he looked closer on the little form, and the awful truth burst upon him: his child was dead!

Uttering a cry, he fell upon his bended knees beside the couch, while his wife looked on with a bewildered gaze. And as he thus sank down and buried his face within his hands, again throughout the hall reverberated that unearthly footfall, pacing solemnly to and fro. And now he felt in that dread hour that the words were coming true—"A curse, then, rests upon thee and upon thy house forever!"

Four children were born to the name and fortunes of Grandon—not the types of that child, his first-born who had possessed the blue eyes and fair-hued hair of the murdered lady reposing in the family vault. These resembled his own swarthy brow and glittering black eye, and his wife's handsome but evil countenance. These, even in their tenderest years, foreshadowed their after wickedness and vicious tendencies. These were living witnesses that the everlasting curse slept not, but lived daily in their young but baneful natures.

Alfred, the eldest, was now past his majority, and was now wandering in a foreign land. With some who love the beauties and novel sights, and with others the depravities which are not to be found at home, are the incentives to this; with him it was decidedly the latter that urged him on.

They heard but little of him or his doings; for in those days man had not yet chained the lightning, bidding it journey to and fro as his messenger, and, save only when the heir of Grandon stood in need of money, his whereabouts was most frequently a matter of conjecture.

In an obscure town on the borders of the Rhine, a young Englishman is living in retirement, awaiting remittances from home to disembarrass himself from some heavy liabilities that hang over him, and prevent him for the time from continuing his usual system of dissipated pleasure. His single servant informs the curious that he is a gentleman seeking health and quiet from too close an application to study, of which he is extravagantly fond. And he smiles grimly as he makes this last assertion, recollecting that his master would be somewhat puzzled to read even the title of a book—an accomplishment somewhat rare in those days, even for steadier minds than his. The simple peasantry see that the young man's face bears marks of what might well pass for nights passed without proper rest, and ask no further questions, but from their cottage door, and amid clouds of smoke give him "good den meinhew Alfred!"—the name given by his trusty servitor—as he walks moodily past. This is Alfred Grandon.

In one of these same cottages dwells the daughter of a small farmer, holding a rank somewhat superior to the bondmen and villeins of the neighboring baron, by name Veinhardt. Alfred Grandon sees the pretty Ernestine, and struck by the extreme beauty of the simple maiden, contrived various devices with the aid of his unscrupulous attendant for meeting and conversing with her.

Dazzled by attentions from one so far above her, she listens to the insidious whispers he pours into her ear, believes his professions of eternal constancy and devotion, and—sins, as women oft has sinned before, led on by a false devil to her destruction.

Shortly after this, Alfred Grandon was missing from the quiet German village, and Ernestine Veinhardt awoke to the terrible truth that she had been the victim of heartlessness and treachery.

A few short months pass by, and there lies within the graveyard hard by the cottage wherein she had lived, and loved, and being deceived, perished, the cold form of Ernestine Veinhardt, and on her placid bosom rests the equally quiet figure of a little innocent dead babe.

But an avenger is on the footstep of the destroyer, and though long months, even years elapse before they meet face to face, the moment comes at last.

"I think there must be some mistake in the person. I would pass on," and the words are cold and haughty as he speaks. "And I *know* there is no mistake. Look you, Meinhew Alfred Grandon, you may perchance remember this. You mislaid it on your sudden departure from the inn where you lived, when your vile presence blighted our peaceful valley."

He held up a small ivory miniature of himself to the view of the young man, and then taking a letter from his bosom, and opening it, displayed that it was from his father, and bore damning proof of his identity.

"Now, sir, your answer to the brother of the outraged Ernestine! Aha!" noting his start of surprise, "you thought not of such a champion rising to revenge the memory of the humble village maiden."

"I cannot fight you; we are not equal."

"No, thank Heaven,—we are *not* equal. Cruelty and villany can be but on a footing with devils, whose ministers on earth they are. But we lose time!" pointing to the sun, which was slowly approaching the edge of the horizon: "Before yon setting light shall be hidden in the clouds of night, one or both of us will be in eternity. We are, in this green spot, safe from intrusion; and in the name of God and of my murdered sister, I challenge thee, Alfred Grandon, to mortal combat, and nerve well thine arm, for thou hast one to deal with in whose veins the blood is flowing in streams of molten fire!"

And in the quiet of the forest, with only one eye looking down upon them, these two stand foot to foot and face to face, in the fierce strife of deadly, mortal combat.

Another picture:

A youth of about seventeen sits at a gaming-table, his whole attention wrapped up in studying the game. From the size of his adversary's heap of gold, and the few pieces that are laying at his own elbow, it would seem as though he had been a heavy loser. A moment more, and with an oath he rises from the board, and, without his hat, rushes forth at mad pace into the street. On he dashes, his black locks streaming in the wind, nor pauses for a moment, until he stands upon the verge of the black and rushing river.

He murmurs forth in indistinct tones: "Dishonored and ruined, banished from my father's house, and, therefore, hopeless to look from him for the means of safety; an ignominious death in prospect on the discovery of the crime I committed to gain my last supply of gold, for the wretched Henry Grandon there is nothing left but this!"

Still another picture:

A child of twelve years old wanders by the verge of a cliff, overhanging an abyss of some hundred feet in depth. Its attendant, seated beneath a pleasant shade, takes little heed of his wanderings, nor notes his near approach toward the dangerous spot.

A noise of crumbling earth at length attracts his attention, and he sees with horror that his charge is but just sinking with the unstable earth, and as he gazes, spell-bound, on the sight, beholds him suddenly disappear from his view.

With wild cries, assistance is summoned, and the mangled form is borne to its home beneath the roof of Geoffrey Grandon, and laid tenderly upon a couch.

And now the last picture of them all:

Geoffrey Grandon and his wife lean over the couch of their child. All is hushed. Without, the golden hues of the sun are fading from sight in the far west, and the beams just rest for a moment on the sufferer's couch ere they are slowly lost and obscurity gathers over the earth. The labored breathing of the child on whose brow the dread seal of death is plainly laid; and the low sobs of the woman, whose offspring it is, alone breaks the stillness, when suddenly the well-remembered sound reaches their ears: a solemn, slow and ghostly footfall echoing and re-echoing through the huge old hall in the ancient mansion of the Grandons. And as it strikes upon their terror-stricken ears, a faint sigh from the little couch announces that their child is no more!

* * * * *

Darkness has gathered over the two combatants ere their strife of blood is ended. The brother of Ernestine Veinhardt leans exhausted against a tree; and upon the ground, writhing in the agony of death, Alfred Grandon ebbs out his life-blood. She is avenged! * * * *

A hollow plunge in the waters of the black and rushing river, and beneath their flood the crimes of Henry Grandon are ended in this world forever!

One infant boy remained, his the fate to bear that name down, accursed as it was, to far posterity, and thus fulfil the dread anathema pronounced against it. This Geoffrey Grandon thought, as he received, one by one, the intelligence of his sons' deaths. He could have wished that this child, too, had died, but it was not so to be; the curse must still go on—the race not yet become extinct.

The last of the name is long since dead; but until the hand of the dread messenger was laid upon him, it was always heard in the hour when one that bore the name was passing away. It was always heard in the huge old hall, pacing solemnly to and fro, slow, and ghostly, and echoing, ceasing not till the spirit had quitted its tenement of life; and the servants, as they heard it, told in whispers the story they had been told of its origin, and whispered forth with trembling lips the old-time anathema, "A curse, then, rests upon thee and upon thy house forever!"

LAFAYETTE.

In the third volume of the "Life of Washington," by Washington Irving, just issued, we find the following interesting statement in relation to Lafayette:—"During his encampment in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, Washington was repeatedly in that city, making himself acquainted with the military capabilities of the place and its surrounding country, and directing the construction of fortifications on the river. In one of these visits, he became acquainted with the young Marquis de Lafayette, who had recently arrived from France, in company with a number of French, Polish and German officers, among whom was the Baron de Kalb. The marquis was not quite twenty years of age, yet he had already been married nearly three years to a lady of rank and fortune. Full of the romance of liberty, he had torn himself from his youthful bride, turned his back upon the gaieties and splendor of a court, and in defiance of impediments and difficulties multiplied in his path, had made his way to America, to join its hazardous fortunes. He sent his letters of recommendation to Mr. Lovell, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and applied the next day at the door of Congress to know his success. Mr. Lovell came forth—in fact, was embarrassed by the number of foreign applications, many without merit. Lafayette immediately sent in the following note: 'After my sacrifices, I have the right to ask two favors—one is to serve at my own expense; the other, to commence by serving as a volunteer.' This simple appeal had its effect: it called attention to his peculiar case, and Congress resolved, on the 31st of July, that, in consideration of his zeal, his illustrious family and connections, he should have the rank of major-general in the army of the United States. It was at a public dinner, where a number of members of Congress were present, that Lafayette first saw Washington. He immediately knew him, he said, from the officers who surrounded him, by his commanding air and person. When the party was breaking up, Washington took him aside, complimented him in a gracious manner on his disinterested zeal and the generosity of his conduct, and invited him to make the headquarters his home. 'I cannot promise you the luxuries of a court,' said he, 'but as you have become an American soldier, you will, doubtless, accommodate yourself to the fare of an American army.'"—*New York Mirror.*

THE GRAPE IN THE EAST.

The vineyards of Syria abound in the most luscious grapes imaginable, of which there are different kinds; one called the walnut, takes its name from its size, being as large as that fruit; another is the long grape, and another is small and round. There are other kinds beside, which it is unnecessary to mention. The English hot-house grape, good as it is, does not bear comparison with the Syrian grape. The quantity grown is enormous. Did the Syrians know how to make wine, Syria would soon become the wine mart of the whole world. What are not used as grapes, the natives dry into raisins, and the process is thus: The grapes are gathered in September, washed in a composition of lye, water and oil, after which they are spread on a mat to dry, and there they remain for about a fortnight in the open sun, sprinkled once or twice every few days with this composition; they are then gathered and put into sacks of hair-cloth, and sold as raisins. Some grapes are made into a sort of treacle, called *Dibs*, while the refuse thereof is made into wine and arak.—*Dr. Baird.*

If thou wouldst be borne with, bear with others.—*Fuller.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GEMMA DE LYRA.

BY J. QUINCY ADAMS.

There's music in the flowing streams,
That through the valleys glide;
There's music in the moon's pure beams,
And in the ocean's tide.

There's music in the songs of birds,
In the whispers of the breeze;
There's music in the child's sweet words
That breathe felicities.

There's music in the heavens above,
And in the earth beneath;
There's music in the voice of love—
In everything but death.

ANECDOTE OF MR. LAYARD.

Austin Henry Layard found himself wandering about, on one occasion, somewhere near Bokhara, in the upper provinces of India, and here his funds ran short. He called on a merchant, and requested him to advance him some money. "Can't do it," was the reply, "as many fellows have imposed on me with fictitious drafts; I've been too often taken in and done for." "O, well," said Mr. Layard, "as you please. I have money at my banker's in London; and I will come and breakfast with you to-morrow." "Do so; I shall be happy to see you at breakfast." Next morning, who should walk into this merchant's compound but a Persian gentleman, in full oriental costume. "I have come to breakfast with you as I promised." "What?" said the merchant; "I don't recollect having seen you before." "O, yes, you have; you saw me yesterday, and I said I should return this morning." "You're Mr. Layard, are you?" he inquired, considerably astonished. "Yes." After breakfast, and when the traveller has told him his plans, and aroused the interest of his host in the discoveries he expected to make among the mounds around Mosul, in the plain of Shinar, where the ruins of ancient Nineveh are supposed to be, the merchant said: "I'll advance you money—five hundred pounds, if you like. How much do you want?" "O, I don't want so much as that; give me five pounds." "Yes." So he got the five sovereigns, put them in the sole of his shoe as the safest place while travelling, and having mounted his horse, rode away. On his journey down to Assyria, he had to pass through the territories of the hostile Khan, who had already taken away the lives of several Englishmen, and was now trying to get hold of our traveller, now roaming through his dominions. Mr. Layard knew this, and one day, when drawing near his enemies, he waited till the hour of tiffin, when they were all in their tents at the forenoon meal, when, putting spurs to his horse, he dashed into the midst of the hostile encampment, rushed into the chief's tent, and plunged his hand into a bowl of salt, which he immediately put to his mouth, exclaiming, "Now I am safe!" "Well," said the chief, "you *are* safe." He admired the boldness and dexterity of the Englishman, but, above all, the faith thus reposed in "the covenant by salt." Having tasted the chief's salt, he had now a claim not only to his hospitality, but on his protection, and he was safely escorted on his way to the scene of his future discoveries.—*Macphail's Magazine.*

THE POLICY OF ENGLAND.

An intelligent Frenchman by the name of Lanoye, who has passed some years in travelling through the British provinces in the East, has recently published a very interesting little work upon India, which has excited considerable attention in Paris. The most important characteristic of the work, however, is the tone in which it discusses the British territorial acquisitions in that quarter of the world. Referring to the aggressive policy of the czars, the author observes that Great Britain alone has annexed four times more territory than Russia, in the last half century, and that the growth of the Indian empire is one long act of accusation against the English for a series of unprovoked aggression, marked at every step by rapacity, violence and broken faith. Comparing the English with the Mogul conquerors, infinitely to the disadvantage of the former, M. Lanoye avers that the government of the East Indian Company has been characterized solely by a desire to multiply their dividends, and that although during the last few years the people may be supposed to have gained something from the English rule, in the security of their lives and property, yet those slight advantages are as yet in their infancy, and there is no security against the relapse under the earlier system; and that at best the monuments of Mogul enterprise and civilization are, to the British, a perpetual reproach and shame.—*Portfolio.*

Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.—A pleasant anecdote is told of Dr. Franklin. The town of Franklin was named for him. While in France, a gentleman of Boston wrote to him of the fact, and added that as the town was building a meeting-house, perhaps he would give them a bell. Franklin wrote the characteristic reply, that he presumed the good people of Franklin *preferred sense to sound*, and therefore he would give them a town library.—*Journal.*

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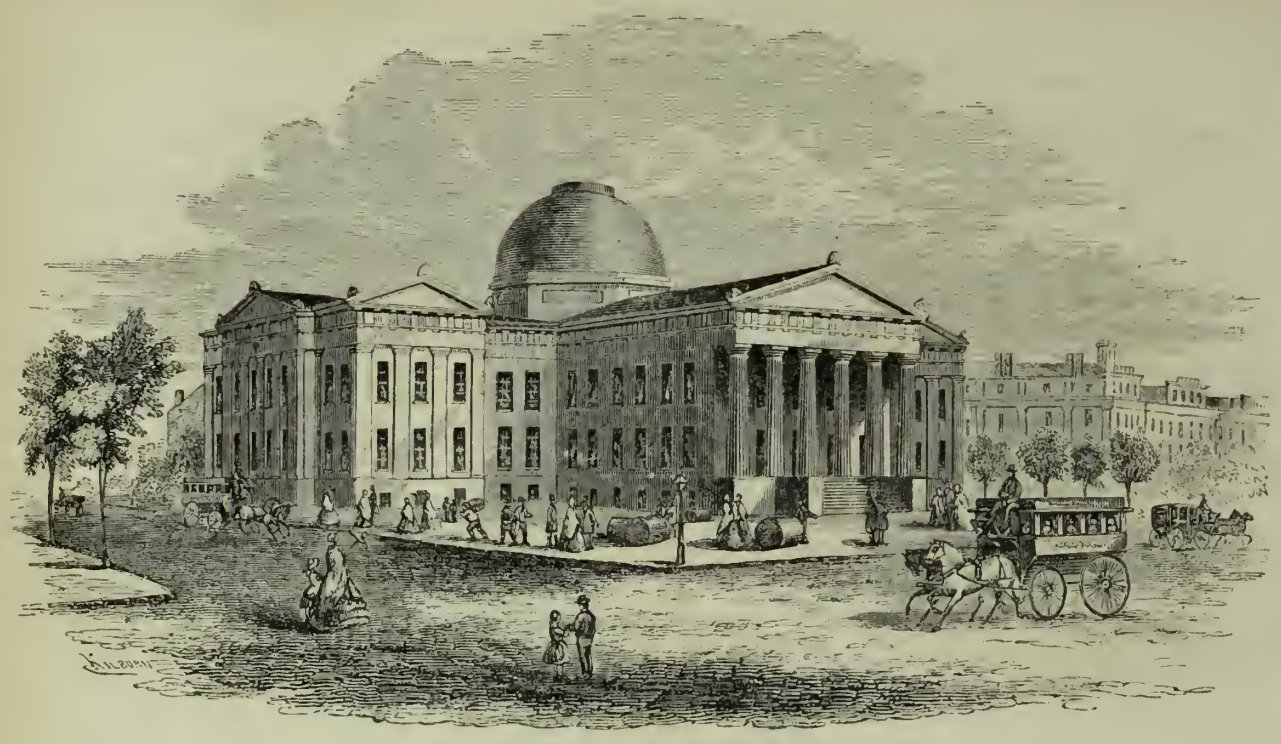
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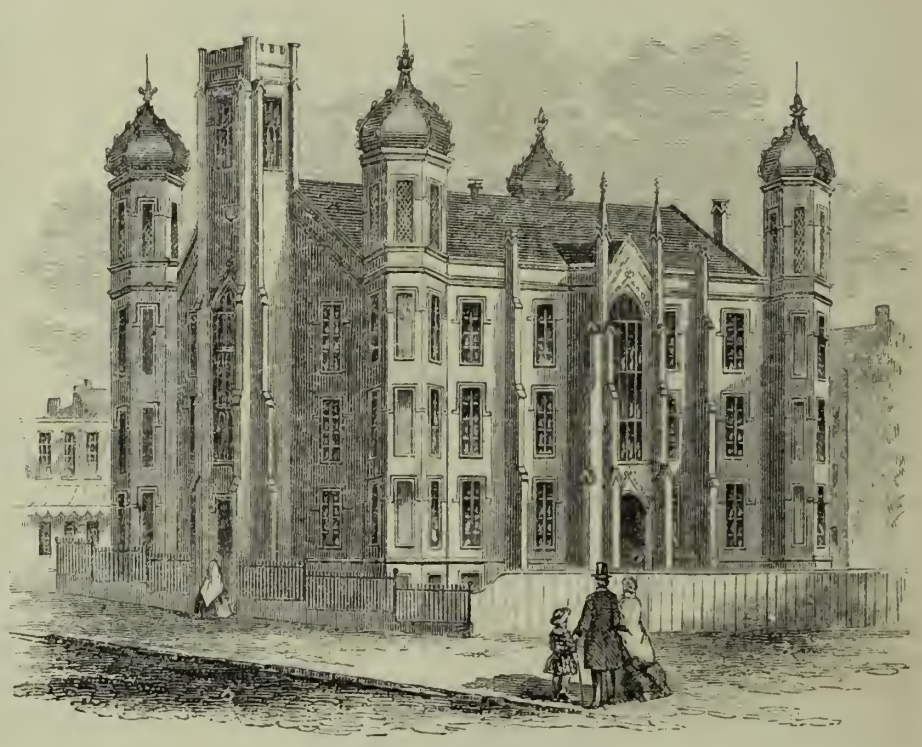
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COURT HOUSE, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

On this and the succeeding page we present accurate views of various points of interest in the city of St. Louis, drawn on the spot and engraved expressly for the Pictorial. These are some of the fruits of the recent artistic tour of Mr. Kilburn, undertaken for the purpose of obtaining fresh and authentic sketches of the most interesting features of the great and growing West. We have the utmost confidence in the accuracy of our artist, and know that his local drawings are pronounced excellent by competent judges. The city of St. Louis is a place of great importance, and constantly increasing in wealth and influence. Occupying the geographical centre of the Mississippi valley, its advantages as a commercial depot cannot be exaggerated. It is located on the west bank of the Mississippi River, 1210 miles by the course of the river from New Orleans, and 863 from the Falls of St. Anthony. The first settlement was made here about 1764, by a company of merchants on whom the French director-general of Louisiana had conferred the exclusive privilege of trading with the Indians on the Missouri. They built a large house and four stores, which, in 1770, had increased to forty houses, including a fort and a small French garrison for defence. In 1780, an attack of British and Indians was successfully repelled by the American forces under General Clark. St. Louis was formerly the seat of government of Missouri. Its site is lofty, and hence its proverbial salubrity. It rises from the river by two plains: the first, which is alluvial, being twenty feet above the highest water; and the second, which is a limestone bank, ascending forty feet higher than the first to the level of the adjacent country. From the river to the first of these terraces, the ascent is abrupt, but the second acclivity is more gradual. The prospect from the upper terrace is extensive and delightful. Situated almost at the focus to which the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Illinois and Ohio curvage, St. Louis must in time become a mart of wealth and commerce scarcely surpassed by any in the United States. The trade of New Orleans alone exceeds it now. The river swarms with steamboats, baffling an attempt to number them. St. Louis is also a great depot and point of departure for the American fur trade, and for the lead mines of the upper Mississippi. Here hunters, trappers, miners, adventurers and emigrants meet in the prosecution of their various objects, and hence diverge to the most distant parts of the great West. Under the French and Spanish colonial sway, St. Louis was a mere village, and originally laid out on the first bank, consisting of three narrow streets parallel to the river's course. Under the auspices of the American settlers, it soon extended itself to the upper plain. This portion of the city is well laid out, with broad and airy streets, crossing each other at right angles. The city is built compactly for an extent of about two miles, with extensive suburbs. Many of the warehouses, public buildings and private residences are fine specimens of architecture. The limestone, which abounds here, furnishes excellent building material. Our first picture represents the Court House, not yet entirely finished. It is a massive structure, well and securely built, and thoroughly fire-proof. It is situated in the square formed by Fourth, Market, Fifth and Chesnut Streets. On the right of our picture will be seen part of the Planters' Hotel. The Mercantile Library Hall is the subject of our next illustration. It stands at the corner of Fifth and Locust Streets, has one hundred and five feet front, is twenty-seven feet deep and ninety feet high, and cost $140,000. The lower story on Fifth Street is devoted to stores. On Locust Street, it is occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association. The second floor contains the Library, which embraces eleven thousand volumes, selected with excellent judgment; also a neat Lecture Room, which will seat an audience of seven hundred persons. But the principal feature is the Hall, which will seat two thousand persons. It is most beautifully decorated, and is a credit to the city. The High School, the subject of another of our engravings, is situated on Olive Street, and is a substantial Gothic building. It has eighty feet front, and is one hundred and four feet deep. The basement is finished as a lecture room. It occupies an elevated position near the western limits of the city. The Medical Department of the University, shown in our next engraving, is situated at the corner of Myrtle and Seventh Streets, and is a fine building, of a pleasing style of architecture. Our next engraving delineates "McDowell's College," as it is familiarly called. It is a dispensary connected with the Medical Department of the University of Missouri. It is located opposite the Pacific Railroad terminus. Our view is taken from Seventh Street. The building on the right is the St. Joseph's Academy, by the brothers of the Christian schools. The Biddle Market, shown in our last picture, is an unique but not unpleasing building, situated at the corner of Biddle and Thirteenth Streets. Real estate in St. Louis has advanced in value with astonishing rapidity. An instance will show the extent of this rise. In 1835, the trustees of the Unitarian Church purchased a lot at the corner of Fourth and Pine Streets, 127 feet deep, and 60 feet front on Fourth Street, for $2000, or $33,33 per front foot. Two years ago it was sold for $24,000, or $400 per front foot, and in 1853 it was supposed to be worth $600 per front foot. Many persons embarking a moderate fortune in land have become immensely wealthy by the rise.



HIGH SCHOOL, ST. LOUIS.



MERCANTILE LIBRARY, ST. LOUIS.

LIFE IN A POWDER MILL.

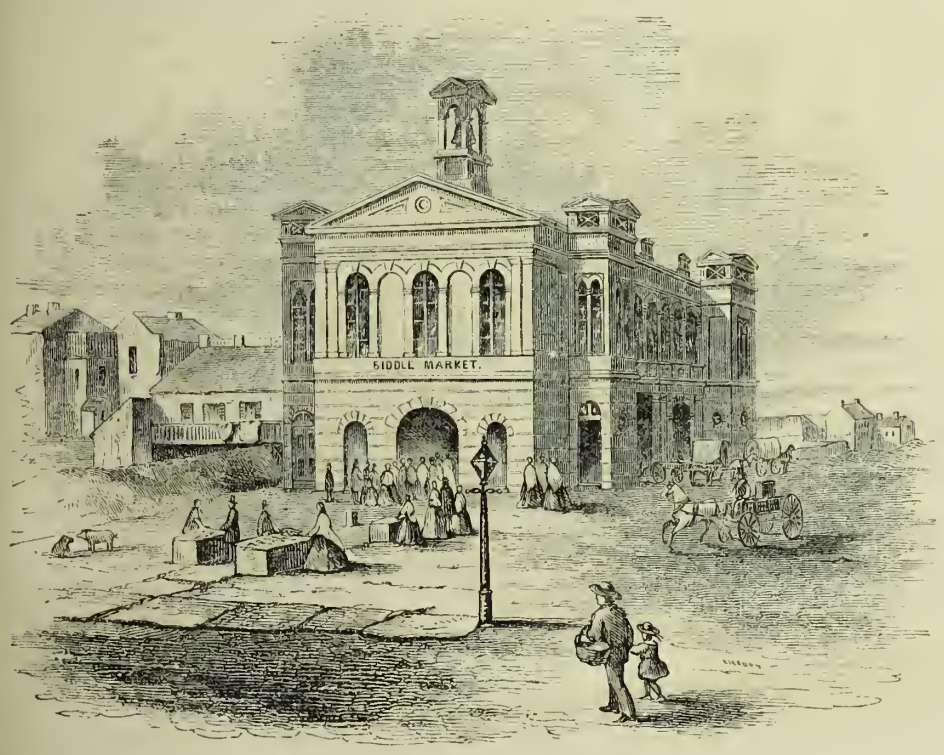
Dickens thus describes a visit to the powder mill at Hounslow, near London:—"In this silent region, amid whose ninety-seven work-places no human voice ever breaks upon the ear, and where, indeed, no human form is seen, except in the isolated house in which his allotted task is performed, there are upwards of two-and-fifty work-people. They are a peculiar race, not of course by nature, in most cases, but by the habit of years. The circumstances of momentary destruction in which they live, added to the most stringent and necessary regulation, have subdued their minds and feelings to the condition of their hire. There is seldom any need to enforce these regulations. Some terrific explosion, here or in works of a similar kind elsewhere, leaves a fixed mark in their memories, and acts as a constant warning. Here no shadow of a practical joke or caper of animal spirits ever transpires—no witticism, or slang. A laugh is never heard; a smile seldom seen. Even the work is carried on by the men with as few words as possible, and these uttered in a low tone; not that anybody fancies that mere sound will awaken the spirit of combustion or cause an explosion to take place, but their feelings are always kept subdued. If one man wishes to communicate anything to another, or ask for anything from somebody at a short distance, he must go there; he is never permitted to shout or call out. There is a particular reason for this last regulation. Amid all this silence, whenever a shout *does* occur, everybody knows that some imminent danger is expected the next moment, and all rush away headlong from the direction of the shout. As to running towards it to offer any assistance, as common in all other cases, it is thoroughly understood that none can be afforded. An accident here is immediate, and beyond remedy. If the shouting be continued for some time (for a man might be drowning in a river), that might cause one or two of the boldest to return; but this would be a very rare occurrence. It is by no means to be inferred that the men are selfish and insensible to the perils of each other; on the contrary, they have the greatest consideration for each other, as well as for their employers, and think of the danger to the lives of others, and of property at stake at all times, and more especially in the more dangerous houses. The proprietors of the various gunpowder mills all display the same consideration for each other; and whenever any improvement tending to lessen danger is made by one, it is immediately communicated to all others. The wages of the men are good, but not too much so, considering the risks of life and limb to which they are always exposed, and their hours of labor very short. No artificial lights are ever used in the work. They leave the mills at half-past three o'clock, winter and summer."

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Some of the episodes encountered during the search of Dr. Kane have wild interest. At one time it became necessary to send a fatigue party, with provisions, to assist the main party under Dr. Kane, in an attempted passage across Smith's Sound. This party was under the command of Mr. Brooks, first officer of the expedition. He was accompanied by Mr. Wilson and other volunteers. During their travel they found the ice completely impenetrable, and a snow drift swept wildly over the floes, and in the midst of a heavy gale from the north the thermometer, to their dismay, sunk to fifty-seven degrees below zero. Human nature could not support the cold. Four of the party, including Mr. Brooks and Mr. Wilson, were prostrated with frozen feet, and with difficulty three or four of their companions, after encountering great suffering, reached the ship, and announced the condition of their comrades. Their chances of being rescued at this time seemed exceedingly small. They were in the midst of a wilderness of snow, incapable of motion, protected only by a canvass tent, and with no landmarks by which their position could be known. Even to drag these maimed men which have been, under ordinary circumstances, a work of difficulty; but to the slender party left at the ship it seemed impossible. Dr. Kane with the boldness and courage which justified the warm attachment felt toward him by all under his command, in less than one hour organized a recruiting party, leaving on board only those who were necessary to relieve the sick, and started off in the teeth of a terrible gale, and steering only by compass, to rescue the sufferers. After nineteen hours' constant travel, during which two or three of the party fainted, and others required to be kept from sleep by force, they struck the trail of the lost party, and finally, staggering under their burdens, one by one reached the tent, which was almost hidden by the snow. The scene as Dr. Kane entered the tent, was affecting beyond description. The party burst into tears. A blubber fire was immediately built, pemmican cooked, and the party ate for the first time after leaving the vessel. Ice was also melted, they having been to this time without drink. Worn out as they were, but four hours were allowed for the halt. The maimed of the frozen were sewn up in buffalo robes, placed on sledges, and dragged along by their companions, Dr. Kane walking in advance and picking the track. Cold of the utmost severity again overtook them. Bonsal and Merton, and even the Esquimaux boy, Hance, sunk upon the snow with sleep. It was only by force that they were aroused and made to proceed, as the cold seemed to have destroyed all conception of danger. A large bear met on the way, was fortunately seared off by Dr. Kane, by a wave of the hand. They reached the ship after a walk of sixty-two hours, still dragging their companions behind them, but insensible. Dr. Hayes, the intelligent surgeon of the ship, from whom is got these particulars of this fearful adventure, received the returning party. Two of the number died of their injuries, and two others underwent amputation, and are now restored to perfect health. The condition of those who dragged the sick was most lamentable. Their memory for a time was entirely gone, and the ship in the midst of the muttering and delirium resembled a hospital. The surgeon and one remaining attendant were in sole charge of the ship. In this state of semi-madness, the sick remained for two or three days, but afterward they entirely recovered, and the party under Dr. Kane started three weeks afterward and resumed their labors in the field. Intrepidity like this has never been surpassed. It is spoken of with emotion, even now, by the stoutest hearts in the expedition.—*New York Express.*



MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.



BIDDLE MARKET, ST. LOUIS.

A SPLENDID PRESENT.

When the Prince and Princess of Prussia completed their *silvir* nuptials (*Silberne Hockzeit*), it was determined by the bulk of the people to present to them as a mark of the esteem and affection in which they are held, an offering which should be worthy the occasion and the exalted rank of the royal pair, and, at the same time, be of a perfectly national character. The Committee, which was formed at Cologne, adopted the idea of Herr von Schadaw, of completing an "Album of the Rhine," for which this part of the Prussian dominions furnished ample materials, both legendary and historical. In order to carry out the wishes of the Committee, and to render the "Album" worthy the acceptance of the august pair, application was made to the Academy of Painters, at Dusseldorf, who cheerfully responded to their wishes, and every one of the most celebrated contributed to the work.—*London News.*

WASHINGTON AND HIS FAMILY.

I had feasted my imagination, for several days, in the near prospect of a visit to Mount Vernon, the seat of Washington. No pilgrim ever approached Mecca with deeper enthusiasm. I arrived there in the afternoon of January 23, 1785. I was the bearer of the letter from General Greeu, with another from Colonel Fitzgerald, one of the former aids of Washington; and also the books from Granville Sharp. Although assured that these credentials would secure me a respectful reception, I felt an unaccountable diffidence as I came into the presence of this great man. I found him at a table with Mrs. Washington and his private family, and was received in the native dignity, with that urbanity so peculiarly combined in the character of a soldier and eminent private gentleman. He soon put me at ease, by unbending, in a free and affable conversation. The cautious reserve, which wisdom and policy dictated, whilst engaged in rearing the glorious fabric of our independence, was evidently the result of consummate prudence, and not characteristic of his nature. Although I had frequently seen him in the progress of the Revolution, and had corresponded with him from France, in '81 and '82, this was the first occasion on which I had contemplated him in his private relations. I observed a peculiarity in his smile, which seemed to illuminate his eye; his whole countenance beamed with intelligence, while it commanded confidence and respect. The gentleman who had accompanied me from Alexandria, left in the evening, and I remained alone in the enjoyment of the society of Washington, for two of the richest days of my life. I saw him reaping the reward of his illustrious deeds, in the quiet shade of his beloved retirement. He was at the matured age of fifty-three. Alexander and Cæsar both died before they reached that period of life, and both had immortalized their names. How much stronger and nobler the claims of Washington to immortality? In the impulses of mad and selfish ambition, they acquired fame by wading to the conquest of the world through seas of blood. Washington, on the contrary, was parsimonious of the blood of his countrymen, and stood forth, the pure and virtuous champion of their rights, and formed for them (not himself) a mighty republic. To have communed with such a man in the bosom of his family, I shall always regard as one of the highest privileges, and most cherished incidents of my life. I found him kind and benignant in the domestic circle, revered and beloved by all around him; agreeably social, without ostentation; delighting in anecdote and adventures, without assumption; his domestic arrangements harmonious and systematic. His servants seemed to watch his eye, and to anticipate his every wish: hence a look was equivalent to a command. His servant Billy, the faithful companion of his military career, was always at his side. Smiling content animated and beamed on every countenance in his presence. The first evening I spent under the wing of his hospitality, we sat a full hour at table by ourselves, without the least interruption, after the family had retired. I was extremely oppressed by a severe cold and excessive coughing, contracted by the exposure of a harsh winter journey. He pressed me to use some remedies; but I declined doing so. As usual, after retiring, my coughing increased. When some time had elapsed, the door of my room was gently opened, and drawing my bed-curtains, to my astonishment, I beheld Washington himself, standing at my bedside, with a bowl of hot tea in his hand. This little incident deserves to be recorded.—*Men and Times of the Revolution.*



MCDOWELL'S COLLEGE, ST. LOUIS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BANTAM STREAM.

BY H. WARD.

Upon thy flowery banks I stand,
Dear river of my native land;
And see thy crystal waters glide
Serenely to the silver tide
Of yonder lake, whose mirrored gleam
Rejoices still in Bantam Stream.

How oft in boyhood's sunny hours.
I've wandered mid the woodland bowers
That overhangs thy banks so green,
And charm to joy each well-known scene;
While life was all an Eden dream,
As then I mused by Bantam Stream.

I sat beneath the cooling shade,
And every rural sweet surveyed—
The fragrant flowers in summer's bloom,
The whispering pine-tree's soothing gloom,
The vines that shut each darting beam
From glaring bright on Bantam Stream.

The wild-rose sheds its perfume still,
And daisies crown the sloping hill,
And all along the dewy meads,
The lilies hang their drooping heads;
And all the charms of nature seem
To revel wild by Bantam Stream.

The milk-white blossoms of the thorn,
The golden grain and emerald corn,
And sweetly-scented birchen groves,
Where birds rejoice to sing their loves—
All these, and more, I fondly deem
A paradise by Bantam Stream.

But, ah! long years have o'er me flown,
And I have wandered sad and lone
Far from my native scenes away;
And now again declining day
Dispels the sweet, enchanting dream—
Farewell, farewell, dear Bantam Stream!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TOO MUCH HASTE TO BE RICH.

BY EMMA CARRA.

An old man sat in his large arm chair, with his soft, mixed locks flowing backward, and close by his side, on a low ottoman, was seated a fair young girl, her mild blue eyes looking upward.

"Father," she said, "are you well, this evening?"

"Yes, my child," answered the father, thoughtfully, "but—" He hesitated, and raising his hand, he wound his thin fingers among her brown curls, and leaning over, gazed steadily into her beautiful face, and then bending still lower, touched his lips to her forehead. "You are the type of your mother, Cecilia, and I feel that it is hard to give you away, even to one you love," and a tear trembled on the old man's silvery lashes for a moment, and then fell among the glossy curls of the daughter.

"But he is so good, father; and we are not going a great way off—only to the city home you have given us, in the street of your choice;" and Cecilia looked thoughtful, and then added, while her lip quivered, and the words were spoken low, as if she feared he would confirm her opinion: "You do not like Walter. Is it because he is poor that you do not like him? Methought you had given up the idea of wedding me to a wealthy suitor."

"I care not for money, child, for the old farm has always been faithful to each generation, and I have enough for all; but I sometimes think that if you could be persuaded to give up this marriage, it would be better for us all. I shall be so lonely without you, and—"

"O, do not ask for such a sacrifice, father; besides, I probably should not be allowed to remain with you long, for by-and-by, you will want me to become a wife, and as you have often said, there are always plenty of suitors for the hand of a rich man's daughter. I know that Walter is poor, but he does not wish me to become his wife on account of my future prospects. No, he loved me when he did not know that I should ever inherit a farthing."

"Well, well, Cecilia, as you wish. I will say no more to cast a shadow over your hopes. Heaven is my witness that I wish no tear ever to dim your eyes, for you are all that I have left now. Your mother, brothers and sister all lie silently sleeping beneath the green turf."

Both now sat in silence a short time, the old man looking thoughtfully from the window, and the daughter watching his countenance and listening for one who, though expected before, had not arrived, until a ring at the front door announced a visitor. Cecilia did not wait for a servant to usher him, but bounding from her father's side, she met him while his hand was yet on the bell-knob.

"You are late," she said, and in her manner there was a mixture of reproach and playfulness.

"Yes, dearest, I am late, but I know that you will forgive me when I tell you that I was detained by an invalid mother."

"Certainly," said the trusting girl, and with her hand clasped in his they took seats at the window where still sat the father.

It did not seem strange that a fair young girl like Cecilia Grenville should love the noble-featured Walter Gorham, for his eye, though dark and flashing, told that it could appreciate what was good and true to the sight. The old man, too, seemed to feel a different influence when he was present; by degrees he lost that anxious reserve which threw such a shade over his countenance when Walter was not there, and he appeared now to think only of pleasing him who was so soon to be the husband of his only child.

"Would you like the country as well as you do the city?" inquired Mr. Grenville of Walter, as they sat by the window.

"I should be happy where Cecilia was," replied the young man gallantly.

"I think I should like the city better," said the daughter; "for if the air is not so fresh and pure, and if the birds do not sing so sweetly, there are other things to take the place of these in the city. But you, Walter, must have no companions to draw you away from home."

The young man bowed assent pleasantly, and so the hours passed by in agreeable chat, Mr. Grenville seeming to forget his previous regrets at the proposed departure of his daughter.

A week later, and Cecilia was the happy bride of Walter Gorham. The last good-by had been spoken, and the old man was left alone in his country home with his old house-keeper, servants and pets. This old homestead, with its broad acres, was where Mr. Grenville drew his first breath—where his parents lived and died, and where he had brought Cecilia's mother the day that he made her his bride. Every foot of land that surrounded the farm house was connected with some tender association wherein was linked the memory of his parents, or the loved image of his sainted wife. One after another, all had left him for that place from whence there is no return; but he had never felt how utterly desolate was a home without wife or child, until the light-hearted Cecilia left him to dwell with her husband in their city home. The father watched the departing carriage wherein sat his daughter, until the tall trees by the roadside hid it from view; then turning away he wandered from room to room, viewing the tasteful ornaments she had wrought and put in favorite places. There stood the low velvet ottoman, near his arm chair, on which she used to sit and listen to the fond tales he told her of her mother; for Cecilia was but an infant when her mother pressed her to her breast for the last time and said, "Be to her, Edward, what we both would have been, had it pleased the Father to have restored me and left to us our youngest born."

Mrs. Miller, the house-keeper, was a kind-hearted woman, and she left no means untried to make him who employed her happy; but her efforts were in vain; for to Mr. Grenville, the smile and silvery voice of Cecilia were ever wanting.

The new home of Cecilia was very unlike the farm house. None but caged birds sang to her in the morning, and the early zephyrs that floated into her chamber had not kissed the clover fields the last moment before entering, and the low of the herds as they lazily lagged on their way to the pasture was too far away to reach her now. Walter was ambitious, and he arose early and went to his business, for he wished in a few years to double the money that his father-in-law had given him. Cecilia knew that she should see him again at an early hour in the evening, so she strove to busy herself with her new duties, but when the noontime came, she thought what a relief it would be to her ennui during Walter's absence to have her father seated by her side as she was wont at the homestead; and yet she feared to ask for such a sacrifice, for if she had been disappointed in her expectations of the city's capacity to give enjoyment, it could never be a happy home for her father.

"You look pale to-night, Cecilia," said Walter, one evening, a few months after his marriage. "I hope you are not ill."

"No, Walter, I am not ill, but—"

"But what, Cecilia? Surely you are not afraid to trust me with your thoughts?"

The young wife laid her head on his bosom and burst into tears, and then when again interrogated, she said, half audibly:

"'Tis very lonely here—the days are very long when you are away."

"Well, dearest, I would dine with you," replied the husband; "but you know the store and home are a great ways apart, and I must not be remiss in business. You must try to become acquainted with the ladies of the society where we attend church—they will add to our respectability; and once acquire a taste for promenading and city society, and you will forget home and those little dumb pets you have left behind."

"But my father," said Cecilia, softly.

"Oh, it will not be long before he will be with us."

"He will never leave the homestead, Walter; for my mother's grave is there, and beside her sleep the children."

"But the dead cannot always influence the living. It is right that we should venerate the memory of our friends, but when they are beyond our reach we cannot benefit them, and our duties towards the living are greater. When I sought your hand in marriage, not knowing of your father's wealth, he asked me what business I intended to follow. I told him I had marked out a mercantile career, but that my capital was too small to enter into it largely. When I met with you I did not know that your father was rich, nor did I make any inquiries, for I was not looking for wealth in a wife. I only knew that I loved you, and determined that you should be mine; and for the keeping of such a jewel I resolved that my ambition should one day furnish me with a casket of befitting worth."

"And do you really think that father will ever consent to give up his country home to come and dwell with us?"

"I know he will, love, for I had a letter from him to-day, saying that he was so lonely now that the old farm house was no longer home to him, and since my business was such that we could not reside with him, he would, for the present, at least, let the homestead and live with us."

Cecilia's voice was more distinct now, and through her glistening tears shone gleams of joy, and soon her face resumed that cheerfulness which had won the heart of Walter when he wooed her in the paternal home. The next day, although Walter dined at the restaurant, did not seem so long as the previous ones; and when Mrs. Barton, a near neighbor, called to make her acquainance, and Cecilia contrasted her fashionable manners with the manners of those around her father's home that she had known since early infancy, the dissimilarity did not appear so painful to her now, and she tried to render herself agreeable to her visitor.

Walter and Cecilia both wrote to Mr. Grenville to urge him not to abandon the design he had formed, and in a few days they received answer that he had decided to let the farm and live with them. The day was a sad one to Mr. Grenville when he parted from that home which had been the theatre where had been enacted all the scenes of joy and sorrow in the drama of his life. What wonder that the grass above the grave of her who could not go with him was moistened with his tears, or that the gray, moss-covered head stones that marked the earthly couch of his departed parents, were anew and firmly set, that no rude hand might remove them easily when the old farm burying-ground should be beyond his watchful care? But we will dwell no longer on those painful emotions that none can realize but those who have left some loved spot to the care of strangers.

Mr. Grenville in part forgot his mournful sensations when he met his happy child, for now that he was there, everything seemed in unison with her mind. Walter was away most of the time during the day, but she knew that it was business that detained him; so by her father's side she sat as she was wont, and in listening to him and watching his every wish, she felt not how absorbed was her husband in his favorite pursuit, until the settled shade of anxiety that enveloped his features and the nervous answers that he gave to her inquiries, convinced her that he had ventured too far to retrieve his fortunes without some giant effort, which, if unsuccessful, must prove his ruin. Mr. Grenville had never been accustomed to a business life in the city; his had ever been one of quiet on a farm; so when he was informed by his daughter that Walter had almost from childhood been familiar with the business he had chosen, he thought there could be no risk in placing in his hands, beside the gift of the house to his daughter, a sufficient sum to enable him to carry it on successfully; and with the loan, or gift of such a sum, for he never intended it should be returned, he had surprised the young husband on the day that Cecilia became his bride.

A year or more sped by, and the farmer had now become quite at ease in his new home. His son-in-law had hired a larger and more expensive building in which to transact his business, rushing hurriedly onward, trying to keep pace with those who had more than double his experience and capital. Once or twice, Mr. Grenville attempted to question his son-in-law, and advise him not to make too much haste to be rich; but he soon saw that it did not meet with a welcome, and he said no more, contenting himself with his musings and the society of his child.

One evening, long after Mr. Grenville had retired to his room, Cecilia sat by her chamber window, waiting the coming of her husband, till the moon went down and the stars seemed to come out thicker, as if to make its place good by their glimmering. The wife saw a dark form beneath the window and heard a heavy tread on the steps, and, springing from her seat, she ran to meet the expected one; but when the front door was gently but quickly drawn backward, Walter was not there, but in his stead an officer of the law stood before her, and pronounced the fatal words:

"Your husband is a culprit. Nothing but the immediate payment of large sums of money can save him from a felon's cell, from which, after all is made known, nothing can save him. But the injured party have consented to release him, provided the payment of the goods that he has obtained by false pretences can be secured to them, either by the endorsement of a good name or the ready money."

Cecilia stood like one bewildered; for some time she had felt that Walter was too rash and hasty, but she was not prepared for this. She had ever thought him honest, almost above a dishonest thought; she had said but little to her father of her own uneasiness, wishing to spare him useless anxiety, but now when the crisis had arrived she could remain silent no longer. The picture presented itself of her Walter held a prisoner till the word should be sent back from her lips that would release him, or cause him to be retained among villains of the deepest dye. This thought was too much for the affectionate Cecilia, who, with heart-rending sobs, rushed to her father's chamber and begged him to save her husband. The cheek of the old man blanched when the required sum was named by the officer, and, with a quivering lip, he said, wildly:

"Two years ago I was a wealthy man, nor deemed it possible that I, with my simple wants, could ever lack; but if I pay this sum, nothing can save me; for I shall have to mortgage the farm, the homestead of my father." And turning to his daughter, he continued, while the ashen hue of his face showed his emotion: "Cecilia, shall I place my name to that paper and make beggars of us all?"

At this moment there were steps heard without, and in a moment more Walter entered, accompanied by those whom he had defrauded, they having become impatient at the delay of the officer. Cecilia sprang to his side and buried her face in his bosom, while Mr. Grenville stood as if transfixed to the spot.

"Is all lost, Walter?" he at length questioned, in tones sepulchral. "This house,—the money I gave you on the day you took Cecilia from me?"

"All," said Walter, firmly, with eyes bent upon the floor and and his right arm supporting the feeble one that leaned on him. "To gain wealth that I might restore to you what I took, I played a deep game and lost. For my own sufferings I care nothing, but would that this dear one could be shielded! I cannot bear that she should share my misery and disgrace; so sacrifice no more for me, father; all I ask is for you to take her back to that home,

from which, for her own sake, would to God I had never taken her—cherish her, and leave me to my fate. Should I ever retrieve the past, you will see me again; but if not, Cecilia, for your sake and that of your father, I will trouble you no more!" and, as if forgetful for the moment that others than themselves were present, he clasped her wildly to his bosom, and pressing a farewell kiss upon her face, turned hastily to the officers, and with a forced calmness, said: "I am ready to follow where it may please you to lead!"

With a groan the young wife reached her arms towards him imploringly, and then fell senseless at her father's feet. Mr. Grenville could not penetrate the future, he only saw the present. He had ever met with kindness from his son-in-law, and since he had lived with him, had become attached to him; he knew how dear he was to his child, and scarcely mindful of what he did, he seized the fatal document and placed his name where the act left him penniless: but Walter was free, and the world knew not why the homestead was sold, nor why the son-in-law hired a cheaper store and retrenched his expenses. Some surmised that there had been wrong and the father-in-law was a sufferer, and thus it was hinted from one to another, till it reached the ears of Walter, who felt that, though secresy and prompt action had kept him from a convict's cell, he was none the less guilty; and if his devoted wife and her father could have been provided for, gladly would he have fled from a place where he was regarded with suspicion; and with thoughts like these resting on his soul, it seemed as if fortune had deserted him, until a small tenement in the suburbs was the only home of him whose name once stood so fair in that large city. Mr. Grenville did not sink under the accumulating trials he had to encounter, for his thoughts mounted upward to Him who gives peace to the suffering; though the homestead was gone, Cecilia still lived to bless him and nestle at his side.

One evening—it was just such an evening as that on which we introduced Cecilia and her father to the reader,—they were again seated side by side, talking of the past, but the father did not tell her how much brighter might have been her destiny had she listened to him; for he reasoned that the ways of Providence are mysterious, and if poverty had not been their lot, worse might have befallen them. Cecilia, with tearful eyes, spoke of the sorrow she had caused him, and yet she breathed not one reproachful word concerning him she loved.

"Where can Walter be, to-night?" said the wife; "he has not been out so late before since that night—"

Cecilia looked into her father's face, but she did not finish the sentence, for a sudden thought seemed to seize her; he might again be a criminal; and with this thought came the wish to know the worst, and taking her shawl and bonnet from a recess in the room, she started to go to the place where he was employed, but ere she reached it, she met him walking hastily towards his home. His face was all aglow with excitement and pleasure.

"Come, dearest," he said, "the old homestead shall be your father's again,—I will restore that and more!"

At first, Cecilia thought her husband's disappointments had made him mad, but by degrees he convinced her that he was sane, and that there was real cause for joy; for, on reaching home, he unfolded a newspaper wherein was an advertisement, saying that if any of the heirs of Amos Gorham were living, by establishing that fact they could learn something to their advantage. Upon inquiry at the place designated, Walter had found that there was a large tract of land in the vicinity of a western city which belonged to him, as he and his widowed mother were the only members of that family then living.

"I have known this for several weeks," said the now happy young man, "but I thought I would make all sure before I announced the fact to you or father, for fear that you might be skeptical; but now I can show you the letters I have received in correspondence, which establishes these possessions as belonging to my grandfather, which he purchased in early life for a trifling sum while a settler at the west, and when only a small town marked the spot where the city now stands."

"Did I not tell you, my child!" exclaimed the aged father, "that the ways of God are mysterious but wise?"

Cecilia wept for joy at this sudden release from poverty, and all concluded that the city was henceforth no place for them; so after the western affairs were all settled, the old homestead was re-purchased, and together all returned. Even the mother of Walter dwelt beneath the farm house roof, and when the old man's measure of life was full, he blessed those who so faithfully watched over the winter of his life, and then was quietly laid to sleep beside her whose spirit had gone before. The son-in-law modernized the farm house, and with his surplus wealth he ofttimes rendered assistance to those whose inexperience led them to where, without it, they could not have been extricated, and by his advice he helped them to shun such temptations as he in former times had encountered.

PAUL DELAROCHE AND THE GIRONDINS.

Paul Delaroche has just finished his new picture of the Girondins. The scene represents the twenty accused at the moment when the sentence of death is read to them. The twenty-first, Valaze has killed himself, and his body is carried away by the executioner's men in order to be dragged behind his fellow-sufferers to the scaffold. The principal group comprises Vergniaud, Brissot and Gensonne standing in the foreground. Young Lasource, staring fixedly on the floor, is seated at some distance. Fauchet, Boyer, Fonfrede, and a few more sit at a table in the background. On the right hand side stands the commissaire, calling out the names of the victims, and at his side the jailor. The picture is of small dimensions, but makes a grand impression by its composition, as well as execution. The general effect is treated with great art, and the character of the heads of the Girondins is well hit, and rendered with considerable delicacy.—*N. Y. Times.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MARY, MY SISTER.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

In a far corner of Lempster churchyard, is a tomb, covered by a broad slab of grey marble, on which is deeply cut these words:

"MARY, MY SISTER."

Not a word more to tell who was the occupant of the silent house beneath—not a clue to the knowledge of the person who devised the simple but strange inscription. I had often wondered, as I looked wistfully at the words, which seemed to me so full of deep and sacred meaning, so full of tender devotion of memory to a sister, but whether coming from a brother's or a sister's heart, was a matter in which conjecture was perfectly vain. A single sweet briar shed its dewy roses over the tomb, and seemed to image the life of the fair tenant within. Perhaps she, too, held as frail and sweet an existence as the sweet briar's wild rose. But as well I might dream of the life of Cecilia Metella, by looking at her tomb!

"Thus much alone we know—she *died!*" Thus much, indeed, would have been all that I should have known of "Mary," had I not one day encountered another visitor at the grave. I was sitting on a broad, flat stone, apparently a broken millstone, though how it should have found its way into the churchyard, was more than I could conjecture. It lay, almost overgrown with the long grass, near the tomb which had occupied my thoughts so much. I had been imagining all kinds of strange, poetical inscriptions that might have suited the tenant of that lowly spot. I had recalled to memory all that I knew of tender and lofty epitaphs, and had settled down upon the belief that none of them were half so touching as this simple tribute. Footsteps, light and reverent, broke my reveries. A man, bowed with age, approached the tomb, and bent devoutly over it. Presently he noticed that the grass had been freshly watered, and looking round, he perceived the small green watering-pot which I had filled at the spring, and with which I had sprinkled the grave.

"Was it you who did this?" he asked.

I signified that it was, and he thanked me in a voice that trembled with emotion.

"How did you know—"

"I did not know," I answered; "but it has been one of the matters which I have most earnestly desired to know—the history of this tombstone;—only, however, on account of the quaint simplicity of the inscription, which tells at once, so much and so little."

"She was my daughter," said the old man, with tears of genuine sorrow in his eyes.

I was shocked at the idea of intruding upon the sorrow of a stranger, and begged his pardon.

"It is not necessary," he said. "The act that you have performed here this morning tells me from what motives you ask of the beloved one who lies here."

He came and seated himself on the broken stone, and, after a few moments devoted to memories of the past, he told me of his daughter.

"She was lovely," he said; "not only a parent's heart thought so, but every one who knew her. I had another daughter, as lovely in face, but not in disposition, as Mary. Clara was proud and passionate, and ever jealous of her sister's superiority, and of the many friends who clustered around her. Clara loved her, too—but there was a rankling jealousy at her heart which spoiled all her better qualities.

"My wife and myself tried to treat the two children as nearly alike as possible—but undoubtedly we did often give the preference to Mary; and if we did, it was sure to cost Clara a flood of passionate tears, and she would reproach her sister with stealing from her our affections. At school, it was the same. The teachers all loved Mary, while they only endured Clara. I would often stifle down the praise which I would have bestowed upon Mary, lest I should rouse her sister's temper, and make us all sufferers. Meek, unassuming as an angel, Mary would never reproach or retort; and while Clara's heart was meditating wrong against her, she would, in all probability, be contriving some pleasant surprise—something for Clara's pleasure.

"Mary was passionately fond of flowers. The peaceful occupation of tending them, seemed especially suited to her gentle nature; and the first of her beautiful roses and carnations were always to be found on Clara's table. Of books, she had also her favorites—and these also formed a part of her willing sacrifices. O, how a father's memory recalls those things, and brings again before him the loved one and lost!

"I can give you no idea of the goodness and loveliness of this child. It seemed as if an angel had come down to earth. Always, some one was saying to us that she would not live to be grown up. But she did live, and in that life, my own and her mother's seemed to be wholly bound up. Her voice was melody itself. Often have I come home at night, and have seen a crowd gathered, still and almost breathless, around the door, to hear her sweet voice, while she, all unconscious that she was heard, would trill out such notes as seldom come from mortal lips.

"I was wealthy enough to purchase every needful advantage for my girls—and I spared no pains or expense to make them accomplished and well educated. They both well repaid me, by their devotion to their studies. In these Clara excelled. It was part of her character, to allow no one to distance her in any attainment. She was highly intellectual, and in all matters of mere acquirement, was the superior of her sister.

"Mary bowed to this superiority. She rejoiced in Clara's excellence, and her evident admiration of her talents, softened the heart of her proud sister. On those occasions, when Mary's heart went out in praise to some emanation of Clara's genius and talents the latter would seem touched, for awhile, at her involuntary tribute, and return love for love. At such times, I would believe that year would bring more beauty to Clara's soul—that she would forsake the unkindly temper of her childhood, and become more like her sister. I tried to think if aught that I could do, would help this poor child to become better and happier. In her own soul alone, however, lay the remedy. Nothing could help her, unless she would help herself to bear and forbear without repining.

"When Clara was nearly twenty, and Mary was eighteen, Charles Howard came to visit us. He was the son of my dearest friend. I loved his father like a brother. Charles seemed like the impersonation of his father's youth—so noble, so full of generous sentiments, so quick in every lofty purpose. I never knew one except his father, whose character was so self-sustained. I loved the boy with such love, I thought, as I could have bestowed upon a son, had God seen fit to have given me a son. It was like sunlight in our dwelling, this visit of Charles Howard, and when he left us, it seemed as if the darkness had come upon us. He was such a bright, happy, cheerful spirit—he was so rich in "that jewel which no Indian mine can buy—content"—and carried about him such an affluence of happiness, that it was hard to miss his voice, so like music, or his silvery laughter.

"Well, he came again and again. I knew that one of my daughters was his attraction, and I prayed that it might be Clara. The sunshine of his temper might, perhaps, communicate to hers, and both might be happy. But just as I thought my wish was about to be granted, I found, to my dismay, that it was Mary. I was not undeceived until he asked me for my daughter. Even then I mistook his purpose, and my assent was so cordial and earnest, that I think the young man was surprised into a feeling of something like distrust of my sincerity. He told me, indeed, afterwards, that he believed me jesting with his too evident anxiety, and that I was willing to turn his offer almost into ridicule.

"How different that offer looked to me, when all was explained, and I found that it was Mary whom he loved? Well as I liked Charles, I could not yet bring my mind to consent that he should bear away my precious child. It was too much; and I lingered and dallied over my answer, until patience would have been exhausted in any one less a lover than himself. Mary, sweet child, had unconsciously given him her heart long before—but she, too, thought that Clara was the one he sought, and she hid her love in her own soul. *She* would have died rather than to have stood in a sister's path to happiness.

"It was known, before long, that Charles had proposed for Mary. Never shall I forget poor Clara's look when it was announced! She, too, had been deceived by his friendly manner toward her; a manner which was but the result of the kindly feeling which every one connected with Mary, awakened in the young man's heart. I questioned Clara closely, almost hoping to find that he had committed himself to her by some word by which I could bind him to her for life; but even her sanguine disposition and her earnest hopes, could not construe it into anything more than mere passing attentions which might be interpreted either way. But Mary! it was worth a lifetime of anxiety, to see the beautiful happiness which came over that blessed face. Her eyes had the sweet, brooding softness of the dove, and her cheek deepened a little in its roseate tint; and life seemed hallowed and sanctified to her, by the love which was shed, like a radiance, over and around her.

"My poor Clara! now it was that she needed an added tenderness, if she would but accept it. Alas! she was obdurate in her passionate jealousy, and her love, instead of softening and subduing, only made her harder and more perverse. Hour after hour, would she sit, moody and silent, while Mary, poor girl! would try to wile her from that mood, and impart some of her own gentle nature. Charles urged the marriage on, hoping—for he, too, was well aware of Clara's feelings—that, when that was really decided upon, she would be in peace. In peace! Ah, that restless spirit had no element of peace within its troubled depths!

"I do not know how—I never could divine how it was, but Clara *did* separate Charles from Mary. She did it with a tact that left her unsuspected, but I afterwards knew that she alone was to blame. Long after she herself was Charles Howard's wife. Long after Mary had gone down with her unsuspecting heart, to this beautiful resting-place, Clara owned to me that it was through her means that they were separated, but even then she would not own what means she took, nor what artifice she employed. Nor did I seek to know. The 'grave covers all unkindness.'

"Mary did not die because of Charles Howard's desertion,—another cause laid her low; yet Clara will never cease to reproach herself. O! she is so altered! Her pride is all subdued now, and she is meek and gentle as a little child. It was she who caused this stone to be raised, and the inscription is her own. She never comes here—for the association is too bitter to be often renewed; but it was by her direction that this beautiful sweet briar was planted. In vain we assure her that Mary died from illness with which the heart had nothing to do. She still believes that she alone caused her death."

There is a world where the sisters will meet again—where all differences will be explained, all wounds healed, all hearts set at rest. Time—the restorer—the healer of wounds—the drier of tears—Eternity—that vast ocean in which all meaner things will be overwhelmed,—will at last restore them to each other. Until then, thou poor, weeping father! wait and hope!

Be true to your own highest convictions. Intimations from our own souls, of something more perfect than others teach, if faithfully followed, give a consciousness of spiritual force and progress never experienced by the vulgar of high life or low life, who march along as they are drilled, to the step of their tunes.

PELEG W. CHANDLER, ESQ.

The accompanying likeness of Mr. Chandler was drawn for us by Mr. Hill, from an admirable photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case. Peleg Whitman Chandler was born at New Gloucester, Maine, April 12, 1816. He received his preliminary classical training at Bangor Seminary, and then entered Bowdoin College, an institution which has sent forth many eminent men. He graduated with honor in 1834. He then entered Cambridge Law School, and continued his legal studies in the office of Theophilus Parsons, Esq., in this city. For a number of years Mr. Chandler furnished the Boston Daily Advertiser with reports of law cases in the higher courts, and these were remarkable for their accuracy and perspicuity. In 1837, he was admitted to the bar. After having served three years as a member of the city council, he was its president in 1844. From 1840 to 1846, he was a member of the House of Representatives, displaying in that position marked ability, sound sense, and great aptitude for business. In 1848, he was chosen city solicitor, and while he held that important office, performed its duties in the most acceptable manner. Mr. Chandler projected that admirable and valuable publication, the Law Reporter, and conducted it for ten years, winning an enviable reputation by the vigor and purity of his style and the extent and accuracy of his legal knowledge. Among the valuable and important papers he prepared for that journal, is an elaborate review of the famous D'Hauteville case, which will be found in the volume for 1841. Among his other works may be mentioned his "American Criminal Trials," re-published in London, and highly spoken of by the press. Mr. Chandler is also known by other publications of a legal character. His oration, delivered July 4, 1844, is a highly creditable performance of an original character. It is a calm, well-considered production, abounding in sound philosophical views, expressed with great vigor. Mr. Chandler is a close reasoner and an able writer. There is a great deal of epigrammatic terseness in his style. His reputation is established on a sound and enduring basis. Mr. Chandler, by his various law publications, has rendered a great service to the profession of which he is an ornament, and his labors have been highly appreciated. As an author, he never aims at what is called "fine writing," which is one of the most prominent literary sins of the day. We have few writers of purer English among us.



HON. PELEG W. CHANDLER.

CAPE WAGON.

In No. 7 of the present volume, we presented, among other characteristic sketches of the Cape of Good Hope, a picture of a Cape Wagoner. We now add a spirited sketch of a Cape Wagon, with its almost interminable team of oxen and bullocks, winding their way along one of the vast plains of South Africa. The wagoners are furnished with whips of enormous length, the stocks being of cane-pole, so that they are enabled without moving, to reach with the lash a large number of animals. Though not particularly unkind to their animals, they are very fond of wielding this official badge and of cracking it most ostentatiously whenever a European appears in sight. The country over which these wagons travel is of a difficult character, and it frequently requires the utmost exertions of a team like that depicted in our engraving, to get the wagon through the miry places in which they occasionally settle.

"WASSAIL BOWLE, OR GRACE CUP."

Wassail, or *was-heal*, in Saxon, signifies your health, and is now used in a very limited sense, and only at the time of Christmas. It anciently signified mirth and festivity in general; and in this sense it occurs in Shakspeare, as follows:

> "The king doth wake to-night, and take his rouse,
> Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels."

And Milton likewise says:

> "I'm loth to meet the rudeness and swilled insolence
> Of such late wassailers."

Wasselling was a great ceremony at Court on Twelfth Night, in the reign of Henry VII. "When the steward cometh in at the doore with the wassel, he must crie three times 'wassel, wassel, wassel,' and then the chaplain was to answer with a good songe." In a very old house at Bexley, in Kent, is an oaken chimney-piece, on which is carved a wassel bowle, resting on the branches of an apple tree. On one side is the word wassheil, and on the other seinheile; it is at least as old as the fourteenth century. The custom of throwing toast, and pouring out libations to apple trees for proving a fruitful year, was called wassel; the term is still applied to the drinking songs sung in the cider counties on the eve of Epiphany, when the ceremony is performed. In Holderness, and other parts of Yorkshire, it is the custom to carry about with the wassel cup an image of our Saviour, together with a quantity of roasted apples, so that this custom has been restricted to the convivial season of Christmas, and the custom of roasting apples on Christmas Eve still continues in some districts. The origin of the term wassel is traced to the story of Vortigern and Rowena, the daughter of Hengist. On their first interview, she kneeled before him, and presenting a cup of wine, said, "Hlaford Kynning waes-heil!"—i. e., Lord King, health be to you! The king being unacquainted with the Saxon language, asked the meaning of the terms, and being told that they wished his health, and that he should answer by saying *drink heil*, he did so, and commanded her to drink; then taking the cup, he kissed the damsel, and pledged her. From this the custom long remained in Britain, whoever drank to another at a feast said, *watcht heil*, and he that received the cup, answered, *drink heil*. The wassel songs were sung during the festivities of Christmas, and in earlier times, by the itinerant minstrels, of whom, with the practice, some remains may be traced in our present wails and carols. One of these songs is preserved in the British Museum.—A wassail bowle, or cup, was anciently placed on the table of Princes as well as Abbots. In the 11th volume of Archælogia, there is an engraving of one which formerly belonged to Glastonbury Abbey, and a dissertation upon it is by Dr. Milner. The inside (which holds two quarts) is furnished with eight pegs, at equal distances, one below the other, in conformity to Edgar's law to repress excess in drinking. This measurement allowed of half a pint to each person. There is one now to be seen at Mr. Greenall's, Great Common Street, Soho. In the preface to the history of "Tom Thumbe, the Little," published in the year 1621, is the following passage:—"Now you must imagine me to sit by a good fire, amongst a companye of good fellows, over a well spiced wassel bowle of Christmas ale, telling of these merrie tales which hereafter followe."

WHAT WORKING MEN HAVE DONE.

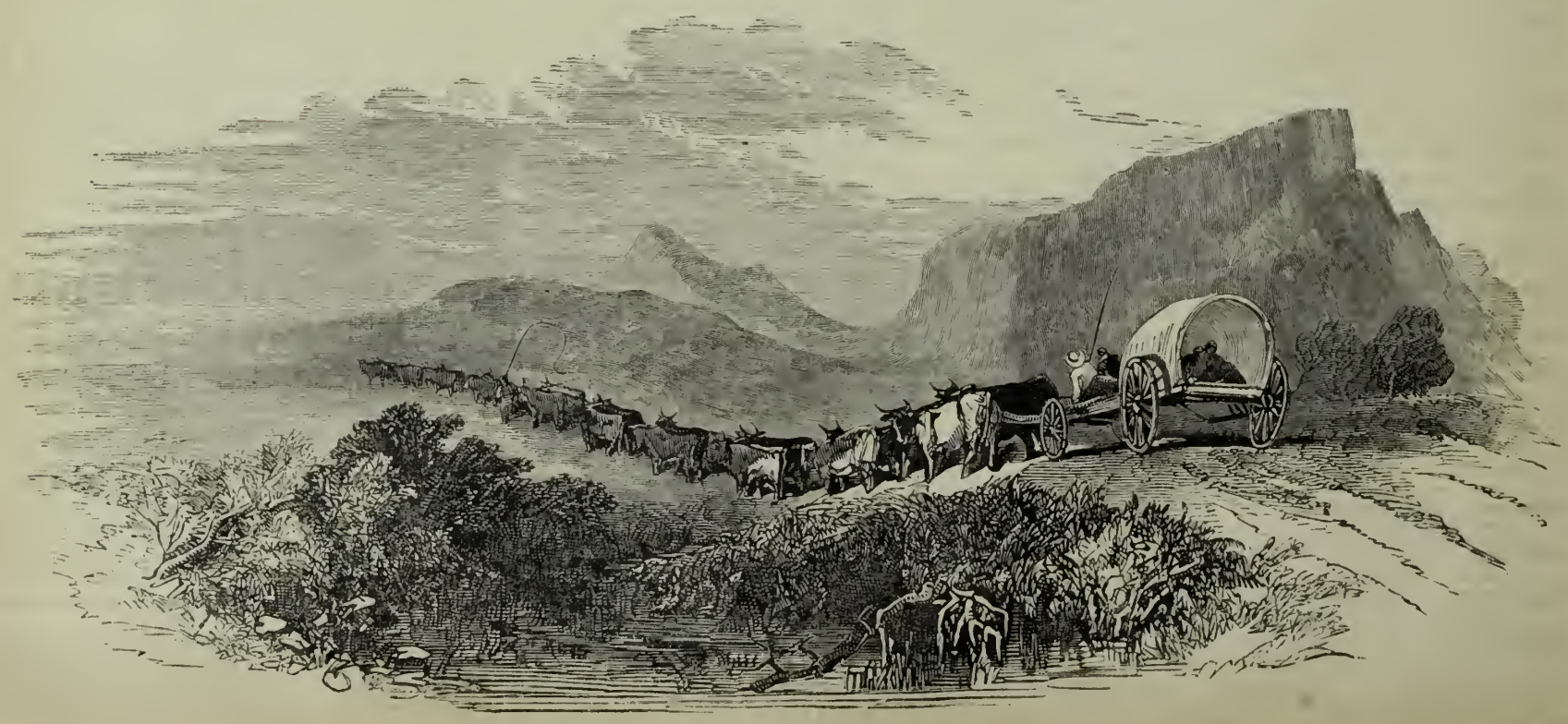
But some may say, "Why give working people time to think? What good use can they make of it?" Let us see what they *have done*. Take general literature. Look at Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," one of the greatest writers of prose fiction that ever lived; he began life as a hosier, and was almost wholly self-taught. William Cobbett, the great master of racy Saxon English, was in early life a farmer's boy, and afterwards a common soldier. Izaak Walton, the pleasing biographer and "complete angler," was a linen draper. Then in science: Thomas Simpson, the distinguished mathematician, wrought, for the greater part of his life, as a weaver. Captain Cook, one of the most scientific of English sailors, and a very pleasing writer, was wholly self-taught. His father, a poor peasant, learned to read when he was turned of seventy, in order that he might be able to peruse his son's voyages. Arkwright, subsequently Sir Richard, the inventor of the cotton spinning machine, was a poor man, and commenced life as a barber. James Brindley, the author of canal navigation in England, the first who tunnelled great hills, and brought ships across navigable rivers on bridges, was a millwright. Herschell, subsequently Sir William, originally a musician in a Hanoverian regiment, became a skilful optician and a great astronomer. To him Campbell refers in the well-known line:

> "Gave to the lyre of heaven another string."

Then for the fine arts. Chantrey was a milk and butter boy, and his first mouldings were in softer material than marble. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of an innkeeper, and wholly self-taught. John Opie was found by Dr. Walcott working in a saw-pit. William Hogarth, the greatest master of character that ever developed his ideas by means of the pencil, served his apprenticeship to an engraving silversmith, and commenced his professional career by engraving coats of arms and shop bills. Then in poetry. Gifford, the first editor of the "Quarterly," began life as a poor sailor boy, and afterwards served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker. Bloomfield—pardon me for calling him the English Burns—wrote his best poem, the "Farmer's Boy," while he, too, worked in a garret as a shoemaker. "Ben Jonson," says Fuller, in his "English Worthies," "worked for some time as a bricklayer and mason. He helped to build the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket." Shakspeare, your own Will Shakspeare, was a poor man's son; his father could not write his name, and his cross or mark still exists in the record of Stratford-on-Avon to attest the fact. The poet's own education seems to have been very limited, and tradition describes him as having lived for a time by very humble employments. Then turn we to theology, the highest range of all. The two Millers, Doctor Isaac, dean of Carlisle, and his brother Joseph, author of the well-known "History of the Church," began life as weavers. Dr. Prideaux, author of the "Connection," and bishop of Worcester, got his education by entering Oxford as a kitchen-boy. John Bunyan, the greatest master of allegory and author of the second best book in all the world, was a self-taught tinker. These be some of England's best working men, who have thought, and thought to some purpose. These be some of your hosiers, and linen-drapers, and millwrights, and masons, and sawyers, and shoemakers, and weavers, and barbers, and tinkers. Is England proud of them? Well she may be. Does she want more of them? She needs them all. Then let England give her working men time to think; for the man's sake, for the master's sake, for England's sake—for God's sake.—*London Lectures.*

ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA.

The present emperor seems disposed to depart from the habits of his deceased father on one more point than has hitherto been noticed—he permits petitions to be presented to him when out walking or driving. The wife of an officer, who felt his just claims to promotion unfairly passed over, lately addressed the emperor when out walking early one morning, and made him acquainted with all the circumstances connected with the case by word of mouth. The emperor immediately proceeded with her to the war office, and had the papers she adverted to laid before him, and in the course of a few days, everything had been arranged to the satisfaction of the bold petitioner.—*New York Courier and Enquirer.*



REPRESENTATION OF A CAPE OF GOOD HOPE WAGON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

REMOVAL!

We have removed our office of publication to No. 22 Winter Street, in the large building especially erected for our business, and where we shall be happy to meet our patrons.

AMERICAN STREETS.

An Englishman who has written a book about America—we don't remember and don't care for his name—says :—"With very few exceptions, American streets are wretchedly ill paved and intolerably filthy, so badly lighted that it is dangerous to go out after dark, and so full of holes that European carriages would not be safe a week." We don't know what he means by that, for our carriages are fully one third lighter than the English vehicles, and an American trotting wagon is a marvel of light weight to English eyes. "I have seen ladies," says our Englishman, "over the ankle-step in mud ruts two feet deep, and chasms large enough to overturn an omnibus. Even in cities the inhabitants of which pay heavy taxes for paving and cleansing, these departments are very ill-conducted, and the state of many back and cross streets baffles description. So far from bearing comparison with England, the Americans in this respect can scarcely claim equality with the foulest towns of southern Europe. There are lanes in New York worse than any in Marseilles." Such is the sweeping condemnation our foreign friend visits us with. He found a few places in a bad condition, and thereupon Bull-like, concluded that they were all so. But an Englishman has some reason to be proud of the condition of the streets of his native land. London, notwithstanding its enormous population, is kept in apple-pie order, and so might New York be if proper exertions were made.

DYEING HAIR.—The Chinese do not make external applications of coloring matter to the hair. They treat gray hair as a disease produced by the exhaustion of iron in the system, and restore the color by taking ferruginous doses.

A LONG WALK.—At Newark, N. J., one Mickey Free lately walked one hundred and six hours without sitting or sleeping, on a plank forty feet long and four feet wide. He risked his health for the paltry sum of $300.

AWFUL DEPRAVITY.—Two young girls were lately arrested at Hartford, in the land of steady habits, for stealing whalebone to manufacture hooped skirts for themselves.

SPLINTERS.

.... An Ashantee negro, who spoke a little English, on seeing ice for the first time, said : "Him be water fass asleep."

.... The president has pardoned Wagner, the foreign agent, convicted of enlisting men in this country for the Eastern war.

.... The one hundred and fifty-sixth anniversary of Yale College, Ct., was lately celebrated with immense éclat.

.... The new water-works to supply the city of Brooklyn, New York, are under way, and going on with great rapidity.

.... About eight thousand dollars have been forwarded from New York for the relief of the sufferers by inundation in France.

.... Lord Brougham, one of the hardest working of England's great men, is living in poor health and retired at his villa.

.... The Toronto Globe does not like the idea of Canada being merely a duelling-ground for gentlemen from this side.

.... Thirty-two fishing vessels were lately wrecked in the Straits of Belle Isle, during a very violent hurricane.

.... A young English lady lately recovered $15,000 in a suit brought for breach of a marriage promise.

.... St. Martin, the Canadian, whose digestive organs are visible and in good condition, has been taken to England.

.... The imperial recognition of the American Bonaparte has caused a good deal of uneasiness to Jerome.

.... A German is said to have succeeded, under influence of chloroform, in transplanting hair on to a bald man's head.

.... Lake Geneva is to be dammed at certain points to prevent inundation of the River Rhone.

.... A proposition has been introduced into the U. S. Senate, to give members three thousand dollars a year.

.... Our system of private capital executions has been recommended by the House of Lords for adoption in Great Britain.

.... Gen. Tom Thumb lately had $20,000 worth of presents stolen from him in Cincinnati, but recovered them.

.... Miss Laura Keene has been ejected by legal process from the theatre in New York she managed so well.

.... The Russian loss in the late war is now stated to amount to a little less than 300,000 men.

.... The French peasant who won the gold ingot valued at 40,000 francs, died poor, having spent it all in charity.

.... The Emperor Nicholas is reported to have left a memoir of his reign, to be published four years from this time.

.... A man in Doylston lately died from having an arm and leg cut off by a mowing machine. Be careful with machinery.

..— The peach crop in the Southern States is magnificent. Hereabouts there is a very poor show of that fruit.

.... The French residents of Mexico lately gave a tin-pan serenade to their minister for refusing to preside at a charity meeting.

.... The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, one of the world's wonders, has been explored to the extent of eleven miles.

THE INCOMING OF AUTUMN.

September by the almanac! September by the bright atmosphere! September by the exulting bound of the pulses, and the rush of the invigorated blood! We hail thee, bright and genial month! The dog-days are passed. Rabid canine animals have run their race, foamed at the mouth, bitten infants and alderneys, frightened old women into convulsions, and gone to the dogs. We can walk the thoroughfares without fear of insane bulldogs rushing out of alley-ways, and making love to the calves of our legs. We can walk the streets without "larding the lean earth as we walk." We can breathe, we can sleep, we can think. A plunge in the ocean wave is no longer a luxury. We shudder at the thought of Newport, Cape May and Coney Island. We have the ague at the thought of Mount Washington and the cloud-environed summit of the Kaatskills. We turn our thoughts city-ward. We interest ourselves in theatricals and musical matters. We consult the papers to see what our friend Kimball is doing—what Mr. Manager Barry, and what the directors of the Howard and the National. Will Jack Brougham hold his own at the Bowery? How about those new importations of Niblo? What has become of Sarah Felix? Is Max Maretzek destined to an Austerlitz victory or a Waterloo defeat? Are not those balloon skirts a little too airy for autumn wear? Will the concert and lecture season be brilliant? What new "imp of Germany brought up in France" will be introduced into the ball-room? These are serious questions, and discussed with all the gravity of the "points" in a congress of royal representatives to settle the affairs of Europe.

But let us not be in haste to abandon the country. It has still its manifold attractions. The trees are just putting on that bronzed hue so dear to the painter's eye, and so much more soothing than the raw green of July. The distant hills are veiled in that golden mist that poor Doughty used to represent so well. The noontides are glorious, effulgent, and the air is pure and balmy and soft to the lungs. If the parterres of the gardens no longer send forth an aromatic odor, they are bright with a floral glory that the summer knows not. The many-hued dahlias flame along the gravel-walks; the asters display their fluted leaves in many an entrancing hue. Along the trellices, the grapes hang in purpling clusters; and in the garden plats, the luscious melons with their braided skins woo the eye and awaken the appetite. Further on, opened husks of the maize turn their deep golden ears to the sunlight. The sharp sickle gleams among the falling grain. Apples, golden as those of the Hesperides, glisten in the interstices of the foliage. Whole acres of orange pumpkins, suggestive of Thanksgiving, in connexion with the gabbling flocks of turkeys that strut about the fallows, diversify the rustic landscape. From the far-off copse you see now and then a puff of light smoke swell up into the blue atmosphere, followed, at an interval, by a dull report, telling you that the sportsman has donned his accoutrements, and that Rover or Dash has made a point. Now the practical farmer begins to count his gains, and the gentleman farmer his expenditures. The former has his reward for his labor and experience, the latter his pleasure for his pains.

In many respects, September in New England is the most delightful month of the year. It is neither too hot nor too cold; it is healthy and invigorating. It admits of exercise of mind and body without let or hindrance. It is a graceful portal by which we enter on the season of winter, as in a well-regulated bathing establishment we pass through different degrees of temperature, from the callid to the frigid. The man who is dissatisfied with the month of September must be very difficult to please.

TERRITORIAL EXPANSION.

The Journal says :—"France, we believe, makes no Christian pretences in regard to her conquests, and practises but little more than she pretends. Africa she converts into a sort of political Botany Bay, to be used as a vent for the restless spirits who imperil the existence of her despotic rulers. The French idea of spreading civilization seems to be the getting up of *autos-da-fe* among wild Arabs, forcing wines and brandy upon the people of the Sandwich Islands at the cannon's mouth, and stifling Italian independence by armed legions stationed in the Eternal City. But if we measure her sins by her success, she has much less to answer for than her great rivals, England and Russia." Yet our fair cousins of France and England are constantly throwing into our faces our pretended thirst for territorial expansion, much as a rogue in a crowd who has picked a pocket is the very first to utter the cry of "Stop thief!" But we can endure these unjust taunts, because, in Yankee phrase, they "don't amount to anything." But if we chose to retaliate, what stories we could tell with admitted history for a basis!

WEDDED BLISS.—A married woman in England is really the property of her husband, and her sufferings, in consequence, particularly among the lower classes, are often terrible. In those classes wife-beating is common, and we believe the law allows chastisement with a stick big as a man's thumb. As some rustic thumbs are rather solid, the consequences may be imagined.

AUSTRALIA.—Advices from Melbourne represent the agricultural prospects of the colony as flourishing. The gold mines were more abundant daily. Railroads were being encouraged by the legislature.

WHAT NAMES!—The official named as the next Russian ambassador to France is called Count Kissenuff. A Russian army surgeon is named Doctoroff.

MILITARY PREACHING.—In London, lately, a Mr. Coulter, a member of the Life Guards, preached a very effective sermon in a Methodist chapel.

ACCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

The past travelling season produced some accidents on land and water that have carried distress into the bosom of many families, and dismay wherever the tidings have reached. It is still perilous to travel in this country; and the more so, since there is no diminution on the part of the public of that craving for excessive speed, that restless fury of locomotion which perhaps underlies all travelling disasters. To save time, people are willing to run the risk of rushing unprepared upon eternity. The travelling public will patronize the fastest boat, and will applaud the fastest demonstration of a locomotive. The rivalry of steamboats owes its existence to a popular feeling. The sole thought of nearly every passenger in a railroad train is to get on as fast as possible. A slow rate of running causes dissatisfaction throughout a train. A steamboat that accomplishes only twelve miles an hour, is voted an "old tub." Newspaper articles are written denouncing the parsimony and timidity of a corporation that goes on the "slow and sure" principle, and every newspaper correspondent has his fling. No wonder that the cornet player Vivian stipulated, before visiting this country on a professional tour, that his life should be previously insured against the risk of travel for $50,000. We have sometimes, when heartsick at reading tales of death and mutilation occasioned directly or indirectly by the mania for rushing from place to place at the utmost possible speed, been disposed to regard steamboats and railroads with aversion, and to look back to the days of stage-coaches and sailing-packets with regret. We are, we sorrowfully confess it, too fast a people. We must stop running these daily risks; we must be content to move more slowly and securely. If we escape death and mutilation, we are worn out and effete at fifty. Our old age is an old age of exhaustion and debility, and arrived at the threshold, we cry, too late and despairingly, with Dr. Walcott, "O, give me back my youth!" It is we who have thrown it away. We empty the brimming chalice at a draught, and then, when the parching thirst comes on, complain that there is not a drop left in the cup.

A PHENOMENON.—A child with two heads is living in England. One of its heads is charming, the other diminutive and deformed. The old proverb says that "two heads are better than one," and an opportunity is afforded of testing its truth now.

J. FROST.—This gentleman has returned to England. We allude to John Frost, Esq., and not Jack Frost of meteorological celebrity. This Mr. Frost was the exiled Chartist, who made such a noise in this country recently.

GOING UP.—Among the celebrities who, in times past, made ascensions with M. Godard, the aeronaut, were Marshal St. Arnaud, the hero of the Alma, and Arago, the great French astronomer.

MARRIAGES.

At Boston, by Rev. J. P. Robinson, Mr. Thomas Taylor to Miss Bridgett O. Laughlin; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Charles J. Stuart, Jr., of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah Ada Dearborn, of Stratham, N. H.; by Rev. Phineas Stowe, Mr. Caleb D. Smith to Miss Charlotte M. Hunt; by Rev. A. H. Burlingham, Mr. John Petit to Miss Elizabeth Bailey; by Rev. A. Blaikie, Mr. Daniel Campbell to Miss Susan J. Buchanan.—At Dorchester, by Rev. R. Pike, Mr. William J. Rolfe to Miss Eliza J. Carew.—At Nantucket, Mr. Charles B. Swain to Miss Lydia G. Brock.—At Roxbury, by Rev. A. C. Thompson, Rev. S. B. Fairbank, of the Bombay Mission, to Miss Mary Ballantine.—At Newburyport, by Rev. D. P. Pike, Mr. Henry M. Bracket, of West Newbury, to Miss Mary E. Richardson, of Grovelaud.—At Amesbury, by Rev. E. Mason, Mr. William A. Rowell to Miss Lucinda N. Bailey.—At Salisbury, by Rev. B. Sawyer, Mr. William A. Kennett to Miss Sarah D. Osgood —At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Edgar H. Baily to Miss Arabella Loring, both of Duxbury. –At New Bedford. by Rev. B. V. Stevenson, Mr. Eugene H. Gifford to Miss Rebecca T. Howland. At New York, Mr. William A. Lamper to Miss Sarah E. Wright, both of Lynn. At Cleveland, O., Mr. L. M. Oviatt, of C., to Miss Mary E. Smith, of Spriugfield, Mass.—At Chicago, Ill., P. Corueli, Esq. to Miss Helen M. Gray.

DEATHS.

At Boston, Mr. William D. Stewart, 28; Mrs. Olive Marshall, of Nashua, N. H., 84; Mrs. Sarah D. Munroe, 75; Mrs. Abigail T. Vose, 60; Joseph F. Dyke, 14; Mr. Hugh Dugan, 71.—At South Boston, Mr. Daniel Weston, 65.—At Chelsea, Mr. Charles J. Hanson, 21.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. John Russ, 41. At Medford, Miss Hepzibah Hall, 58.—At Brookline, Mr. Timothy H. Child, 72; Capt. Benjamin Bradley, 70.—At Cohasset, Mr. Charles Cunningham, 46. At Lowell, Mrs. Matrassa L. Sanford, 20.—At Wenham, Mr. Abraham Dodge, 41; Alphonso M. Dodge, his son, 17.—At Haverhill, Mr. Gilbert W. Rowe, 17. At Worcester, Mrs Hannah Parker, 40; Mr. Richard Hill, 78; Mrs. Polly Woodward, 90.—At Monument, Mrs. Mary Gifford, 65.—At East Sallsbury, Mrs. Elizabeth T. Coffin, 49.—At Taunton, Mr. Frederick W. Morey, 36.—At Sandwich, Mr. Edmund Bassett, 45.—At Nantucket, Mr. Benjamin F. Ray, 43. At Worthington, Mr. Elijah Higgins, 66.—At Buckland, Mrs. Mary Newton, 54.—At Montague, Mr. Francis Webber, 62.—At Portsmouth, N. H., William Haven, Esq., 81.—At Bath, Me., Mrs. Sarah F. Tallman, 42.—At Portland, Me., Capt. Jonathan Tucker, 86.—At Camden, Me , Joseph M., second son of Mr. George Bradford, of Charlestown, Mass., 18.—At Palmyra, N. Y., Mr. Benjamin Armington, 80, formerly of Providence, R. I.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A PHANTASY.

BY "GAY HUMBOLDT."

I dreamed it was night by the sleeping sea,
And the stars were sinking away to rest;
And I thought that proud kings were humbled to me,
That proud nations trembled at my behest.

In a moment a ship arose from the sea,
'Twas a fairy ship with a cloud of sail,
And it sped on and onward right gallantly,
As if borne on the wings of a tempest gale.

There were echoes of laughter and songs of love
That came to my ears—high sounds of glee—
As like a bright cloud of evening she drove
O'er the curling waves of the wakening sea.

Onward and on! and a hurricane swept
Onward and on o'er the place where I stood,
Onward and on, till the fairy thing leapt
Like a wild thing of life from the maddening flood.

Onward and on, like a bird of the sea,
It toppled the waves of the ether air,
A moment—then dashed down breathlessly,—
And vanished like rime in the sun's fierce glare.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CANADIAN FUGITIVE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

It was a soft, warm day in early summer. The glorious beauty of the season bore no sign of approaching decay, but all over the green earth's broad bosom were sunshine and loveliness. No cloud was in the summer sky—no gloom in the cool, sweet depths of the glorious old woods that skirted the city, and spread its dark, green foliage miles and miles away towards the broad river.

There had been tokens of an insurgent spirit among the Canadians for some months. Secret meetings had been held, arms provided, and the watchword was only needed to arouse the lion hearts longing to achieve the deeds they fondly hoped would lead to independence. Of these hearts, Simon Duncombe was the strongest and bravest. By common consent, he had put himself into the foremost rank, and was allowed to retain his position without a rival. At once statesman and soldier, with judgment and experience to mark out the path for himself and others, and bravery to lead them on, each insurgent involuntarily looked to Duncombe, as to the gallant leader who, in some way, was to gain the prize for which their souls panted.

Every one knows how this ill-fated struggle ended—how powerless was the insurgent force against the serried ranks of England's army. But perhaps few know what became of the brave Duncombe—of him who left his blood in streams upon the streets of Montreal; and who, not until his associates were all cut down by the bayonets of the soldiers, or were made prisoners, sought to secure his own immediate safety.

Hastening unperceived from the melee, he succeeded in gaining his own house, where he remained until evening, with his wife and children clustering about him, deploring the fate that was about to separate them perhaps forever. For the brave associates who had fallen by his side, there was an honorable grave. For him, in prospective, there was only the traitor's death. It could not be! No rope should ever touch the free neck of Simon Duncombe; and although his brave heart swelled at the thought of flying ignominiously from his family and friends, still it was the only alternative, and he felt compelled to embrace it.

In the depths of the forest was a cave which he believed was unknown to any person but himself and his eldest daughter, who had frequently accompanied him on his exploring or hunting expeditions. To this place he resolved to trust himself for a few weeks, or at least until the storm raised by the insurrection should have blown over, or the hot pursuit which would probably be made for him should have abated.

In the dead of night he left his wife and Constance weeping bitterly at the necessity of this painful separation. Sadly, and yet with a step that did not once falter, he passed around the beds of his sleeping children, kissed their bright, rosy lips and fair, waxen eyelids again and again, pressed his wife and daughter to his bosom in a long and lingering embrace, and was off under the clear depths of the midnight sky to his lonely place in the deep wood. Thither his daughter promised to go on certain days, and keep him supplied with fresh food.

"But the danger to Constance, Simon—have you thought of that?" Mrs. Duncombe had tearfully asked of him.

"All, all has been in my thoughts, Mary," he answered, "and provided for, as far as possible. Constance will show you the little case of pistols which I have given her; and she has had experience enough in our excursions through the woods, to avail herself of her skill in fire-arms to defend herself should she be attacked by any animal; and I do not apprehend any danger from pursuit in that part of the wood through which she will have to pass. Take courage, Mary! God will protect the right!"

It was the third morning after Simon Duncombe had left his house, and judging that he [illegible] time the food he had carried away was consumed, [illegible] this time herself for a walk through the woods. She took with her a brother of about ten or eleven years old, both as a companion, and also to give a color to the story she might be forced to tell respecting the food. Taking care to select provisions that would afford the most nourishment with the least bulk, she divided it with Roland, first making it into small packages, that could be easily disposed about the person.

Roland was a bright, intelligent, little fellow, who almost worshipped his sister Constance. And indeed Constance Duncombe was a sister to be proud of. Handsome, dignified, yet without a touch of vanity or haughtiness; modest and delicate, yet with a smack of her father's brave and indomitable spirit; fleet and agile as a young fawn, from her health giving exercise, taken in the woods and on the mountain tops with her father, in his wandering hours, yet graceful in every movement as the most courtly lady in the queen's household, Constance, at nineteen, was almost matchless in the rich gifts of her beauty and goodness.

Nor was she less fond of the beautiful boy, who already gave promise of a life that should be rich with the affluence of his beauty and genius. It was rare hearing the boy converse with his sister, as he now did, upon the probable fate of his father. That he would escape—would go to America—would there become a great, free and glorious leader of thousands, seemed to be in the boy's mind. Such faith on the part of a few more of such brave hearts as those who drenched Montreal with their blood, would have made Duncombe at this moment the leader of a mighty host, or the ruler of a people.

"And now, sister Constance," he continued, "how long do you suppose papa will have to stay in that horrid cave?"

"Not *horrid*, Roland! The cave is a very good hiding-place for papa. Do not think of it so, Roland; it will make you unhappy. Papa and myself have stayed in that cave through a tremendous thunder-shower, but yet it did not seem gloomy to me."

"That is because you are such a famous hunter, Constance. Wasn't it a pity that you were not a boy? You would have made such a glorious huntsman; and perhaps Mr. Morton up at the Lodge would have let you marry his daughter."

"Why, Roland, do you consider that as the greatest happiness?"

"Why, Constance, Agnes Morton looks like an angel! Did you ever see such beautiful eyes? They seem to look right into my heart."

Constance could not even smile at her brother's enthusiasm, so much did she regret his too mature nature. "Whom the god's love, die early," she had often heard it said; and always she thought of that mournful prophecy, when Roland was the subject of her meditations. And certainly there was room to fear that the boy-poet—he whose thoughts ran into verse, even before he had learned to write them down—would not be very long-lived. Already he had addressed stanza after stanza to Agnes Morton, who had become spiritualized and holy to the boy's poetic imagination. Leading the subject back to his father, Constance tried to interest him in her description of the cave, and thus beguiled their weary walk.

An hour's smart walking brought them before it, and then Constance began to tremble. What if her father had never found his way hither during that night? What if he might already have been tracked and imprisoned? For a moment her strength failed her; but in faith and hope she sprang forward, lifted the tangled brushwood that hid the mouth of the cave, and entered, to find herself and her brother clasped in their father's arms.

He looked careworn and thin; and it was with a strong effort that he could appear cheerful before the children. His wounds were partly healed, and Constance helped him to dress them with the bandages she had brought with her. A part of his sufferings had proceeded from this circumstance; and now that the wounds were easier, he wore a more cheerful aspect. Hour after hour elapsed, and still the children stayed on. They could not bear to leave their father alone, and Roland seriously proposed remaining with him.

"That will not do, my son," said his father. "Constance would, in that case, be obliged to go home alone. I sleep here, too, much more comfortably than if I had a child to protect. So, go home, my good children, and come to me again in three days."

As she emerged from the deep underwood that sheltered the mouth of the cave, Constance fancied that she heard another step than her own or Roland's. Nor was she mistaken; for before she had gone many yards she encountered Duncan Law, a half-crazed, half-idiotic fellow, who lived at the outer edge of the wood, and whose wandering propensities were well known to herself and her father, who frequently met him in their rambles. She could not tell by his countenance whether he suspected anything or not. He did not look surprised to see her in that place, but he looked rather strangely at the boy, whom he had never seen there before.

"An' whar's your braw father, Miss Constance?" said Donald, in his broad Scotch voice and accent. "He doesna hunt in the woods as he did lang syne."

"No, Donald," she answered, kindly. "Papa has been wounded, and has gone away from home to recover. We hope he will be able to be about and well before long."

The "innocent" nodded, and Constance fancied that he directed a furtive glance in the direction of the cave. Scarcely had she time to take in this thought, which was in itself unwelcome, if not positively alarming, before a man dressed as a soldier appeared at the opposite side of the wood. He started at seeing the odd group, but recovered his presence of mind, and blew a small whistle, which hung at his belt. Another appeared; and so much time elapsed after that, that Constantine felt re-assured by the thought that there were no more to come. These two confronted the idiot, who drew his face into such a hopeless, senseless look, that the men fairly smiled.

"A pretty enemy to attack, Bill!" said the one who came at the sound of the whistle. "No wonder you were afraid! Formidable foes—a fool, a girl, and an infant! Well said some of our fellows at mess the other day, that Bill Herkimer was a good scout, but a bad fighter!"

"Don't say that again, Joshua, or you will find Bill Herkimer's courage somewhere about your long, lean carcass."

"Well, well, Bill, put your courage in your pocket now, for I don't think you will need it here. But you must speak to the enemy. I am too bashful. The girl looks as if she was the leader. Faith, she is a proud one, I know!"

All this Constance heard, and then, taking Roland by the hand, and beckoning Duncan to follow, she took up the line of march, and passed directly in front of the soldiers. Such were her dignity of manner and the air of conscious superiority she wore, that they stood amazed, not offering to move until she was entirely out of sight.

"I say, Bill, that must be the queen, God bless her!" said Joshua. "No common 'oman could look and walk like that. What's your opinion?"

"Don't speak to me, Josh. I am consumedly flustrated; and if we've done wrong in not taking her before the leftenant, I can't help it. *I* couldn't touch her, and she looking so grand all the time!"

Meantime, Constance and her companions made what haste they could out of the woods. She saw that Donald trembled and grew pale at the sight of the soldiers, and this determined her not to follow a plan which she had half conceived in her mind, of trusting him with her father's retreat, so that, in case of anything happening unexpectedly to herself in the way of capture, she would have no apprehensions of his starving to death in the cave, or running the risk of being taken by leaving it.

She charged Roland not to tell her mother that there was any danger to be dreaded, but determined to go more frequently to the wood and watch. Under pretence of gathering roots, she carried a small basket and a knife, and equipped Roland with a similar outfit, taking care to have the knives well ground. As she entered the house, she uttered almost a scream of delighted surprise at seeing the guest who was with her mother. The stranger rose and clasped her in his arms. It was Roderic Heathfield, the long-acknowledged lover of Constance, and the special favorite of all the Duncombe family, from the father down to little Kitty. And well he might be, for, hating a little family pride, Roderic was a very noble fellow, and his love for Constance Duncombe was fast outgrowing all his little defects of character springing out of this very quality of pride.

"Thank Heaven, that you are come, Roderic," said Constance. "Now indeed I shall have no fear"—feeling assured that her mother had explained her father's position.

"I came because I heard such exaggerated stories of the quelling of the insurgents," he said. "Maury told me at Quebec, that your father had been among the killed, and that his family had fled from Montreal. I was almost frantic until I reached this place. I would have gone immediately to meet you, had not your mother assured me that I should not find my way to the cave."

Constance's happiness had now but one drawback, and that was her father's situation; and the danger of this, too, faded away before her lover's glowing description of the beautiful scenery of American landscapes, the glory of American sunsets, and the priceless worth of American freedom. Constance listened, and drank in the desire of seeing her father safe in one of those highly favored spots which he described so glowingly. Roderic must, of course, return soon, and whatever was to be done, must be done quickly. No time was to be lost. She must visit the cave the next morning early, and make preparations for her father's escape.

At dawn the next morning, Roderic and Constance went to the cave, carrying a suit of boatman's clothes for Mr. Duncombe. Dressing himself in these, they found, to their great satisfaction, that the disguise, assisted by a brown wig, fitted over his black hair, would be impenetrable.

Their plan was for him to steal from the cave at night, and meet them at the river side before dawn. They would touch at a given point with a boat, while Roderic, who should be similarly dressed, should in reality perform the labor of rowing, while Mr. Duncombe should appear to relieve him. Thus, if they were seen on the river, they would be apparently conveying the old lady, whom Constance was dressed to represent, her various trunks, packages and boxes down the river.

Under the very eyes of a sentinel, who was pacing his slow, sleepy walk, at the breaking of the day, they shot off into the stream, and when at last he strained his dull vision, as the muffled oars dipped in the water and gently dripped the sparkling drops from their blades, he was greeted with the mortifying sight of two men with red flannel shirts, and what seemed to be a bundle of shawls lying in the boat.

"Sold, by heaven!" was his half drowsy exclamation; but he concluded to keep his own counsel, although he shrewdly suspected that some escape had been made which should have come under his surveillance.

Row on, brave oarsmen! the danger is over!

* * * * * * *

On the banks of a glorious river in the New World, a neat, white villa, enshrined in its embowering green, rises with such a perfect affluence of beauty upon the eye of the passing voyager, that he longs to land and thread with his footsteps its vine-covered walks, and listen to the tinkling music of its fountains.

Here dwells the fugitive, Simon Duncombe. Here also are Roderic and Constance, long since married. And here, too, is the boy-poet, filling his pages with inspiration drawn from the beautiful scenery around him. Hush! he is reading his poetry to Agnes Morton, who has come from her Canadian home to bless with her angel eyes the home of Roland Duncombe! All are here—Simon's gentle wife, now passing into the quiet beauty of a peaceful sunset; little Kitty, now grown into the image of Constance; and a group of older, but graceful and handsome, brothers and sisters are seated together on the broad piazza, watching the gay steamers as they hurry on their course upon the noble river.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Mr. Henry Harris, the engineer who was killed by the recent collision on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, is the third one of his family who has been killed by railroad accidents. Two brothers of another family, now in the employ of the Reading Railroad, have each lost a leg. —— The American Association for the Advancement of Education held its annual meeting in Detroit on the 12th ult. —— The Toronto Colonist states that serious riots have taken place in the parish of St. Agnes, Malbaie, St. Irene, and St. Fidele, Lower Canada, the inhabitants having risen in crowds and attacked the municipal councils, beating them and turning them out of their rooms, upsetting the tables, and seizing and carrying off all the archives and papers. The cause is the imposing of direct taxes for roads. —— The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal, is to believe all stories to be false which *ought not* to be true. —— Samuel Cornwell, alias Fat Sam, a noted highway robber, died lately at the Brooklyn hospital. He was one of the most desperate characters which ever infested this country, and his boldness at times was astounding. He appeared to take no account of the condition, pecuniarily, of his victim, knocking him down and robbing him with the same satisfaction, whether he obtained a dollar or five hundred dollars. —— It is said that there is not an ounce of that famous perfume, pure otto of roses, sold in our country. It is adulterated before it is sent from Egypt—the country which furnishes almost the entire supply. —— A company of ten members, comprising gentlemen from the East, West and South, is being formed in Cincinnati, for the purpose of proceeding to Perry, a point eighty miles from the mouth of the river Amazon, where it is believed that the mahogany and India rubber trade offer extraordinary inducements to men of means and enterprise. —— It was agreed at the wine-grower's meeting, in Cincinnati, recently, that freezing does not injure wine, provided the bottle is not burst or the cork started. A heat 110°, however, will completely destroy it. —— The St. Louis papers give an account of the breaking up of a den of counterfeiters in that city. A complete coining establishment was discovered, and the gang of counterfeiters, as is supposed, arrested, consisting of five men, all Italians. A large quantity of unfinished bogus gold dollars was seized, as well as the metals and apparatus for making them. —— A Russian of the name of Balabin has succeeded in extracting an oil out of the yolk of eggs, from which he manufactures oil and pomatum. These articles are spoken of as being excellent. —— On a Sunday evening, lately, a young girl jumped from one of the piers in the city of Racine, and was drowned. She had been accused of stealing money from her employers, which impelled her to this act of violence. After her death, the money was found in the house where she had lived. It had been mislaid. —— The St. Anthony (Minnesota) Express estimates the number of logs that will be floated down the Rum, Mississippi and St. Croix Rivers from the pineries, this season, at 320,000,000. —— Judge Davies has rendered a decision in the supreme court, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., that commissioners of highways are liable for accidents on the highways, when it can be proved that such accidents occurred in consequence of the roads not being kept in proper order. —— It is with a faded beauty as with a clock: the more the face is enameled, the more clearly do we see the progress of time. —— A number of boys discovered several hundred counterfeit gold dollars in the edge of the water at the Levee in St. Louis, recently. On further search being made, a sack full of counterfeit silver coin was found near the same place. —— In New Orleans, drums are used instead of bells, to give notice of an auction sale.

SANITARY STATISTICS.

The sanitary survey of Massachusetts gives pulmonary statistics of all New England, which shows that the usual average of about one death in five, from all diseases, occurs from pulmonary diseases, in the mountains and hills of Vermont and New Hampshire, as well as in the interior of New York and the Middle States, and that the same ratio, for a series of years, holds good on the seacoast, and in the cities of Boston and New York. Boston, from its population of one hundred and fifty thousand, loses by consumption about fifteen per week, sixty-five per month, or about seven hundred and eighty per annum; New England not less than twenty thousand; and with the State of New York added, the victims of this single disease swell to forty thousand a year. It is claimed, however, that the use of some of the new remedies in this disease has recently diminished its fatality.

California Coal.—Coal in abundance is being discovered in almost every portion of the State of California, and coal mining will, ere long, be added to its already fruitful resources, and engage the attention of capitalists. A company has been formed to work the Table Mountain Coal Mine, with a capital stock of one million of dollars. The coal is found 100 feet from the surface.

Lighthouse Appropriations.—Mr. Comins of Massachusetts, from the Committee on Commerce, has reported a bill in the House of Representatives, making appropriations for lighthouses, light-boats, etc., in Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The amount appropriated for Massachusetts is over $1,000,000.

Serfdom in Russia.—The Emperor Alexander II. is said to be desirous of abolishing serfdom in the empire. He proposes that the government shall raise a loan, purchase serfs of their masters and liberate them. In this way, serfdom would be extinguished without violence.

Population.—Paris proper has increase two hundred thousand in population since Louis Napoleon assumed the reins of government.

Wayside Gatherings.

The New Brunswick prohibitory liquor law has been repealed.

J. Insco Williams, the artist, of Cincinnati, is painting a panorama of the Bible.

In the third heaven of Mahomet, the Koran says, there is an angel whose eyes are 70,000 days' journey apart.

In an old French dictionary, *liberty* is described to be a word of three syllables. The lexicographer dare not say more.

The most cross-grained are by no means the worst of mankind, nor the humblest in station the least polished in feeling.

A boy about sixteen years of age, in St. Louis, shot his mother with a pistol, wounding her severely, because she attempted to correct him.

St. Peter's Church, at Rome, independently of its inestimable treasures of art, cost $5,000,000, and the annual expense of repairs is over $80,000.

The upland hay crop, says the Amherst (N. H.) Cabinet, has been gathered, and usually in fine condition, and considerably exceeds that of last year.

A "catacomb" of rattlesnakes has been found on Rattlesnake Hill, near Lockport: from a crevice in the rock, three bushels of remains were taken out.

The girls in the silk factory at Hartford have sent one hundred spools of sewing silk, of forty colors, to the Times. The editor says he likes it "darned well."

Samuel Lover says that the words of his popular "Low Back Car" song were original with him, but they were adapted to an old Irish air called the "Jolly Ploughman."

Five passenger cars recently ran from Buffalo to Dorchester, a distance of seventy-five miles, in an hour and thirty-eight minutes. This sort of sporting ought to be discouraged.

Mr. Andrews, near Onarga, in Iroquois county, Illinois, has an artesian fountain upon his premises, from which flows so powerful a stream that mills are about to be erected upon it.

There are one hundred and one masonic lodges, with about four hundred acting members, in California, and St. John's day was celebrated at Grass Valley with appropriate exercises.

Mrs. George Blakesly, of Bath, New York, was bitten on the ankle by a rattlesnake, while picking berries, and died the next day, the physicians being unable to do anything for her relief.

The Lowell Citizen and News says that "tin placed about young apple trees will prevent the mice from girdling them. The material used is the tin of refuse cans, and costs one cent for each tree."

Edward A. Jessell, of Jersey City, who recently returned from San Francisco, and while there was a member of the Vigilance Committee, was terribly beaten in New York, by Andy Shehan, a well known gambler.

A new bridge to Goat Island, Niagara Falls, which has so long been wanted, is now being constructed, and will be, if completed in accordance to the design, a much better structure than was ever before seen in that locality.

Three brothers named Keeley died suddenly in Cincinnati—one in jail, of delirium tremens, another the next day by sun-stroke, and the third also by sun-stroke, received as he was following his brother's remains to the grave.

This is the "tournament" season of the South. One took place at Mt. Solon, Augusta, lately. Mr. John H. Crawford, of Augusta, was declared victor, and Miss Mat. Phillips, of the same county, was chosen Queen of Love and Beauty.

Colonel Colt and his bride, a beautiful and accomplished lady from his own neighborhood in Connecticut, are stopping now at Fenton's Hotel, in London, where they intend to sojourn some little time before proceeding to the continent.

Mr. C. Branch, of Sandal, near Doncaster, has now growing on his farm a large breadth of wheat which has been irrigated with gas water with the most satisfactory result. The farmers in the neighborhood say that the effect is surprisingly good.

A professor, named Joquet, condemned by the court of chancery to fifteen months' imprisonment for blasphemy, because he declared that Christ had brothers, and that no faith could be attached to the immaculate conception, has been pardoned by King Victor Emanuel of Sardinia.

The Mobile Tribune says: "We recently noticed the handsome donation of $1000 to Bishop Cobbs. Since then, Rev. Dr. Mandeville's people, of this city, who pay him the fair salary of $3000 a year, have voted him permission to travel for three months, and a present of $500 from them to pay expenses.

The Eastern Argus tells about one of its subscribers calling at the office, wearing a hat which he had worn for the last forty years! It was still a good hat, and looked as though it would last forty years more. The owner said that the changes of style made it a fashionable hat every five or six years!

John S. Gustin, superintendent of Washburn & Co.'s wire works at Quinsigamond Village, has constructed a little pleasure boat for the pond in that village, which is propelled by electricity. He says the boat can be propelled at the rate of four to six miles an hour for fifty cents a day, and carry twelve persons.

Intense and sudden excitement, often renewed, produces a habit of increased action and flow of blood to the brain, so as to involve inflammation of that organ, sometimes temporary and sometimes chronic. If this is permitted to go on for years, a little stronger each time, there will finally be a settled disordered action of some portion of that great nervous centre, and insanity results.

The New York Journal of Commerce says that emigration continues large, with the prospect of an increase in the fall, chiefly from Germany. Some of the ship captains say, that the preparations for emigration in some of the German ports was never so great as at present. The health of the emigrants continues good, and it is noticed that they generally possess a good share of pecuniary means.

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times, under date of July 15th, says that the arrivals of shipping at the port of St. Petersburg have never been so numerous as in this year; in the first six weeks after the opening of navigation, nearly one thousand vessels had cleared, exclusive of all coasters. The consequence was that freight was moderate, although the large quantities of grain there waiting for shipment took up a very considerable amount of tonnage.

At Newboro', Canada, lately, the dwelling house of Henry McAnalby was destroyed by fire. While the flames were enveloping the house, Mrs. McAnalby rushed in, as is supposed, to recover some money which she had privately laid up, but the fire was so furious that she could not get out again. Her husband tried to get her out through a window, when he too was surrounded by the flames, and the roof falling in, they were both destroyed by the devouring element.

Foreign Items.

The Emperor Napoleon suffers much from rheumatism.

The steamer Gedan from Japan carried rich presents for the king of the Netherlands, from the emperor.

The Bradford Observer states that Smith, the executioner of William Palmer, is to be "exhibited" at the forthcoming Leeds fair.

The property called "Gadshill" (which is situated a few miles from Rochester), where the second scene of the first part of Shakspeare's "King Henry IV." is laid, has been purchased by Mr. Charles Dickens, who is a native of Rochester.

Galignani's Messenger, in its summary of news from the Crimea, says: "The English soldiers, in order to occupy their leisure time, had constructed on the heights of Inkermann an immense battery with 20,000 bottles. It has been christened 'Lord Cardigan's Black Bottle Battery.' It is said that the Russians intend to build a similar one opposite."

The Emperor Alexander has authorized young noblemen to enter the civil professions without losing their nobility. Hitherto nobility has been lost to a nobleman's son, if he did not devote himself to the national service; but henceforth, in consequence of the new arrangement, it is hoped that a good many of them will embark in financial and manufacturing enterprises.

The highest point reached by the mercury in the thermometer in England this summer, as far as we have accounts, was on the 4th of July, when it reached 74 degrees. July 5th, the thermometer was reported at 60 deg., which was the highest point on that date. On the 8th of July it only rose to 56 deg.; on the morning of July 8th the thermometer indicated only 49 degrees.

Sands of Gold.

.... An ingenuous mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof.—*Bossuet.*

.... A docile disposition will, with application, surmount every difficulty.—*Manlius.*

.... The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it.—*Hare.*

.... In honest truth, a name given to a man is no better than a skin given to him; what is not natively his own falls off and comes to nothing.—*Landor.*

.... We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.—*Colton.*

.... Serious thoughts are folded up, chested and unlooked at: lighter, like dust, settle all about the chamber. The promise to think seriously dismisses and closes the door on the thought.—*Landor.*

.... Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labor; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.—*Johnson.*

.... True wisdom is a thing very extraordinary. Happy are they that have it; and next to them, not those many that think they have it, but those few that are sensible of their own defects and imperfections, and know that they have it not.—*Tillotson.*

.... We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants. If they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

It was said of a rich miser that he died in great want—the want of more money.

A philosopher, who married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to called his wife *brown sugar*, because, he said, she was *sweet, but unrefined.*

A lady leaving home, was thus addressed by her little boy: "Mama, will you remember and buy me a penny whistle, and let it be a *religious* one, that I can use it on Sunday."

A schoolboy, being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system—the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light!"

"Jake," said an old farmer one day to his mower, "do you know how many horns there are to a dilemma?"—"Well, no, not 'zactly," replied Jake, "but I know how many there are in a quart of good Monongahela."

"Miss Dubois, what is your opinion of the weather? I think it intends to clear. Do you agree with me?"—"I do, indeed; and wish some folks would follow the weather's example, and clear, too." Mr. Scofield seized his hat, and has not been seen in that street since.

A crazy woman, living near Rydal, was asked if she ever saw Wordsworth, and what sort of a man he was. "O, indeed," said she, "he is canny enough at times; and though he goes *booing his poetry* (repeating his poetry) through the woods, he will now and then say, 'How do you do, Nanny?' as sensible as you or I!"

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WAGON HALT NEAR PRESBURG, HUNGARY.

HUNGARIAN SKETCHES.

We present on this page two striking views in Hungary. One represents a halt of Hungarian wagoners near the city of Presbnrg. Their shaggy horses, the wild figurcs and peculiar dresses of the men, make up a group of great interest. Some are lounging on the grass, too weary even to light their pipes; others arc enjoying the luxury of tobacco. The only busy person in the group is a man who is mending his sandal. These men are peasants. The Hnngarian peasants wear, summer and winter, their sheepskins, dressed with the wool on, except that in the summer the wool is turned outside; but every one strives to assume something of a soldier's dress, as spurs, heavy riding-boots, or hussar jackets. The women generally have handsome faces, with an air of melancholy about them. The people, children of a wild and romantic country, have much of the fiery temper of the south, and are fierce, proud, and eager to resent an insult. They have always been reputed the best soldiers of the Anstrian army. In the distance, the profile of the city, with its castled eminence, rises boldly against the sky. Presburg is on the frontiers of Hungary, 46 miles from Vienna, and 75 from Pesth. The adjoining country is quite healthy, and the very reverse of the Hungarian countries properly speaking, and the country between the Danube and Theiss, and beyond this mighty river, where frequent swamps and morasscs intersect the arable land. Here, too, lies Debreczin, a large unpaved village; and Kerskemet, proverbial for its mud, which proved fatal to so many Austrian men and horses during the Hungarian revolution. In the castle, on the hill, above the city of Presburg, the States formerly assembled; and in the Cathedral of St. Martin the kings of Hungary were crowned. The town is very ancient and pleasantly situated on the Danube. The fortifications are of a secondary order. Our second engraving represents a Hungarian wagon, a peculiar conveyance of the country, heavily laden with wines. It moves but slowly on its broad wheels along the sandy roads near the Platten Lake, where *chaussées* and artificial roads are unknown. The kingdom of Hungary, nnited under the same civil government as determined after the peace of 1815, comprehends Hungary (Proper), Sclavonia and Croatia; to the last of which the circle of Carlstadt (previously part of Illyria) and the Hungarian littorale, or sea coast, were annexed in 1822. The military frontier, though geographically a part of Hungary, is under a peculiar and entirely distinct form of government. The kingdom, within the above limits, is bounded on the north by Moravia, Silesia and Gallicia; on the east by Transylvania; on the south by the military frontier (which separates it from Turkey), and by the Gulf of Quarnero; and on the west by Illyria, Styria, Lower Austria and Moravia. There is, perhaps, no country of the same extent which contains such a variety of nations as Hungary. The Magyars, or proper Hungarians, are originally an Asiatic people; there are also Wallachians, Armenians, Germans, Italians, Jews, Servians, and a medley of tribes, distinguisbed by names not easily accommodated to English orthography or English pronunciation; Russniaks, Slovacs, Croats, and Wendians, improperly called Vandals—these four and the Servians being of Sclavonian origin. The face of the country is extremely varied. The northern and western parts of the kingdom are very mountainous. The Carpathians on the north, and the Alps on the frontier south of the Danu , surround almost the whole kingdom, like a girdle, and send out numerous branches, which cover nearly thirty-three counties. These heights enclose beautiful valleys, drained by large and small rivers, verdant meadows, rich corn fields, fruitful gardens, vineyards many leagues in extent, and vast forests. While one part of the kingdom is covered with mountains, another spreads out into interminable plains, some resembling the Pampas of South America, and others being oceans of sand like the Sahara; whilst in the mountains are innumerable caverns, many of them of great beauty. Hungary is particularly favored by nature. It is one of the healthiest countries of Europe. Protected from the north winds by high mountains, it is open to the mild sea breezes from the south, which are tempered by great bodies of water. The soil is very fertile. Among its agricultural productions are all kinds of grain, maize, rice, garden vegetables and plants, melons, plums, grapes, woods, gallnnts, tobacco, hemp, flax, hops, saffron, madder, snmach, cotton and rhubarb. Horses, cattle, sheep and hogs are raised in great number. In the north the forests abonnd with game, and sturgeon and salmon are plentiful in the rivers. Honey and silk are produced in great quantities. Among the minerals are gold iron, lead, zinc, cobalt, antimony, sulphur, alum, vitriol, coals and peat. Among the precious stones, the opal and chalcedony are remarkably beautiful. No country has so many mineral and medicinal springs. The Hungarian has a natural inclination to the agricultural and the breeding of cattle. Both agriculture and cattle-breeding, however, are still in their infancy; but the inexhaustible fertility of nature supplies every deficiency of industry and skill. It must be remembered that Hungary is, after all, but thinly populated, that the Hungarian peasant has no property in the soil, and that foreign commerce is checked.



CONVOY OF WINE, ETC., PLATTEN LAKE, IN HUNGARY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

The beautiful emblematic design on this page is from the pencil of the gifted Billings, and is one of the most felicitous of the many drawings with which he has enriched the Pictorial. In the centre are the State-arms—simple and expressive—the anchor with the legend "Hope." This is surmounted by a view of the famous old round tower at Newport, which our romance would fain believe to be the fortress of a northern Vikingr, in spite of the prosaic explanation that it undoubtedly was a mill. On the left is seen a galley filled with Northmen pushing for the shores of the Narragansett, thus illustrating the legendary story of the past. On the right is a scene illustrating the modern condition of the State—two men drilling rocks, a factory in the distance, a lighthouse on a headland, and a railroad train arriving. At the base and around the vignettes are vines and other emblematic ornaments; among them the spear, sword and winged helmet of the Northman, the earliest visitor to the shores of North America. This State is the smallest in the Union. It lies between 42° and 43° north latitude, and 71° and 72° west longitude from London, comprising an area of 1306 square miles. About a tenth part of the area is water, a very considerable portion of the remainder islands. The islands are generally fertile, while a large portion of the main land is rough and unfitted for cultivation. The largest and most beautiful of the islands is the island of Rhode Island, in Narragansett Bay, fifteen miles long by three-and-a-half wide. Its fertility and the salubrity of its climate, has gained for it the name of the "Eden of America." Narragansett Bay, which extends some thirty miles into the State, affords excellent harbors along its whole length, of which that of Newport is not excelled by any in the United States. This circumstance at one time gave rise to the belief that Newport would be the commercial capital of the Union. Formerly Rhode Island ships visited all parts of the world, and they were the second, if not the first, to display the American flag in the Chinese ports. But within the last half century the commerce of the State has declined, and capital been changed to manufactures and the mechanic arts. More persons are now engaged in the cotton manufacture than in any other business. Education has received close attention in the State, though it does not possess the same resources as other States for making appropriations, having no public lands. A State normal school was established in 1854. Brown University at Providence is an institution of high repute, which has sent forth many accomplished scholars. The State owes no debt except what it has used of the United States surplus revenue. The Butler insane hospital at Providence can accommodate 145 patients. A large sum is annually appropriated for the education of deaf, dumb and blind persons, who are sent to Hartford, to South Boston and elsewhere. The liberty of conscience always allowed in this State has led to the establishment of every denomination of Christians. The population, by the last census, was 147,545. Roger Williams and his associates commenced the first settlement at Providence in 1636.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

OR, THE

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

RICHMOND TAKEN CAPTIVE BY THE INDIANS.

Wilton Richmond had heard that Bessie had gone from her Uncle Grosvenor's, but this did not prevent him from calling as had been anticipated. It was the first time there had been an opportunity for him to call after his journey, though several messages had passed between him and the two cousins.

As he entered the parlor, Mr. Grosvenor was unfolding a newspaper, that moment received. The first words which met his eye caused a glow of enthusiasm to overspread his countenance. He waved his hand to Wilton to be seated, and then commenced reading in earnest and eager tones.

"BRILLIANT NAVAL VICTORY.

"On the nineteenth inst, off the coast of Massachusetts, the United States frigate Constitution, commanded by Captain Isaac Hull, fell in with the British frigate Guerriere, commanded by Captain Dacres. After an action of thirty minutes, the Guerriere struck her colors, every mast and spar having been shot away, and one third of her crew either killed or wounded, while the loss of the American frigate was only seven killed and seven wounded. The damage sustained by the Constitution was so slight that she was ready for action the following day, while so complete was the wreck of the Guerriere that she was set fire to and burnt."

"There's a little comfort in that," said Wilton, "after the shameless surrender of Detroit."

"Yes," was Mr. Grosvenor's reply. "The British may yet find that they reckoned without their host, when they boasted that the whole of the American navy would be soon swept from the ocean. But Edith, my child, how pale you are. One would think that your sympathies were with the enemy rather than with your countrymen."

Edith replied only by a faint smile, for a short time since she had heard—in an indirect way, it was true—that Sedley Austin had been transferred from the British sloop-of-war to which he had been conveyed by the press-gang, to a frigate called the Guerriere. If the information should prove to be correct, the hope that he was restored to freedom was more than counterbalanced by the fear she entertained that he was among those who had fallen. The bare thought of the suspense which she might be subjected to, unless some means, to her unavailable, were resorted to for ascertaining the truth, was almost insupportable.

Wilton, with that truer instinct in such matters natural at his time of life, as well as by that keener perception resulting from having the deeper and purer founts of his soul stirred by an ardent and honorable attachment, was quicker than Mr. Grosvenor to comprehend in some degree, the cause of Edith's emotion.

"It is but natural," said he, addressing her, finding that her father was engaged in reading the newspaper, "that the account of this naval battle should bring to mind our friend Sedley, who, it cannot be denied, may, sooner or later, be subjected to the painful necessity of bearing arms against his own country."

"He has already been subjected to it, there is but too good reason to fear," was her reply.

"He couldn't have been aboard the Guerriere?"

"I have heard that he was, and, as I believe, from a reliable source. The circumstance was mentioned incidentally, in a letter sent to a lady of this country by a gentleman in England, and forwarded from Canada a long time after it was written."

"I shouldn't wonder then, if we see him in a few days."

"If he is alive and well, you mean—but that can hardly be expected."

"I will make every inquiry it is possible to make, at once. I cannot leave my post, or I would go in person to inquire into the matter. But if I cannot go myself, I can find some one who will. You shall not, longer than necessity compels, be tortured with suspense."

"I will not attempt to tell you how deeply I appreciate your considerate kindness. Your own heart will tell you better than I can. If I could only bring myself to entertain even a faint hope that he escaped uninjured, I would try to wait patiently during the time which must necessarily elapse before he could be here. But even at the risk of your thinking me superstitious, I will confess that I feel as certain that he is either dead or dangerously wounded, as if a messenger had been sent to tell me."

"Dear Edith, don't indulge in feelings, I beg of you, which are but the effect of that nervous excitement naturally superinduced by listening to the account of the engagement between the two frigates."

"What I feel is a presentiment, and has no connection with nervous excitement. It was the same before I listened to the description my father read, as it is now."

"Instead of presentiment, wouldn't superstition be the better word?"

Edith shook her head, and tears came into her eyes.

"Forgive me, dear Edith, but you, yourself, are aware that you are subject, more or less, to influences both natural and moral, which have a tendency to promote feelings of superstition. Only a short time since, you repeated to Bessie and me, some of the wild legends about wraiths and winding-sheets told you by your old housekeeper, who, as I think you mentioned, passed the first twenty years of her life in the highlands of Scotland, where the scenery, wild as it was, could not be wilder or fuller of savage grandeur, than many a mountain-pass or deep glen within fifteen or twenty minutes' walk of your home."

"All this may have had a certain influence, I grant," said Edith, "but could hardly have produced the vivid picture I saw last night. You would call it a dream, but to me it was a reality, and what my father read in the paper was but a cold description of what I beheld last night."

"Which was nothing more nor less than the reproduction of what, owing to your anxiety on Sedley's account, has, I dare say, often been present to your imagination."

At this moment Mr. Grosvenor looked up from his paper.

"Wilton," said he, "since I last saw you, I've made up my mind to strike a blow for my country. I saw a little service near the close of the Revolution, and though I was young—not over eighteen—I believe I was never known to flinch. I don't take to myself much credit on that account, however, for I candidly think it requires more courage to run away than to stand your ground. At any rate, if the ardor of youth be a little subdued, I trust I sha'n't—according to the example set so recently by one in an elevated station—prove to be a recreant."

"That, sir," said Wilton, "is a word which no one dare couple with your name. By some hints I the other day heard thrown out, I am certain that your willingness to accept it, is all that need be known to insure your being offered the commission of a lieutenant-colonel."

"I expected that, by this time, commissions of every kind were pretty much disposed of. If so, I can serve as a common soldier. Better and abler men than I am have not hesituted to do so. When I think of the shameful excuses and the miserable subterfuges resorted to by many of those who sit in high places, as reasons for withholding the men from duties of such vital importance to the country, I've no patience. The governors of several of the States, I've been told, have actually withheld the militia, when called for by the president."

"Under the pretence," said Wilton, "that the officers of the general government have no power over the militia, until consigned to their authority by the State executive."

"Yes, and that even then they cannot be compelled to march beyond the boundary of the republic. But you are silent, my daughter," said he, turning to Edith. "You are too much of a patriot, I know, to wish your father to remain idly at home."

"I ought not to wish it," she replied. "I even feel that I am to be envied when compared with Bessie, who has so little cause to be proud of her father."

"I couldn't have thought," said Mr. Grosvenor, "that my brother Hamlen would take the course he has. Whatever opinion as to the expediency of the measure may be entertained, now that war is declared, he who doesn't go heart and hand with his country is, to say the least, but one remove from a traitor. The most sacred of all authorities says, that 'he who is not with us, is against us.'"

A servant now put his head into the room and told Mr. Grosvenor that some one in another apartment wished to see him. After he withdrew Wilton remained half an hour longer, chatting on various subjects connected with Bessie and Sedley Austin. When, at last, he rose to go, he promised Edith to lose no time in endeavoring to ascertain Sedley's fate.

"Don't take the path through the woods, Wilton," said Edith, as, mounting his horse, he rode up to the open window where she was sitting. "I have been told that they are swarming with Indians."

"I thought of taking it, the distance that way is so much shorter," was his reply. "I hardly think I should incur much risk. I have a pair of pistols carefully loaded, and I'm not a bad marksman."

"But your skill in that respect is useless, unless you can see your mark. The way through the woods is so narrow—nothing more than a bridle path, you know—that even at noonday the sun can't pierce through the thickly interlacing branches overhead. The stars, bright as they are, cannot penetrate the darkness."

"Well, since you desire it, I will take the open road. If the way is longer, it is easier and better, and an hour's brisk ride will take me to my quarters."

"When shall you have time to ride over again?"

"In the course of a week, I think. By that time there may be a line from Bessie, and possibly, from our friend Sedley."

Wilton once more bid Edith good-night, and then, starting his horse into a canter, was soon out of sight. It was not long, however, before he lost himself in one of those waking dreams such as those of a poetic temperament are apt to indulge in, and unconsciously he suffered the reins to fall loosely on his horse's neck. The animal accepted it as a signal to slacken his speed, and exchanged the canter for a walk. This slow movement was well suited to Wilton's dreamy state of mind.

He had reached the most lonely part of the road, one side of which was skirted by some trees, when he was roused by the whizzing of a rifle-ball, which must have passed within an inch of his head. Another ball would doubtless have followed, had not a voice exclaimed:

"Hold! I claim him as my prisoner."

A savage yell followed this announcement, and before Wilton had time even to attempt an escape, he was surrounded by a party of Indians. The most that he was able to do was to fire one of his pistols at random, the deep shadow cast across the road by the trees, added to the gloom of night, rendering the forms of those flitting around him nearly as dim and indistinct as the shadows themselves. The next instant he was dragged from his horse, which was reluctantly abandoned by his captors, for soon their course would be through the wild and devious forest, unmarked by even the vestige of a path, and often obstructed by tangled boughs and a thick growth of underwood. Half an hour's hasty march brought them to the precincts of the forest through which their course lay. They were not long in penetrating to a small glade, walled in on every side—except at one point, hardly wide enough to permit the ingress of a single person—by the dense foliage of trees and embowering shrubbery. Here they prepared to encamp for the night.

"To-morrow's march will be a long and weary one," said one of the Indians, addressing Wilton. "Sleep, or your strength will fail."

Wilton made no reply, but followed the example of those around who were hastening to repose themselves on the green turf, or at the best, a heap of dry leaves, for he had no wish to exhaust his energies, either physical or mental, by indulging in a feverish restlessness, and on the preservation of each in their unimpaired vigor depended his chances of escape. But his will was not strong enough to overcome his excitement. He found it impossible to lose himself in sleep, even for a single moment. The monotonous, droning sound made by the breathing of his captors, who, excepting one acting as sentinel, had in a few minutes sunk into a profound sleep, which, under different circumstances might have had the effect of an opiate, had now an irritating effect on his excited nerves.

On his first entrance into the glade, to his unaccustomed eyes, the surrounding gloom, unbroken save by the light of the few stars shining overhead, seemed nearly impervious, causing the Indians who swarmed around to look shadowy and weird-like. Soon, however, the outlines of each, as they lay in different attitudes of repose, were defined with tolerable distinctness, as were those of the sentinel, who sat motionless and statue-like as the trunk of the tree against which he leaned. Wilton thought he might be sleeping as soundly as the rest, and in order to satisfy himself, partly rose so as to lean on his elbow. A slight movement made by the Indian as he commenced raising himself, and instantly checked when it was found that he made no attempt to rise to his feet, showed him how little he had to expect from any lack of vigilance.

He remained for a minute or two in his half recumbent posture, as his eye could then take in the whole number of the sleepers. He found there were eleven, the form of one of them being so slight that he could not have been more than fifteen or sixteen years old. Wilton was not sorry when he became sensible of that cool, fresh feeling of the air which betokens the break of day. It was still two hours to sunrise, and the sleep of the Indians continued heavy and unbroken. He, too, took care to preserve an attitude fixed and immovable, as if he had been buried in slumber as profound as theirs.

It appeared a long time before the stars began to fade, but at last the largest and most brilliant, while his eye was yet fixed upon it, seemed to go out like a light suddenly extinguished, and soon afterward, here and there, through an opening in the leafy wall by which they were enclosed, from the rising sun were darted golden arrows of light.

In a few minutes the swarthy band had risen, and then, with a faint, sickening sensation, he saw, depending from the belt of a tall, sullen-looking Indian, whose name, as he afterward learned, was Memattanon, some half dozen scalps. From one of them swept downward as low as his knee, a cluster of tresses of a bright golden brown. At sight of them a cold shudder ran through his frame, for they resembled the soft, silky curls of Bessie.

There was only one whose belt was not garnished in the same horrible manner, though less profusely. This was the boy whose slight figure as he lay sleeping, had attracted Wilton's attention, and who, as he could now see, was a captive. Though he must certainly have had an admixture of Indian blood in his veins, his complexion was a warm brown, rather than the dull copper color characteristic of the race, while his eyes were larger and softer in their expression, and his hair, instead of being straight and dull of hue, fell round his neck in rich, wavy masses, and was as lustrous as the raven's wing when glancing in the sunlight.

The boy's eyes for a moment met Wilton's, and then, with a mournful look and a slight shudder, they glanced at one of the scalps which hung at Memattanon's belt.

At another time, Wilton would have keenly enjoyed the freshness and fragrance of the morning in this sylvan solitude. The more flexile branches of the trees were swaying to the cool currents of air, and the rustle of the foliage formed a low and grateful accompaniment to the sweet, wild bird-music floating from every spray. Even as it was, he so far forgot himself as to experience a moment's exhilaration of spirits.

"This is good," said Memattanon, approaching Wilton, and fixing on him his eyes, which gleamed with a dark, lurid fire.

"What is good?" Wilton asked.

"That my father's spirit is doomed no longer to wander unappeased."

"What means the chief?" said Wilton, who half read his deadly purpose in his eye.

"Listen, and you shall know. My father was a great warrior. He fell by the hand of yours. His last words before he entered the path that leads to the great hunting-grounds of the other land, were these:

"'My son, avenge your father's death. He will wander about gloomy and sorrowful till he sees the pale-face whose sword drank his blood, enter on the dark trail.'

"'What shall Memattanon do,' I then said, 'if he should escape—if death should come to him in some other way?'

"He answered, 'He has a son. Seek him and send him along on the dark and gloomy trail that leads to the desolate land, forsaken by the deer and the buffalo. I shall see him and shall be glad. Give no rest to your feet till it is done.'"

"Your father escaped me. When he died it was not by my hand. His son is now before me. He cannot escape. He shall burn at the stake, and then will my father frown on me no more."

"When must I die?" said Wilton, thinking that if several days were to intervene, there might be a chance for him to escape.

"You will know when the appointed time comes."

Wilton, knowing that importunity would be worse than in vain, said no more. Startling as was the announcement he had just listened to, his courage did not forsake him.

By this time a slight repast, consisting mostly of dried venison, had been spread upon the grass, of which Wilton and the younger captive were told to partake. Wilton was surprised to find how firm his nerves were, now that he was aware of the precise nature of the danger which was looking him in the face, compared with what they were while he remained in a state of uncertainty. He ate heartily, but in spite of his attempt to preserve the appearance of apathy, the Indian youth was unable to swallow a mouthful of food.

Memattanon smiled when he saw that what he had told Wilton did not prevent him from eating.

"Though the young white warrior," said he, "knows that when he reaches the desolate hunting-grounds, whence the deer and the buffalo have fled, his rifle must rest idly on his shoulder, his courage does not fail. I and my braves know how to torture, but he will not shrink. His skin is white, but he has the heart of an Indian. Indians have courage—they fear not pain. My father will be glad when he sees so brave a warrior wandering gloomy and comfortless in the dismal land whence the game has fled, with the rust eating into his rifle."

By this time the frugal meal was finished, when a few brief directions were given by Memattanon, relative to the day's journey. They then, one by one, left the glade, and proceeded in single file through the dim and devious mazes of the forest, the Indian who came next to Wilton pressing so closely on his footsteps that he, in turn, almost trod on the heels of the one who immediately preceded him.

Next but one to him who led the way, came the young Indian captive. Faint and exhausted from agitation, long abstinence from food and the want of sleep, he soon, as Wilton could see, began to falter. He longed to be able to offer him the support of his arm, when, now and then, the way became less narrow and intricate, but this he dared not do, knowing that it would only draw upon the hapless boy taunts and reproaches, if not personal abuse.

Once the boy looked back, and his eye sought Wilton's. He returned the look, purposely throwing into his countenance an expression of hope and encouragement. This was in turn replied to by a faint smile, and for a short time, rallying his failing energies, he proceeded with a firmer and freer step. But this could last only for a short time. He again began to droop, and more than once came near falling.

"Leave me and let me die—I can go no further," he then said to the Indian in front of him.

The aspect of him whom he addressed was milder than that of his companions.

"Let not the chief hear you say that," said he. "The way is more open here. Lean on me. A little further on and we shall rest. Poor child," he added, as if speaking to himself, "the voice of the bird that sang in his heart is hushed."

He wound his strong, muscular arm around the boy's waist, and half supported his sinking form. They thus proceeded ten, or perhaps fifteen minutes longer, when, making an abrupt turn round a mass of huge, precipitous rocks, they were introduced into a scene of wild and wondrous beauty.

The hard, gray rock, rising on one side almost perpendicularly, and in some places standing out bold and bare, was in others half screened by the foliage of a birch or an elm. Still more frequently, wherever a twig or a fissure in the rock was offered to its clinging tendrils, the wild grape-vine spread its green and glossy drapery, and its heavy clusters of fruit, already tinged with a faint purple. But these, as well as many another feature of this singularly wild and beautiful spot were unheeded by Wilton. A spring rimmed with flowers and verdant moss, whose cool, translucent waters sparkled brightly in the sunbeams, was the only object that engaged his attention. Quickly twisting a broad, smooth leaf of grape-vine in such a manner as to form a drinking vessel, he filled it with the water of the spring and handed it to the Indian lad, whose lips were parched with fever. Many times was it emptied and re-filled ere his burning thirst was slaked, and then, with grateful, low-breathed murmurs he sank upon the turf, and nestling close to Wilton's side, in a few minutes was asleep.

Wilton and the youthful Indian were apart from the rest, in the shadow of an overhanging rock, where no ray of sunshine could penetrate. The murmur of the breeze among the foliage of a cluster of maples near at hand and the hum of the wild bee made pleasant music.

The Indians, having drunk of the spring, with the exception of two, remained mute and almost motionless, either lying on the grass, or leaning against a rock or tree. One of these was Memattanon, and he, for the most part, was silent, though now and then he spoke in a low, suppressed voice to him who sat near him. Wilton, though he closed his eyes and pretended to sleep, listened with deep attention, for he soon found that what was said had reference to himself and the young Indian captive. He, himself, as he already knew, was to be sacrificed to the manes of Memattanon's father, who had been slain by his, and he now found that the evil spirit who scattered mildew and blight among the fields of corn, was to be propitiated by the sacrifice of the Indian lad.

"When will the sacrifice be?" asked the Indian who sat by Memattanon's side.

"The day when, at the same moment the sun goes down in the west the moon will be seen rising in the east. In how many days will that be?"

"Three."

"The spirit of dreams whispered to me last night in my sleep, and told me that then would be the fitting time. I knew he would come to me when I slept, for in the faint star-light I saw his dim and shadowy form flitting in and out among the trees. 'Even now,' said he, bending over me, 'thy father is glad with the joy of expectation. Often he stops in the chase and turns his eyes towards the dark trail on which he knows the young paleface, the son of him who slew him, without any one to bear him company, will soon enter. He smiles, and his eyes sparkle.'"

Wilton, who ventured occasionally to partly unclose his eyes, saw that when he ceased speaking he bent his ear close to the ground as if he were listening.

"The tall morning shadows," he at length said, "are gathering themselves up, and begin to press closely to the foot of the rock. They wont come."

"No—'tis past the hour," returned the other.

As Wilton afterward learned, they were expecting a party of Indians to meet them there at a certain hour.

Memattanon gave the signal to resume their journey. Wilton reluctantly roused the poor boy sleeping near him. As they rose to their feet, the Indian who had so kindly assisted the younger captive, with a seemingly careless air passed near them with lingering steps, though without looking toward them.

"To night be on the watch," said he, "and if there should be a chance to escape, let it not slip."

"I will remember your words," was all that Wilton found opportunity to say in return.

They filed off from the wild and beautiful spot where they had been resting, in the same order they had entered it, the friendly Indian, as before, immediately preceding the boy, and drawing him to his side and sustaining him whenever the way would permit. A little before sunset they reached the place where they were to encamp for the night. Six hours' march on the following morning, as Wilton gathered from what was said, would bring them to the Indian hamlet where he and his fellow-captive were to be immolated.

The place of their encampment was on the banks of a rivulet sheltered by a grove of oaks and other forest trees. The hour was calm and very lovely. A canopy of clouds of every gorgeous hue hovered over the setting sun, from which small masses, momentarily detaching themselves, floated toward the zenith. The Indian lad, as at the other resting-place, seated himself near Wilton. As he sat in a half-reclining posture, his dark, liquid eyes, full of a dreamy light, were directed to the sunset sky. Suddenly a bright smile, like a burst of sunlight, broke over his countenance, and with a quick, eager, movement, laying one hand on Wilton's, with the other he pointed to the western horizon.

"See!" said he.

Wilton looked in the direction he indicated, and beheld the fragment of a cloud of great brilliancy and beauty.

"'Tis the Wakon-bird!" said the boy.

The cloud most certainly resembled a large and beautiful bird, soaring upward with a graceful, undulating motion. Drops of liquid gold seemed sparkling amid the rich purple and crimson of its outspread wings, and the long train, curving gently downward, exhibited all the varied and gorgeous colors of the rainbow.

"The Wakon-bird, did you say?" said Wilton.

"Yes."

"You believe it to be a good omen?"

"It foreshows that peaceful and happy days will be his over whom is shed the glory of his wings."

"You think your life is safe now?"

"Yes—yours and mine. The hand of mortal cannot reach the life of him who has seen the Wakon-bird. Look, it will soon be gone!"

As he spoke it began slowly and almost imperceptibly to blend with a mass of clouds which for some time had been hovering near, and in a moment more was lost amid their rosy folds.

"We must try and make good the happy omen," said Wilton. "To-night we must endeavor to steal away, when all except the sentinel are asleep."

"It will be vain to try. He who will be set as a watch over us will lose his life if, in the morning, we should be gone. It will make his eyes sharp and his hearing keen. Not so much as the breaking of a twig or the rustle of a dry leaf will escape him."

"Are you willing to try?"

"Yes, though 'twill be better not."

At this moment an expression of pain crossed the young Indian's countenance. Wilton noted the direction of his eyes, and found that they were turned towards Memattanon, who stood on the verge of the embankment which overlooked the rivulet, his tall figure being thrown into strong relief against the sunset sky.

"'T was the white captive's," he murmured.

Wilton knew what he meant, for he saw the long, fair curls of the scalp already alluded to, waving in the fresh breeze which had just sprung up.

"Who was the white captive?" asked Wilton.

"My sister—the adopted daughter of my mother. She was a prisoner of the Iroquois when our people found her."

"Is your mother a white woman?"

"No—she's a Seneca. The Senecas, as you know, are friendly to the whites, and that is why you see those Indian scalps hanging from the belt of Memattanon and the others. Our warriors were gone. None were left in the cabins but the old men, women and children. A few made their escape, among them my mother. The rest were slain and the cabins burnt. I was abroad with my rifle. I saw the sky red with the flames which were consuming our dwellings, and hastened towards the spot. As I drew near many rifles were ready for my life, when Memattanon cried with a loud voice, commanding them to spare me. 'The evil spirit is angry,' said he; 'it is long since we offered him any sacrifice, and he begins to shed mildew on our fields of corn.'"

"You said that your mother made her escape. If you were absent, how could you know?"

"She was concealed behind some trees. I passed close to them and she spoke to me. 'Twas in a whisper, but I knew her voice, and held my breath to listen. 'I have heard what Memattanon said,' were her words, 'but the Great Spirit will save you by the hands of our warriors, whose wives and children are slain, and whose bones are now only so many heaps of ashes.'"

Food was now placed before them, and the Indian lad, cheered by what he considered the happy omen, ate heartily.

"Sleep now," said Wilton, when he had finished his meal, "and I'll wake you if there's any chance to escape."

"There'll be none, my brother," he replied.

In half an hour the Indians were soundly sleeping, all except him whose task it was to watch the prisoners. He had seated himself close to their feet, so that the slightest movement on the part of either was sure to redouble his vigilance. The moon had come up from behind the eastern hills, and had for hours been pursuing "her blue path in the heavens." Wilton felt no wish to sleep, and the grim watcher at their feet was as untiring as ever, but the slumber of the Indian lad was as sweet and unbroken as if he had been in his own home.

At last, when the moon was long past the meridian, the eyes of the sentinel closed, his form began to droop, and finally his head bent forward so that his chin rested upon his breast. Wilton half suspected that he only simulated sleep, and to ascertain if his suspicion was correct, he raised his head and looked round. The Indian remained immovable, betraying no sign of consciousness. Wilton ventured to make an attempt to rise. At the same instant the Indian's rifle was pointed at his head. Not a word was spoken, and Wilton again sank down on the turf.

Convinced that escape would, at least for that night, be impossible, and worn and weary with his day's march and long watchfulness, all care and anxiety were soon lost in the oblivion of sleep. When he woke, the sun was up, and the rivulet, stirred by the morning breeze, flashed back thousands of diamond sparkles to his unclouded beams.

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE SACRIFICE OF THE CAPTIVES.

When they reached the Indian hamlet, Wilton was placed in a small lodge by himself. Though he ventured to request it, the Indian lad was not suffered to be with him. It was almost dark when a woman entered and placed food before him.

"I offered to bring it," said she, "that I might bid you hope."

The gloom prevented him from distinguishing her features, but he thought he knew her voice.

"Is it Christina Burmann?" said he.

"Yes."

"Have you left the hut in the woods?"

"No—Dorson sent me here with a message for Memattanon. Though I came reluctantly, I am glad now, as I may possibly be of service to you."

"There is a captive besides me—an Indian lad."

"Yes, I know him and his mother well. I saw her this morning, and she told me what had befallen her and her son. She is a Seneca, and if your life is saved it will be by the people of her tribe. I have means of communicating with them through her."

"The time is short."

"Too short. You might count on your rescue as certain if there were only a few hours more."

"If I could only escape to-night."

"That cannot be. Memattanon, who has at last seized the prey he has long watched for, will see that you are strictly guarded."

"There is little chance for me or the poor Indian lad, I fear, certain as he is that he shall be rescued."

"I shall not sleep to-night, and meanwhile I will do all I can."

Footsteps were now heard near the cabin, and lifting a mat that fell over an opening on the opposite side, she quickly withdrew.

* * * * * * *

The hour appointed for the sacrifice was near-at hand. The medicine-man and the initiates who were to assist at the terrible rites, had been preparing themselves by fasting and such other observances as were enjoined by their wild, mystical faith.

The place selected was a large, smooth area, a short distance from the village. In form it resembled an amphitheatre, a dense growth of pines forming the background. Two pyres were placed some twenty or thirty feet distant from each other, near the centre of the amphitheatre. Men, women and children were gathered round with looks of eager expectation. The warriors, their faces streaked with red paint and their heads adorned with feathers, stood in grave and silent dignity. But the exultation of Memattanon could not be wholly suppressed. A fierce joy at times was seen to kindle in his eye, and occasionally he would throw out his brawny arms with a wild, impatient gesture towards the sun, as it neared the horizon, exclaiming:

"Hasten! The spirit of my father waits!"

At last, when not even a rim of the fiery orb was visible, and the full moon, with a mellow, golden light, was seen in the eastern sky, the two captives were led forth. Wilton was bound to the stake which rose in the midst of one of the pyres, the Indian lad to the other.

The medicine-man, with a blazing torch in his hand, approached the pyre of the young Indian. When within a short distance, followed by several of the initiates, he commenced pacing round the pyre with slow and measured steps, chanting the subjoined lines to a rude and wild melody, the initiates joining in the chorus.

"Spirit, whose dusky wings
Blight and mildew shed
Wherever the green corn waves,
Leaving it sere and dead,
Come from the noisome fen—
Come from the glassy flood—
Come from the stagnant pool
When the scent of burning blood
Is on the murky air.

Chorus.—Come, come, come—
Come when the crackling flames rise high
And stain the evening sky
With their blood-red glare.

Come, and in the red flame's light
Thy dusky pinions bathe—
That no more the foul and deadly blight
They shed where the green corn waves.
Come from the fen—
Come o'er the flood—
Come from the pool
At the scent of burning blood.

Chorus.—Come, come, come—
Come when the crackling flames rise high,
And stain the evening sky
With their blood-red glare,
And the scent of blood is on the air."

As they proceeded in the chant, gradually they began to move quickly, tossing their arms wildly in the air and brandishing their glittering tomahawks. The voice of the medicine man at every line grew more shrill and piercing, as did the voices of those who joined in the chorus, the four concluding lines being shrieked forth in a manner inconceivably wild and discordant, each in succession hurling his tomahawk in the direction of the victim's head, though at the same time taking care that it should not strike him. When the last note died away there was a breathless silence, and the medicine-man drew nearer to the pyre, slowly waving the flaming torch.

During the whole of the frightful performance, the Indian lad manifested no symptom of fear. He had even more than once looked towards Wilton with a smile full of cheerfulness and encouragement. The hope inspired by the happy omen was strong within him.

The medicine-man bent forward to light the pyre, and Memattanon stood regarding him with a look of fierce exultation. Even at the very moment of applying the torch, it was dashed from the hand that held it, and almost at the same instant the thongs that bound the young victim to the stake were cut asunder. At the same time Wilton was set free. The rush of the red warriors from behind the pines had been so sudden that not an arm was raised against them. Before there had been time to realize that the prisoners were liberated, they had both been hurried into the woods and impelled swiftly along by strong and willing arms.

CHAPTER VII.

BESSIE'S INTERVIEW WITH DAME ANSTIS.

"What has happened, my daughter?" said Mrs. Hamlen, as Bessie, pale and agitated, entered the room with an open letter in her hand.

"Edith writes me that Wilton is gone—no one can tell where."

"Gone? How long since?"

"Read the letter, mother. It will tell you all about it better than I can."

After a few remarks, preparatory to the unpleasant news which was to follow, the letter ran thus:

"Wilton came, as he promised, the day after you left. About an hour after he left, a horse at furious speed came up to the door. It was soon found that he was without a rider, and that he belonged to Wilton. It was the one father gave him a short time before you went from here. My father, taking with him several of the hands who work on the farm, one of whom was furnished with a lantern, immediately set out in search of him, for it was thought that his horse might possibly have thrown him. The search was a vain one, and up to this time every attempt to trace him has proved unavailing. The general opinion is that he has been captured by a party of Indians, but father bids me tell you that you must be of good courage, as there is often some chance to escape, and Wilton is not one of those who would be likely to let it slip. For my own part, I feel nearly certain that he will escape.

"Perhaps I am more hopeful than I otherwise should be, on account of the good news I have received from another quarter. A letter from Sedley Austin now lies before me. You may remember that I heard he was aboard the British frigate Guerriere, which was recently captured by the Constitution. He was wounded, though not dangerously, and thought that his letter would not precede him over a week or ten days. After spending a short time at the farm-house he will visit his parents, who, as I believe I have told you, live in Tennessee. He says that he doesn't think that he was cut out for a sailor, and intends, as soon as his health is re-established, to join the army under General Jackson, whom he has often seen, and for whom he entertains great admiration.

"My father has accepted a lieutenant-colonel's commission. He, at first, insisted on serving in a more subordinate station, for, although he is not over fifty, he says that a younger man would fill the place better. For the truth of this assertion he says that we need only to look to General Hull, whom, by the way, he judges more leniently than he did at first, and thinks that, instead of being a coward or traitor, he was only superannuated. He says that 'age deliberates when it should act. Deliberation follows deliberation till the opportunity is lost in the multiplicity of counsel. Youth resolves and executes. The conception is but the prelude to the enterprise. Where realities are to be encountered, the less the counsel the surer the victory.'

"'All this is very true,' said a gentleman who was present when he made these remarks, 'but they don't in the least apply to yourself. You are neither so old as to be dilatory, nor so young as to be rash. Everybody knows that energy and prudence are your distinguishing characteristics.'

"I don't think my father was sorry to have his objections to accepting the appointment overruled. I am certain that I was not, for all who are best acquainted with him are satisfied that he is fully equal to the discharge of those duties which will necessarily devolve on him. Knowing well that my cousin loves her uncle, she will forgive my egotism, for it is egotism of a certain species to hold up for the admiration of others the excellencies of those who are dear to us.

"If I hear a word about Wilton, I will write to you without a moment's delay. Do not indulge in gloomy presentiments concerning him. There is nothing in them. I was almost certain that I should hear Sedley was dead, but you see that I was mistaken."

Bessie took the letter when her mother had finished reading it, and went to her own room, for she heard her father's steps in the hall, and she did not care to see him until she could appear less agitated. Some hours afterward as she stood looking out of a window, she saw the boy Hammett coming down one of the garden walks. Perceiving that he walked slowly, as if reluctant to approach the house, she went out to meet him.

"Aunt Anstis wishes you to come to her," he said.

"When?"

"This afternoon."

"It is late, now."

"There will be time."

"Wont to-morrow do as well?"

"She said she must see you to-day."

"Tell her I will come."

"I am to wait for you in the woods."

"Go then—I will soon be there. I only wish to let my mother know that I'm going to see Dame Anstis."

The boy hastened to the shelter of the woodland, which was only two or three rods back of the garden, and in a few minutes he was joined by Bessie. She was a good walker, so that nimble-footed as Hammett was, he found that she occasioned him no delay.

Bessie saw, when she came in sight of the cottage, that Anstis, the same as when she last visited her, sat just outside the door, at her spinning-wheel. When she perceived Bessie, she rose and set it aside, and placed her chair nearer a rustic seat overshadowed by a grape-vine. She had, in expectation of her youthful visitor, altered her dress somewhat. The blue and white checked apron which she usually wore, was exchanged for one of white lawn, and her plain cap had been laid aside for a kerchief of crimson silk, richly fringed and embroidered, which was gracefully twisted into the form of a turban, and rested lightly on her head, so as not wholly to conceal her jet black locks, not a hair of which was yet frosted by time.

"I expected you yesterday," said she, as Bessie took her seat on the bench overshadowed by the grape-vine. "Why didn't you come?"

"I couldn't without offending my father."

"Why?"

"We had a visitor—one that my father had invited to stay to tea."

"I knew 'twas so. Do you know why Ishmael Withers so often visits you?"

"He is my father's friend."

"He is no man's friend, but he means one day to make my 'Bright Bessie' his wife."

"He never will!"

"Say that always, even though he were able to offer you a palace of pure gold to live in. But," said she, looking earnestly into the young girl's face, "it wont do for me to call you 'Bright Bessie' to-day. The light in your eyes grows more mournful every time I see you. You've had bad news."

"I have."

"And about Wilton Richmond?"

"Yes."

"I knew it three days ago, and so did Ishmael Withers."

"Why didn't you send me word?"

"That you might be spared the pain of knowing it a little time longer, and perhaps enable me to obtain some good news to put with it."

"How came Ishmael Withers to know it?"

Anstis answered by putting a piece of soiled paper into her hand, intended to have been folded into the form of a square, though one of the angles was rather acute. It had, in lieu of a wafer, been sealed with a piece of pine pitch, and was directed to "Mister Squoire Ishmael Whithers."

"Read it," said Anstis, seeing that Bessie hesitated to unfold it.

Though no easy task to decipher the scrawling, irregular lines which at first sight might have been taken for so many rows of rude hieroglyphics, with the help of Dame Anstis, after a while Bessie succeeded in reading as follows, except that in transcribing, certain liberties have been taken with the orthography:

"The chap you know of is trapped. There would have been an end of him right off, for I had told the Indians not to let him slip through their fingers but to put a bullet through his head, and they were ready enough to do it, for I did as you told me, and promised them the red gold if they would make clean work of it; but Memattanon must needs have him saved for a sacrifice to his father's spirit, which, according to his way of thinking, is kind of uneasy-like because the chap's father, who killed him, died a natural death, as 'twere, though Memattanon hunted him for years the same as if he had been a wild beast. Now, you see, he means to make the chap answer instead of his father—supposing that the old Indian chief will be about as well satisfied with the young man as he would have been with the old, seeing the same blood runs in his veins. My advice is, that before long you had better come this way and see what is going on.

"Yours to serve, JAKE DORSON."

"Do you think Wilton is the person meant?" said Bessie, when she had finished reading it.

"Yes—but he is already out of danger."

"Out of danger?"

"Yes. Those who do my work have better heads, stronger hands and swifter feet than those employed by Ishmael Withers. That dirty scrawl will tell you better than you knew before, what kind of a man Ishmael Withers is."

"But are you certain that Wilton is safe?"

"He is, unless he has fallen into some other danger."

"This letter—how could you get it?" said Bessie, with a look of perplexity.

"Fortune favored us in that. Hammett found it in the woods. Withers must have dropped it. You thought that my nephew might be in the confidence of Withers—was it not so?"

"The thought *did* pass through my mind."

"Think so no more. Hammett is a good boy, and may be trusted."

"The letter Hammett found—is it best that I should speak to my father about it?"

"No, Bessie—lock your knowledge of it in your own bosom. If your father knows it he will tell Withers, which may cost my nephew his life. Besides, it would only make him careful to work more in the dark while weaving those toils about Wilton by which he will strive to again place him in danger. The only way to deal with him at present is to meet his plots by counter-plots."

"Is Withers indeed so cruel and vindictive?"

"Yes, he is capable of any amount of cruelty which will go to accomplish his wishes. No, no Bessie—if you value Wilton's safety, breathe not a word of it at present, even to your mother. So dangerous a secret cannot be too well guarded."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

From a work recently published in England, the annexed extract on the buoyancy of the waters and the appearance of the Dead Sea is taken: "Though in breadth not exceeding ten miles, the Dead Sea seems boundless to the eye when looking from north to south, and the murmur of waves, as they break on its flint-strewn shore, together with the lines of drift-wood and fragments of bitumen on the beach, give to its waters a resemblance to the ocean. Curious to experience the sensations of swimming in so strange a sea, I put to the test the accounts of the extreme buoyancy felt in it, and I was quickly convinced there was no exaggeration in what I had heard. I found the water almost tepid, and so strong that the chief difficulty was to keep sufficiently submerged, the feet starting up in the air at every vigorous stroke. When floating, half the body rose above the surface, and, with a pillow, one might have slept upon the water. After a time, the strangeness of the sensation in some measure disappeared, and on approaching the shore I carelessly dropped my feet to walk out—when lo! as if a bladder had been attached to each heel they flew upwards; the struggle to recover myself sent my head down, the vilely bitter and briny water, from which I had hitherto guarded my head, now rushed into my mouth, eyes, ears and nose, and for one horrible moment the only doubt I had was whether I was to be drowned or poisoned. Coming to the surface, however, I swam to land, making no further attempt to walk in deep water, which, I am inclined to believe, is almost impossible."—*Boston Chronicle.*

DESTRUCTION OF MOSCOW.

It was on the 16th of September, 1812. At midnight, Napoleon, in utter exhaustion of body and mind, retired to rest. The gales of approaching winter shrieked portentously around the towers of the Kremlin. Suddenly the cry of "fire!" resounded through the streets. Far off in the east, immense volumes of billowy smoke, pierced with flame, were rolling up into the stormy sky. Loud explosions of bursting shells and upheaving mines scattered death and dismay around. Suddenly the thunders of an earthquake were heard in another direction. A score of buildings were thrown in the air. Flaming projectiles, of the most combustible and unquenchable material, were scattered in all directions, and a new volcano of smoke and flame commenced its ravages. Earthquake succeeded earthquake—volcano followed volcano. The demon of the storm seemed to exult in its high carnival of destruction. The flames were swept in all directions. A shower of fire descended upon all the dwellings and all the streets. Mines were sprung, shells burst, cannon were discharged, wagons of powder and magazines blew up, and in a few hours of indescribable confusion and dismay, the whole vast city was wrapped in one wild ocean of flames. The French soldiers shot the incendiaries, bayonetted them, tossed them into the flames, but still, like demons, they plied their work.—*Boston Gazette.*

INFLUENCE.—Influence is to be measured, not by the extent of the surface it covers, but by its *kind*. A man may spread his mind, his feelings and opinions through a great extent, but, if his mind be a low one, he manifests no greatness. A wretched artist may fill a city with dumbs, and by a false, showy style, achieve a reputation; but the man of genius, who leaves behind him one grand picture, in which immortal beauty is embodied, and which is silently to spread a true taste in his art, exerts an incomparably higher influence.—*Channing.*



THE BASIN OF COMMERCE, OSTEND.

SKETCHES OF OSTEND.

Ostend, with a harbor on the North Sea, is a place of considerable trade and importance, and much resorted to by bathers in the hot season. It is memorable in history for sustaining a three years' siege by the Spaniards (1601–1604), at the expiration of which it capitulated on honorable terms. We present two correct views, drawn on the spot. The first represents a lively scene sketched from the Basin of Commerce. The steam packet quay is that facing the spectator. On the right is the handsome railway station, with a train of cars on the track, while the quay to the left is called the "Quai de l'empereur"—Imperial quay. The second picture is a scene on the sands with some of the bathing machines. These are on wheels, and are drawn by horses into the water. A group of fishermen are in front—one of them wearing wooden shoes. The young girl is an attendant on the bathing houses. The quay represented in the first picture, was built by Louis Napoleon. The railroad connects Ostend with the great cities of Belgium, Holland, France and Germany. The town of Ostend is well built, the streets are wide, and cross each other at right angles; but its distinguishing feature is found in its fortifications, which at present defend 13,000 inhabitants. The ramparts are nearly three miles in circumference; on the southern side, near the sea, they are of prodigious strength; the moats are triple, and bastions, mounds and redoubts are duplicated and re-duplicated, till the utmost resources of Vauban's art appear to be exhausted. As a fortress, Ostend forms the first member of that great chain of defences which were intended to protect Belgium on the side of France. The peace-securing railway crosses these formidable works. As a watering-place, Ostend presents many advantges. The sands are of immense extent, the beach is free from weeds, and the walks on the Digue form very noble promenades. The people are handsome, obliging, and remarkable for the neatness and simplicity of their attire.



SCENE ON THE OSTEND SANDS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictoriat.]

THE COTTAGE OF MY MOTHER.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

To the cottage of my mother
O! I long to tie once more,
Dearest cottage of my mother,
On the wild New England shore;
Where the balmy breeze is laden
With the perfume of the flowers
That are springing, fresh and lovely,
In my native woodland bowers.

There the gray old hills are glancing
In the morning's golden light,
And the merry rills are dancing
Down the lofty mountain's height;
And the voices of the loved ones
In their sweetest accents flow—
To the cottage of my mother,
Dearest mother, let me go.

For my soul was nurtured roughly
Midst the stern and wild and free,
And it loves New England's valleys
As the petrel loves the sea;
To her stern and rocky big islands,
And the meadows green below,
To the cottage of my mother,
Dearest mother, let me go.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GARDENER'S BOY.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

As I sit here to-night in my study, with the last leaf of my to-morrow's sermon lying, just completed, upon the table before me, I rest from the labors of the present, and let my thoughts wander back to times years and years gone by, and to things that happened then.

When I was a boy—it does not seem a long time since I was one, although I am eight-and-thirty now; for the events of those days rise in strong, fresh, vivid colors before me, like the events of yesterday,—I was the only child of my father and mother. They are both dead now, and I am far away from the place that was once our home; but we dwelt together then, at the foot of a brown hill in Dorsetshire, where for a time we were all very happy. My childhood was a pleasant one. My parents loved me dearly. I was their joy, their pride, their hope; for they had no other child save their little Harry.

And I loved them with equal affection in return. My happiness was in playing about on the floor at my mother's feet: in following her around wherever she went; in sitting for hours and hours at her knee, watching her while she spun, and listening to her pleasant songs, and the thousand and one stories to which I loved so to listen, and which she was never weary in repeating to me. And it was my delight, too, holding her hand, to go with her to the garden gate, to welcome my father home from his day's labor; to sit by him while we partook of our simple evening repast, and sit on his knee afterwards, in the open doorway, with my mother close by, during the hour preceding my bed-time, when I received the good-night kiss of both, and went to slumber.

This was my life, through the years of my childhood. I was a quiet child. I had few or no companions among other children, and, indeed, wished for none. At play or at study, while my father was away, my mother was all-in-all to me. The simple education I received, up to my twelfth year, she gave me. I was always at home, always quiet, always happy.

The distinguishing mark of my boyhood was a love of books. I studied diligently all that came in my way, calculated to increase the knowledge for which I thirsted. They were not many, but they were good and instructive, and such as I should have had; and I mastered them thoroughly.

My father and mother were well pleased at the studious disposition which they observed in me. Then, from time to time, my father procured a new book for me, and every one was a treasure of untold worth, in my eyes. My only trouble was, that I could not have more; but he was far from rich, and he could not satisfy all my wants then, without deferring indefinitely a day to which he was looking earnestly forward.

He wished, at some future time not far distant, to send me to school. For this purpose, every penny he could spare was saved carefully. Frugal, industrious and persevering, he and my mother managed, from time to time, to lay up little sums for my benefit, trusting in a while to amass enough to compass the wished-for end. Meanwhile, everything not absolutely necessary at the time was denied us all; and hence it was that my father said to me: "Wait a little, and be content, my son, for by-and-by thou It be the better for it. Study what thou hast, and thou'lt be able the sooner to go to school, where thou'lt make up for all thou lackest now."

So I waited; and ah, with what joyful anticipations we all looked forward to the day on which our mutual hopes were set! But truly is it written, "We know not what a day may bring forth." It wanted but a little time of that so confidently anticipated, when, by some unhappy accident, our little cottage was one night destroyed by fire, and with it the entire sum which my parents had been so patiently and diligently hoarding for my future education. Now were we indeed distressed: I, because my parents were deprived of their sheltering roof; they, not so much for that, as that they had no longer the means of educating me. I, for my part, would not dwell upon this consideration. It gave me the sincerest pain, but I banished it as selfish at this time.

To a good neighbor, a prosperous farmer, we were indebted for a temporary shelter.

"And now," I said to my mother and father, "I will no longer devote my time to studying, but go to work with my hands, and help to gain the means to rebuild our cottage. I am strong enough, and old enough; for was I not eleven last spring? And in the evenings I will study, when I have done my day's labor. Thus I shall do very well."

They smiled, and were pleased with my resolution.

"But, dear child," said they both, "what canst thou do—thou, so young? Thou art *not* old enough, nor strong enough for the labor that would be required of thee."

"But I can work," I answered, "and I will; for to be idle now would be to be unhappy."

Therefore, I cast about to see what might be done. As my parents had said, I was not large or strong enough for hard labor; but I knew there must be something I might do, and I resolved to find it. In this state of affairs, I suddenly bethought myself of a plan.

At a distance of something like half a league from us, there dwelt a very rich old gentleman, who had the finest and most extensive gardens in the country, and who, I had heard, was in want of a lad to assist his head gardener. The thought of this pleased me. Young as I was, and only self-trained, I had not a little skill in the culture and care of flowers; and from my infancy, the little garden about our cottage had been my pride and delight. I had taken almost the entire charge of it, and always with the greatest success. True, it was not to be supposed that our plain, common flowers were to be compared with those in the gardens of Mr. Burrage, nor that the culture of these was such as they needed; but then I was confident of soon learning all that would be required of me, and I was sure I should take the greatest pains to give satisfaction. I determined to apply for this situation.

Accordingly, I set off the very next morning, and, arrived at the house of Mr Burrage, inquired for and was shortly introduced to him. I found him a free, kindly-spoken and evidently good-humored old gentleman, of fifty-five or sixty years, who greeted me in a hearty, pleasant way that very much encouraged me, though it was with many blushes that, after informing him who I was, I made known to him the object of my errand.

He listened with every sign of lively interest, and asked me several questions concerning myself and family, which drew from me an account of our affairs, that is, so far as was proper for me to make them known to so new an acquaintance.

Finding what good reasons I had for desiring the situation, and hearing what experience I had already had, he instantly declared that he was perfectly disposed to receive me, and named, as the half-yearly amount I was to receive, a sum which to me appeared, at that time—and which, indeed, really was,—a very handsome one, for the services I was to render.

Then he took me out into his garden, and introduced me to the gardener, who appeared to me a very good sort of man indeed, and with whom I quickly became well acquainted. The conclusion of the matter was, that I was engaged to come next day; and after a little further conversation with Mr. Burrage, took my leave with a light heart.

He had promised, I may add, to call on my parents some time; which he did, very unexpectedly, the following morning. He spent nearly half an hour in talking with them concerning me; after which, he took me back with him, and I was installed immediately in my new office.

It was one in which I succeeded not only to my own satisfaction, but to that of my employer, and of the gardener whose assistant I was. I learned very easily and quickly whatever he taught me, and with the greater facility, I think, because of the object for which I was working. I was always diligent, always busy. My master came out to see me very often in the garden, and had always a gay, good-humored word for me, which gave me infinite encouragement in my labors, so that I worked all the harder and all the better for it.

But one day I heard something which somewhat troubled me. I said to the gardener, after one of these visits of Mr. Burrage:

"What a kind-hearted man he is! His people must love him very much."

"Ay, Harry," answered the gardener, "a right good master he is when he's not crossed in anything; but thou must be careful, lad, never to vex him, or there's no telling what may happen. He's main good humored when all goes smooth, but he's a terrible temper when it's roused. So mind thee well that thou'rt not amiss in thy duty, and that thou make no blunders and do no mischief, or the least of it may be, mayhap, that thou'lt lose thy place."

All this caused me some dismay, and for awhile, as I have before said, I was much troubled; for I thought, "What if, by any means, I should unintentionally anger my master?"

But presently I saw that it would not benefit me to alarm myself about a thing which might never happen. I, therefore, dismissed my trouble, resolved not to fear for the future, and only to take, henceforth, the greater heed to please Mr. Burrage.

In this effort, I was successful to my utmost contentment. The summer passed and autumn came, and I had never received a single harsh word or look from my master. On the contrary, he was always kind to me.

Once, indeed, I saw his anger break out, though not against me, but one of the domestics in the house. The man had committed, it is true, a somewhat serious though perfectly unintentional and, therefore, excusable offence; but Mr. Burrage, giving way to such a tempest of wrath as made me tremble, discharged the poor man on the spot, and though it was a long time before he got another place, never would take him back, or in the least relent.

"Harry, lad, let it be a warning to thee,' said my friend the gardener. And it was a most serious one.

In the autumn, I had more time to myself than in the summer, and every spare hour was devoted to my beloved books. I studied with more diligence than ever; but, though often sorely tempted, I never let my love of study encroach upon the time that was legitimately my master's. I worked at my employment in the garden most faithfully, and never wasted an instant there. My master often commended me. That made me glad. And at the end of September, too, I received a quarter's wages, which I joyfully hastened to place in my father's hands. I felt that I was working for something.

My master interested himself very much in the circumstances of my parents as well as myself. His was no idle interest, either. He saw that we were willing and anxious to help ourselves, and, therefore, he was disposed to assist us. He saw my father and mother industrious, energetic, active. He knew me patient, willing, assiduous in the toil to which I had voluntarily subjected myself. This pleased him. He liked us all, and determined to help us. An opportunity for the execution of his good intentions was soon opened, and unexpectedly. But alas! whatever was the merit that he saw in us, how brittle we found the thread which attached us to his favor!

It was at the close of fall, when winter was just setting in, that, from some business embarrassment of my father's employers, he was thrown utterly out of work; and at that season of the year, he found it impossible to obtain another situation, even of the meanest kind. We were poorer now, almost, than we ever had been. My father had not a penny in the world. All the wages that both he and I had earned, during this last half year, had been employed to pay our way as we went, since the fire, and to keep out of debt. Nothing had been laid away.

Now my master's opportunity presented itself. On the very evening after he had heard from me of our misfortune, he visited my father and mother. It was even while they were talking together of the destitution in which they were left at the very commencement of the rigors of a most severe winter, that my master made his appearance. After a little conversation with them on the subject of their losses:

"I have," said he, "at the distance of a league from here, a well stocked farm, which is without an overseer at present, the one whom I have had having lately left the country with his family. I must have some one to keep it in order, and to see after the creatures there, which else will certainly suffer this hard winter. If you will both go thither and live, it will be for our mutual advantage."

It was with much gratitude that my parents accepted this offer. It was decided that they should go in three days; and, meanwhile, they were to make preparations for their departure. I was delighted with this new phase in our circumstances. It was a happy hour that I spent with my master, talking with my parents; and then Mr. Burrage set off for home again, I accompanying him.

When we reached there, my master's son, a fine little boy of some eight or ten years, who had lately come home from a visit of some months to a relative in a neighboring county, came running to meet us. His father, who was very fond of the boy, stopped for some moments to talk with him, and then went into the house. Francis, however, accompanied me to the conservatories, whither the plants had been removed from the gardens, when the first frosts began to set in, and which were now for a few days under my charge, during a temporary indisposition of the gardener.

I went about, as was my custom, to see that everything was safe for the night, and that all my master's favorites were well sheltered; for the evening was intensely cold. But I was not so particular as usual that night, for Francis was eager for me to go with him and see a fine new sledge which had just been finished for him to ride upon the ice in.

I was quite confident, however, that I left everything right when I went with him. I very much admired the sledge, which was really a beautiful one; and when we had both looked at it sufficiently, he went to his father, and shortly I repaired to my own room. My dreams were happy ones that night. I could not dismiss, even in sleep, the memory of my parents' happiness, and the goodness of my master.

But alas! my joy was of short duration. The following morning, on going to the conservatory, I found that a small door at the far end had been left open all night, owing to some oversight of mine on the evening previous, and that several of my master's finest plants had been completely destroyed, one of the number being an exceedingly rare exotic, which he valued, if possible, more than all the rest he had. For several moments, I stood perfectly petrified with consternation, distress and terror. Finally, recovering myself sufficiently for action, I ran directly to Mr. Burrage, and told him of what I had done.

Words cannot express the violence and intensity of his anger on learning the consequences of my remissness; but when he actually saw for himself the ruin wrought among his petted favorites, in which he had taken so much pride, the storm of his wrath became terrible. He reproached me in the bitterest terms, charged me with wilful carelessness and ingratitude, and commanded me to leave his sight at once and forever—to let him see no more of me or mine.

I had no words to defend myself. I knew my fault deserved punishment. Silent and sick and trembling, I turned away. I went to my room, tied up in a parcel the few articles of clothing I possessed in the world, and left Mr. Burrage's house.

It was a wild, bitter wintry morning. The skies were gray and cold as I left the gates. Far down on the lake, which was thickly frozen over, I descried the little Francis, in his beautiful new sledge, flying swiftly hither and thither, guided by one of the ser-

vants. Then my tears blinded me; they filled my eyes, and ran over my cheeks like rain, freezing as they fell. I hurried on. I was afraid that the affectionate little fellow should see me, and I could not bear parting with him.

I reached home, and told my father and mother what had happened. They were both startled; both looked pale, and grave, and sorrowful, for a little while.

"Your fault has indeed been a serious one, Harry," said my father, presently. "You have caused Mr. Burrage a great loss. But we must even try and repay it as soon as we may, though I fear it will be long before we are able to do so."

He spoke so gently that my tears burst forth afresh, and flowed the faster as I met my mother's sad yet pitying glance. They both entreated me not to weep. But how could I help it? I had not only caused Mr. Burrage a great loss, but I had also deprived them of the home which had been promised them. Of this last, however, unselfish as they were, they would not think.

"We must seek to repair the evils that befal us, rather than lament them," said my father.

And after a somewhat lengthy conversation with my mother, he declared his intention of setting out on the morrow to a neighboring town, to seek for employment of some kind, let it be what it would. I wished to go with him. This, however, he would not allow. I was not big enough, he said, to walk so many miles as he should be obliged to go. So the next morning he kissed my mother and me, and set off by himself.

All the remainder of that week we were alone—my mother and I. With sad hearts we waited for some tidings from my father. And all that week I mourned in secret over my fault, the consequences of which had been so unhappy. One day, the gardener from Mr. Burrage's came to see me. The honest man was much distressed at all that had happened.

"I had hoped," he said, "that thou wouldst stay there; for thou'rt a clever lad, Harry, and I like thee. But now I know thou'lt never come back again, for the master is bitter against thee. He's been angry many a time with one and another, but I never see naught like this."

I could do nothing but weep, boy as was. I had learned to look upon my master with affection, during the time I had been in his service, and he had treated me so kindly. Now, it was a most bitter grief that he thought so hardly of me. The gardener said that little Francis had been very indignant at my being turned away, and wished to come and see me, but that his father had sternly forbidden his doing so. I could not but be gratified with this evidence of the child's love for me. It gave me a sad kind of pleasure. I bade the gardener tell him I should always remember him, and then bidding me a kind good-by, he went back.

That evening we received a letter from my father. He was at a place some thirty miles away, where he had found, he said, some temporary employment, and bade us come to him the next day but one, with some neighbors who were going that way, sending, for our journey, the little sum we would require. With a full heart, the next morning, I wrote a brief letter to my former master, thanking him for all the kindness he had ever shown me, and expressing my grief for the loss which I had occasioned him, and which, I said, I would endeavor sometime to repair. I told him of our intended departure, and bade him farewell. This letter I sent in the morning, and then, with my mother, made ready for our next day's journey.

That afternoon, my mother went to make her last visit to a sick neighbor; and when she had been gone about two hours, and I was impatient for her return, she sent me word that our neighbor was so much worse that she had been requested to remain over night with her. So I sat down by a window, alone, to spend the rest of the short December afternoon in solitude and in sorrowful reflection.

It was a wild, fitful, gusty afternoon, bitter cold out of doors, and so dreary and dismal that it made me even more gloomy than I had been before. The landscape was covered with snow; the heavens were dark and cloudy. The wind, whistling and wailing drearily around, foreboded a storm near. And it came soon. It was about two hours before dark when the first flakes came driving down. I watched them coming—thinly scattered at the beginning, one here and another there, but promising a heavy drifting squall ere long.

And as I sat there at the window, I saw a little sturdy figure plodding bravely along towards the cottage—a little figure in a bright plaid coat and cap that were powdered lightly with the snow that was beginning to fall. It was Francis Burrage, my master's son.

He saw me at the window, and took off his cap, waving it to me. I sprang to open the cottage door and let him in. I was both pleased and surprised at seeing him so unexpectedly. He, on his part, threw his arms about my neck and kissed me tenderly.

"You see, Harry, I have come," said the dear little fellow. "I couldn't stay away any longer. I must come, whether my papa would let me or not; for you are going away to-morrow, aren't you?"

"Yes, Francis," I said, "I am going away to-morrow. It is very good, indeed, in you to come and see me, and I am very glad to see you. But was it not wrong to come without your father's leave or knowledge?"

He looked grave.

"Yes—it was wrong, Harry; but I couldn't help it."

"And this storm coming up, too, and you at such a distance from home! But you will think I am *not* glad to see you, Francis, if I talk in this way; and I am very, very glad indeed."

I kissed him, as I placed him in a chair by mine, and took off the little snow-sprinkled cap from his bright curly head. His face brightened.

"That's right, Harry. I like to hear you say that. I knew you would scold me a little for coming when—when papa bade me not; but I thought I would brave the scolding, just to see you once more before you go away. It's a great shame that you must go."

"You know it, then?—your father got my letter?"

"Yes—at noon. I made him let me have it to read. It had angered him very much to read it, Harry. It was then that I made up my mind to come. But I asked him first, indeed I did, Harry."

"Well, he said no?"

"He said he would punish me severely if I tried such a thing."

"And he meant it. He *will* punish you, Francis. Poor child! you knew it."

"Yes—I knew he would do what he said, Harry. But, for all that, I must come." And the boy sighed. "Besides," he continued, "I wanted to bring you this. You mustn't look at it till I'm gone." And he pressed something slyly into my hand.

But I saw. It was the pretty embroidered purse, containing a precious five pound note—his last birthday present from his father. I made him take it back. My heart was almost too full for words, as I experienced the faithful and generous affection of this dear child; but I was forced to disappoint him. I assured him firmly, though gently, as soon as I could speak steadily, that I could not take his gift, and that he must receive it again. I put it in the inner pocket of his little jacket, and buttoned both that and his coat over it.

He saw I was resolute, and would not be disputed. The tears came into his eyes for a moment, but he brushed them directly away.

"Well, Harry, if you wont take it now, I shall send it after you, or give it to somebody to spend for you."

"No, you will not, Francis," I said, kissing him; "because it would be very wrong. Your father would not wish you to do so, perhaps, and you would be doing it without his knowledge. But whether he approve or not, I could not take that money from a little boy like you; do you not see, Francis? I should as soon think of eating my kitten's dinner."

All this time, the snow-flakes had been falling. Francis suddenly started up from his chair.

"I must go now, Harry. See—it snows faster than when I came."

It did snow faster. A terrible storm it was going to be, by the wild, swift driving of the flakes, as they came hurrying down; and I knew that he could not get home in safety now. I was loth to let him go; but he declared that he must.

"Let me send some one up and let your father know where you are, that he may send for you, then," I said.

No—he must go home himself. I knew this was right, after all, though it might not be safe.

"Then I must go with you, Francis," I said, and went to get my cloak and cap.

He was overjoyed to think I was going. He said that after I got there, I should stay all night.

"No—I shall not go in," I answered. "I shall leave you at the gate, and come directly home."

"We will see then, Harry," was his resolute reply. "I tell you my father will keep you after coming up with me in the storm. It will be too bad for you to come back."

I let him have his own way. But I remembered that my master had forbidden me even to enter his doors again,—that even the letter I had written him that day had been received scarcely with toleration, by what Francis had said.

We set off together—Francis and I. Hand in hand we trudged along towards his father's house. It was quite half a league distant—a long way, with a storm driving about us, for two boys like us to tread. But I was not afraid for myself, though the way was lonely and wild. My greatest care was for my little companion. I walked fast with him for the first mile, that we might get along as far as possible before the storm made much progress. But often he grew tired, and then we were forced to proceed more slowly.

The wind blew violently, and was bitter cold. The road was white with snow, and the fences, and the trees. The air was full of it; above, around, beneath, nothing but snow was to be seen. It fell faster and faster, cutting our faces sharply as we went along, stinging like so many thousand needles. And how cold it was!

"Francis, how do you feel?" I asked of the little fellow who plodded on so bravely at my side, his hand held fast in mine. "Are you very cold?"

"Not very," was the stout answer. "I can get along nicely, Harry."

And we kept on. I talked to him cheerfully, when I could, to keep up his spirits,—that was, when the wind did not take away my breath; for, as the storm increased, it seemed to blow from every quarter at once. Colder and more icy the snow-laden atmosphere became. Sometimes we could not see a dozen yards before us, so thick and fast fell the flakes. Soon the snow began whirling around in drifts across the way. I was glad I had come with Francis. Now that the drifts were beginning to form, they grew and multiplied fast, and I was forced to lift him through them. We made slower progress now.

An hour must have passed, or nearly that, since we left home, and we had not accomplished more than half the distance we were to go. But, by my own feelings, I knew that my companion must be not only wearied out, but almost frozen as well. My shoes were full of snow; my feet and hands were almost numb with cold. My face had scarcely any feeling in it. Still Francis plodded on.

"How are you now?" I asked, looking down in the little face that was red with the beating of the icy storm. My very heart misgave me as I asked the question.

"It *is* cold—isn't it, Harry?"

It was all he said: that was uttered in a very faint voice, and I was more troubled than I can tell.

"And you are very tired, Francis?" I said.

"Yes, Harry."

The voice was scarcely audible now. There was something besides the snow on his face. The child was crying silently, with fatigue, and cold, and fear. The winds grew wilder, the storm more furious, the drifts deeper and colder.

"Do you think we shall ever get home again, Harry?" came the faint, trembling, childish voice to my ear.

I could not have answered without bursting into tears. I looked at Francis. He dragged along more wearily at every step. Stooping, I lifted him as well as I could in my arms, though I staggered beneath even his light weight, and stumbled on through the drifts, while his head sunk on my shoulder.

I could not see my way. The air was all white around me. Everything was white. There was no path. I felt myself pressing through a snow-drift; higher—higher, my feet moved wearily, sluggishly. I could feel nothing now—not even the cold. My limbs seemed to grow numb—sleepy; and now I could not see at all. Everything became dark. And little Francis was quite still. A terrible agony possessed, though it had not the power to rouse me from the lethargy that was creeping over me. I think now it was the dread that Francis would die of cold. With the last struggle of receding consciousness, I tore my own coat from my shoulders and wrapped it around him, but as one moving in a dream. And I knew no more. * * *

"Francis would have died had it not been for him. His own coat had been taken off, and covered the child, whom he held sheltered in his arms, even in unconsciousness. It was thus we found them."

Was I awake—and on earth? A glow and a warmth were around me. An indistinct brightness afar off, crossed by ever-moving figures; and I heard the words I have recorded. The glow grew brighter. In a moment more, sight was given me. I *was* awake, and on earth. It was in a wide chamber of my master's house I lay, and my master's face bent eagerly over me.

"Thank Providence, the boy is safe!"

With a sigh of relieved and terrible suspense, the words broke from his lips, as I opened my eyes upon him. *From the lips of my master!* I heard them. I was really and truly on earth, and not in a world of spirits. But it was as if I had come back from the grave.

I had been very near mine. It was only when fully restored to consciousness that I knew how near—when I knew that my master and his servants, in going at night-fall to seek through the storm for little Francis, whom some one had seen going to the house of Harry, the gardener's boy, had found Harry lying senseless in a drift on the road leading to Mr. Burrage's, with Francis folded in his arms, and sheltered by his coat, which he had taken off for the purpose, and which had saved the life of the child by the warmth it afforded; when I found both Francis and his father by my pillow, and knew that I had saved my little friend by submitting to the exposure which had nearly cost me my own life; when I found that the whole story had been related to the father by the innocent lips of the child, and my master, shaking my hand, with the tears actually standing in his eyes, declared me the preserver of his son's life, and himself my debtor forever.

From the circumstances of that day, in my boyhood, sprung the fortunes of the man. From the hour in which his beloved son had been so nearly lost, so barely saved to him, I held a place with Francis in the affections of my master. But my master no more—rather a father—a guardian. For to him was due the after-prosperity of my parents, who owed a future of happiness to him, in his gratitude; and to him, under Providence, I refer the destiny of the poor gardener's boy, who was ever after as a son to him. At the same academy with Francis, I was placed to continue my education immediately; and entered, eight years after, on my theological studies, after which I was ordained for the ministry. With the hand of a firm, unchangeable friend, Mr. Burrage helped me through all this, and gained for me, at last, the life for which my soul thirsted.

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LLEY FORGE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES TO E. M. H.

BY F. E. R.

Let others hail thee, fairest one,
An opening flower—a dawning beam!
Emblems of human love alone,
To me thy charming beauties seem.

There's love upon thy pure white brow;
There's love upon thy gentle lips—
A fountain sealed! but whence shall flow
Such honey as the wild bee sips.

For God hath gifted thee beyond
The herald's bootless pomp of pride,
With sweeter looks—with smiles more fond
Than ever decked a monarch's side.

Eleanor! be thou ever blest
And beautiful as now thou art:
A star of hope in every breast,
An idol to each kindred heart.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PYROTECHNICS.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

It has been sagely remarked by some shrewd observer of human nature, that, in every respect, there is as much difference in folks as there is in people; and in nothing is the truth of this remark more apparent than the different light in which different people view the subject of public amusements; and in no species of amusement is there a greater diversity of opinion than in the matter of fireworks. There are individuals—few in number, I grant, but very respectable, notwithstanding—who hold pyrotechnics in utter contempt. To them a bunch of India crackers is full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. A blue-light they look upon as a burning shame; a soaring rocket they consider the height of absurdity, and they never weary in making light of Roman candles. That such individuals have an undoubted right to their own opinion, neither you nor I will pretend to dispute, although they differ from ourselves so materially.

Now for my part, although I do not absolutely pine after fireworks, I am nevertheless disposed to look upon them with favor, particularly when they are exhibited in the proper place and upon the proper occasion. But I think I can convince the reader before I have done with him, that there are times and seasons when a display of this kind, so far from being a source of pleasant amusement, becomes in fact a positive evil and an unbearable nuisance, as the ensuing narrative will illustrate.

It happened one day during the fourth of July week just past, that Tompkins, having been invited out to dine with a friend, proceeded to array himself in his subdued mouse-colored breeches, his black velvet vest, and our new black dress coat—and thereby hangs an explanation.

Now it is absolutely necessary that I should make known to the reader why I say *our* dress coat, before I proceed any further, and to facilitate the explanation, it must be recollected that my roommate, Tompkins, and myself, are of the same height, weight and build, and in every respect precisely similar as regards physical conformation, with the trifling exception that, whereas Tompkins is rather an ordinary looking gentleman, scarcely possessing a claim to that somewhat doubtful title, "a fine-looking man," I am, on the contrary, a most remarkably—indeed I may say a miraculously—but never mind, I am not given to blowing my own trumpet. When we consider the striking similarity of our configuration, the absurdity and extravagance of possessing between us two garments precisely alike, becomes obvious. We long ago discovered this great truth, since which one black dress coat, one ditto frock, ditto one blue, and one brown ditto ditto, has constituted our joint wardrobe. This community of interests is attended with peculiar advantages, each of us receiving from our fellow-men the deferential consideration due to the possessor of four new coats, besides which, they are oftener replaced, and of later styles than would be the case if worn by one person only.

And again, it is much easier to obtain credit, as any sagacious and reflecting tailor would be much more easily persuaded to deliver a garment on time to a corporate concern than to a single individual. Secondly, it is much easier to dodge a tailor, and put him off when he becomes importunate, as tailors will. When we hear the footstep of our relentless creditor approaching our room, what strategetical exploit can be more exquisitely beautiful in its conception, than to have Tompkins dodge into the closet, while I, with a patronizing smile, encounter the knight of the shears on the threshold, and with much feeling express my regret that he had not called five minutes sooner, as Tompkins had but just gone down town for the express purpose of settling his little account, and was without doubt at that very instant chasing him (the tailor) about the city, with his (Tompkins) breeches pockets stuffed almost to bursting with bank notes of a large denomination. Such a course of proceeding is pretty sure to send the unwelcome visitor off in a pleasant mood, and when after a considerable interval he calls again, it is only necessary to vary the performance by going myself into the closet and leaving my partner as spokesman. I have known this single manœuvre to hold the enemy in abeyance for three months, and never did I know it to fail of a good effect but once, when Tompkins, soon after entering into his closet and shutting the door, was seized with a prolonged fit of sneezing, which betrayed the hoax and caused our creditor to become so obstreperous that we were compelled, out of respect to ourselves, to kick him down stairs. It is true we paid dearly for it, but such accidents do not happen every day.

I mention this little dodge merely as a sample of the many that will naturally suggest themselves to a man of talent. Lastly, it is almost impossible to enumerate the many benefits beside those already mentioned, which flow from a community in coats; and in conclusion I would respectfully suggest that you try the experiment, making a partner either of your room-mate or some trusty friend. You are almost certain to succeed, and it cannot be denied that you really *need* a new coat, notwithstanding it would be so excessively inconvenient for you to pay for it just now.

But this is a digression. Tompkins having accepted the invitation, was of course obliged to wear the new dress coat, for, as is well known to all who, like yourself, adorn the higher walks of society, that man could not be forgiven, who in this age of enlightenment should attend a dinner party in anything else; indeed, no person who was not determined upon committing social suicide, would ever make the insane attempt to swallow a mouthful in any other than a black dress coat. The invitation was extended to me also, but it being Tompkins's turn to wear the coat, I of course was obliged to decline. Indeed, I could not have accepted had it been my turn, for just at present I am making strenuous efforts to establish a reputation among my friends, of being literary, and a profound student. To effect this it is necessary for me to eschew all hilarity, to affect the dignified and reserved, to walk with my claws clasped beneath my coat-tails, my head bowed, my brow knitted and my lips muttering; to start suddenly when spoken to, and appear abstracted and thoughtful. It is mighty difficult to accomplish all this, for a fellow is apt to forget himself and appear inconsistent; but I am already well paid for my trouble, for it is the firm conviction of all my acquaintances that I am engaged upon a great work, requiring the profoundest research and study, a conviction which I render a certainty by allowing to lie upon my table several quires of partially written manuscript, upon the outside sheet of which is inscribed in bold characters, "Shakspeare and the Shakers; being an inquiry as to the real authorship of the works hitherto attributed to Mother Goose."

But here I am again wandering away from my subject. I must stick more closely to my text, or the little incident I had intended to relate in about forty-three words, will extend to as many pages. To take up the thread of the story then where it was broken off, Tompkins donned the black dress coat and went to the dinner party, leaving me to my literary labors, which for that day consisted in repairing sundry rips and rents to which my nether garments had been subjected in the battle of life, and replacing divers suspender buttons and other of those artificial aids which help to support frail human nature in its weary pilgrimage to the grave. Profoundly interested by the absorbing nature of my occupation, the hours sped swiftly by, until Tompkins's well known footstep was heard upon the stairs. At the moment of his return all my energies were bent upon darning a large hole in the toe of one of my stockings. The proper performance of this important matter I found to be attended with no little difficulty, and it taxed my ingenuity to the utmost. Three several times had I obliterated all traces of the aperture by passing the needle and yarn backward and forward across the objectionable opening, until to all appearance the stocking was good as new, though there was an evident disproportion in its shape. The singular look of the thing induced me to try it on, when I found to my surprise that, although a perfectly sound stocking, it had somehow become much shorter than it was wont, bringing the heel toward the middle of my foot. Three separate times I undid my work, and as many times did it over again, but with the same result—it was too short. I was a good deal vexed at my want of success. There was evidently something wrong, unless, indeed, the thing was enchanted, and I determined, come what might, to darn that stocking in a proper manner and have it long enough too. It had become a matter of principle with me to accomplish that object, and I set myself deliberately to consider the cause of the strange phenomenon that had thrice baffled me.

At length an idea occurred to me, and hastily undoing my previous work, I took a pint porter bottle, and inserting it in the stocking foot, distended and held apart the edges of the foramen while I wove the yarn back and forth across it. This plan succeeded admirably. I was even more than successful, for not only was the stocking long enough, but there was a considerable superabundance of toe to be lapped over. This to be sure was not altogether desirable, but I had achieved a victory, and it could be borne; indeed, I rather looked upon that extra bunch of woolen as a trophy to my skill and indomitable perseverance.

It was while in the midst of this absorbing occupation that Tompkins hastily entered the room. Too much interested in the accomplishment of my object to give much attention to him, I merely looked up and again continued my work, while he divested himself of his bettermost apparel and stuck himself into other and less expensive garments.

"There, Jinx," he said, as he hung our coat in the closet, "I've been buying a mess of those firework concerns, crackers, torpedoes and that sort of thing, to throw out the window at the gals, to frighten 'em a bit, you know, on the fourth—wont it be jolly?"

I admitted that the effect to be produced would without doubt be uncommonly jolly.

"I say, Jinx," he continued, as he left the room, "I'm going down the harbor with a crowd of chaps, to have a reg'lar high time; so you needn't be alarmed if you don't see me back here again afore a week from next fall;" and slamming the door behind him he galloped down stairs, leaving me to my labors, which I continued with much ardor, being so much pleased with my newly discovered plan of darning that I could not bear to stop. One stocking after another was nicely mended, until the supply began to fall short, and I was thinking seriously of going to the room of some other lodger and repairing his hose for him, so greatly was I pleased by the discovery of this new and improved process, when the girl who answered the door bell entered with a note.

The sight of the well-known hand-writing upon the envelope put me in such a flurry that I pricked myself consumedly with the darning needle in my hurry to get hold of the note. It was from Carrie! The beloved female with many expressions of endearment gave me to understand that, had the fates so willed it that she could visit the theatre that evening and witness the enactment of that highly intellectual drama, "The Forty Thieves," her happiness would have been complete. "But," continued the note, "if it was so ordered by an over-ruling destiny that she was to be debarred from that as from other innocent amusements, she would try to bear up under it, and though her heart bled, she would wear a smile on her countenance, and in my own beautiful language, 'suffer and be strong.'"

The meek spirit of resignation evinced in the missive touched me deeply. It would have touched any chap, particularly if his adored had credited to himself Mr. Longfellow's fanciful version of that grey-headed recommendation to "grin and bear it."

There was no resisting such an appeal as this. No human power could have prevented my going to the theatre that evening, and taking my dear Carrie. I do not think I should have wavered in my resolution, even if it had cost me three dollars. It was already quite late in the afternoon, and the performance began early; so casting aside the half-darned stocking, which now held only a secondary place in my mind, I looked anxiously at my watch; but I might as well have looked at a brick—the thing being intended rather for show than for service—the fact of my looking at it at all being more the result of a habit I have contracted by a frequent pretended consultation of the turnip when in company. But to do the concern justice, it has a magnificent case, and, as Tompkins says, "It has been a good time-keeper in its day, but it aint now and never was." I was therefore not in the least disappointed at not being able to learn anything from that source, and running the superior portion of my tenement of clay so far out the fourth story window that I nearly lost my balance and precipitated myself into the street below, I was enabled to get a glimpse of the church clock. It wanted but just twenty minutes of the time mentioned in the bills for the curtain to rise "precisely." Withdrawing my head and shoulders and so forth from their exposed position, I proceeded to make a hasty toilet. To wash and shave the "human face divine," to brush the two rows of teeth appertaining to that divine face, and to neatly tie a flaming red cravat immediately beneath the whole divine concern, occupied just no time at all. Jumping into my boots and under my hat, I ran my arms into the sleeves of our dress coat and left the house. I noticed there was something heavy in one of the tail pockets, but being in too great a hurry to examine what it might be, I walked rapidly toward Carrie's residence. The dear child was in ecstacies of delight at seeing me, she was *so—so* glad I had come; she hadn't the remotest idea her little note would induce me to go to the theatre; indeed, she hadn't thought of such a thing when writing it, etc., etc., very much after the manner your own little darling goes on.

I admire to hear Carrie lie, she does it so prettily; so circumnavigating her with my coat-sleeve, I kissed her, of course, precisely as I would any one of my charming young lady readers, if she was my beau and was going with me to a jollification; though for that matter I don't think I should hold back hard enough to pull the buttons off my coat, if the young lady aforesaid possessed neither of the aforesaid qualifications. I will not insist, however, upon this latter point, for there is no knowing how I might feel under fire; I should, nevertheless, like amazingly to try.

But to continue: there was little for Carrie to do, she being already as well prepared for the excursion as though our going had been decided upon a week previous; so taking one of her little wings under my arm, we walked rapidly toward the theatre, chatting and giggling and saying nice things to each other, just as pleasant and happy as anything. Arrived at the spacious and brilliantly-lighted entrance to the temple of the drama, with the monstrous placards upon either side, my attention was attracted by the staring letters announcing the play, and I unconsciously uttered in an audible tone, "The Forty Thieves."

"Yis, mister, and there 'll be forty-*one* when you get inside!" shouted a ragged little pocket edition of a man, as amid the laughter of the bystanders he prudently took himself out of my reach.

Now, although I am by no means of an irritable disposition, or given to flying into a passion without cause, I was nevertheless vexed by the impertinent remark of that miserable little boy, and nothing but the fact of my having a lady on my arm, the fear of the police, the danger of being late to the play, the probable interference of the crowd, the chance that the affair would be mentioned in the papers in connection with my name, and the danger that some big fellow would take the boy's part and give me something I could not buy at the apothecary's, prevented me rushing after that ragged, impudent youngster and demolishing him on the spot.

A moment's reflection upon the above objections enabled me to overcome my propensity to tear the offender limb from limb; and having with some little difficulty procured tickets, we were fortunate enough to obtain seats in the very centre of the house, where, in listening to the fiddlers fiddling upon their fiddles, and in contemplating a splendid portrait of the immortal Shakspeare, with a forehead fourteen inches in height, I speedily "recovered my temper," as people ridiculously say; though why they should say so I never could divine, for it seems more reasonable to me that when a fellow is getting over a mad fit he is *losing* the temper he had aboard when his anger was excited, and that he *recovers* his temper when the injury or insult, or whatever it may be, is repeated.

For my part, I cannot recollect a single instance of having my nose pulled or being kicked, that I did not *gain* temper amazingly.

I will not occupy valuable space with an account of the play, but hasten at once to the catastrophe. Let it suffice that everything went off admirably, the audience being particularly fascinated with the irresistible manner in which "first thief" (Mr. Junius Brutus Boots) would every now and again pop his head out of an olive jar and then pop it back again, a proceeding which brought down the house every one of the thirteen times it was repeated.

In this play, as all theatre-goers are doubtless aware, a considerable amount of vocal music is often introduced, particularly if the stock company happen to have voices the slightest degree above the miserable—and in this respect our company was especially favored—one lady in particular, who "executed" an incredible number of songs, having formerly been prima donna to an Ethiopian troupe. One of her pieces was immensely popular; twice had it been encored, and now she was preparing to sing it the third time. She began; the audience listened in breathless attention; she commenced the second verse; you might have heard a pin drop (nine pin); she struck into a cadenza, her voice rising high and shrill in a sort of quivering squeal, like the opening notes of a horse's neighing, only less musical—a sort of thing called in musical parlance "a trill."

To say that I was entranced by the music, would be to chronicle a whopper—to me it seemed but small potatoes, anyhow. Not so the rest of the house—they literally held their breaths in silent admiration. Thinking I might as well improve the opportunity by blowing my nose, I sent one of my hands round behind me to my coat pocket on an exploring expedition in search of Sir John Handkerchief, and having discovered it, I began to draw it slowly forth. I may have drawn it half way out of my pocket—perhaps a little more, perhaps a little less—I will not pretend to be strictly accurate in this particular, but let the proportion removed be what it may, it was while the audience was the most silent and attentive, and when the singer was in the midst of one of her shrillest and shakiest squeals, and making her worst faces at us, that there occurred directly behind me a loud and most appalling crack, perhaps as loud as a small pistol, but in the perfect silence sounding like the thunders of Jove. In an instant all was confusion; the cantatrice faltered and stopped, the audience as one man sprang to their feet, while I, no less astonished than the rest, turned sharply round to see who the presumptuous individual might be that dared explode a torpedo so close to me, muttering an indignant "put him out" as I did so.

Not being able to fix upon any one as the perpetrator of the deed, I gave another tug at my handkerchief to remove the rest from my pocket, when crack, crack, crack! went more torpedoes, still behind me. Astonished, I again turned and beheld all eyes fixed upon me, while at the same time a muffled spluttering and snapping of unmistakable India crackers, and a thin smoke rising in my immediate vicinity, gave birth to a terrific idea—the recollection of Tompkins's purchase of fireworks flashed into my mind. Hastily thrusting my hand into one of my coat pockets, I withdrew it again with the speed of lightning—*burnt!* For an instant I was motionless with amazement and horror, but a sharp burning sensation quickly roused me to action. Grabbing my coat-tails in both hands, I endeavored to smother the fire. Vain attempt! it only rendered matters still worse. Half a dozen of those confounded squirming concerns called serpents flew out through my fingers, and emitting a stream of sparks in their course, flew over and under and around among the ladies, singeing their hair and setting fire to their laces.

A terrible uproar ensued; men shouted "put him out!" and thumped the floor with their canes, women screamed and fainted, and came to and screamed again, louder than ever, while amid the tumult I descried a couple of police officers making for me; but there was little need of their services; I was quite as anxious to depart as they could possibly be to have me go, for the unexpected "fire in the rear" produced a sensation which the reader can only appreciate by finishing this article while seated upon a red-hot griddle. With both hands holding my coat-tails straight on end behind me, and thereby in a slight degree diminishing the acute pain, I darted up the aisle, over the benches and down the stairs, capsizing men, women and children in my headlong course. Out of the building I rushed, a trail of sparks and exploding crackers streaming behind, amid the hoots and jeering cries of "go it, comet," from the boys.

Panting and exhausted with fatigue and pain, I reached home just as the last piece of that infernal bunch of pyrotechnics burnt itself out. Crawling up to my room, I proceeded to do that which it would have been better had I done before—to wit: to remove my coat from my shoulders. But let those who think I *could* have done so try the experiment themselves, and they will find that the instinctive action of their claws to hold the fire as far as possible from their persons, will keep them too busy to accomplish any other object which upon deliberate and cool reflection may seem to be the better course. Upon examination I found one tail of the coat completely burnt off, and the other partly gone, while my pants were burnt all over—in short, they were badly damaged. Throwing the coat and a heartfelt explication together into a corner, I flung myself into a chair and immediately flung myself out again. A sitting position was a decidedly uncomfortable one.

But I will pass over the events of that night. The next day I walked over to see Carrie; she rallied me good-humoredly upon my accident and asked me to *sit down*. I declined and walked home again. I walked my room all day. I believe I am getting fond of walking; I didn't use to be. If I was a member of the present Congress, I feel certain that a fair exhibition of my claims would ensure my appointment as a member of a perpetual standing committee.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY H. D. C.

Little hands are clasped in prayer,
Holy incense on the air
Wafted to the fount of love—
Pleasing to the One above.
Listen—for my child doth pray!
They have taught her how to say

"Our Father," give to me
Thought and heart to worship thee;
Thou, from whom all blessings come—
Parents, pleasures, friends and home—
All my warmest love and praise
To my Maker would I raise!

In this world of trial, sin,
Father, keep me pure within;
Make me gentle, true and kind,
Onward, upward, thee in mind—
Till at last through Him I rise,
Jesus opens Paradise!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A HOT NIGHT IN THE CITY.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

It is trying enough to feel, as the church clock twangs out the hour of ten, that the thermometer stands at 90°, by moonlight; to see the streets getting gradually thinned; the man with the checked coat who compromised his dignity by sitting in his doorway, and the daughters who promenaded, bareheaded, with their fans, dressed in gossamer, retiring for the night; the clerk and his pretty little seamstress, who have just taken an "ice" together, are separating; house-doors adjacent, over the way and further up the hill, are slammed together, and the great keys are turned to bid defiance to night burglars. There is no gas burning, for the moon has taken the office from the lamplighter; only here and there a hatless pedestrian is wending toward his lodgings, perchance dreading to reach his small attic chamber, the window of which careless Mag has left open all day to the full blaze of the sun, and the bed which he would give his last dime to know has no unwelcome tenants; he goes whistling along with the hope that he shall be master workman by-and-by, and build his house, and find his mate, and keeps pondering over what Jenny said when he last met her, until he has reached his suffocating room, away down in Mechanics' Alley. And Jenny, too, sits in her upper room, watching to see "Thomas" pass, hiding herself behind the flaunting, fluttering curtain, while the perspiration rolls off her broiled face; for she has just left the ironing-table, where a dozen of mistress' skirts are made to stand alone with polished stiffness, and the bosoms and collars of the father and sons will require another hot day to rumple.

And it has now come to be eleven—so says the same church clock, and scarcely a being is seen; and feeling solitary, we, too, are missing. Spiral mattress—what a luxury you are! Linen sheets, cold and agreeable, who can say aught against you? City house, with the whole story unoccupied, and such delicious breezes playing through opened windows and wide halls, how can we envy poor musquito-bitten friends at Nahant, or those pent up in little closets nicknamed "lodging-rooms," even at the "Notch," or at Niagara at the "International," where the eternal roar keeps one wakeful? Why not say your grateful prayers for such a home, and go to sleep in happy contentment? Cool and quiet, such may be your honest intention; but alas! just as you are about sallying off to dream-land, that baby over the way sets up its nightly serenade. If this were its first concert, we would pity it and lie awake,—but no; every night for a fortnight, at about the same hour, the little tyrant grows restless, and cares neither for disturbing nurse or neighbor. How visions of Godfrey's cordial, and valerian, and soothing syrups rise before us! No mistake—we heard the pap-spoon drop on the floor. How long is the query, before it takes effect? The hour of midnight is tolled out, and still the baby cries. How long before he will get his teeth? But then there is the pain always right under the front breadth, and can we suppose "dear little Johnny" is going to suffer in silence?

And now comes retrospection. It was just so last year. Other tenants occupied the same premises; the baby cried just as all over-fed children do cry, and the nurse slept on and let it pursue its disturbing employment. And so we moved into the back chamber. True, we had seen a family moving in at the next door some days ago; but we never thought about their having a baby, and never should, had we not been aroused at the same hour as before by the long-continued, unending, snarling little wretch (the mother calls it angel), who would not be appeased until the nurse had recourse to the old-fashioned custom of sitting in a common chair and violently rocking, accompanied with the old goose melody of "lullaby baby on the tree-top," etc. The perspiration settled on my brow, a burning sensation came over my limbs, an irresistible impulse to sit at the window and give up all ideas of invoking Morpheus.

It is one o'clock! What train of cars leaves the city at this hour? Yet there is the whistle; the steam is on; the passengers are in cool quarters, and how swiftly they leave us behind who are soon to encounter another burning high pressure, and feel the ill effects of this night's restlessness.

It is now three o'clock! The ponderous ice-carts have just struck yonder bridge; the office-boy is trudging along two hours in advance of his usual time; noises, such as only can be heard at early dawn, are distinct; a little bird has come to sing his plaintive note before the bustle of the day; the baby is hushed; a few pedestrians are dimly seen, perchance they, too, have had a sleepless night; the sounds of active life are fast returning; housemaids are cleaning the sidewalks to the entire destruction of broom-corn, and sand is faithfully washed out between the interstices of bricks; yet it is a fashion—nay, a household law, which must be obeyed when necessary, and *when not so.*

Morning has come! You close windows, darken rooms, read journals, letters from friends in various quarters. One tells you "what an icy chillness came over him as he yesterday went into the Tuckerman Ravine, and found a huge unmelted snow-bank." Another speaks of "an iceberg encountered in a given latitude;" and yet another represents himself "under shade trees, where the brooks are gurgling by, and the breezes are laden with the fragrance of the newly-mown hay." Now whither shall we go?

We have tasted all these enjoyments; the novelty—or shall we call it the enthusiasm?—which such scenes occasioned has died out of us, and in hot weather it cannot be re-kindled. We know from experience what it is to be primmed up at the "United States" in Saratoga, and be present at a sweltering "hop" in the evening. At the White Mountains, too, when the sun at midday struck us speechless, and took all the sublimity away. On the seashore, where burning sand glittered till our eyes grew dim; and epicurean tit-bits lost all flavor; and in the homestead, too, under the shade trees whose long shadows protected us from glare, and a desire to change our place. And yet, were it not that those babies keep up such an unceasing, inharmonious concert, we should cast our vote to remain in our own domicil until dogdays are ended, and then with renewed vigor we would taste the pleasures of travelling. "Better bear the ills we have," than fly to others we know all about. We only grieve for those who cannot withstand the tyrant custom which they fancy must be complied with—of eating hotel dinners in flounces out of which the starch is taken; of lounging in drawing-rooms among a promiscuous crowd who know not how to dispose of themselves; of fanning ourself with very vexation because the lodging-room is so small and illy ventilated; and of hearing, to increase the annoyance, that the charge is nearly doubled at this hotel compared with five years ago, when we tarried there. "Yet we have engaged the rooms," says my friend, "and we must remain. Come and see us and attend a Fremont ratification meeting. We are to have glorious times next week." Just as if we would go a hundred miles to attend a political gathering, when we can witness such a spectacle almost any evening from our own windows! Besides, it is too hot weather for us to draw our conclusions as to which party we had better belong. We have read "Upham's Life of Fremont," and thought Young America had in him all the requisites to make him the most available candidate; and we have heard much to respect in Mr. Buchanan. We remember, too, how imposing was his appearance at a certain watering-place, where we sojourned with him; and had we with prophetic eyes then looked upon him as a candidate for the presidency, we should have sought to know him better.

But as women are excused from "stumping it" in favor of either candidate, and both parties are well represented by scores of our friends, we will take time to consider who would have our vote were we allowed to give one. But we must *coolly* reflect, and with the present intention of keeping dark and comfortable and at home, if we survive a few more hot nights in the city, our "ratification meeting" will be to call home all sojourners who are carried off by custom or fashion, and enduring "all the ills that flesh is heir to," no longer to victimize themselves, but rally under one common standard upon which is legibly inscribed the word *home.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 537.

Of course this book will have a great sale—and it deserves it. It is a thrilling narrative of a white man—an American, brought up among the Indians, and ultimately a chief of the Crow nation. As a mountaineer, a hunter, a scout, a pioneer, and a faithful servant of the United States, on the war-path and in battle, his romantic adventures deserve to be perpetuated. The book was written by T. D. Bonner, at the dictation of the hero. For sale by Redding & Co.

The Tongue of Fire: or, *The True Power of Christianity.* By Wm. Arthur, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 18mo. pp. 354.

A powerfully written work of religious truth, suggestive of serious thought, and of great practical value. For sale by Redding & Co.

Bernard Lile. An Historical Romance. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 287.

The period of this story embraces the Texan revolution and the Mexican war, a fine field for graphic narrative. In his portraiture of southwestern character, the author has avoided the "impossible" dialect attributed to the people of the southwest by many American writers. The name of the author (Col. Jeremiah Clemens), will alone give this book a wide currency. For sale by Redding & Co.

English Traits. By R. W. Emerson. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 312.

We are inclined to think that this work will somewhat disappoint the admirers of Emerson. It is a rather slipshod and careless performance, with here and there a bright and sparkling thought, and an occasional passage of power and eloquence. We are curious to see what the English will say to their portraits as painted by the American philosopher

New Music.—From Oliver Ditson, Washington Street, we have the "Champlain March," the "Brunette Polka," "Gipsey Polka," "The Poppy," a song. From G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, Boston, "There are angels ever near us," by James G. Burnett; "The Truest Friend is God," a sacred song; and La Traviata Waltz.

The Angel in the House.—The Espousals. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The favor with which "The Betrothal" was received will ensure a warm welcome for this continuation, and both will grow upon the reader. Both "The Betrothal" and "The Espousals" are full of exquisite gems of expression and thought, and the tone is lofty and pure. The simplicity of the book is one of its chief recommendations.

Cousin Nicholas. By Rev. Richard Barham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends." Buffalo: A. Burke. 1856. 12mo. pp. 377.

This story first appeared, some years since, in "Blackwood's Magazine," and was then read with the greatest interest. We are not aware that it has ever before appeared in book form. If so, the American publisher deserves credit for getting out a neat edition of so spirited, so amusing, and so interesting a work. For sale by G. W. Cottrell, 36 Cornhill, Boston.

EUGENE PIERRE GODARD, THE AERONAUT.

We present, on this page, a fine portrait by Hill, from an admirable photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silshee and Case, of this city, of the most daring and successful of living aerial navigators, a gentleman who has added an American to a European reputation. Eugene Pierre Godard is a native of France, and was born at Batignolles-Monceaux, in the banlieu of Paris, August 27, 1827. From an early age he exhibited a decided *penchant* for aerial adventure, and read up everything relating to aerostatics with the utmost avidity. His passion for soaring above the earth was first gratified on the 8th of October, 1847, at which date he made his first ascension from Lisle in a paper balloon inflated with heated air. Since that time he has made repeated ascensions, his last from this city, being his three hundred and seventh voyage. In Europe, he has ascended from Paris and other cities in France, and from cities in England, Germany, Italy and Belgium. At Gratz, in Germany, he had the misfortune to lose a noble balloon, the "Europa." He had made a brilliant ascension, had descended in safety and was letting out the gas, when a bystander, thoughtlessly lighting a match, set fire to the stream of hydrogen and the balloon was almost instantly consumed. In October, 1851, he went from Paris to Belgium, a distance of 200 leagues, in twenty-four hours. He has crossed, in his balloon, the English Channel, the Carpathian Mountains and the Alps. On one occasion he took a large party from Paris to Versailles, landing them safely. From Vienna, he made, in the space of six hours, six separate ascensions with the balloon at liberty, and eight ascensions to the extremity of a long rope, permitting some of the most distinguished ladies of the city to experience the novel sensation of rising in the air. Many distinguished European celebrities have been, at different times, the *compagnons de voyage* of M. Godard—among others, Arago, the astronomer, Victor Hugo, the author, and Prince Murat. On the apprehension of hostilities in Europe, M. Godard offered his services to Louis Napoleon, proposing the establishment of a corps of aeronauts, for the purpose of making military reconnoissances. It will be remembered that the victory of Fleurus, won by the French in the days of the first republic, was attributed to the information obtained by observations made from a balloon over the enemy's lines. Louis Napoleon courteously declined the offer, but the Austrian government, to whom he made a similar proposal, accepted it conditionally, and if they had sent an army into the field, M. Godard would have been employed as chief of an aeronautic corps, with high rank and pay. An official agreement to this effect was drawn up and signed by the minister of war and other authorities. M. Godard came to this country, landing in this city in 1854, and made his first ascension from the Hippodrome, New York. He was quite successful in New York, New Orleans, Havana and other places, and particularly so at Manchester, N. H., on the 4th of July last. On this occasion, as on that of his first ascension from this city, he appeared mounted on a live horse. He has such complete command of his nerves, that, suspended to a bar below his car, he performs a variety of difficult gymnastic feats with as much coolness and certainty as an acrobat in an arena on *terra firma*. He is generally accompanied in his air voyages by Madame Godard, who is perfectly fearless and thoroughly acquainted with the management of a balloon. Several American editors have accompanied our aeronaut into the realms of space—among them representatives of the New Orleans, New York and Boston presses. Mr. Fuller, of the New York Mirror, who ascended from New York, was much pleased with his trip, and wrote a glowing description of it. "The city itself," said Mr. Fuller, "seemed exactly like a miniature block model city, or like the village built with toy houses on parlor floors by children. The horizon seemed to rise, giving the earth a concave appearance. There was not the slightest oscillation to the ear, which seemed to be perfectly stationary, except when very near the earth." Mr. Lassalle, of the New York "Courier des Etats-Unis," who accompanied M. Godard on one of his finest voyages, has placed upon record a spirited account of his sensations and his experiences. When they were about a mile high, he says: "A truly magnificent spectacle awaited us. The descending sun began to disappear behind the Highlands. A mass of fog cut off our view of the earth, and we seemed literally journeying in free space. Nevertheless sounds from below reached our ears with a certain distinctness." "The sun, with his parting rays obliquely illuminated the fog, and thus converted it into a rosy mirror in which we could see our shadow upside down. By degrees, the splendid picture was veiled by the shadows of evening, and the sun's disk finally disappeared behind the mountains. 'The sun leaves us too soon,' said M. Godard, 'let us go and find him.' A little ballast thrown overboard sufficed to unveil to our wondering eyes a new horizon still glorified by the rays of the setting sun. We can say, hereafter, with perfect truth, that we have seen the sun set twice in one day. The moon rose. We were now nearer the earth, and our shadow followed us in the form of a microscopic balloon in black, thrown into relief upon a luminous cloud. Soon, upon our left we discerned a city in a glow of gas-light which we rightly judged to be Patterson. We continued to descend, and, in a little while, found ourselves within hail of the earth, above a deep valley." Our contemporary, Mr. J. Howard Sleeper, who ascended from this city, in company with Monsieur and Madame Godard, Mr. George L. Colburn of Boston, and Mr. F. S. Merritt, of Roxbury, June 28, 1856, was equally well pleased. He alludes to a phenomenon noticed by all aeronauts. "Our car appeared to be stationary; and it seemed as if that, instead of leaving the earth, the earth was gradually receding, then rapidly sinking away from beneath us, leaving our balloon and car suspended in mid air." The balloon (the America) used on this occasion, was sixty-two feet high, forty-two in horizontal diameter, and contained more than 45,000 cubic feet of illuminating gas. It was subsequently ruptured, and had been through so many storms as to be no longer considered safe. M. Godard is now having constructed a new one of a large size.



M. EUGENE PIERRE GODARD.

CROSSING THE FORD. "COME ALONG."

This is one of those charming artistic conceptions, whose simplicity and truth to nature ensure sympathy and popularity. A young mother, laden with her burthen from the reaping field, is crossing the stream, followed by a charming child, the image of herself, a miniature copy of a rustic belle. Though the child is apparently left to its own guidance, and the mother, to inculcate self-reliance, bids it "come along," yet you see in her expression, her backward glance, the most tender watchfulness. Should the child miss its foothold, it would be in its mother's arms and clasped to her heart before it could strike the water.



CROSSING THE FORD.—"COME ALONG."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

THE WILL AND THE HEALTH.

If the truth could be known, it would be found that, perhaps, in eight cases of sickness out of ten, the disorder is brought on by the morbid and excited imagination of the victim. Intense fear of disease is sufficient to produce it, and in the sickly seasons of the year, we cannot too powerfully exert our will to banish apprehension and keep our minds perfectly easy. The learned Feuchlersleben says:—"The principal cause of an habitual unhealthy state is an exaggerated attention to everything that concerns the body. It is pitiful to see narrow minds occupied by an incessant and minute care for their physical existence, and wearing themselves away by habitual anxiety. The physician, whom they are never weary of consulting, only feels contempt for them. These people die of the desire to live!" The effect produced on most people of weak minds, by reading medical works in which different maladies are described, is well known. It often happens in studying diseases of the eye that, the fear of amaurosis striking the imagination, the sight finally becomes affected by that fear alone. An English servant, after reading an account of a frightful death caused by the bite of a mad dog, was seized with symptoms of hydrophobia, and only owed his life to the most careful treatment. Goethe says:—"During an epidemic fever which raged aronnd me, I was exposed to inevitable contagion, and felt the first attacks, but succeeded in saving myself (I am convinced of it) solely by the excreise of a strong will. The power of the will at such moments is almost incredible: it expands, so to speak, throughout the whole body, which it places in a condition of activity to repel injurious influences. Fear is a condition of indolent weakness which surrenders us defeneeless to the victorious attacks of the enemy." These are facts worth remembering and acting on, and they are seasonable hints.

A New Novelette.—In *The Flag of our Union* of this week, we commence a novelette from that favorite writer, Dr. J. H. Roninson, author of "The Silver Knife," and other frontier stories. It is entitled, "Never Fail: or, *The Children of the Border*. A Tale of Kentucky." Let no one forget to procure the first number of the new story, which has all the charm and romance of frontier life.

Look in upon Him.—Dwellers in the neighborhood of City Hall Avenue have found an exceedingly neat and convenient place for dining at No. 14 Niles's Block, kept by Andrew J. Hall. The viands are served in the most expeditious and cleanly manner, and at a marvellously cheap rate.

For every Fireside.—All who have seen *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* admit it to be the cheapest magazine in the world, with its hundred pages of reading matter in each number, besides two pages of original bumorous illustrations.—*New England Farmer.*

SPLINTERS.

.... It is asserted that the "Life of Washington" will yield its author, Irving, one hundred thous nd dollars!

.... The London Athenæum predicts that Buchanan Read will be a sbarer of Longfellow's laurels.

.... Victor Hugo made fifty thousand franes out of the first edition of his "Contemplations," lately published.

.... Sarah Felix is in Paris, picking up a talented French company, to try the experiment of French plays in New York.

.... The diamond found by a poor woman on the shore of Lake Superior, is quite a wind-fall, or rather a water-fall.

.... The St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, including its furniture, cost one million nine hundred thousand dollars!

.... The new pavement for Chatham Street and the Bowery will cost about two hundred thousand dollars, it is said.

.... In transplanting shade trees, let them stand in the same direction as their original growth.

.... It is said that a mania for drinking laudanum has lately developed itself extensively in this country.

.... The Brooklyn, N. Y., water-works will be in operation in two years, and supply ten millions of gallons daily.

.... Childhood is like a polished mirror collecting and reflecting images from everything that surrounds it.

.... The threshold of life is known by the number "21" on the door. Knock boldly, and enter like a man.

.... The cultivation of flowers is the most innocent occupation in the world. It injnres no one, and rewards itself.

.... To discover new sights it is only necessary to look at old objects with increased attention.

.... Mr. Strickland, for twelve years past an actor of some note has abandoned the stage for the pulpit.

.... Money flows into Uncle Sam's treasury faster than it flows out. The old gentleman is getting rich.

.... A Mr. Johnson lately swam across Niagara River between the Falls and the Suspension Bridge.

.... Max Maretzek's opera season at the New York Academy of Music closes the first of October.

.... Hon. Edward Everett has made a donation of five hundred dollars to the Dorchester High School to establish a library.

.... It is said that "the lunatic, the lover and the poet are of imagination all compact."

.... Linnæus the botanist had a floral clock, which measured time by flowers blooming stated hours of the day.

DUELLING ABROAD.

Recent occurrences having produced a pretty general discussion of the principle and practice of duelling, one of the last relics of a past age, a Freneh paper, in reply to one of our journals, has given some curious statements as to the way they manage matters in the land of Louis Napoleon. It appears that the laws against duelling are entirely impotent—for public opinion sanctions the custom, and juries refuse to find defendants guilty. Duelling may be considered as still forming a part of the "institutions," as we say, of a people among whom the love of arms and glory has for centuries predominated over all the ether impulses of national character. Under Louis Philippe, the "citizen-king," all efforts to abolish duelling proved useless. Every man who, when challenged, avoids a hostile meeting, is infallibly despised in France, both by the men, who regard the practice as the personal safeguard of their honor, by the women, who esteem only brave hearts, and by the very children, of whom a majority are taken to fencing-schools and shooting-galleries, as soon as they have strength to handle a sword or pistol. To avoid responsibility to the implacable law of public opinion, it is necessary for a man to have already given proofs of personal courage—and when Emile de Girardin, struck in public by Emile Pages, had recourse to the courts of law for redress, he had already killed Armand Carrel, sword in hand.

The statistics of duelling in France since 1830 would show that the pistol is as common a weapon as the sword in these encounters. The reason is plausible,—every one is not a swordsman, but every one can fire a shot, and an equality between the combatants is more easily established. Duels with swords are usually fought after trivial provocations, such as insulting expressions—and in such cases a slight effusion of blood is deemed a sufficient salve for wounded honor. If the quarrel is of sufficient gravity to really tarnish the honor of one of the parties, then it is generally agreed that the combatants shall fight as long as they can keep their feet or hold a sword. The small-sword is not the only weapon used. Soldiers and naval officers frequently employ the sabre, either the formidable weapon of the heavy dragoons, or the smaller arm of the light cavalry.

In encounters with the pistol there are several modes of combat. 1. Simultaneous firing at a marked distance, fifteen or twenty paces and at the word. This is the least murderous. 2. Alternate shot, with leisurely aim, after the privilege of the first fire has been decided by lot. Extremely dangerous. 3. Firing at will, without regard to priority, and with the liberty of advancing on each other up to a certain point. 4. Fight across a handkerchief, or at point blank with two pistols, of which one only is loaded. This is a death-duel in all its barbarity. Chance alone is then called on to decide between two irreconcilable enemies.

The duels fought in the German universities, where only the faces are exposed, and where the seconds measure the length of the wounds with straws—so many inches being an offset to such an insult, so many to another—are well known, and form the ridiculous part of a grave and tragic picture.

ON DIT.

Among the political gossip of the day is the following: It is said that Great Britain is fearful that Louis Napoleon has his eye and will soon have his claw on the crown of Spain, and that it has advised, or will advise Spain to sell Cuba to us at a fair price, in order to raise the "sinews of war," wherewithal to stave off the aggressive advances of Mr. L. N. We think and have always thought, that it would be really good policy in Spain to sell Cuba to us. They cannot hope to retain it for many years, and surely it is better for them to secure a full equivalent for the "pearl of the Antilles," rather than lose it by a revolution. That a successful revolution, if matters remain as they are, will take place before a very great lapse of time, there cannot be a reasonable doubt. There is a free and aspiring spirit at work among the native Cubanos, which in time will find a vent in action, and the fruitless attempt on the part of Spain to repress such a revolution will cost them a national fortune.

The lamented Downing.—A beautiful monument has been erected to the memory of Andrew J. Downing, the great landscape gardener, in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington. It will be remembered that he was engaged in laying out and beautifying the Capitol grounds at the time when he lost his life by an act of devoted heroism on the North River.

Fame.—A man lately swam across Niagara River above the Falls. Some of the papers say his name was Jackson, and others Johnson. Such is fame. Byron said fame was to be killed in action and have your name misprinted in a bulletin. That's worse than a bullet—in the body.

Reporterial.—At the close of the session of the British parliament, Mr. Herbert, M. P., gave the reporters of the two houses a sumptuous dinner. Can his printed speeches hereafter fail to glitter with Ciceronian eloquence?

Street Locomotives.—The Hudson River Railroad Company have received permission to run locomotives in the city of New York. The machinery is hidden; they burn coke and make no smoke.

A serious Question.—A writer wonders how the Venus de Medicis would look in a hooped skirt, and implores the aid of ridicule to abolish the whalebone nnisances.

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.

The large national picture which occupies pages 168 and 169 of the present number, is from the pencil of Billings, and is one of the finest of this historical series, drawn expressly for the Pictorial. It recalls and commemorates the darkest hour of our revolutionary struggle, when a destitute army were exposed to every hardship and suffering in their winter cantonments at Valley Forge. The most conspicuous figure in the picture, is that of the Father of his Country, calm and collected as ever, though surrounded by circumstances of the most painful character, which none felt more keenly or more sympathizingly. He is attended by his staff officers. In the costumes and the faces of the guard marching past we read volumes of woe and suffering, the expression of which even the presence of their beloved commander-in-chief cannot change. They are marching wearily and almost barefoot through the snow. The miserable huts which afford so poor a shelter for the patriot troops, are scattered through the "valley of death," and the whole scene is at once gloomy and expressive. "The American encampment at Valley Forge during the severe winter of 1777–8," says Lossing, "presented a spectacle for which the pen of history never drew a parallel. A large army (Sparks says 11,098, with 2898 unfit for duty) was there concentrated, whose naked footprints in the snow, converging to that bleak hillside, were often marked with blood. Absolute destitution there held high court, and never was the chivalric heroism of patient suffering more tangibly manifested than was exhibited by that patriot band within those frail log huts that barely covered them from the falling snow, or sheltered them from the keen wintry blasts. Many were utterly without shoes or stockings, and nearly naked, obliged to sit, night after night, shivering around their fires in quest of the comforts of heat, instead of taking that needful repose which nature craves. Hunger also became a resident tormentor, for the prevalence of toryism in the vicinage, the avarice of the commissioners, the tardy movements of Congress in supplying provisions, and the close proximity to a powerful enemy, combined to make the procurement of provisions absolutely impracticable without a resort to force." Washington wrote to Congress—"For some days there has been little less than famine in the camp. A part of the army have been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been, ere this, excited by their sufferings to a general mutiny and dispersion." It is by the contemplation of such scenes in our revolutionary history, such trials and such fortitude, that we learn to value the glorious legacy we have inherited from our heroic fathers.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Wm. Brown to Miss Matilda Aitken, both of Glasgow, Scotland; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Capt. John H. Anderson to Miss Elizabeth F. Rounday; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Samuel N. Furber to Miss Priscilla A. Worster; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Warren Wasgatt, of Rockland, Me., to Miss Lucy A. Buchanan; by Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Samuel F. Tufts, Jr., of Charlestown, to Miss Ellen J. Humphrey; by J. P. Healy, Esq., Mr. Wm. Reid to Miss Abby Garey, both of Providence, R. I.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr Anderson, George W. Thomas, Esq., of Tuskegee, Ala., to Miss Lizzie L. Adams.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Cox, Mr. Beavis Tucker to Miss Sarah E. Wharrie.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Sykes, of Boston, Capt. Henry R. Baker, of Boston, to Miss Sarah S. Young, of Calais, Me.—At Canton, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Moses M. Pettes to Miss Margaret M. Bacon.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Foster, of Beverly, Rev. Luther G. Bingham, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Miss Harriet Foster.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. Ambrose Allen, Jr., to Miss Caroline E. Stacy.—At Rowley, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Solomon L. Cummings to Miss Susan F. Pulsifer, of Newburyport.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Parmenter, Mr. James W. Merry to Miss Catherine Witty.—At Auburn, by Rev. Mr. Headley, Mr. Wm. Smith Wood, of North Attleboro', to Miss Sarah S. Knowlton.—At Whitehall, N. Y., by R. Doig, Esq., D. H. King, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss S. Auna Colman.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Fanny W. F. Jones, 16; Mrs. Jane N. Jones, 40; Mr. Jos. W. Hammond, 32; Mrs. Hannah Hutchins, 71; Mrs. Mary Jane Green, 54; Mr. Johnson Colby, 65; Mr. George D. Marsh, 38.—At East Boston, Miss Sarah Frances Brown, 22.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Lucy M., wife of Mr. Edmund C. Bradford, 16; Mrs. Mary Bailey, 26.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Mary G. Lunt, 79.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Eliza Moore, 32.—At Melrose, Mrs. Mary Gould, 61.—At Milton, Mrs. Julia Rogers, 48.—At Needham, Mrs. Miriam W. Stedman, 62.—At Salem, Dr. John G. Treadwell, 51.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Ruth Phillips, 69.—At Danvers, Mrs. Clarissa French, 60.—At Dudley, Mrs. Rosanna T. Pope, 74.—At West Randolph, Capt. John Belcher, 85.—At Gloucester, Mr. Samuel Wonson, 2d, 37.—At Newburyport, Mr. Joseph H. Bayley, 35.—At Worcester, Mr. Ira Fisher, 59.—At Dartmouth, Mary J. Gray, 47.—At North Belchertown, Mr. Hezekiah Thayer, 71.—At Amherst, Mr. Elisha Hasting, 76.—At Lenox, Dr. Robert Worthington, 54.—At Provincetown, Mr. Nathan Young, 63.—At East Falmouth, Mrs. Betsy Backus, 63.—At Oxford, Mrs. Jerusha S. Merriam, 59.—At Exeter, N. H., Col. James Odlin, 64.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Daniel Edward Wbidden, printer, 23.—At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Rev. Wm. Thatcher, 87.—At the island of Mingan, Bay of St. Lawrence, Capt. William Bush, of Provincetown, 65.—At Havana, Mr. William T. Moore, formerly of Bath, Me., 24.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HOME.

BY ROBERT R. MCKAY.

Where is there a spot so dear on the earth,
As the home of our youth, the land of our birth?
Where shall we find, in this wide world alone,
A place so endeared as the one we call home?

'Tis there we are happy with those that are dear—
We'll think of them often with many a tear;
We'll think as we wander, o'er earth as we roam,
Of the comforts and joys we had in our home.

Then give me my home, I'll love it the more—
Its joys and its ties in years I'll deplore;
Though humble it be, though lowly the cot,
I'll ask for it back, content with my lot.

'Twas there I was born, 'tis there I would live;
No spot in the world such enjoyment can give:
Though I wander about, my thoughts they will flow
Back, back to the scenes of my home long ago.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"It will be a very wild night," said Michael Wayne to his wife, as they moved up closer to the comfortable stove.

"A bad night for seamen, poor things!" echoed Hannah, and a ready tear forced itself down her cheeks, for Hannah's father and brethren had all been sailors, and each had found a grave in the sea.

A terrible wind came at that moment, and beat in one of the windows. Another sough of wind, and the chimney threatened to topple down; and the third seemed to shake the foundations of the small cottage in which the pair lived.

Michael Wayne was a poor man. All his life from his youth, he had been a fisherman, barely gaining enough in the short summer and autumn to supply the wants of the long winter and the tardy spring. His food was poor—his clothes were poor—and his was also a poor little cottage. And yet, by that law of universal compensation, which evens and equalizes all life, Michael was rich in many things. He was rich in a sunny, cheerful temper, which no poverty could fret nor sour; rich in a wife, who was the kindest and pleasantest soul that ever brightened a poor man's home; and rich in one child, whose youth was just opening into manhood, and whose devoted attachment to his parents was the theme and the envy of all their neighbors.

And on this stormy day, the good and affectionate son—the only and dearly beloved—was out on the waves, exposed to the storm of wind and rain, thunder and lightning, and the pitiless hail which came rattling down like a shower of stones from the clouds. Neither of them could mention Paul's name. Something—they knew not what—kept back the well beloved name, which, before, was ever on their lips, until, at a more blinding flash than the rest, and a louder peal, as if the heavens were bursting asunder, Hannah uttered the word "Paul!" and sank upon the floor.

Merciful indeed, to the poor mother, was the deathlike swoon, and Michael thought it almost cruel to awaken her; but he took her in his arms, laid her on the bed, and bathed her cold hands and face with brandy—which he kept in the house as a restorative for those who might be cast on the shore—and poured some of it into her pale lips. She revived, and then begged him to go out if possible, and see how the storm was dealing with human life. There was an interval, perhaps only long enough to gather new force, Michael said, and he could not bear to leave her, struggling with her mighty fear—but she insisted; and he walked down to the shelving rocks that overhung the beach. Soon other men joined him.

Two or three large vessels were careering onward and still onward to the dangerous shore. Loud cries were heard, above the hoarse murmur of the waves, and the louder din of the storm, while the occasional flashes of lightning revealed ghastly faces and clinging forms, in every attitude of the deepest fear. Michael's heart sank within him. Beyond the shore, at a long distance from the other vessels, a single light burned steadily, like a star, when all other lights were quivering and trembling. He kept his eye upon that one beam, and the next flash showed him the whole of the little schooner from which it proceeded. He knew it instantly. Paul's hand had trimmed that binnacle lamp the very day before he sailed, and remarked upon its peculiar steadiness, owing to a certain wick, which he had himself prepared, as well as to the superior oil which he used.

"If he can but keep her head off shore," said he to himself, and yet aloud.

"What is that?" asked a hoarse voice at his side.

"Is that you, Mr. Washburn?" asked Michael.

"It is, my old friend," answered the gentleman, who was the richest ship owner in the town, and whose son was daily expected home in the Cygnet. "Are you expecting any one, Mr. Wayne?" continued Mr. Washburn; "or is it only your usual custom to brave the elements in this way?"

"I always come out in a storm," said Michael, "but to-night, I am expecting trouble for my son, who is out here, I fancy; I believe that to be his schooner, just inside of Norman's Woe, as well as I can see."

"I, too, fear for the Cygnet's safety," said Mr. Washburn. "And yet, perhaps, I ought not to expect her so soon. God grant that my Willie may not be near this coast!" And the strong man wept like a child.

"Your *only* son, Mr. Washburn?" said Michael. "Paul is my only son, sir. If you have other sons, you can hardly think what store we—that is, his poor mother and myself—set by the lad."

"I *had* another, Mr. Wayne. But he went to sea, many years ago, when he was but a mere boy, and since then we have never seen nor heard from him. Ah! that was trouble, my old friend! Must I be called again to endure the same?"

"Mr. Washburn, God will do right by our children. Let us humbly believe that he will, and give them up to his care. He will not lay upon us heavier burdens than we can bear—and yet, O, Mr. Washburn, while I speak, my heart tells me that if my Paul is taken from me, I shall rebel against his will!"

At this moment, a large ship came on, pitching and rolling, with one mast shivered, as if by lightning, and a band of ghastly looking objects on deck. As she made one fearful lurch, a terrible and prolonged cry came up from her, that seemed to rise far above the fury of the storm, or the deep thunder of the waves.

"That must be the Cygnet," said the deep voice of an old sailor, beneath the cliff. "She is expected daily, and Mr. Washburn's bright little son is in her."

"Mr. Washburn, hold up, for God's sake, sir!" said Wayne. "There is hope yet. Don't give way so, man! Willie will be saved yet!"

Onward drifted the ship, and fast in her wake shot forth the bright light in the binnacle of the little schooner.

"Both our sons! God help us, Mr. Washburn!"

On and on they came, now rising with the billows, mountain high, and then settling down into the trough of the sea, until both vessels were directly in front of the rock where the two fathers stood, regardless of the pitiless storm that was drenching them through, and only alive to the danger of their sons. They grasped each other's hands with a grasp that seemed to bring their very hearts and souls into contact. The poor man and the rich man! now poor alike, and bending before Heaven together in the same deep sorrow.

There was a time—it might be possibly ten minutes,—but it seemed hours on hours, when the noble ship was groaning, creaking, bending under each successive strain, when suddenly she righted! Contrary to all reasonable expectation, she took advantage of a temporary lulling of the wind, and stood off, with her shivered mast showing strongly in the first bright flash that came. But the schooner! where was that? They missed the bright light that had shown itself from the binnacle, and at once the fearful truth seemed revealed to them in characters as burning as the fierce lightning that flashed over the waters. The ship, in righting, had borne down the schooner!

Mr. Washburn had no comfort to give to the half-distracted father, who lay on the wet rock, unable to move, or to control the terrible sighs that burst from him. Nothing could be known, for the ship was still standing off, under her bare and shivered masts, and there was no probability that any communication could be had with her until morning. The stricken father arose slowly, and turned towards his home. Mr. Washburn supported him. He had mastered his own anxiety about the Cygnet, feeling nearly sure, after her late exploit, that she would ride out the gale; and his sympathies went to his poor neighbor, in his sighs and desolation. He bore him up kindly to his home. Hannah Wayne, hearing the sound of footsteps, joyfully believed that her son had returned with his father. She opened the door, and the appearance which her husband presented, sent her back, reeling, to her chair. The white faces of the two men told a tale which she had, for hours, been dreading to hear.

Mr. Washburn left the pair together, conscious that here there was no comfort to be given, and then went back to the beach. As the clock struck twelve, the wind subsided, and with it, the dense, black clouds parted. Through the rift, a single star shone out like a diamond upon the black robe of the night; and as the wearied man threw himself down on the rocks, beside the powerless watchers there, he saw another and another, until the deep, clear vault showed itself all studded with the "poetry of heaven." A soft, warm south wind had succeeded the storm, but the ocean lay, with its great heart palpitating in strong, deep throbs, and the stars were looking down on fragments of wrecks that already were thrown on shore.

On the opposite point, large fires were burning, and showed, even at that distance, figures moving about, but diminished by the distance to mere specks. There was, doubtless, then another wreck there, and the watchers on the opposite shore began to think of walking over the narrow strip of land that separated them. A single horseman was heard galloping across, and the remaining few felt assured that he would soon be back with the news, whatever it might be; so they walked up into the town. Mr. Washburn was fascinated to the spot. As long as that black mast stood there before him, he must stay, and not lose sight of it. A man crossed the beach, and called to him. He answered, and the man ran up to where he sat.

"Mr. Washburn," said he, "is that you, sir?"

"It is, Burns; and yonder is the Cygnet, and in her is my poor, motherless boy! Burns, there is a stout wherry turned up on the beach, a hundred feet from here;—I will give fifty dollars to the man who shall row me over to that ship."

"I will do it, Mr. Washburn—not more for the sake of the money, than for the sake of the boy. Willie was always kind to every one, and I will engage to take you over safely. The waves are still boiling, but we can do it."

The boat shot out from the beach, and was soon riding on the billows, with the strong spray dashing over her, yet swaying to the fall of the waves, as if conscious that she carried a father's love. The strong arm of Burns was severely taxed, but they soon came within hailing distance. Burns lifted the trumpet, which he invariably took with him whenever a storm seemed to indicate any use for it, and hailed the battered ship.

"Ship ahoy!" he thundered through its tube, with a strong and powerful voice. "What ship is that?"

"The Cygnet, Crawford, master!"

"Are all on board?"

"All on board, but one!"

Washburn started. Was that one Willie? He shrank, trembling, to the bottom of the boat, awaiting the answer to his name, for which Burns had called.

"Stephen Morrison!"

"Thank God!" was all that Mr. Washburn could utter. In a moment, his joy struck him as being selfish. *Somebody* would mourn for that drowned sailor!

They neared the ship, and with difficulty got to her side. A crowd of eager forms were seen standing on her deck, looking down upon the little, venturous boat, and eager to exchange words with the men who were in her. A slight boy appeared among them, and as the father was raised slowly into the ship, Willie's arms were around him! Even the rough sailors wiped their eyes with the sleeves of their water-soaked jackets, and old Tom Saunders, who had imbibed rather freely after the storm, from a bottle which he had stowed away behind his berth, blubbered out his satisfaction, in tones that sounded like a nor' wester sweeping round Eastern Point.

Burns hung on to the side of the vessel, his stout arms rather sore and tired, and the sailors on board, who knew him, alternately coaxing and jeering him. At length he sprang on board, by a strong effort, and as he pitched into the midst of the weather-beaten crew, he looked steadily at one man, who, with head and face tied up, and his arm in a sling, was sitting near.

"I ought to know that man," said Burns, approaching him. "Isn't it Paul Wayne?"

"Paul Wayne, sure enough, Burns, what is left of him. I have got a small battering—not much to speak of—but when I went down in the schooner—poor old Angenora! I struck the side with my head, and somehow, my arm got broken, and—"

He was running on, quite out of Paul's usual calm and quiet way of talking, when one of the sailors, more considerate than the rest, suggested that the poor fellow was delirious, and advised his being sent to a berth, to sleep off the effects of his wounds.

"By no means!" said Mr. Washburn. "He must not be permitted to sleep for several hours."

The morning was now dawning—and hundreds were coming off from the shore to the ship. As Mr. Washburn was the owner, he could take Willie back with him, and feeling assured that young Wayne needed medical aid, he had him wrapped in the only dry blanket that could be found, and deposited at the bottom of the boat. Another man took the oars from Burns, and they soon touched the shore.

At Mr. Washburn's house, all was bustle and confusion. The wreck at the point, had thrown on shore several persons, only a few of whom had been restored to life. Among the latter, was a beautiful child, whose rich clothing and jewels were so conspicuous, that the doctor who had been called to the spot, deemed it best to take her in his carriage to town, and confide her to the care of Mr. Washburn's housekeeper, whose skill and kindness had been proverbial. She had been restored with great difficulty, and had it not been for the perseverin skill of Dr. Page, would have been laid aside with the other dead bodies.

She was a slender, delicate girl, with blue eyes and long, golden hair, now soiled and draggled with the sand and sea-weed; while her skin, except where the rocks had cut her face and arms, was exquisitely fair and white. She lay on a sofa, in the housekeeper's room, when Mr. Washburn returned home with Willie and Paul Wayne. The doctor was still there, and it was thought best to dress his wounds and set the limb before his father and mother should know of his being there. The carriage which brought him to Mr. Washburn's house, was now despatched for his parents, and when they arrived, the housekeeper's room seemed like an hospital. Willie looked pale and wan, after his restless night, and occupied a great chair, while a large lounge was drawn in from the hall, for Paul; for Mr. Washburn had decided to keep him at his house, until he had entirely recovered, promising to bear the expense of his sickness, and, also, to provide him with a good vessel, when he should be able to go again to sea.

They found that the little girl was an English child, who had been sent over, with her nurse, to visit some friends; her father and mother being dead, and her nearest relatives in America. Mr. Washburn communicated with them, and they agreed to have him adopt her as his daughter, although not quite willing that he should do so, when they learned from England that she was a wealthy heiress. Mr. Washburn gave Paul a year's schooling, to fit him for the station of mate, and afterwards captain, of a fine vessel, which he was having built. The last voyage which Paul made, was finished just in season to see Willie married to little Alice Robinson, his father's adopted daughter, now become more truly his daughter.

Nothing is so beautiful as the devotion Paul bears to his parents. He has placed them in a comfortable home, in sight of the ocean. Mrs. Wayne's sitting-room is filled with marine treasures, shells, coral, sea-mosses, wrought into beautiful pictures by her son's hand, and these with curiosities brought from foreign countries, form a perpetual amusement for all. Michael Wayne can distinguish his son's vessel, before any one else knows a vessel is in sight, for, in the upper room, Paul has fitted a splendid spy-glass on a heavy frame, and hither, when they are expecting him, Michael takes his book and Hannah her knitting-work, and alternately, they peep through the tell-tale tube, until one or the other exclaims, "It is coming!"

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Benjamin West is said to have painted more than three thousand pictures. —— The owner of the celebrated race horse "Sacramento" recently attempted to trot him 100 miles in ten consecutive hours in California; but the poor animal gave out on the 77th mile, and soon expired. This feat has been performed only four times, and but two horses have survived the task. —— A young *sperm* whale, said to be the first ever seen in this country, was thrown upon the shore at Quogue, Long Island, one day, lately. —— The Dubuquo Express states that a few weeks since about sixty Norwegians landed at Lansing, Indiana, part of a colony settling in the western part of Allamakee county. —— *Four-fifths* of the soil of New Jersey is entirely uncultivated. —— A ram belonging to Mr. Jenkins butted down a boy belonging to Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis became enraged, and severed ram's jugular. In the language of Shakspeare, "So much for *buckinhim*."—— In the Treasury at Washington, subject to draft, there are twenty-three millions of dollars. —— The Canadian government has granted four millions acres of land to aid in constructing a railroad from Quebec to Montreal, along the north shore of the St. Lawrence, to the city of Ottowa, and thence to Sault Ste. Marie. This road is to be completed within five years. —— The consumption of tobacco in the United States is about two pounds ten ounces for each inhabitant. —— In one of the English provinces is a farm upon which there is an old pond. As soon as the ducks were hatched, of course they took to this pond, and as soon as they did so they lost their feet. To ascertain the cause of these mutilations, the pond was drained. The bottom of it was found to be formed of mud three feet in depth, in which are thousands of eels, many of them of immense size. There is not a doubt but that these eels are the culprits. —— Bituminous coal has been found near Blue Earth city, Minnesota. —— Two boys arrested in Cambridge for setting fire to Ricker's carpenter shop, confess to firing Arkerson's ropewalk, which was destroyed a short time since. They gave as their reason for committing these deeds that they "*wanted to have a lunch with the engine companies.*"—— Jesus Christ means Jesus the Anointed; for the word Christ (in Greek) means anointed. —— A correspondent of the Bulletin, who has observed that Miss Stanley at the Walnut Street Theatre is accompanied by Mr. Baker as leader of the orchestra, inquires whether this is the *baker* that prepares the *roles* for her? —— A negro barber was tarred and feathered at Hudson, N. Y., recently, for "too great intimacy with a respectable white girl."—— Dr. Wayland states that the Baptists of this country have ten theological schools with 105 students and 24 professors, which graduate annually about 35 men, while the annual demand requires at least 600 new ministers yearly. —— A boy recently died in Nantucket from standing on his head. A very dangerous practice, boys. —— The number of hogs in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Kentucky, at this time, is estimated at 10,943,334, which, at three dollars a head, a fair average value of stock, would amount to $32,820,002. If fat when sold, they would average $10 a head, amounting to $109,433,340. —— From the result of a series of experiments, it appears that chloroform neutralizes the action of strychnine. —— A compositor on the Detroit Advertiser came to the office one morning, and said he dreamed during the night that he saw his mother in her coffin, and the dream was so vivid and had affected him so deeply that he could not work. At four o'clock in the afternoon, he received a telegraph despatch announcing the death of his mother, which took place in Niagara, C. W., early in the morning. —— Mons. Ferrie, an eccentric old French barber of Cincinnati, has come into possession of $100,000 by a recent decision in the Surrogate's Court of New York.

JULIEN'S NEW CONCERT HALL.—The London journals are rapturous upon the Royal Surrey Gardens, constructed in sixteen weeks only. In the hall, one thousand singers and instrumentalists are accommodated, and six thousand auditors find excellent opportunity to see and hear. Among the celebrities present in the orchestra at the opening concert were Alboni, Clara Novello, of whom rumor again speaks as coming to America, Miss Dolby, Sims Reeves, Sivori, De Bazzini, Pialti, Bottesini, Vieuxtemps, Kocnig, Reichardt, Madame Gassier. Fireworks were let off, champagne dispensed at sixpence a glass, the Messiah performed, a miscellaneous concert, and Julien made his usual display of magnificent attire.

THE UMBRELLA COAT.—The latest style of great-coat, represented as hailing from Paris, is described as a loose water-proof cape with an air-tight tube running around its lower edge. Under the collar is a little blow-hole communicating with this tube. The tube takes the consistency of a hoop; the great-coat takes the form of a diving-bell, and the drops fall a long way outside the wearer's feet.

RELIC OF THE GALLOWS.—The rope with which Reynolds was hung in Hartford, in 1833, is now hanging in the doorway of Haskell's grocery store, corner of North Main and Trumbull Streets. It has the great hangman's "noose and knot" combined, and it attracts considerable attention, as the instrument which strangled a human being to death for one of the worst of crimes.

INTELLIGENCE.—There are in the State of Illinois 22 daily and 110 weekly newspapers, besides 22 weeklies issued from the daily offices. The above is the number of political journals. There are in addition, 33 neutral and religious papers, making a total of 187 in the State.

CARRIAGE MAKING.—There are about 1430 persons and $744,000 worth of capital employed in carriage making in the two cities of New Haven and Bridgeport, Conn., alone.

Wayside Gatherings.

In 1643, at Ipswich, beans were ordered to be used in voting; the white beans denoting yea, the black nay.

A spiritual bride was married to her dead lover at Bordentown, N. J., a few days ago, with ceremonies that would have done discredit to a mad-house.

Work upon the Washington monument, at the Capitol, has been temporarily stopped, that the company may settle up affairs before proceeding further.

The annual report of the superintendent of common schools in Connecticut shows that the capital of the school fund is $2,049,953 00, and the income last year $147,215 02.

Hon. Edward Everett has placed in the hands of the Dorchester school committee the sum of $500, to be appropriated towards a library for the high school in that town.

A bear was killed in East Columbia, N. H., recently, weighing three hundred pounds. He had been making sad work with the sheep in that vicinity for a few weeks past.

The city authorities of Albany have suppressed the hotel runner business at the depots and steamboat wharves. It was a very oppressive outrage upon the travelling public so long as it was tolerated.

The New London Chronicle says that Mr. Richards, who keeps a store on the Hartford road, a few mornings since found in one of his empty molasses hogsheads a human skeleton, the remains, no doubt, of a departed negro.

Dr. John G. Treadwell, who lately died in Salem, left the greater portion of his property, estimated at $200,000 (after the decease of his mother, who is about eighty years old), to Harvard University.

In Philadelphia there is a sign six feet long and ten inches wide, on which are the words "fly poison for sale here." A minute examination shows that the letters are formed of the bodies of dead flies, who have succumbed to the potency of the poison.

The venerable John Griswold, the founder of the first line of packets between New York and London, recently died at his residence in Hyde Park, Dutchess county, in the 74th year of his age. Mr. Griswold was a native of Connecticut, but had been a citizen of New York during a half century.

A company of ten members, comprising gentlemen from the east, west and south, is being formed in Cincinnati, for the purpose of proceeding to Perry, a point eighty miles from the mouth of the river Amazon, where it is believed that the mahogany and India rubber trade offer extraordinary inducements to men of means and enterprise.

The Cincinnati Times says that a bridge across the Ohio at that point may now be considered a fixed fact. The company authorized by charter to erect it have concluded to commence the work as soon as $300,000 is subscribed, and that amount has been nearly if not quite raised. The foundation for the abutments will, in all probability, be built during the present low water.

Rev. Dr. Stahl, one of the most eminent and erudite of German divines in the Protestant body, has written a work in which he claims an unlimited toleration only for the Lutheran, the Calvinistic and the Roman Catholic churches, which he calls the three providential branches of Christianity; all others, he thinks, have no right whatever in a Christian state, and advocates the punishment of apostacy from the faith as a crime.

The Chinese idol worshipped by the Buddhists in California is Chingtai, a famous Chinese warrior, who lived about fifteen hundred years ago, and conducted himself so bravely on earth that, at his death, he was elevated to divine honors. In the temple of San Francisco, Chingtai is exhibited in a sitting position, with a magnificent moustache of very long horse hair. He is clothed with rich garments, and his knees adorned with jewels and precious stones.

The Janesville (Wis.) Free Press states that, as Dr. Evans, of Evansville, was returning home from that city, a short time since, he met a span of horses attached to a wagon loaded with produce, and the owner, William Smith, a corpse, although sitting erect and holding the reins. The doctor stopped the team, and had Mr. Smith immediately carried to a house, but life was extinct. It appears he had been sick for some time with dyspepsia, and probably died of disease of the heart.

A history of the Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, has been published, from which it appears that America contains 68,700 of that sect. Of these, 38,000 are in Utah, 5000 in New York, 4000 in California, 5000 in Nova Scotia and Canada, and 2000 in South America and the Islands. Europe contains 39,000, of whom 32,000 are in Great Britain and Ireland, 5000 in Scandinavia, 1000 in Germany and Switzerland, 500 in France, and 600 in the rest of Europe. In Asia there are said to be 1000, in Africa 100, in Australia and Polynesia 2400, on travel 1800.

The St. Louis Democrat records the following "events," which took place in that city in one day: "Muss kicked up between a wagoner and furniture cartman; furniture car ran into wagon; wagoner grew wrathy—swore terribly and picked up a rock—threw it—was soon joined by other wagoners, when all commenced throwing pebbles; hit furniture cartman's horse—animal didn't like it and ran away from it—run like the deuce—upset cart—spilled the driver out, and did a good deal of damage; one man arrested." Quite a perspiry time!

Charles M. Wilson, passing through a street in Philadelphia, the other day, heard issuing from a house the cries of a female in distress. He opened the door, and discovered an individual engaged in beating his wife. Mr. Wilson seized the husband and attempted to impress him with the enormity of the offence, when the wife turned on her rescuer and demanded to know what business he had there, at the same time enforcing her remarks with a poker. The knight-errant retired immediately, and left the entertaining couple to amuse themselves as they thought proper.

Not long since a youth of sixteen years was out, in the town of Victory, Vt., gathering spruce gum. While thus engaged his dog started up a bear and immediately attacked him. The dog being of small size, the owner undertook to call him, and in doing so attracted the attention of the bear. The lad was armed only with a gumming pole, a stick eight or ten feet in length, with a knife-blade in one end. The bear made at him with mouth wide open, when the lad thrust the knife end down the bear's throat, killing him almost instantly.

A novel case of assault recently came before a London magistrate. Mrs. Baker loaned a gridiron to a neighbor, and the neighbor returned it covered with candle-grease. The owner of the gridiron, indignant at this treatment, took the gridiron to the neighbor's house, and used it upon the latter's head with particular ferocity. The magistrate thought it very foolish for neighbors and friends to fall out about such trifles, but a breach of the peace should not be allowed to go unpunished, and he must therefore fine Mrs. Baker ten shillings, or send her to prison for ten days.

Foreign Items.

The city of London has presented a 100 guinea sword to Gen. Williams.

Official statements make the Russian loss of men from the crossing of the Pruth to May 1st, 1856, foot up 277,000.

The Brussels Academy of Belles Lettres have offered a prize of 3000 francs for the discovery of Charlemagne's birthplace.

Garibaldi recently declared his conviction that the day of deliverance was nigh at hand, as all the provinces of Italy were ready to rally around the banner of Sardinia.

The Ticinese Gazette states that during the first six months of the present year, 1756 Swiss have emigrated to the United States, including 450 Bernese, and 306 from the Grisons.

At a presentation of Americans and English at the Tuilleries, the emperor recognized at a glance Dr. Parmley, of New York, who had extracted a tooth for him nearly twenty years ago, when he was an outcast in this country.

The Bishop of London retires from the duties of his late see, on a pension of £6000 per annum. The Bishop of Durham also retires on a pension of £4500! Meek and lowly followers of him who had not where to lay his head.

The Austrian Gazette states that for the three last years, in which horseflesh has been sold at Vienna, 4925 horses have been slaughtered, which have furnished 1,902,060 pounds of meat, distributed to the poor in 3,804,000 portions of half a pound each.

The British Parliament are following the example of the Turkish Sultan, in granting religious toleration—having adopted a bill by which church rates are permanently abolished in all parishes in which none have been levied during the last five years.

Sands of Gold.

.... No wise man ever wished to be younger.—*Swift.*

.... Nature has only made beasts; we are fowls to society.—*Balzac.*

.... Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.—*Swift.*

.... The youthful portion of the public is composed of aged people. The enthusiasm of old men is singularly like that of infancy.—*Gerard de Nerval.*

.... Institutions depend entirely on the sentiments which men attach to them, and the grandeur with which they are clothed by the mind.—*Balzac.*

.... Men do not dance or sing through life, or an opera or a ballet would "come home to the bosoms and business of men" in the same manner that a tragedy or comedy does.—*Hazlitt.*

.... It is found that the machine unmans the user. What he gains in making cloth, he loses in general power. There should be temperance in making cloth, as well as eating.—*R. W. Emerson.*

.... One never ought to devote more than two-thirds of his income to the ordinary expenses of life, since the extraordinary will be sure to absorb the other third.—*Lord Burleigh.*

.... A sea shell should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men.—*R. W. Emerson.*

.... Mean actions or gross expressions too often unsettle one's theory of genius. We are unable as well as unwilling to connect the feeling of high intellect with low moral sentiment: the one is a kind of desecration of the other.—*Hazlitt.*

Joker's Budget.

When the day "breaks," what becomes of the fragments?

Luttrell proposed for an epitaph on a distinguished diner out—"He dined late and—died early."

He was a wise man who cut a hole in his barn door for his big cat, and a lesser one for her kitten.

Under the head of "Broken English," a Paris paper places such Londoners as get mashed up by railroad collisions, or financially bursted.

Ladies who wear hoops are kindly advised by the Bellows Falls Argus "to look to their rigging." A few days ago, the editor observed a lady sweeping along with the air of a queen, with about two feet of whalebone sticking out behind!

What is the reason that the people of Ireland are so very fond of buttermilk? It is only an adaptation of tastes to circumstances; for it has been satisfactorily shown that the Irish cow gives *but her milk*, and nothing else!

Naturalists have remarked that the squirrel is continually chatting to his fellow-squirrels in the woods. This, we have every reason to suppose, arises from that animal's love of gossip, as he is notoriously one of the greatest *tail*-bearers among his tribe.

Louis Napoleon's baby has received another order—the Order of the Seraphim, bestowed by the king of Sweden. It is understood that until further notice, no more orders can be admitted. Time must be allowed for baby to grow before there is room upon it for another decoration.—*Punch.*

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IRISH AND SCOTCH LABORERS.

The two pictures on this page are sketches from the life. The first, the Irish reaper, represents "a broth of a boy," in the palmy days of Donnybrook Fair, before good Father Mathew had revolutionized the land. His hat-band is of wheat straw. He has tucked his sickle under his arm, and is raising to his lips a keg containing, not water, but a fiery freight of "potheen," the "mountain dew" of the Scotch Highlanders. Now-a-days the reaper's bicker contains nothing but "water, bright water." A great change has come over the social character of the Irish peasantry, and the grand locality of their ancient saturnalia, Donnybrook, presents the most striking evidence of the transformation. The good sense of the people and the exertions of the friends of temperance have effected this revolution. The larger picture represents the female turf-carriers of Lochaber, Scotland. Two girls, both good-looking, with huge baskets on their backs, heavily laden with blocks of peat-turf, are descending the rocky side of a hill to their cottage. These girls are laying in a winter's supply of fuel. The scene demonstrates at once the excessive poverty of the people and their singular provident habits. In the north and west parts of Scotland, the only material in general use for the domestic hearth is turf, or peat, called in the Highlands foid and moin. It is unnecessary to describe so well-known a natural feature as a moss or bog, and the manner of its formation from the marshy deposit of vegetable substances, accumulating for ages. Such a tract is sometimes of wide extent, and although in many cases shallow, in others the depth is found astonishingly great. One at the foot of the Grampian mountains, in Aberdeenshire, was sounded with an auger of forty feet without meeting other soil! Mosses are often an unsightly blemish on the fair fields of a proprietor, and are frequently brought under tillage, and rendered excellent soil by agricultural skill. This is accomplished sometimes by cutting up the surface, which is burned, and the ashes scattered around; at other times, judicious irrigation speedily transforms the dusky heath into a verdant field; and in the case of the great Blair Drummond Moss, in Perthshire, the turf being cut deeply out, it was, by an ingenious contrivance, carried away by water, and floated into the river Forth. When the fuel is plentiful, a moss may be brought into cultivation without hardship to the people, and should it be wanted in future, the peat will again be found under the surface soil. The destruction of the Caledonian forest, which covered the Highlands, and the progress of improvement, have denuded the country of its ancient wood; and where coal is wanting, mosses afford a supply, as if by the order of Providence, of an article of the first necessity, for which no substitute is to be found. In some parts, where peat is valuable, the several farms have certain allotments, or "peat banks," specified in the tack or lease; but great libernlity is generally shown in this matter, the poorer tenantry being by most land-owners allowed to supply themselves with as much as they require during the year. Some proprietors have, indeed, restricted this practice, of immemorial observance; at which the people very reasonably grumble, as an interference with their ancient rights. The peat harvest, to assume an expression, takes place in the months of summer, and the cutting or "casting" begins in May, the operation being performed with an implement called torrisgian, by which the turf is cut into pieces in the form of a brick, but thinner, and some inches longer. The surface being taken off, the torrisgian is applied, and the spade part being furnished with a sharp projection, at right angles, cuts the moin into the shape described. This is done within a certain breadth, the workmen passing alternately from side to side, and the operation is continued to a suitable depth, the pieces being detached with rapidity and thrown to the bank, where a person dexterously catches them; and when there are no wheelbarrows, and plenty of hands, the peats are passed from one to another, spread out to harden, and then set on end by threes and fours to dry. If the weather is propitious, and the people diligent, they are then removed home, and "stacked" or built up in an oblong form beside the house, like a small hut, and protected from wet by a covering of the upper part of the moss. They are often, however, left in this state on the muir, and portions carried home when required for use. The primitive stack was conical, and hence called "cruach whoine," as descriptive of its form. The poorer people have their "firing" cut and taken home for them by their friendly neighbors, and there is often seen a spirit of co-operation such as a socialist might envy. A certain farmer wishes to have the whole quantity of fuel which he requires cut up at once, he therefore intimates his desire, when all the adjacent tenants turn out, both men and women, and the work is speedily accomplished, generally in one day. This affords a scene of great animation, for casks of whiskey and ale, bread, cheese, fish and mutton, are provided in cheering abundance; and now-a-days the portion of the laborers are provided with their valued beverage, the heart-healing tea. This is a mutual service rendered to each other with great delight, and is particularly remarkable in the county of Sutherland. Peat fuel is burned on the hearth, and considerable skill is said to be necessary in its right management. It makes a cheerful fire, throwing out great heat, with a smell which pervades the whole house, but is not disagreeable, and its effects are said to be less injurious than those of coal. The ashes are carefully preserved and are a useful manure, especially when mixed with sea-weed or with other substances. The Scotch peasantry are famous for their habits of thrift; indeed, without the most rigid economy and self-denial, numbers of them would perish of actual starvation.



AN IRISH REAPER.



THE TURF CARRIERS OF LOCHABER, SCOTLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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GRANT THORBURN.

The accompanying portrait was drawn for us by Barry, from a painting by Freeman, and is pronounced by competent judges an excellent likeness of the well-known original. Mr. Thorburn was born in Scotland, but has for many years been a citizen of the United States. Galt, the Scotch novelist, introduced him into a romance under the pseudonym of "Laurie Todd," but his actual career, which, in some respects, has been "stranger than fiction," has been delineated in an autobiography, published in New York. Arriving in this country just after attaining his majority, with nothing but his trade (that of a nail-maker) to rely upon, he worked his way up to competence by diligence, industry and resolution. For many years he was a leading seedsman and florist in New York, having been accidentally led to the adoption of that business. He still pursues this occupation in New Haven, Ct. Though far advanced in life, he is still in the enjoyment of his faculties, as the readers of the "Pictorial" and "Flag of our Union," who have perused his spirited original sketches of the olden time in New York, have had occasion to note. In reply to some inquiries which we addressed him, Mr. Thorburn furnished us with the following memoranda, written in his characteristic style: "I was born in Scotland 18th February, 1773, arrived in New York in my 22d year, a wrought-nail maker by trade. Could only read the Bible and write my own name. In 1802 the cut nails cut me out of employment, and God transformed me into a seedsman—have married three Yankee lasses—one on the 27th of June, 1797, one on the 14th May, 1802, and one on the 12th June, 1853, and the honeymoon is still in the ascendant. Have six children, forty grand-children, and twelve great-grand-Scotch-Yankees. I have been only six days confined by sickness since I saw America; I never was drunk in my life; I never eat enough; I have drank six gills of coffee daily for thirty years past, and smoked six pipes of tobacco every day through the last sixty years (a *slow poison* in my case). I walk without a staff; I sleep without rocking, and eat my food without the help of brandy or bitters. I wear flannel next my skin summer and winter from my neck to my ankles, hence I never felt a rheumatic pain. The first night I slept on shore was the 17th of June, 1794; the garret was covered with shingles, the roof within five feet of the floor; there was no bed in the garret—I spread my ship mattress on the floor and laid down; the night was *very* hot, and the room alive with fleas, bedbugs and mosquitoes; sleep fled from mine eyes. At midnight the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and hail and rain drops beat on that shingle roof. I knew not what it meant—we have no shingle roofs in Scotland, no such heavy rain, nor lightning flashing, nor loud thunder. The windows being open the garret seemed on fire—I trembled in every limb. The storm cleared and day broke at three A. M. I rose—head-ache, bone-ache, and spirits sunk down to my heels. I wished myself at *hame* again; I had never been twenty miles from the house where I was born till I started for America. Being a stranger, I was loth to disturb the family by going out so early; to improve an hour I opened my small box of books, thinking they wanted airing, having been fourteen weeks in the damp hold of the ship. On the top lay a small pocket Bible; I opened the book. My eye lit on the words, '*My son.*' I thought my father *spoke;* his pious hands placed the book where it might draw my first attention. I read to the end, when, looking up—I had been reading the *third chapter of Proverbs.* The effect was—my headache fled, pain disappeared and my spirits rose ninety-nine per cent. above par; I grasped my nail-hammer and went forth to earn my first sixpence in America, resolving to take this chapter for my *guide* and the sixth verse for my *pilot.* It is sixty-two years since that morning, and often, very often, when not knowing whither to turn, to the right hand or to the left, on turning to this chapter, I found written: 'This is the way—walk ye in it.'"



GRANT THORBURN.

MORMONS CROSSING THE PRAIRIE.

The striking scene on this page was drawn for us recently at Fort des Moines, and may be relied on for its fidelity. It was made on the occasion of the transit of a company of Mormons, numbering about six hundred, men, women and children, on their way to Salt Lake, 1400 miles from the fort. They travelled on foot, each family drawing a handcart containing household goods, etc. The train presented a novel sight as it moved on over the great overland route to the Pacific, and though the dwellers on the line see many different kinds of conveyances, the Mormon equipage was something new.



MORMONS CROSSING THE PLAINS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

—OR, THE—

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN MR. HAMLEN AND ISHMAEL WITHERS.

An hour or so after Bessie returned home, Ishmael Withers called and inquired for her father.

"My husband," said Mrs. Hamlen, "is in the library, and requested me to tell you, if you called, that he would see you there."

Mr. Hamlen, who had heard him enter, came to the head of the stairs and invited him to walk up.

"Well, sir," said Withers, seating himself in the comfortable arm-chair which Mr. Hamlen offered him, "have you spoken to your daughter yet, on the subject I named to you?"

"No, not yet—but I've thought about it, and have come to the conclusion that we had better give her time to get her thoughts off of this Wilton Richmond. Besides, we may as well, in the first place, come to a fair understanding between ourselves."

"This, sir, is nothing more nor less than clear, sheer evasion. I am not to be trifled with, Mr. Hamlen."

And Withers knit his brows, and a fiery gleam shot from his eyes, which materially detracted from that look of meekness which he usually endeavored to assume.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Withers. I am sure I never entertained the thought of evading the matter. It will be no fault of mine if Bessie doesn't consent to accept you for a husband."

"I am glad to hear you say so. I believe I haven't named to you that I have recently received a letter containing rather pleasing intelligence respecting this Wilton Richmond?"

"No—what is it?"

"I will read the letter to you—that is, all you will care to hear. It is from a man I have dealings with, and part of it relates to my own affairs."

As he finished speaking, he put his hand in his pocket and took thence a number of papers, among which were several letters. He looked them over, and then once more put his hand into his pocket, which he found was empty.

"Can it be possible that I've lost that letter?" said he, his pale countenance growing still more cadaverous than usual.

"You may have left it at your boarding-house. You of course remember what was in it?"

"O, yes, to be sure I do—but then, as I said, a part of it relates to my own affairs—you know I have been dabbling a little in the fur trade—and when I make a bargain, I prefer to have the knowledge of its details confined to the parties immediately interested; otherwise, before I'm aware, a dozen spoons will be dipping in the same dish with me. Besides, it isn't exactly safe to have it known that I have dealings with those Indians who have accepted bribes of the British."

"That is true. But what is this pleasant intelligence about Wilton, which you spoke of?"

"Nothing, only he has fallen into safe hands—that is, as far as your interests and mine are concerned."

"Have the red-skins run across him?"

"Yes, and they'll take good care of him."

"They wont murder him?"

This was said with a slight shudder, and he looked Withers keenly in the face, as if he imagined that the true answer to his question might be found there, rather than in his words. But Withers had already so far recovered from the sudden agitation caused by finding that the letter was missing, as to assume that impassive look, with which he was wont to mask what was passing in his mind, and he answered carelessly:

"No," said he, "there was no danger of that. He was alone when they came across him, and they might have killed him on the spot, had they chose. You may as well hint to Miss Bessie the fellow's fate, or rather, as a drowning person will catch at a straw, the communication better be made in such a way as to give her the impression that the red-skins didn't spare him. As long as she thinks he is alive, I shall stand no chance with her."

"That is exactly my opinion. I will give her to understand that there's no hope of her ever seeing him again—that he has been put out of the way."

"It will, at least, prepare her mind for what you are to say in my behalf, or rather in your own."

"We may as well say in yours and mine too, I should think."

"Well, we wont waste words in drawing nice distinctions. As I have told you more than once, a powerful squadron, now in preparation, will enter Chesapeake Bay early in the spring, and it depends mainly on yourself whether these fine buildings of yours, after being plundered of whatever is valuable, are spared or reduced to ashes."

"But are you certain, even if my daughter were your wife, that you have enough influence with him who is to command the squadron, to persuade him not to destroy my property?"

"I sha'n't have to resort to much persuasion, I'm thinking."

"How will you manage, then?"

"Just whisper a few words in his ear, which, if known, would place his neck within the compass of a halter."

"But what if Bessie refuses the offer of your hand? I cannot be so much of a tyrant as to compel her to accept it."

"I can only say, if she does refuse it she and her parents will be reduced to beggary. I mean, of course, if your lives are spared, which it isn't very likely they will be, for General Cockburn will undoubtedly have some of the red-skins to aid him, and he isn't the person to balk them, if they wish to take a few scalps."

"And you would permit this to be done, when the few magic words you referred to would prevent it?"

"Why shouldn't I, unless I am rewarded for my trouble in the way I wish? They who desire me to do them a good turn, must show themselves willing to do me one. This disinterested benevolence I don't understand, nor have I any ambition to understand it. If you have any powers of persuasion, you had better hunt them up. I have already given you to understand that I am not to be trifled with, and if you don't believe me now, the time will surely come when you will."

During this colloquy his usual appearance of hypocritical meekness had been gradually thrown off and an air of bold audacity substituted in its stead. He thought that he had made the discovery that if he intended to succeed, he must appeal to Mr. Hamlen's fears. Though cowardly to the last degree when exposed to immediate danger, no one, when he thought it would subserve any desirable purpose, could better put on the airs of a braggadocio.

"I will do all I can—I will speak to my daughter," said Mr. Hamlen, his voice and whole appearance expressive of an abject spirit.

"And when?"

"To night, if you wish."

"This evening, if you say so."

"Well, I do say so. It has been too long deferred. But mind that you don't forget your promise, as you did before."

Mr. Hamlen did not forget it. The moment Withers was gone, he sought his daughter and told her that after tea he wished to have some conversation with her. After what Dame Anstis had told her, she suspected what was to form the theme of conversation, and would gladly have avoided the interview. There was no alternative, however, and she could only promise compliance. She would have preferred to have her mother present, and expressed a wish to that effect, but the consciousness that he was about to overstep the legitimate bounds of parental control, caused him to withhold his consent.

At the appointed hour, Bessie entered her father's presence. He at once approached the subject to which he wished to call her attention, for it was a painful one, and he was desirous to get rid of it as quickly as possible.

"Your mother," said he, "told me what your cousin Edith wrote you respecting Wilton Richmond. Since then, I've had news which is more explicit."

"Mr. Withers told you—did he not?"

There was something—probably unintentional—in the peculiar intonation of Bessie's voice, as she asked this question, which caused her father to withdraw his eyes from the carpet and fix them on her face; but he could see nothing there to confirm the half-formed suspicion that she did not think he had derived his information from a very respectable source.

"Yes," he replied, after the momentary scrutiny, "as was suspected by Edith and her friends, he fell into the hands of the Indians, and his fate is, without doubt, sealed ere now."

"In what way?"

"You can certainly understand without my going into a minute explanation of so unpleasant an affair. You know, as well as I, how much mercy can be expected from those who captured him."

"The Indians sometimes adopt a captive into their tribe, and sometimes, watchful as they are, a prisoner has been known to make his escape."

"The instances are so rare, they're not worth mentioning. But it can be of no consequence to you, whatever, as far as your future prospects in life are concerned, whether he is living or not. Not long since I forbade all correspondence between you, and even if he is alive, I have no intention of withdrawing my prohibition. I have other views for you, and if I hadn't, Wilton Richmond could never be my son-in-law. It was an unheard-of piece of effrontery for him to aspire to such an honor."

"Everybody who has ever known anything about him, gives him a good name."

"That may be, but I don't choose that my only child should be the wife of a poor fisherman's son."

"I never heard it mentioned before that he was the son of a poor fisherman."

"No—he thought proper to conceal it. I didn't know it till Mr. Withers told me. If I had, he never would have been admitted beneath my roof, even as a common acquaintance, much more, as a suitor to my daughter."

"I cannot think that Wilton had any wish to conceal the obscurity of his origin. He was too frank and open for that. At any rate, he was always a welcome guest at the houses of the first families. The first time I ever saw him was at Mr. Marshton's, whose son was his most intimate friend."

"Mr. Marshton and his son are not people for me to copy. If a young man looks and appears tolerably well, and they know nothing against his character, it is all one to them whether he is the son of a gentleman or a chimney-sweep. But, if you please, we'll say nothing more about this Wilton Richmond for the present. As I have said, I have other views for you. Mr. Withers, who owns one of the finest estates in Virginia, though distinguished for his prudence and discretion, is willing to marry you—to make you, young and volatile as you are, the mistress of his princely estate."

An answer full of keen and cutting sarcasm rose to the lips of Bessie, but the habitual deference and respect with which education had taught her to treat her parents, prevented its expression, and she merely said that she thought Mr. Withers had better select some one for a wife, whose tastes were congenial with his own, and who could preside with more dignity at the head of his princely establishment than she could.

Mr. Hamlen sat silent for a few moments, then rose and took several turns across the room, in order to call to his aid a little more resolution than he really felt, for he could not but realize that Ishmael Withers was not the man whom any young lady of taste and refinement would select for a husband.

"Bessie," said he, when he had arrived opposite the place where she sat, "you must make up your mind to marry Mr. Withers."

"Then I must make up my mind to do what will make my whole life miserable."

"I have a reason, and a very weighty one, for requiring you to do this."

"It should be a weighty one, which would compel me to marry a man, whom I believe to be unworthy any woman's love or esteem."

"You are prejudiced against Mr. Withers, because his personal appearance isn't in his favor."

"It isn't that."

"Will you be so obliging as to tell me what it is then?"

"I believe him to be a bad man."

"Have you any proof that he is, or is your opinion founded on mere caprice?"

Bessie could have told him that she had proof, but she recalled to mind the caution of Dame Anstis, and refrained.

"You can certainly answer my question," said he, seeing that she hesitated.

"I disliked him the first time I saw him," she replied. "There was something in his appearance which I cannot well describe, that made me recoil from him."

"That was merely a foolish whim. You will get over it when you become better acquainted with him."

"I don't think that I shall ever get over it, for the dislike that I at first felt soon amounted to loathing. Tell me, my father, I entreat you, by what fatality has it become necessary for me to be bound for life to one I hate and despise?"

"To save your mother, and me, and yourself from ruin."

"There can be no greater ruin for me than to be the wife of Ishmael Withers."

"Well, if you like the phrase better, it will save us from being reduced to poverty."

"Were I obliged to choose between him and the most abject poverty—such as would oblige me to beg my bread from door to door—I should not hesitate, I would choose the poverty."

"You seem to forget that your parents are too advanced in years to give up the comforts and luxuries of life with the same indifference as a girl in her teens. We couldn't endure the privations and hardships it would involve."

"But how can your property be subject to this bad man's control?"

"You may be aware, that since our rulers, in the superabundance of their wisdom, have seen fit to plunge our country into this unhappy war, that property on the sea-coast is liable to be destroyed."

"Yes, I know."

"And have you heard that early in the spring it may be our bay will be entered by a large squadron which will sweep everything before it?"

"I've heard there was reason to fear it would."

"Villages, country-seats and farm-houses will first be plundered and then destroyed. My property must share the fate of the rest, unless you will consent to save it by marrying Mr. Withers."

"I cannot see how, unless he has some secret understanding with the enemy."

"It is true that the person who is to command the squadron is his friend, and will, at his intercession, spare whatever belongs to me."

"I understand now—but O, my father, can you indeed consent to save these buildings, beautiful and costly as they are, at such a price?"

"I merely wish you to marry a man of wealth, who would deny you nothing."

"He could not be less hateful to me, if the wealth of the Indies were at his disposal. But, father, even if your buildings are destroyed, these broad acres, which extend on every hand almost as far as the eye can reach, cannot be burnt up. You would be a rich man still."

"It would be like beginning life anew. I am too old for that. I should be utterly disheartened. Give yourself time to think of it, Bessie. You surely cannot decide to let the home inherited from my father be destroyed."

These were Mr. Hamlen's words, but he kept back the more powerful motive which impelled him to urge his daughter to so great a sacrifice. He did not dare to tell her that he feared the malice of Withers, should his wishes be defeated, even more than he did the danger which threatened the destruction of his property, lest, by changing her aversion and disgust into horror, it should tend to overthrow his own purpose. He was even conscious, as he sat in the silence and gathering gloom of his own apartment, after his daughter had left him, of a sensation akin to this himself, when he recalled the words of Withers, and remembered the cold yet fierce glitter of his eyes.

He tried to banish a feeling which he whispered to himself was foolish and absurd, but his efforts, instead of being successful, had a contrary effect, till, at last, it almost appeared to him that

some horrible though invisible power, with serpent folds was tightening around him. Mr. Hamlen, who had, heretofore, always basked in the sunshine of prosperity, had the reputation of being a very agreeable, gentlemanly and amiable man. What he lacked most, was energy of character. He had never "learned to stand alone."

CHAPTER IX.

HOW WITHERS CAME INTO POSSESSION OF HIS ESTATE.

Bessie could not help thinking that what Withers had told her father respecting Wilton Richmond, had no foundation in truth. She, however, subsequently learned that it was, at least, partly true. During the recent interview with her father, she had learned for the first time, that Withers owned a plantation in Virginia. But he had never told Mr. Hamlen how he came in possession of it, nor was it at that time fully known, except to himself and two others. Some of the circumstances were known to Dame Anstis, and these she related to Bessie the next time the young girl made her a visit. We will give the story in her own words.

"A gentleman by the name of Edgar Percival," said she, "formerly owned the estate now in possession of Ishmael Withers. During the last two years of Mr. Percival's life, Withers was his steward. About a year previous to his decease, being incapacitated from failing health to attend to his business, he gave the entire management of his affairs into the hands of his steward, whom he knew to be equal to the task, and who was, as he believed, trustworthy.

"Mr. Percival's only heir was a grandson, at this time about three years old, both of whose parents were dead. A girl, who had been Mrs. Percival's nursery-maid, continued to have the care of the little Edgar after the decease of his parents. When the weather was fine, she was in the habit of taking the child to the woods and the fields, where she often remained hours at a time. In this she was encouraged by his grandfather, for it was plain to see, by the vigor of his little limbs and his blooming complexion, that the pure, fresh air had a salutary influence on his health. The favorite resort of the girl was a little woodland glade, the entrance to which was a few rods from a beautiful stream of water. The shore of this stream directly opposite the glade was bold and rocky, rising perpendicularly, or nearly so, ten or a dozen feet above the surface of the water. At only a short distance from this, the river was margined by white and shining sand, perfectly smooth and level.

One day, the girl with her young charge sought, as usual, her favorite retreat. It was the first day of June, and the soft, velvet grass at the entrance of the glade was flushed with violets. She filled the child's lap with them, and then, throwing herself on the flowery turf beside him, with the help of a few long and shining blades of grass, she entwined some of them into a wreath which she rested lightly on his soft, sunny curls.

"'Now Anzy must have some of the flowers on her head,' said the delighted child, clapping his chubby hands.

"'Anzy will,' was the girl's reply.

"And she bent down her head so as to enable him to arrange the flowers as fancy willed among the shining braids of her black hair. It amused him for a long time, and he laughed gleefully when he had finished, but the soporific influences of the low and peaceful murmur of the river mingling with the mysterious harmonies of that wind-harp of the woods—a lofty pine, which rose near where they sat—were irresistible. The white lids drooped over his eyes, blue as the violets, and then Anzy, as was her custom, made him a kind of hammock by fastening the four corners of a large shawl to the limbs of a tree, about three or four feet from the ground. She had just placed her young charge in his aerial bed, and seating herself on a rock close at hand, had taken from her reticule a sash she was hemming for him, when a girl of eight or ten years old appeared at the entrance of the glade.

"'Grandmother wants you to come over to our house,' said she.

"'For what?' inquired Anzy.

"'She's sick, and wants you to make her some herb tea.'

"'I don't see that I can go and leave Edgar.'

"'But he's asleep, isn't he?'

"'Yes, but he may wake while I'm gone.''

"'Grandmother is dreadful bad,' said the girl. 'I'm afraid she'll die. It wont take you but a little time.'

"'Well,' said Anzy, after a minute's reflection, 'if you will stop here and watch Edgar, I will go.'

"'Grandmother said I must come right back, the minute I'd told you.'

"Anzy went and looked at the child and found that he was sleeping quietly. It was seldom that he waked under an hour, and she concluded to go. A path which crossed the woodland led directly to the house, and in less than ten minutes she was there. As the girl had told her, her grandmother either was, or appeared to be so ill, that unless she could obtain speedy relief, it didn't seem possible that she could live only a short time. Anzy insisted on sending for a doctor at once, but this the old lady opposed with so much earnestness and even vehemence, that she was forced to give it up.

"'It's on'y one of my bad spells,' said she. 'Some good hot girb drink will soon bring me out of it.'

"The herb-tea was soon made, but it did not, according to the patient's account, possess its usual efficacy. She must, she said, make trial of a different and stronger kind. To Anzy it appeared inhuman to leave her in such apparent agony, and with the greatest possible despatch she prepared and administered the more powerful remedy.

"'There, I feel kind o' easier now,' said the old lady, 'and I rather think I can get along now with what my granddarter can do for me.'

"'I'll speak to Mr. Percival about it,' said Anzy, 'and he will let Aunt Sibby come over and nurse you.'

"'No, no,' she replied, 'there wont be a bit of need of it. These spells come upon me all at once, as 'twere, and they leave me full as sudden. This time I was taken worse than common, and as I knew 'twas your time to be out in the woods with the young squire—I al'ays call him so when speakin' of him, kind of out of respect, you know—and that in a likely way he'd be takin' his arternoon nap, I concluded I'd send for you, for I knew you were too pitiful and kind-hearted to let a poor woman like me suffer, when I've nobody on airth to lift a finger to help me, but this child.'

"Anzy impatiently waited to hear her speech out, and then, with all the speed of which she was capable, set out for the place where she had left Edgar. If she exerted herself to the utmost, she knew that the time of her absence would not fall short of three-quarters of an hour, and when she drew near the spot, she half expected to hear the child's voice calling her. She felt relieved when she found that all remained silent, and proceeded a little more slowly, for she was almost out of breath. Two minutes more and she had entered the glade. The first thing that caught her eye was one corner of the shawl in which she had left Edgar sleeping, dragging on the ground.

"How could she have been so careless as to tie it so loosely as to allow the knot to slip, was the question she asked herself as she bounded to the spot, almost without touching the ground. The fall might have killed him, was the thought that struck her, otherwise why should he be so silent? From this fear she was at once relieved, there being no vestige of the child, except the wreath of violets she had suffered to remain round his head, and which now lay on the ground close to the corner of the shawl. His little blue cap, ornamented with a small ostrich plume, which she had left lying close to the spot where they sat, while she wove the wreath of violets, was no longer there. Before wandering away he must have seen it and put it on.

"She went to the entrance of the glade, but he was no where to be seen. She called him by name, but no laughing infantile voice responded to the call. Suddenly a new fear assailed her, as her eyes rested on the bright river flowing near. With wildly throbbing pulses she hastened to the steep embankment which overlooked its waters. She could see nothing there, but at a short distance down the stream she saw something floating, which she thought looked like the child's cap. It was within a short distance of that part of the shore which was low and level. She was soon there, and then all doubt was at an end. She could see plainly that it was the child's cap. It was just possible that he might have thrown it from the embankment. This shadow of a hope, so eagerly welcomed, was the next moment destroyed.

"As she looked to see if anything was at hand with which she could reach the cap and draw it to the shore, she saw a blue sword-knot which had ornamented the handle of a wooden weapon that he delighted to have belted to his side, in imitation of his elders, which was lying close to the water's edge. On stooping down to pick it up she discovered several tiny footprints, which she knew to be Edgar's. A little further on she found others, at more or less distant intervals from each other, the sands, in a general way, being too hard and firm to be susceptible of any impression from the light footsteps of a child. Other and large-sized footprints were on the shore, but this was nothing uncommon, and did not excite her attention. She followed those of the child, and found they led to a large pine log, which was disposed in such a manner as to reach some distance into the water, and was often used as a seat for those who angled for pickerel and other fish with which the river abounded. Here the child's footprints terminated, several larger being intermingled with them, which were still fresh, as if some person had recently stopped at the end of the log for the purpose of adjusting something.

"Though trembling so that she was hardly able to stand, Anzy ventured out on the log, half expecting to see the child lying beside it under the water, which was so transparent that the most minute object on the smooth, hard sand, which, at this place, formed the bed of the river, was distinctly visible. Nothing, however, larger than a pebble or a muscle-shell was to be seen. At the moment she turned to go back to the shore, a distant sail-boat, which she had seen though scarce noticed, swept round a distant point and was lost to view. As she jumped ashore, almost hidden from view amid the tangles of an old fishing-net which had drifted close to the log, she saw a gleam of something red. It proved to be a red morocco shoe, one of those she herself had put on to the child's feet, when preparing him for his afternoon's excursion.

"With a heavy heart she now turned towards home. She could scarcely doubt that Edgar was drowned, and yet, when she reflected on the manner in which the sand was trampled at the end of the log, she imagined that some one might have discovered him and rescued him from his perilous situation. As there was no one in that vicinity to whom the child was not well known, he would, in that case, have been carried home. The idea, as she indulged in it, appeared more and more plausible, and when the housekeeper met her at the door and inquired what had become of the child—finding that this, her last hope, had proved as fallacious as the rest, all her fortitude gave way, and she sunk fainting on the threshold.

"'Where is Mr. Withers?' were her first words, when consciousness returned.

"'I don't know—I haven't seen him since dinner,' was the housekeeper's answer.

"'I rather think he's gone to the village,' said a girl, who had been assisting to restore Anzy. 'I heard him tell Mr. Percival that he had business there, and must go this afternoon or in the morning.'

"'O, I hoped he was here, so that he could break the news to Mr. Percival. He would bear to hear it from him better than any one else.'

"'What news?' said several voices, for half a dozen or more of the servants had gathered round, when it was found that Anzy had fainted.

"She told them what had taken place, which spread consternation through the household, for little Edgar was the pet and the favorite of them all. No one dared to tell Mr. Percival, lest, in his enfeebled state of health, the shock might prove fatal. It was finally decided that a number of the servants should go and search the woods, while others should take a boat and row down the river and round the spot where Anzy had seen the cap floating. By the time this could be accomplished, Mr. Withers would have time to return, and then, if unsuccessful in their attempts to trace the child, he could manage the matter as his better judgment might direct. It was growing dark, when, weary and dispirited, they returned from their unavailing search. In a few minutes afterward, Ishmael Withers came. Anzy was sitting alone in the housekeeper's room, with her face buried in her hands, when she heard approaching the door, those stealthy footsteps which she knew to be his. They ceased just inside the threshold, but she neither stirred nor looked up.

"'What has happened?' said he.

"'You know,' she replied, still without looking up.

"'Know—how should I?' said he, in such quick and startled accents, that she withdrew her hands from her face and looked at him.

"'I supposed they had told you,' she replied.

"'No, the servants were all gathered together, talking among themselves. They didn't see me.'

"At this moment the housekeeper entered the room.

"'I'm glad you've come, Mr. Withers,' said she. 'Who could have thought that anything so dreadful as this would have ever happened! Not one of us has dared to breathe a word of it to Mr. Percival yet. You will have to tell him. Poor gentleman, he will never hold up his head again, I'm afraid.'

"'You haven't told me what it is yet. I must know before I can tell him.'

"'I thought Anzy had told you. Well, there's no such thing as concealing it. The child is gone—dead without doubt.'

"'You don't mean Mr. Percival's grandson?'

"'Yes, the boy is gone, and such a handsome, promising child too. If he'd lived he would have made his father's place good, I've no doubt. But you mustn't blame Anzy. She wasn't gone near long enough for him to get his nap out, and to all appearance he was as safe as a bird in its nest.'

"'There you are mistaken, my good woman. Anzy is to blame. There's no need of her going at the beck and call of every old woman in the neighborhood who happens to have a pain in her little finger.'

"'How should you know where I was gone?' said Anzy, raising her head, and steadily fixing her dark, keen eyes on his.

"'Why, hasn't she just mentioned where you went?' said he, looking towards the housekeeper.

"No, for I've neither told her nor any other person. I mentioned to her that I was absent a short time, but did not say where.'

"When Anzy said this, Withers appeared nonplussed and disconcerted, but soon regained his usual self-possession.

"'Well, perhaps she didn't mention it,' said he, 'but I took it for granted that you were off on some such errand. I heard Doctor White say the other day, that he expected it wouldn't be long before you'd take the bigger part of his practice off of his hands.'

"Nothing more was said, for at this moment Mr. Percival sent for Mr. Withers to come to his room. What effect the communication had on him at first was never known—no person besides himself and Withers being present. In the morning he gave directions to have the river dragged, that his idolized grandson might, if possible, be found and placed by the side of his parents. He was greatly agitated, yet he gave his orders clearly and with much minuteness.

"Withers, at his request, superintended the exertions of those employed for the recovery of the remains, and when the directions of Mr. Percival had, in every respect, been complied with, he returned. It was near sunset, and he went directly to Mr. Percival's room. Vinna, the nurse, was present, and heard and saw all that passed.

"'Is the child found?' said Mr. Percival, in his eagerness half rising from his chair, while an almost purple flush overspread his countenance.

"'I am sorry to say, sir,' replied Withers, 'that though everything has been done that can be, it has all been to no purpose.'

"This, according to Vinna, was said in a lugubrious tone of voice, but somehow, she said, there was a light in his eyes which made him look as if he felt glad. Mr. Percival, at the utterance of the first three words, sunk back in his chair as if he had received a heavy blow. He remained silent for the space of several minutes.

"'You are certain,' he then said, 'that the orders I gave have, in every respect, been fully carried out?'

"'They have, to the letter.'

"''Tis strange,' said he. 'The river is neither rapid nor very deep.'

"''Tis hardly necessary to remind you, sir, that the body might have been washed ashore, and that during the night some beast of prey—'

"Withers had proceeded thus far, when Mr. Percival, raising

his hand with an angry gesture, while his eyes seemed absolutely to flash fire, exclaimed:

"'Cease, sir!'

"It is difficult to imagine the mingled anger, anguish and horror expressed by these two short words. The startling effect produced by what he had intended should be rather consolatory than otherwise, was to Withers a mystery. There was no chord in his own bosom which would have vibrated painfully at contemplating the picture which his remark would naturally present to the mind. At first he appeared surprised, but when he began to comprehend that Mr. Percival was really angry, he turned pale, and shrank back like a whipped hound. After a while he recovered himself a little and attempted to apologize.

"'Not a word, sir, if you please,' said Mr. Percival, sharply.

"'But I merely wish to explain—'

"'Leave me, sir.'

"This order was given in a manner too peremptory and emphatic to be disputed, and Withers, turning frightfully pale, left the room. He was muttering something to himself as he passed through the hall. He left the house, and was not seen again until the expiration of twenty-four hours. Where he spent the time of his absence was never known. After his return, however, he appeared to be in the best possible humor. His harsh and arbitrary treatment of all who were subject to his control, had heretofore made them his enemies. His manner towards them, from this time, was entirely changed. He treated them kindly and with all proper indulgence, and their spirits were too light and volatile for the sense of his unkindness to sink so deeply that it could not readily be thrown off. His orders, therefore, which had formerly been obeyed imperfectly and with reluctance, were now cheerfully complied with.

"The star of Withers was in the ascendant. The health of Mr. Percival, from the day he lost his grandson, declined surely though not rapidly. Now that he had no heir to inherit it, he lost all interest in whatever appertained to his fine and valuable estate. Even books, of which he had ever been fond, no longer possessed the power to interest him. It was a long time before Withers was again received into favor. Even the sound of his voice appeared to thrill painfully on Mr. Percival's nerves. All necessary directions were transmitted to and from Withers by a third person.

"Many months had passed since the loss of the little Edgar, when, one evening, Mr. Percival was suddenly taken worse. His personal attendants gathered round him in alarm, and then Withers, for the first time since their estrangement, ventured into the room. At first he crept away into a corner, but when he found no order was given him to leave, he hazarded the experiment of approaching the patient's bedside. From that time he daily went into the room. For more than a week Mr. Percival took no notice of him. As far as could be judged by any indication to the contrary, he was unconscious of his presence. Even this was a point gained, for it had not been long since the bare mention of his name fearfully agitated him.

"It was by many thought strange that Mr. Percival had suffered Withers to retain his situation as steward, but his spirits were broken, his energy gone, and so he suffered him to remain. By degrees, with that kind of martyr-like—or rather brow-beaten—air which he thought it politic to assume in Mr. Percival's presence, he ventured some little attentions, such as are promotive of the comfort of an invalid, and they were not rejected. This gave him courage to offer more, which, from being merely tolerated, were soon received with evident pleasure. His assiduity increased as Mr. Percival grew weaker, so that Vinna's office as nurse soon became nearly a sinecure.

"What method he took to finally achieve the purpose, which, undoubtedly, he had long had in view, was never known. The ignorant and superstitious, though they dared only to whisper it among themselves, were satisfied that it was by the influence of some unhallowed means. It was a matter of astonishment to those who possessed no faith in any such mysterious power, when, at Mr. Percival's decease, it was found—what was before known to the housekeeper, Vinna and Anzy—he had made a will, and that, with the exception of a few small legacies, had given the whole of his property to Ishmael Withers. There was a codicil, however, stating that if Edgar Percival, his grandson, should ever be found alive—no matter how remote the period—that any former will or testament made and signed by him should be revoked, and that all the testator died possessed of, whether lands, household goods or money, should be for his sole use and benefit, except one thousand dollars, which was to be given to Ishmael Withers.

"This addition to the will was not made without considerable opposition on the part of Withers, as happened to be known to Vinna, who, unbeknown to him, was in an adjoining apartment and overheard what was said. He professed to think that it was taking foolish and unnecessary trouble, but Mr. Percival was peremptory, and Withers dared not urge the matter too far.

"Withers took peaceable possession of what had been given him, but when it was fairly within his grasp, the difference between him and the courteous and munificent Mr. Percival was keenly felt. Those who had ranked among the personal friends of the latter, could not help feeling that it was a species of deseeration to have one in his place so much his inferior in those qualities which constitute the true gentleman."

"And so that is the way that Mr. Withers became a rich man?" said Bessie, when Dame Anstis had concluded her long story.

"Yes—but he never has been, nor never will be, a happy one."

"Do you think that he had anything to do with the disappearance of the child?"

"It isn't always safe, Bessie, to make known our thoughts. I may say, however, that he didn't escape suspicion."

"And do you think that little Edgar Percival was certainly drowned?"

"I don't say that. Withers, however, thought he was safely disposed of, so that he wouldn't be in his way, and still thinks so."

"What if he is mistaken, and the lost heir should suddenly make his appearance?"

"In that case, Withers will be obliged to give up what he never should have had."

"And what became of Anzy?"

"She lived, though for many years her life was very wretched. She could not cease to blame herself for going away and leaving the child. After a while she became more cheerful."

"It is now so long since the child was lost, that I suppose the remembrance of it is no longer vivid enough to affect her happiness?"

"She never can forget it, nor cease to blame herself. Some day I will tell you why she is now more cheerful."

CHAPTER X.

A DESIRE TO PEEP INTO FUTURITY.

The party of Indians who had rescued Wilton and the other captive, continued their march under cover of night, rightly apprehending that there would be an attempt to recover them. This might not have been easily prevented, had they not had horses awaiting them on the opposite side of the woods.

Aside from the dreadful fate which had threatened himself, Wilton, owing to the want of sleep and the agitation caused by being obliged to witness the wild and terrible ceremonies initiatory to the horrible tortures of the slow fire, which those who had made cruelty a study could alone have invented, and to which the handsome Indian boy was doomed, the more surely to appease the wrath of the evil spirit, found that his powers of endurance would have proved inadequate to the performance of the journey on foot.

The Indian lad, on the contrary, such was his faith in the happy omen of what he called the Wakon-bird, beheld the savage ceremonies and listened to the wild, discordant chant by which they invoked the invisible presence of the evil spirit, with an indifference amounting to apathy. Even when, with fierce, unearthly yells, the torch was about to be applied to the pyre, which he knew was so prepared as to burn slowly, though surely, and would consequently protract his sufferings to an indefinite period, his countenance was still radiant with hope. A rescue, even then, was confidently looked for. This expectation had so strengthened and renovated his vital energies, that, as in company with the foremost he threaded the woods, he was well entitled to the appellation of Hare-foot, which had been bestowed on him by his associates, who were unconscious that a king of England had borne it before him.

At sunrise they halted by a stream of water, and refreshed themselves with such food as had by the care of Christina Burmann been hastily provided, for it was through her that they had received such directions as to enable them to reach, in season, the spot which half an hour later, as far as the Indian boy was concerned, would have been too late to save him from great suffering, perhaps death. When they were ready to resume their journey, the leader of the band addressed Wilton.

"We are on our way," said he, "to the camp of the great white chief, General Harrison, who is preparing to gather his forces at the head of Lake Erie. If it be our white brother's wish to go with us, we will do what we can to shield him from his enemies should they pursue and overtake us. If he chooses to turn his steps towards the rising sun, where he will find the camp of another of his chiefs, he may take from among our horses the one fleetest of foot, but we cannot go with him."

"I will accompany you to the camp of General Harrison," said he, after a moment's reflection.

He would, on some accounts, have preferred to return and resume the command of his men, but his escape from a cruel death was too recent to make him relish the idea of hazarding the journey alone across a country, which, a great part of the way, was wild and uninhabited, and where at any moment he was liable to incur danger similar to that from which he had been rescued.

"And you," said he who had spoken to Wilton, addressing the Indian lad, "will you remain with us?"

"Why should I go," said he, "to look on the ashes of our wigwams? My mother, if she were here, would say: 'Go and help the pale faces.' She loves them. My father was one."

The chief smiled.

"It is well," said he. "Hare-foot is young and is as handsome as a woman, but he has the heart of a warrior."

In a few minutes more they were again on their way. Wilton noticed that more than one of the Indians looked back on the way they had come, as if half expecting to see the fierce Memattanon and his warriors, whom they could not doubt were in pursuit of them. No one was in sight. In the distant solitudes the eye rested on no living thing, save some bird on the wing bathed in the golden beams of the morning. In the course of the day they fell in with a party of upwards of fifty warriors, belonging like themselves to the Seneca nation, and during the rest of the way they had little fear of being molested.

A few days after Wilton, under the protection of the friendly Indians, had arrived near Lake Erie, Ishmael Withers received intelligence which ultimately decided him to leave the neighborhood where he then was, and undertake a journey which would compel him to be absent weeks, if not months. It had been his intention, if his suit for the hand of Bessie should prove prosperous, to make a visit of a week or more to his plantation, and after giving directions relative to certain improvements he wished to have made, to return and claim her hand. The news, however, he had received, interfered very unpleasantly with these plans, and once he almost came to the conclusion to risk remaining where he was, and to send certain instructions in writing to him from whom he had received the communication.

He was on his way to Mr. Hamlen's and turning the subject in his mind, when suddenly, on rounding an abrupt turn of a crooked lane, he encountered Hammett. The boy had passed on twenty paces or more, when he called on him to stop. He obeyed, though with evident reluctance.

"You live with your grandmother, I believe?" said Withers.

"No, sir, I have no grandmother."

"Who is she then, if not your grandmother?"

"My aunt."

"Well, it's all one. I never saw her, and so don't know whether she is old or young. Will she be at home this evening?"

"She is at home always after dark."

"Tell her then I shall drop in for a few minutes this evening, between nine and ten."

"Yes, sir."

And turning on his heel he was once more on his way, when Withers again stopped him.

"I shan't be likely to meet any one there—no one but you and your aunt."

"No, we never have visitors at so late an hour as the one you have named."

"That will do."

Hammett hastened home and told his annt what had passed between him and Withers. She seemed a little flurried at first, but soon regained her accustomed composure. She then went and looked into the little looking-glass.

"Time has not dealt very rudely with me," said she, "but yet I think he wont recognize me. I mustn't be too confident, however."

And taking from a drawer a stiffly starched cambric cap, suitable for a person much older than herself, she put it on, pulling it well over her forehead and making it fit closely so as to entirely conceal her black, glossy hair. This added at least a dozen years to her apparent age, besides making her look so stiff and prim as to excite the risibility of Hammett, who said that she didn't look like herself.

"That is just what I wish," she replied. "I've seen this Ishmael Withers many a time, but I should be sorry for him to know it."

"When did you see him, Aunt Anstis?"

"Long before you were born. Go now, and employ yourself in any way you like. I wish to be alone."

Hammett did not wait for a second bidding, for there were wild and savage dells whence came the sullen murmur of water, which, except at high noon, never caught a ray of sunlight, where he loved to recall the legends his aunt had told him, as well as green and flowery hollows deep down among the hills, where he often repaired to dream away the sunset hour, or to watch the gathering of the evening shadows.

When he was gone, Anstis took her favorite seat outside the cottage door, to gather up and arrange her thoughts. Though it was more than twenty years since Withers saw her, she had many times, within the last few weeks, seen him wandering over the broad and fair domain of Mr. Hamlen, noting with greedy looks, its richness and fertility. But she had never in all that time heard his voice, nor been near enough to him to mark the changes time might have wrought in his countenance. She looked forward to the proposed meeting with feelings of dread and curiosity. She thought she knew the motive for seeking the interview, and intended to turn it to good account.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENORMOUS CONDOR.

In the course of the day I had an opportunity of shooting a condor; it was so satiated with its repast on the carcase of a dead horse as to suffer me to approach within pistol shot before it extended its wings to take flight, which to me was the signal to fire; and having loaded with an ample charge of pellets, my aim proved effectual and fatal. What a formidable monster did I behold in the ravine beneath me, screaming and flapping in the last convulsive struggles of life!

It may be difficult to believe that the most gigantic animal that inhabits the earth or the ocean, can be equalled by a tenant of air; and those persons who have never seen a larger bird than our mountain eagle, will probably read with astonishment, of a species of that same bird, in the southern hemisphere, being so large and strong as to seize an ox with its talons and to lift it into the air, whence it lets it fall to the ground in order to kill and prey upon the carcase. But this astonishment must in a great measure subside when the dimensions of the bird are taken into consideration, and which, incredible as they may appear, I now insert *verbatim*, from a note taken down with my own hand. "When the wings were spread, they measured sixteen paces (forty feet) in extent, from point to point; the feathers are eight paces (twenty feet) in length; and the quill part two palms (eight inches) in circumference. It is said to have power sufficient to carry off a live rhinoceros."—*Temple's Travels in Peru.*

AREA AND POPULATION OF RUSSIA.

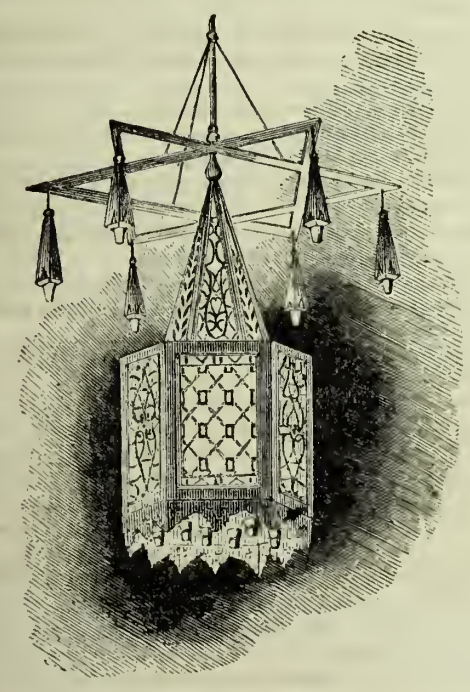
Russia possesses in Europe and Asia a surface of 348,165 square miles, occupied by 65,183,437 inhabitants. France and England present an area of 15,530 square miles, and occupied by 63,407,990 inhabitants. While England has 4839 inhabitants to the square mile, and France 3789, Russia in Europe has only 647, and in the whole of her empire only 63. It is this want of concentration which renders it of the first necessity that Russia should connect her scattered people and provinces by internal communications. Mere extent of surface and numbers are otherwise sources of weakness, especially in defensive warfare. This has only been discovered when she was assailed on diverse parts of her extended empire by the allies in the last campaign of the war. She makes peace to repair this defect.—*Westminster Review.*



HUNGARIAN WATER-CARRIER.

SCENES IN THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

On this page we have grouped together a number of interesting sketches, all of them relating to the old world. The first represents a Hungarian female water-carrier, with her jar slung over her right shoulder, and her staff in her hand. Others are seen in the distance. The costume of all the Hungarian peasants is exceedingly picturesque. That of the Hungarian shepherds and



A CHINESE LANTERN.

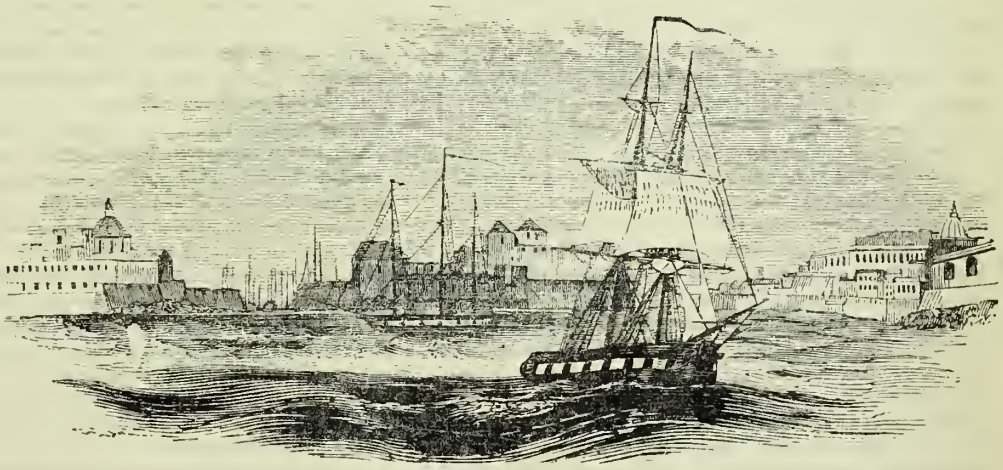
herdsmen, shown in the next picture, is decidedly so. They wear their cloaks and hats with grace, and their attitudes are bold and decided. The third sketch is of a Chinese lantern—a very fanciful and tasty affair. The Chinese are certainly the people, *par eminence*, for all sorts of illuminations; and in the fabrication of colored lanterns, no nation thinks of competing with them. Their "feast of lanterns" is a show of unequalled splendor. Our next engraving is a view of the island of Malta, in the Mediterranean, a place of some importance, and of great historical interest. It now belongs to Great Britain. It is seventeen miles long, and about nine miles wide, and is situated sixty-two miles south-southwest of Sicily. It is very irregular in form. The capital, Valetta, is sketched in our view. It stands on a remarkable peninsula, which, dividing the waters, forms a double bay. The surface of the island is broken and rugged, and there is very little arable land. The rocks consist of coral limestone, yellow sandstone, and a yellowish white semi-crystalline limestone, which furnishes admirable building material. The climate in winter is mild and agreeable, but in summer the heat is excessive, and the sun's rays, reflected from masses of white limestone, frequently produce opthalmia. The vine, olive, fig and orange thrive well here, but only a three months' supply of corn is raised. The British government has, by a liberal expenditure of money, made Malta one of the finest naval depots in the world. The docks and fortifications are admirable. Malta is said to have been first peopled by Phœnicians, and was successively possessed by Greeks, Carthaginians and Romans. After the fall of the Roman empire, it was alternately in the hands of Vandals, Goths and Saracens. In 1522, after having been a possession of Sicily, it was granted by Charles V. to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem. In 1798, the then grand master of the order surrendered it to Napoleon, and it was afterwards captured by Lord Nelson. The population is about 100,000. There are many interesting memorials at Valetta of the military order that so long possessed the island. Portraits of the grand masters, the armor worn by them, and their books, are preserved in great numbers. The last picture of the series is a view of Shanghai, a seaport city of China, and one of the five now open for European commerce. It is in the province of Kiang-soo, on the Woosung River, fourteen miles from the sea. Like all Chinese cities, it is densely populated, containing nearly 200,000 inhabitants. It is fortified, and the houses, as will be seen by our cut, are very picturesquely grouped on rising ground. The junks, with their clumsy sails, and various other water craft, give an animated aspect to the foreground. The streets of the city are narrow and indescribably filthy. It is a place of considerable manufacture—silks, iron wares, glass, paper and various articles of ivory, gold, silver and bone being made here. It is an important entrepot of the commerce between the north and south provinces of China; the coasting trade is very extensive. In 1853, the total exports amounted to $26,900,000. Shanghai was taken on the 19th of June, 1843, by the British.



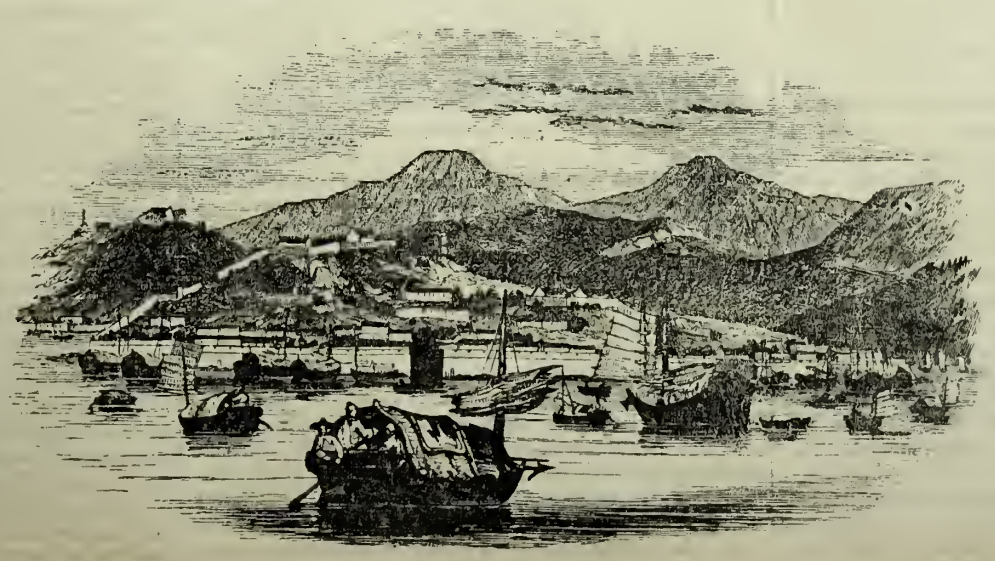
HUNGARIAN SHEPHERDS.

THE SOCIETY OF LIMA.

Notwithstanding the wretched universities, the defective system of education, and the anarchy of the state, the cultivation of literature has made decided progress; and, in Peru especially, some works of considerable merit have recently appeared. The South American character, in losing much of the dignity and strict loyalty of the Spaniard, has obtained, through a mixture of Indian blood, which in Peru is almost universal, a vivacity of temper and a rapidity of thought which has gone far to compensate for the loss. The young men, especially, educated at the University of San Marcos, the oldest in the New World, or the College of San Carlos, at Lima, though spending much of their time in cafes and billiard-rooms, and devoted, it must be confessed, to cock-fighting and gambling, are extremely agreeable in conversation, and frequently well read. But, above all, the women of Lima form the most attractive part of Peruvian society. Frequently very beautiful, with brilliant black eyes, graceful figures, and bright, intelligent expressions, they at the same time possess much natural cleverness, exquisite wit, and most pleasing manners. Until a few years ago, they wore, when walking abroad, a very becoming and elegant dress, now only seen at bull-fights, religious processions, and other great occasions, called the *sayu y manto*. To a full satin skirt was attached a black silk mantle, which passed over the head, was held so as only to expose one brilliant eye to view, and leave the imagination to fill up the enchanting picture. Since the introduction of steamboats and railroads, however, this truly national costume has given way to modern French fashions. But the ladies of Lima, though they have lost their peculiar dress, still retain their lofty qualities, and are infinitely superior to the men in natural talent and intelligence. With such society, a residence in Lima cannot fail to be otherwise than agreeable; and, besides the Italian opera and pleasant dinner parties, a grand ball and fetes of various kinds, yield frequent opportunities of observation. A ball on a large scale is a rare occurrence, and the late president, General Echenique, was particularly sparing in his entertainments. There is an occasional one given at the house of the late Marquis of Torre Tagle, now belonging to his heiress, who has married a lawyer named Sevallos. The entrance, through a fine doorway, with stone posts richly carved, and up a handsome staircase, leads to a broad corridor, with a finely carved roof, supported by Moorish arches. The great *stata*, a spacious room, with latticed balconies looking into the street, containing some very fine cabinets, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and silver, made a very good ball-room. On these occasions the festivities continue until four o'clock in the morning, when there is a hot supper. All the rooms in the house, including bed-rooms, are thrown open, some for dancing, some for gambling, others for refreshments, and the guests wander through the long vistas of apartments, in the intervals of the dance. Balls and gambling are the chief occupations of the people of Lima; the latter especially, which is their besetting sin, and prevalent even among the clergy. The young men but too often lead lives of idleness and frivolity, as is seen in their general want of application, and is exemplified in the scanty periodical literature of the country. Indeed, the general habits of life in Lima, as in all South American cities, are of a very frivolous character, and lack the sterling under-stratum of Anglo-Saxon society.—*Southern Traveller.*



ISLAND OF MALTA.



ISLAND OF SHANGHAI.

FOUNDLING HOSPITALS.

The one located in Paris is situated on the frontier of the city, and is a large and well constructed edifice. The interior is kept exceedingly tidy—the floors of polished oak, and the walls of plaster polished like glass. The babes are kept in cradles covered with white drapery, and arranged in rows along the rooms. A separate apartment is allotted to children affected by eye diseases, and another for sick children, both extremely well arranged. Children are now received into the hospital only when the parents sign a paper resigning them to the care of the state. If healthy, they are allowed to remain in the hospital but a very short time, being sent into the country and placed in the care of nurses, who receive one or two dollars a month. After two years of country-nursing, the children are brought back to Paris, and transferred to the hospital for orphans. There are on the average nine hundred children in the hospital, and as many as thirteen thousand out at nurse in the country. There are one hundred and fifty foundling hospitals in France. Whenever a woman desires to abandon her child, and she appears before a magistrate for that purpose, it is his duty to warn her of the act; but he is, nevertheless, obliged to accept the child, if she demands it. If she will keep it, he is empowered to give her aid. If the child is abandoned, the clothes are saved, or some token is kept, by which to maintain the identity of the child, and to enable the parents to reclaim it, if they wish to do so at any future time. Formerly, it was easy for a mother to rid herself of her child—it being only necessary for her to take the child to the hospital during the night, place it in a box and ring the bell, when it was at once drawn into the institution, and no questions asked; but this arrangement was abolished by the government some years ago.—*Hartford Free Press.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

'TIS NIGHT ON LARA'S ISLE.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

In quiet rolls the azure stream
By Lara's verdant isle,
And softly falls the silver beam
Of Luna's placid smile;
'Tis night, and o'er the lonely shore
The linden shadows fall,
And save the softly dipping oar,
'Tis silent, dreamlike, all.

My bark is borne upon the tide,
Like perfumed airs at play,
Unknowing where they next may glide,
Nor caring where they stray;
The waters kiss the lovely shore
As starbeams kiss the sea,—
Would I might press with like caress
The heart that beats for me.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BEATRICE, OR LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY LOUISE T. ZIMMERMAN.

NESTLING beneath overshadowing trees, lay a thatched cot, close beside a steep mountain, whose brow was usually darkened with clouds and mist, but occasionally the brightening rays of the setting sun found their way through the thick gloom, and then

"Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Seemed bathed in floods of living fire."

An open space lay before the cottage, which commanded a view of the distant village, but excepting this, mountains surrounded it on every side.

In the cot dwelt Mabel, the sweet "lily of Hazel Copse," as she was called. And who so good and gentle as Mabel? None in all the village, I ween. Fair Mabel knew no other home but the wild one she now inhabited, and she was content with that. Much did she marvel when she looked upon the careworn face of her widowed mother, and heard her tell of brighter days long since gone by; for to Mabel all days were bright, and her home the sweetest place on earth. She was the youngest of three children. The others were a boy and girl, both different from her in appearance and in character.

Willie was a brown-haired rogue, handsome and wilful, just two years older than Mabel. There was more sympathy between these two than either had for the dark-eyed, thoughtful Beatrice, their elder sister. Yes—Beatrice was alone, and deeply she felt her solitude. She never joined the children in their sports; she did not seem a child.

Much did the mother wonder at her strange child, and many an anxious foreboding had she concerning her. She would sit for hours gazing into the brook, or watching the birds as they soared far out of sight. Sometimes her mother fancied her asleep, she was so quiet; but if she spoke to her, Beatrice would start as if awakened from a reverie, and then seek some hidden spot where she could not be disturbed.

Beatrice had long attended the village school which was about two miles from the cottage; the others were sent with her as soon as they were old enough. Mabel won the love of all by her disinterested kindness. Beatrice won the admiration of all by her brilliant recitations and unequalled talents; but she was cold and reserved, and no one cared for her. Willie soon became the general favorite of both scholars and teacher, and was in a fair way to be spoiled, for no one could resist the fascination of his alluring face, set off with the clustering curls of his chestnut brown hair. Thus were the cottage children during the few short years of childhood, and happy would it have been could they have remained so.

Beatrice was accustomed to seek the shade of an old oak tree at noon, there to meditate alone, far from the noise of the other children. This tree was in the midst of a thick wood directly behind the school-house. A beaten footpath led from the pastor's house through it to the school-house.

One sultry afternoon, Beatrice was stretched as usual beneath her favorite tree, and overcome with the heat, had fallen asleep. It so happened that at this time the pastor had received into his family two young gentlemen, whose parents were abroad, travelling. They were to stay with him, and pursue their studies for two years—the allotted time of the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Louvegne. They were delighted with the scenery about the parsonage, and had just discovered the beautiful path which led through the wood to the school-house. Anxious to find a cool place to rest, after their long walk, they joyfully espied the oak tree whose broad branches formed such a perfect shade.

As they approached the tree, they perceived the graceful figure of Beatrice reclining carelessly on the grass. Both simultaneously exclaimed, "What a beautiful picture!" And certainly a most beautiful picture it presented. The lovely maiden was half sitting, half reclining, her head pillowed on a root of the tree, which was elevated above the ground; her long black hair half veiled her slender figure; the long lashes of her dark eyes proudly swept the richly-tinted cheek, and gave by contrast a purer white to her broad intellectual brow. One small white hand was nearly hidden by her raven hair, while the other carelessly held the strings of a large brown hat which lay beside her.

How long the youths would have stood contemplating this picture we cannot say; for a huge wasp put an end to the romantic scene. He settled on the hand of the maiden, and as Edward Louvegne instinctively brushed him away, Beatrice started up in surprise at finding herself observed by two young men, and one touching her hand. But the dead wasp at her side explained this, and both were profuse in their apologies for having disturbed her pleasant slumbers. They asked her where the path ended, and upon her telling them that its termination was at the village school, and that she was going there, they desired to accompany her.

Permission was granted with some surprise on her part, for she was unaccustomed to any solicitation of her company. To all their questions about the environs of the village, she replied understandingly, and they were much struck with the elegance of her language, and the natural hauteur of her manner.

She conducted them to the school, presented them to the teacher, and then bowing gracefully, took her accustomed seat. Much whispering was heard round the school-room respecting the strangers, and many were the envious glances cast at the beautiful Beatrice. But she was happily unconscious of them, being wholly absorbed in her lesson. When it came her turn to recite a speech which she had prepared, a thrill of admiration ran through the school, and Edward whispered to his brother, "What a fine actress this girl would make!" But Frederick shook his head, and begged his brother never to suggest the thought to her. After school, the young men walked with Beatrice, as far as the door of her humble dwelling. Both were perfectly enraptured with her, but very differently. Edward looked upon her as a superior person, endowed with beauty and talents, which, if rightly used, would make her a superb woman. Frederick only saw in her a beautiful girl, with fascinating manners.

But where was Mabel all the while? She had held aloof from the strangers, and had gone home, as usual, cheerfully chatting with Willie. The Louvegnes little thought, when they passed the sunny maiden, that she was the sister of this superb beauty.

Beatrice said nothing of the youths, but went to her room to study. Her mother did not know of her adventure till Willie commenced talking about "sister Beatrice's beaux." She was so distant that even her mother hardly dared question her concerning the event which caused Willie to be so loquacious. She did venture to say:

"My daughter, you had company home this evening?"

"Yes, mother," was the reply.

"Who are the gentlemen?"

"Their name is Louvegne," answered Beatrice; and soon after she left the room to avoid further questioning.

"Louvegne!" repeated the widow, to herself,—"Louvegne! Is it possible?" The name seemed to bring up sad recollections, for she sighed and looked troubled.

What mad dreams ran through the young girl's brain that night, and which of the two strangers figured most prominently in them? She could scarcely tell herself. She wondered if she should see them again. She wished she knew their parents. They were the first educated people she had ever met, all in the village being rustics.

And did the young men forget their pretty enchantress? Ay, that they did not. They spoke of nothing else all the evening, and dreamed of nothing else all the night.

The next day Beatrice, as usual, took a book, and went into the woods; but she avoided the path, and went into a thicket of fir trees, where she could be entirely hidden from any who should chance to pass down the path. She had not been there many moments, before she heard voices approaching. Presently she could distinguish what was said, and she was a most unwilling auditor to the following conversation:

"Confound it, I don't believe she'll come to day."

"I did not expect her. I should think it very strange and improper if she did come."

"You blessed innocent, to talk of propriety! Do you suppose such a preciously green little country beauty ever heard of the article? Besides, she is owner of these woods; she has been here so long, and we are only strangers, and compared to her, have no right even to pass through them; so I think the impropriety (if there is one) is all on our part."

"Well, we can see her this afternoon, at any rate."

"This afternoon! You take matters coolly enough. I shall not quit this place till I catch a glimpse of her beautiful face. I shall go down to the school, and wander round there, if I have to lose my dinner. So Master Faintheart, I shall leave you to return and do double justice to the dinner, and a double injustice to your digestive organs. Good-by."

With that he began whistling an opera air. By-and-by he stopped, and cried as loud as he could:

"Wont you look grim, old fellow, when I come home, and tell you that I have seen the charming Beatrice."

Thus ended this talk, so confusing to the mind of the fair listener.

"Am I indeed beautiful?" she asked herself; but at the next moment she laughed at the thought. "No—no; Mabel is beautiful, and so is Willie; but I am neither beautiful nor interesting, and I'm sure I don't care. I expect to find my pleasure in study and meditation; but yet he called me beautiful and charming. I guess I'll just run and see for myself."

Beatrice was well acquainted with every part of the wood, and she knew that near her arbor there was a pond clear as crystal, which reflected faithfully the trees and sky; and why should it not reflect her face?

She stopped before she reached it, and thought, "How silly I am! and yet I wish to know how he could think me handsome." So trembling between the fear of being disappointed and the hope that what she had heard might prove true, she peeped into the lake; but she was so agitated that she could see nothing this time. So she tried it again, re-assuring herself with the thought that whichever way it might be, it would be of no consequence to her. There she stood, gazing at herself for several moments. "Well," thought she, "I do not know exactly what to decide. I am certainly not plain. I suppose others might call me handsome; but I don't like my style. I prefer Mabel's infinitely. I look too full of earthly passion. I should do very well to sit for a picture of a voluptuous character—like Cleopatra, for instance."

When she raised her eyes, they met those of Edward Louvegne, intently bent upon her. Mortified at having been seen in so awkward a situation, she felt also piqued at being thus closely watched. Her anger and pride quickly got the better of her mortification, and she drew herself up with great dignity, saying:

"I fear, sir, that I shall be obliged to absent myself from these woods altogether, as I perceive they are not free from spies."

Edward started at these words, as if an adder had stung him. Blushing deeply, he replied:

"Miss Mansdell, I beg your pardon a thousand times. I meant no harm. It was only by accident that I came upon you so suddenly. As to the privacy of these woods, you have it by right of possession, and you have only to say the word, and I will never appear in them again—um—that is, if there is any other from the parsonage to the school-house."

Beatrice said:

"It is now my turn to apologize for my hasty words. Any one has as good a right to these woods as I have, and can avail themselves of it at whatsoever time is most convenient to them."

"That is to say, I can walk here to meet you whenever I choose?"

"I am not the one whom you need consult about coming here. As for me, I shall come whenever I feel like it, without thinking of any one."

"And I shall take good care to learn at what time that is."

"By saying that, you oblige me to say that I can never come here at all, for there is another often inconvenient consideration to be thought of besides right; this is propriety."

"Miss Mansdell, you astonish me. I thought one who had been brought up in the woods like yourself, could have no idea that there was such a word in the English vocabulary, much less an appreciation of its value. Who has taught you?"

"I am nature's student. She is the most refined of all instructors, and I would that I had profited more from her teachings. All that I know, I have learned from the trees, the rocks and yonder lake that lies embosomed in soft heather, and crowned with sweetest flowers. The birds have told me much, and the gossiping brooks have let me into many secrets. Even the honey-bee has whispered me sweet counsel, and taught me industry by his example. Nature and I are great friends. All the dear little wild creatures love me, and they are the only living things I care for. The Bible tells me I should love mankind, but I fear I do not follow its teachings. I could never see anything in man half so lovable as in these rocks and trees, or even in the very ground we tread beneath our feet."

"But in order to appreciate man, you should see him in perfection. You have never been beyond the bounds of your own village?"

"Fifteen miles mark the limits of my earliest remembered and longest journey."

"Have you never thought of what might be beyond—of what the great world might contain?"

"I have thought about it, but I was only filled with confusing perplexities."

"Should you not like to go into the world and try it?"

"I do not know. I should almost be afraid to explore its mysteries—so obscure to me now. But here we are at the school, and I must go in."

"I shall see you again soon. Good-by."

"That is to say, you will walk home with me after school, if you can," thought Beatrice.

Nothing was right that afternoon with our heroine. She made mistakes in her mathematical problems, and hesitated and blundered over her other lessons at such a rate that she fell into deep disgrace. The girls whispered to each other, "She is in love." Was Beatrice in love? Not quite. She was thinking of Mr. Louvegne's suggestion that she should try the world; she was wondering whether it were best for her to venture forth, and how it could be done.

That afternoon she turned from the road which led directly to her home, and took a secret path through the woods. This was done in order to avoid the Louvegnes, who, she knew, would be waiting for her at the end of the lane. As soon as she was hidden from sight by the thick foliage, she ran joyously along, her hair streaming behind her. She had never felt so light-hearted before; she knew not the cause of it. Reader, can you divine the cause? It was that her desolate heart had found one which could sympathize with it. No longer was she alone in the world; no longer need she keep pent within her own bosom the glorious thoughts which sometimes, spite of her reserve, almost burst their prison bounds. Now she could talk freely, and feel that she had an appreciating listener. She stopped, hoping to hear the young men coming behind her. Wholly repenting that she had not taken her usual route home, she turned back—yes, she turned back, and retraced her steps. Ah, proud Beatrice, you have yet to learn what *love* can do!

She reached the open space again whence the road emerged, and looking cautiously around, saw the two youths just turning down the path to the parsonage. They had waited a long time for her, and finally concluding that she had taken another road home, they also turned their faces homeward. Now, when Beatrice saw that she was about to lose their company, her first impulse was to shout to them, her second to run after them; but neither of these could she do, for it would be so ill-bred. Her last

idea was by far the best. She turned away her face, and began singing in a clear, rich voice, a wild air. The sound reached the ears for which it was intended, and produced the desired effect. Both returned quickly on seeing that Beatrice was the singer.

She was, of course, all surprise at seeing them; and Edward said something about "the appointed meetings of fate," which caused a brighter glow to overspread her cheek.

A charming walk they had of it—at least, so the Louvegnes said, and I think Miss Mansdell might have re-echoed their opinion, if she had chosen. She asked them to come in and see her mother; but they refused, saying that they should hardly be able to get home before the storm, which had been gathering for several hours, should burst upon them. This was certainly a good excuse; for a big, black cloud was rising on the other side of the mountain, and fitful streaks of lightning played over the heavens; at one moment the scene was dark and angry, and at another it was lighted up as by heavenly torches. Then big drops of rain fell to the earth like bullets; but the rain soon ceased, and a fierce hurricane of wind ensued. The wind-king had it all his own way that night, and most tyrannical was his rule. He struck dead the unyielding trees which would not bend at his touch; he wantonly played with the young birches and maples, and just as they were dancing merrily together at the sound of his voice, he whistled round, and they found themselves torn up by the roots, bereft of life. How fiercely he rushed, howling round the widow's cottage, and what mad pranks he played with the chimney and the cow-house! The poor cow moaned so piteously that they were obliged to bring her into the house, and she spent the night in the kitchen. Whether it was that her new quarters were so agreeable to her mind, or that the remembrance of last night's sufferings made her so obstinate, I know not; but she refused the next day to budge an inch out of the kitchen, and Willie was obliged to pull her by the horns with all his strength, while Mabel pushed her forwards.

But to return to that fearful night. The storm raged till past eleven; then it ceased, and the moon peeped out as placidly from the clouds as if nothing extraordinary had taken place, and this was the time for her to appear. She looked in upon Beatrice, cold and motionless, sitting up alone in her room, vainly endeavoring to pierce the darkness without. She was hailed by the young girl as a messenger from heaven. Wrapping a thick shawl round her, Beatrice stole out of the house, so quietly that she did not even rouse the house-dog slumbering on the mat before the door.

She went to the wood-shed and took down the dark lantern from its rusty nail, lighted the lamp, and shutting out the light so that none might see her, she was about to start, when a large stick of wood fell from the top of the pile to the ground directly on an old piece of tin, making a terrible rattling. Bruin was wide awake now, and began to manifest his displeasure with a low growl. Beatrice knew that this would soon end in a loud bark; so she quickly ran to the door, and let him out, calling, "Hush, Bruin! Come with me. I wonder I did not think of you before, poor fellow! You will be of great use."

They then set out, the dog trotting contentedly along by the side of his mistress. When they reached the wood, Beatrice pushed back the screen of the lantern to let out the light, for it was pitch dark. She advanced slowly now, and called softly but distinctly, "Edward—Frederick!" No one answered. "They must have got further than this," she thought. So she walked on till she reached a space of open ground. Here she could see what ravages the storm had committed. Huge trees lay around, displaying their roots in fantastic spectral shapes, that would have frightened any other but the brave Beatrice. It was evident that the lightning had done its part in the general destruction; for in some places the trees were split open, so that their white interior was visible. The thought of what the lightning might have done almost sickened Beatrice; but she could not rest till she knew all. So she courageously went on. What was it that caused her suddenly to stagger back as if she had received a mortal wound? What was it that blanched her cheek so deadly pale, and made her teeth to chatter in her head? Her foot had stumbled against *a human body*, stretched at full length across the path. Quick as thought, she kneeled down to see the face. It was so bruised she could not recognize it. She took the hand that lay so cold and stiff across the breast. No—that was not Edward's hand: this was a great relief, and in the fullness of her heart, she cried aloud, "Thank Heaven, it is not Edward!"

At that moment, she heard a rustling of the bushes behind her. Casting the rays of her lantern in the direction of the noise, she saw Edward, pale and haggard, coming towards her.

"Beatrice, angel of mercy," he said, "you have revived the last faint ray of hope within me. This is my brother. We lost our way, and he was struck by a falling tree; but life is not yet gone. Could he have assistance within two hours, he might live."

Beatrice said not a word, but putting the lantern in Bruin's mouth, she assisted Edward in raising his brother, and they both carried him slowly and gently along the path, Bruin leading the way with the lantern. It was about two o'clock when they reached the cottage. Mrs. Mansdell and Mabel were quickly roused, and soon the suffering youth was on a comfortable bed, surrounded by kind nurses. Beatrice whispered something to her sister, and then darted out of the door with Bruin and the lantern. She was on her way to the doctor's house, which she reached in about an hour, and in half an hour after, she returned with the doctor. He pronounced the bruises severe but not dangerous; but he said if he had been sent for two hours later, he should have been of no use.

After he had dressed the wounds, and made Frederick as comfortable as possible, he looked for Beatrice. Calling her to him, and counting her pulse, he said:

"My child, you are feverish with excitement. You need rest, and if you do not take it, we shall have you for a patient soon."

The idea of being a troublesome invalid quite frightened Beatrice; so she immediately left the room, and went to lie down.

After she had gone, Edward advanced to Mrs. Mansdell, and said:

"Madam, your daughter has saved my brother's life. It is a benefit that can never be repaid on earth; but she shall have whatever wealth can purchase. Ask anything for her, and she shall certainly receive it."

"My daughter did for your brother what I should wish her to do for any one. It is a sufficient reward to me that she has done a good deed. She is such a strange child that we do not understand her; but I believe her heart is all right, for all her oddities."

"That it is, madam; and if she is strange, she is truly noble. I will not say to you now what I have on my mind, for this is not the time; but by-and by I will manifest my gratitude in something more substantial than words."

Mrs. Mansdell changed color at this, and begged he would think no more about it. She did not understand what he meant, and she had too much pride to allow her to think of accepting money as pay for a mere act of humanity, as she called it.

After a long and painful illness, Frederick recovered. He was almost sorry that he was well enough to be taken home, for it was so pleasant to be surrounded by such kind nurses as Mrs. Mansdell and her beautiful daughters. But the time had come when he must leave the cottage and its inmates. They, too, were sorry to part with the gentle invalid, to whom they had become much attached. There was something peculiarly pure and simple about him. Willie told him, one day, that he would look beautiful in the pulpit. He laughingly said he hoped he should, and preach beautifully, too, for he intended to be a minister. There was one gentle heart in the cottage which felt a strange vacancy, after Frederick had left. This belonged to Mabel.

Edward and his brother were now constant visitors at Mrs. Mansdell's. There was certainly sufficiently strong attraction at her house to induce any young man to go there frequently. Many a pleasant evening they passed together; in summer, sitting on the rocks, enjoying the evening breezes, which always reached the cottage; in winter, socially chatting round the wood-fire.

Under such favorable circumstances, love is seldom idle. This time he had successfully disposed of two young ladies; for Beatrice was the affianced bride of Edward, and Mabel was engaged to Frederick. The widow had given her consent reluctantly, for she knew not what the wealthy parents of the young men would think of such poor connections for their accomplished sons. But they were so earnest about it that she finally concluded it was wisest to let them "gang their ain gaes," and to trust in Providence for the rest. Their parents were expected home soon, and they must return to the city to meet them; they, of course, spent the evening before their departure at the cottage. Every one was sad and thoughtful that night, and not much conversation was carried on. Edward was thinking what an awkward thing it would be to announce his engagement to his father. Fred, who was his mother's pet, thought only of the pleasure he should have in presenting to her his lovely Mabel. At last the widow broke silence, saying:

"My children, it is now time that you should know something of my history. I was once a wealthy lady, and lived in the most fashionable part of A——. My husband's death was occasioned by the grief which he suffered in losing his whole fortune by one unfortunate speculation. I was left with a mere pittance, barely sufficient to support my family. I soon left the city, feeling deeply my change of fortune, and settled in the most secluded spot I could find, which was this wild place. No one ever knew what had become of me; I kept it a secret because I would not receive assistance either from my relations or friends, and I was afraid of anonymous remittances, as I had already received several. My most intimate friend wished to adopt one of my daughters, as her own children were away at school. But I would not consent to this, for I wished to keep my family together. Beatrice was the one she fancied, and I have since often regretted that I did not accept her kind offer to educate her; but it was all for the best."

"I am glad you never told me this before, mother," said Beatrice, "for I should have been so discontented."

"That is the very reason that I have never spoken of it," said Mrs. Mansdell. "But I have not yet told you the lady's name."

"Her name would signify nothing to us, for we probably never heard of her," said Beatrice.

"I am not so sure of that," answered her mother. "Did you never hear of any name that begins with *L* and ends with *e*?"

"None but Louvegne."

"That is it."

"Then it is our mother!" cried Edward; "for I know she lived in A—— about that time, and we were away at school. Is not this good news, Beatrice?"

But Beatrice did not answer, and Edward turned away with a troubled face, wondering what new obstacle she would present to their union. Beatrice sorely felt her poor circumstances, and when she contrasted them with Edward's fine prospects, she could not brook the idea of being raised by him to a station that did not belong to her.

"He shall not marry me—a poor girl," she said to herself. "I will not consent till I have gained a support for myself. But how is that to be accomplished? The stage! He always told me I should make a fine actress, and I will try it."

Thus thought Beatrice, but she concluded not to speak of it to her lover till their next meeting.

It was quite late before the Louvegnes could tear themselves away from the cottage; but all things in this world must end, and so their last night drew to a close. There is always a certain sadness connected with the *last* of anything, whether it be the last leaves of autumn, the last look at a departing friend, the last unpaid bill, the last piece of apple-pie, or the last scene of the last opera of the season. Reader, does not each of these illustrations recall to you painful recollections?

Mabel was troubled by no anxious thought concerning her departed lover, but slept peacefully as a child. Not so Beatrice. Something was heavy at her heart, for she walked the room all night, like a restless spirit. She thought of her mother having been the friend of Mrs. Louvegne. "So we are equal in birth to the Louvegnes, but alas! not in fortune, and that must be of great importance in the world, for mother's unhappiness was caused by the loss of it. So it is very condescending in the Louvegnes, I suppose, to marry two poor village girls; and when we move to the great city and live in splendor there, we shall be constantly reminded of the great favor that has been bestowed upon us, by the contrast with our former humble dwelling. No—I cannot marry him. I will tell him so; I will tell him that I scorn to be the possessor of wealth and honors to which I am not entitled; I will tell him that I prefer independence, though with a sad and lonely heart, even to his companionship and *servitude;* for it is nothing less when a poor girl marries a rich man.

"But I will say nothing to Mabel, for I am sure she has had no misgiving since she was engaged, and I will not be the one to destroy her happy delusion; may it last forever. I must part with Edward: it is like depriving myself of life. From this moment I must live in excitement. The stage—the stage!—that is the place for me. Was I not made for that? Indeed I am sure of it. I must say farewell to peace, for where I go it is not to be found. O, my heart longs for excitement! I wish I were on the stage this moment."

Finally exhausted with her own distress, she sank into a feverish sleep. Phantoms chased each other through her wildered brain. At one moment, she was walking through the woods with Edward, then a demon would come and snatch him from her, bearing him away into darkness; at the next, she was on the stage, acting, and her audience was composed entirely of gentlemen, all of whom bore the face and form of Edward; and to whatever side she turned, she must meet the reproachful eyes of her lover. At last she was being stifled, and she started up to see flames all around her, ready to devour her, and then the dreams were all over, and a long, long calm ensued. * * *

"Why, mother, how could you let me sleep so long? How weak I am! Mother, what is the matter with me? I can't sit up."

"You will soon be stronger, my child," answered Mrs. Mansdell; "but you must be very quiet now."

"Mother, have you heard from the Louvegnes?"

"Many times. Edward has watched with us constantly."

"Many times! Mother, what are you thinking of? It was only yesterday that they went to town to meet their parents."

"Beatrice, you have forgotten. That happened three months ago."

"But where have I been all this time?"

"Where you are now—ill, very ill, but you must not talk any more now, for the doctor ordered that you should be kept quiet."

It was true, she had been very ill; they had despaired of her life. She was delirious on the night that the Louvegnes left, and continued so for a long time, with intervals of quiet unconsciousness. But at length her reason returned, and as we have seen, great was her astonishment at finding herself three months behind the times.

She recovered rapidly after this, and it was not long before she was allowed to sit up and receive visitors. She was delighted with Mrs. Louvegne, who treated her with the greatest consideration. She told her she must get well quickly, for her house was very lonely, and she wanted a daughter. When Edward appeared, Beatrice was shocked at his haggard face.

"You look more fit to be called the invalid, than I do," she said. "Are you not well?"

"How could I be well with such a prospect before me, as I have had, and when I had to reproach myself as being the cause of it all? You do not love me, then, Beatrice?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Because you raved about me so when you were ill. You vowed you never would marry me; you wanted to be an actress, and you—"

"O, please, please stop!" laughed Beatrice. Then she added, gravely: "No—it was my own wicked pride that nearly killed me; but instead of causing my death, it has received its own death-blow."

"You mean by that, you can now condescend to marry a rich man; but what if I should not deign to marry a rich girl?"

"I am not rich."

"Yes you are. A host of your relations have suddenly started up, all as rich as Crœsus."

"Edward, what do you mean? I thought we had no relatives.'

"And so you might have thought to your dying day, if a certain young gentleman had not happened to meet with a certain young lady, once upon a time, fast asleep under a tree."

"But do tell me, who are my relations?"

"Well, the principal is, or rather was, your father's brother, an old bachelor, who went to India, and there made an immense fortune, which he left to his brother's children, if they could ever be found. My father was well acquainted with him, and they used often to talk of the mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Mansdell."

"He is dead, then?"

"He died several years ago; but you do not seem overpowered with the fact of being such an heiress."

"I was thinking of my poor mother. How much she has needlessly deprived herself of by remaining concealed in these woods."

In less than a year, Beatrice and her sister were married. Frederick was ordained a minister over a flourishing congregation, by whom he was soon almost idolized. Mabel was also held in high esteem. Mrs. Mansdell and Willie made her house their home.



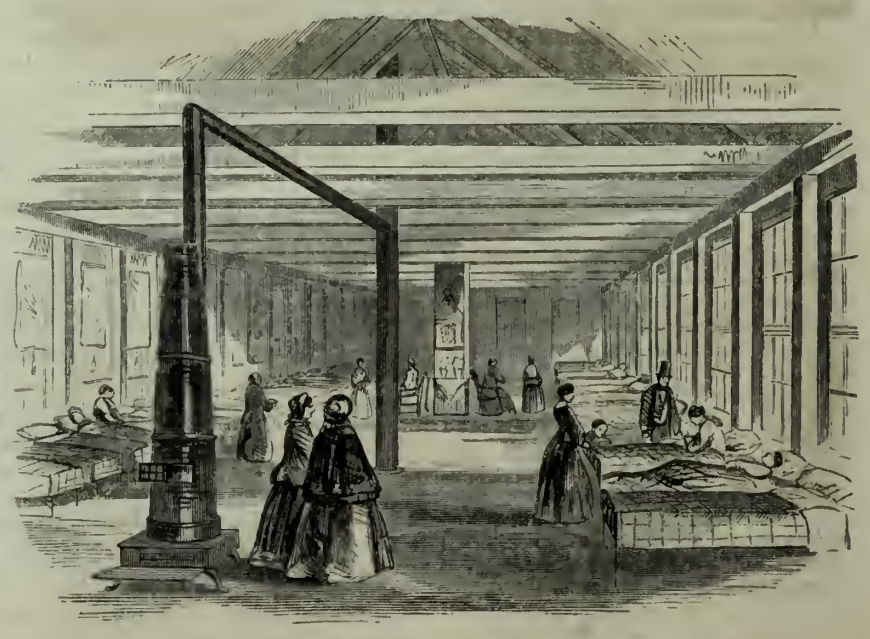
DEER ISLAND HOSPITAL, BOSTON HARBOR.

DEER ISLAND HOSPITAL, BOSTON HARBOR.

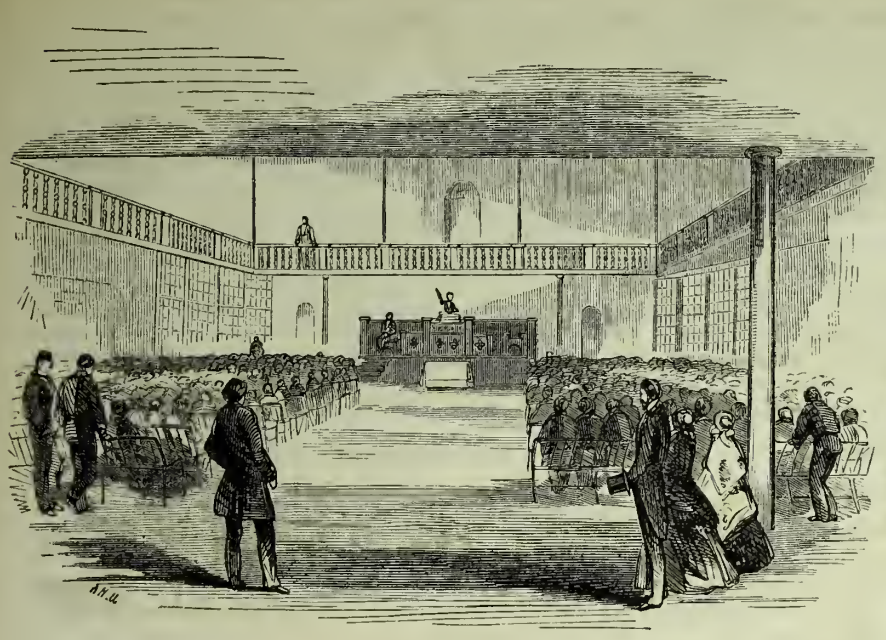
The accompanying engravings, remarkable for their accuracy, were made for us by Mr. Hill, during a recent visit to Deer Island. The first view is a general one, and embraces all the buildings, commencing with the House of Industry on the left, continuing with the doctor's house, with the Alms House and Hospital buildings intermingled on the right. We first visited the Hospital, and were struck with the perfect cleanliness and order that reigned throughout the establishment, an air of almost military strictness reigning throughout. Most of the patients were out at the time of our visit, as the physicians cause all who can do so to go out whenever the weather admits. The windows were mostly open, and the sunlight fell on beds that would be a source of envy to many a poor resident of a city boarding house. All the bedsteads are of iron, the beds of straw, covered by two good blankets, white sheet and a check coverlid. The physicians are very attentive, and take a great deal of interest in the patients, who, on their part, appear to have entire confidence in their position, and the attendants. In the female department of the Hospital, of which we give a sketch, was a most engaging and interesting child, that had lost the use of his lower limbs, otherwise perfectly formed and healthy. He is a general favorite, and his intelligent smile and engaging manners touched us more than anything else we saw. Adjoining the Female Hospital, is a large room, devoted to infants and very young children. We give a correct view of this nursery. It is here the foundlings deserted by their unnatural parents are cared for, and provided with suitable nurses, and here they toddle about and enjoy their infantile existence in happy unconsciousness of their position. In the kitchens (likewise models of cleanliness), supper was being prepared. Enormous healthy-looking loaves of bread, and the pleasant aroma arising from overgrown boilers, on which the coffee was cooking, gave proof that there was no lack of substantiality in this department, which, one of the Celtic cooks gave us to understand, they were very proud of. We cut from the official report the following statement of the daily fare of the inmates at the House of Industry, Deer Island:—Breakfast—bread one-third Indian, chocolate, with milk and molasses. Supper—bread and tea. Dinner, Sunday,—baked pork and beans, or corned meat with vegetables; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, beef soup with vegetables, or rice and molasses; Friday, fresh or salt fish, with vegetables; Saturday, beef soup, with vegetables, or rice and molasses. Mutton or veal broth every day for the sick. Beef juice for the sick as required. One quart of milk is furnished for the nursing women daily. From the kitchen, we stepped into the Work-room, also depicted in another engraving, where the women are employed, making the clothes worn on the island. They were sitting in rows, quietly making up the coarse blue stuff into garments. One or two were reading, and some walking about, and to us there was an appearance of indulgence we did not look for. In the Dining-room, a long, low apartment, the men of the establishment were quietly discussing the meal we had seen prepared in the kitchen. Our drawing is a correct illustration of this interior. They are employed, some in the shoe-shop, and others in various occupations on the farm, in the garden and bakery, and in whatever necessary work they are capable of performing. Apart from the necessary restriction on their personal liberty, they are much better off than their class in the city, and a great deal better employed than in going about begging of people, who, if they refuse assistance, think they have done wrong, and if they give, feel that they are fostering imposters and loafers. Upon the arrival of a patient or candidate for poor-house accommodations, his clothes are exchanged for a suit of the poor-house manufacture, the old one being packed up and put away, numbered, till they are prepared to leave. The next thing is to give them a good bath and a dose of simple medicine, to relieve the system of the stimulants with which they are mostly supposed to be filled. Then after a rest of a day or two, if not confined to the Hospital, they have some employment apportioned them. Almost the only thing needed to make the institution perfect, is newer and more commodious buildings; those now occupied were never intended for their present use, having been originally erected as temporary hospitals for the yellow fever patients. They are capitally ventilated, but in other respects are rude and unsubstantial. Dr. Moriarty, the quarantine physician, is, in every sense of the word, "the right man in the right place." He has that rare quality of command which fits men for those posts where strict discipline must be enforced, and yet a mild rule is preferable. A martinet in sanitory matters and the regulation of the establishment under his care, yet he has the power of making himself beloved even in the enforcement of the strictest orders. Of a generous and benevolent disposition, it is a pity he has not greater means at his command for the improvements necessary, notwithstanding that he keeps each department at the highest point of perfection in his power. The report of the Directors of the Houses of Industry and Reformation for the year 1855–56, states, in regard to the farming operations, that "the product of the farm this year has much exceeded that of the past, and though presenting no tangible result in a pecuniary form, has, nevertheless, been turned to profitable account in the support of the inmates of the institution, and the feeding of the stock of animals. The condition of the island has, also, been much improved, and its productive power increased, by the judicious culture of the soil by the officer in charge; the beneficial results of which may be looked for in future years." The location of the institutions on Deer Island is admirable for quarantine and hospital purposes, for no spot within the vicinity of Boston is more salubrious; and if not quite as accessible as some other sites that might have been selected, still, for the purpose of some of the institutions, its very isolation is a recommendation. There is no question of the fact stated in the official report that the condition of the island is very rapidly improving, and a visit there will satisfy any one of the care and attention bestowed on the patients.



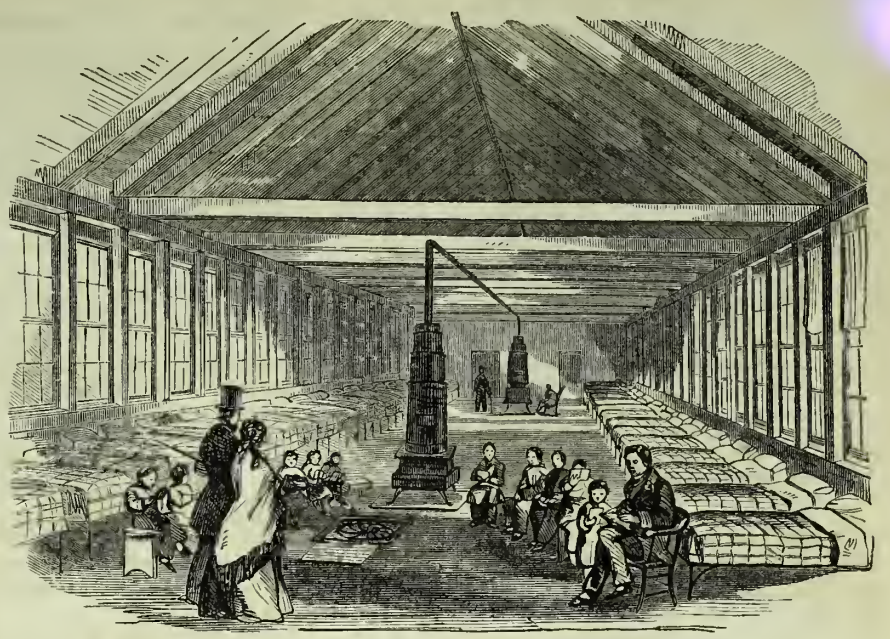
DINING ROOM.



FEMALE HOSPITAL.



PRISON CHAPEL.



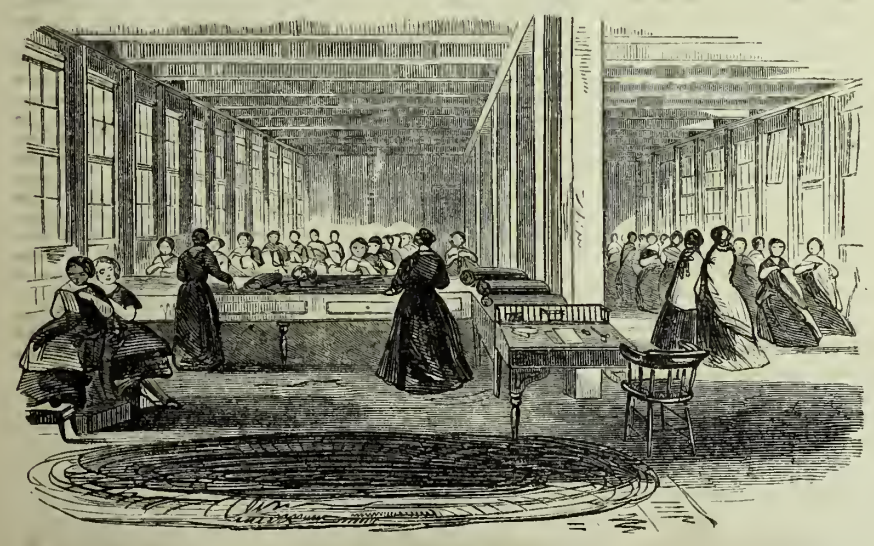
DORMITORY AND SCHOOL.

NAVAL HEROISM.

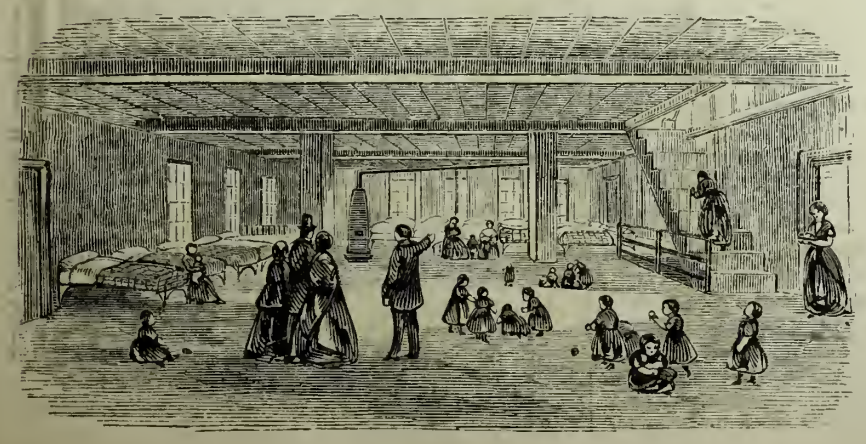
In Cooper's Naval History, we find the following sketches of desperate battles, hand-to-hand affairs, which occurred during the battle of the gun boats, in the war between the United States and Tripoli: "No sooner had Mr. Decatur got possession of the boat first assailed, than he took her in tow, and bore down on the one next to leeward. Running the enemy aboard, as before, he went into him, with most of his officers and men. The captain of the Tripolitan vessel was a large, powerful man, and Mr. Decatur personally charged him with a pike. The weapon, however, was seized by the Turk, wrested from the hands of the assailant, and turned against its owner. The latter parried a thrust, and made a blow with his sword at the pike, with a view to cut off its head. The sword hit the iron, and broke at the hilt, and at the next instant the Turk made another thrust. Nothing was left to the gallant Decatur, but his arm, with which he so far averted the blow, as to receive the pike only through the flesh of his breast. Pushing the iron from the wound, flesh and all, he sprang within the weapon, and grappled his antagonist. The pike fell between the two, and a short trial of strength succeeded, in which the Turk prevailed. As the combatants fell, however, Mr. Decatur so far released himself as to lie side by side with his foe on the deck. The Tripolitan now endeavored to reach his poniard, while his hand was firmly held by that of his enemy. At this critical instant, when life or death depended on a moment well employed, or a moment lost, Mr. Decatur drew a small pistol from the pocket of his vest, passed the arm that was free round the body of the Turk, pointed the muzzle in, and then fired. The ball passed entirely through the body of the Mussulman, and lodged in the clothes of his foe. At the same instant, Mr. Decatur felt the grasp that had almost smothered him relax, and he was liberated. He sprang up, and the Tripolitan lay dead at his feet. In such a melee, it cannot be supposed that the struggle of the two leaders would go unnoticed. An enemy raised his sabre to cleave the skull of Mr. Decatur, while he was occupied by his enemy, and a young man of the Enterprise's crew interposed an arm to save him. The blow was intercepted, but the limb was severed to a bit of skin. A fresh rush was now made upon the enemy, who was overcome without much further resistance. In the meantime Mr. Trippe, in No. 6, the last of the three boats that was able to reach the weather division, was not idle. Reserving his fire, like the others, he delivered it with deadly effect, when closing, and went aboard of his enemy in the smoke. In this instance, the boats also separated by the shock of the collision, leaving Mr. Trippe, with Mr. J. D. Henlay, and nine men only, on board the Tripolitan. Here, too, the commanders singled each other out, and a severe personal combat occurred, while the work of death was going on around them. The Turk was young, and of a large, athletic orm, and he soon compelled his slighter but more active foe to fight with caution. Advancing on Mr. Trippe, he would strike a blow, and receive a thrust in return. In this manner, he gave the American commander no less than eight sabre wounds in the head and two in the breast; when making a sudden rush, he struck a ninth blow on the head, which brought Mr. Trippe upon a knee. Rallying all his forces, in a desperate effort, the latter, who still retained the short pike with which he fought, made a thrust that passed the weapon through his gigantic adversary, and tumbled him on his back. As soon as the Tripolitan officer fell, the remainder of his people submitted. The boat taken by Mr. Trippe, was one of the largest belonging to the Bashaw. The number of her men is not positively known, but living and dead, thirty-six were found, of whom twenty-one were either killed or wounded. When it is recollected that but eleven Americans boarded her, the achievement must pass for one of the most gallant on record."

AMERICAN MECHANICS IN ENGLAND.

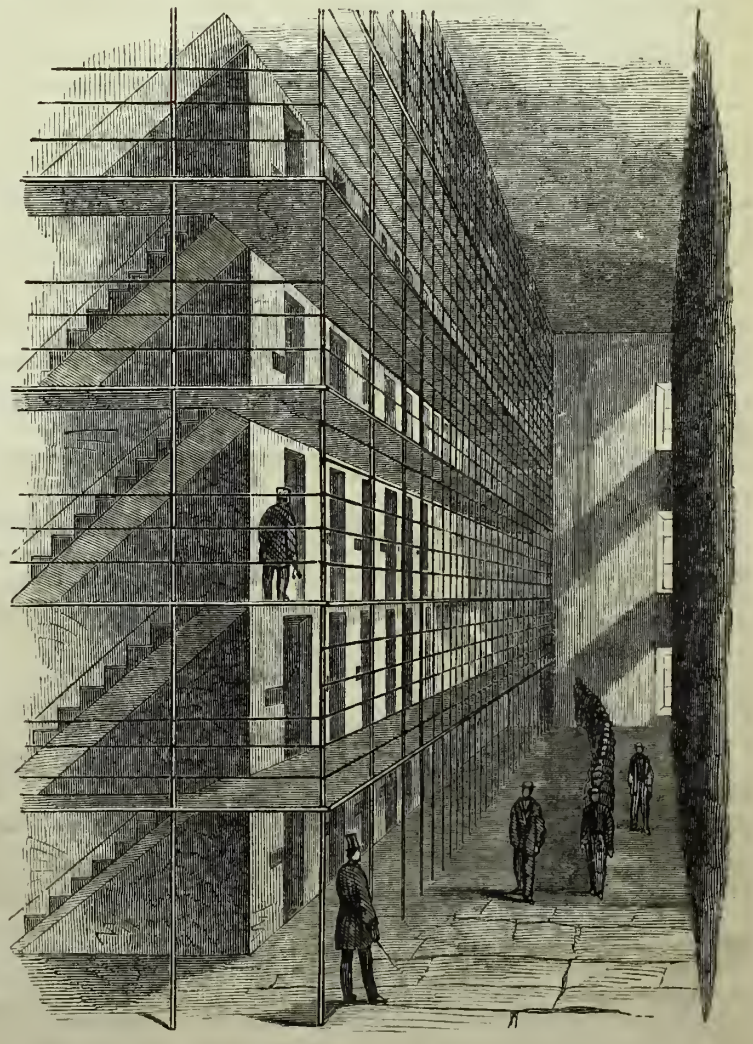
It is a curious fact that American mechanics excel all others in the manufacture of fire-arms, and are at the present time filling large contracts for parties in England representing the English government. Sharp's arms, particularly, are in high favor, both the carbine and the rifle being in large demand. They are claimed to combine simplicity of construction, rapidity of firing and extraordinary range, with perfect accuracy and uncqualled safety. An order for 25,000 American rifles, with the Minnie sight and knob for the "lock bayonet," is in course of execution at the extensive works at Windsor, Vt., and is now probably nearly completed. Another order for 10,000 Sharp's rifles, also on account of parties in England, is in course of fulfilment at Colt's factory in Hartford. In order to avoid any collusion or mistake as to the construction of the arms, English gunners personally inspect and stamp them as completed. Sharp's arms are peculiarly well adapted for cavalry service. The remarkable success which has been gained in this country in the manufacture of fire-arms is further illustrated by the fact that machinery, to the value of $220,000, such as is used in some of the large American establishments in this department of mechanics, has been made at Windsor, Vt., and sent to England, and is now, probably, very nearly in readiness for operation. To insure its excellence, it was particularly directed that it must not only be made by Americans, but must be taken out and set up by Americans, and finally, Americans must be employed to control and superintend its operation. Accordingly, some of our most accomplished artisans are now employed in the English workshops. It was proved that the same arm, made in England, at a cost of $9, was made at the Springfield armory for only a trifle over $3. The successs of American mechanics here noticed is a matter of congratulation.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*



FEMALE WORK ROOM.



NURSERY.



CELLS IN NEW WING.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AMBITION.

BY WILLIAM LEIGHTON, JR.

I saw the eagle with undazzled eye
Gaze on the sun, as soaring through the sky
On mighty wing the kingly bird of Jove
To reach that burning beacon proudly strove;
I watched his lofty course, till from my sight
He vanished mid the blazing beams of light;
Still on he soared, though lost to human view,
While naught of fear his lordly bosom knew,
Till in the region of the thinner skies
More slowly now the airy monarch flies;
But in those realms through which no clouds may sail,
He sinks at last, and all his efforts fail—
And hurled from heaven upon the flinty rock,
His form lies mangled with the fearful shock.

I saw the lion in his lordly pride
The forest monarch, through its thickets stride—
His majesty of strength is aye revered.
By man admired, by brute creation feared.
But not content his kingly power should span
The lesser brutes, he turns his strength on man;
This vain ambition makes him darkly blind,
He dares to war upon the power of mind—
The lord of earth asserts his birthright here;
The lord of forests falls beneath his spear.
Ambition! thus thy course is ever run,
And like the eagle soaring to the sun,
Or the fierce lion in his brutal strength,
Man vainly strives, and thus he falls at length.

As on the coast, by wreckers' hands supplied,
The burning pile the mariner doth guide,
When mid the darkness and the storm he flies,
And o'er the waves with joy the beacon spies;
How bursts the truth in horror on his soul,
When drawing near his brightly blazing goal,
Amid the rocks he sees his vessel cast,
And every hope of life and safety past.
Thus, fatal passion, do you cast your spell,
More deadly far than wrecker's luring light,
O'er the mind's darkness—like a spirit fell
Onward you guide the soul to deeper night.
Ofttimes you choose earth's noblest and her best,
(More pleased to lead a lofty mind astray),
And bid them boldly seek thy doubtful guest;
With tempting bait you lure them on the way,
And pointing upward to the shining prize,
Bid their lost souls all obstacles despise.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CLEMENTINA THE ACTRESS.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

"Farewell, dearest Florence!" I exclaimed, passionately, as I pressed the lips of the being who alone of all the world was beloved by my youthful heart. "If I live and prosper, and can do aught that will exalt me in your thoughts, or bind me nearer to your love, I will return; if not, then farewell!"

She could not answer me; but as I turned to give her a parting look, I saw that in her eloquent eye, which told a deeper tale than a thousand words could have done. Sweet Florence! At this distance of time, I see it still! Again do I feel thy warm tears trickling over my hand, and see the speaking glance that entreated me to forbear those cruel words, "forever!"

I was twenty-one years old when this parting scene occurred. Florence was but sixteen. She was a very child in simplicity, in singleness of purpose, in straightforward, almost blunt truthfulness—but in strength of mind, in maturity of judgment, in real dignity, she was a woman.

The mother of Florence Hope had been dead two years; but even at the early age of fourteen, Florence had assumed the cares and responsibilities of a housekeeper to her father, and of a mother to the two younger children. Charlotte Hope was a wild, gay, wayward child, whom no one but Florence could manage. Louis was a fine, manly boy, eager to aid and assist his sister by everything in his power, and making everything smooth and light with his father, when he returned weary and listless from his counting-house duties. At his mother's death he was but ten years old, and Charlotte twelve. All the children were more than usually mature; and perhaps this may be accounted for by the fact that their mother's long illness, and their father's strenuous devotion to business details, had laid upon them a more than ordinary share of care, at a season when children are usually unmindful of anything but pleasure. Charlotte managed to get along with less than her share, which, of course, only imposed upon Florence a little more than her own. When the time of my departure arrived, Charlotte was of course fourteen, and Louis twelve. I had been acquainted with the family from a child, and knew their whole life intimately.

I parted from Charlotte Hope as one parts from a gay, happy child, unconscious of any influence that she could ever have over my fortunes or life. On her part, she declared it would be her happiest day when I was gone—poor, dear Florence could have some rest when that teasing Aubrey St. John had once sailed for South America. She hoped his uncle would find business enough to employ him just nineteen years. He might come back in welcome the day he was forty—then she and Florence (*she* first!) would both be married to the most splendid men, to whom Aubrey St. John could not hold a candle—not he, indeed!

I had heard the silly little one talk away in this manner before, when it had only excited my laughter. This night my spirits were attuned to another key, and I had an indefinite sense of a real distress. She saw that it annoyed me, and kept on. I grew almost wicked towards her; but she suddenly changed her tone, and I saw tears come into her eyes. She did not know that I saw them, and presently she regained her usual lively, happy humor; and when I came out of the gate with Florence on my arm, for a last ramble in the woods at twilight, Charlotte was challenging Louis to get the little wherry out of the boat-house, and take her out on the pond to have a moonlight sail home.

The next day saw me on board ship, and sailing for South America, where Mr. Phillips, my mother's brother, had offered me a situation as confidential clerk in his mercantile house at Lima. I bore in my heart the image of Florence Hope; and near my heart I wore her pictured resemblance, painted by one of the first artists in the city. It was my study and my recreation during our tedious voyage. It never left me night nor day; and often in the deep watches of the night I lay gazing, by the faint starlight shining into my small window, upon the features that were so graven upon my soul, that I fancied I was looking at them by that pale light, when I was only remembering how they had looked by the more generous light of day. Sweet Florence! not even yet are those sweet lips faded upon the ivory, while mine!—but let me not anticipate.

For months—nay, even for two years—Florence and myself corresponded constantly. Not a mail went to America that did not bear from me the impassioned words that only lovers dare to use. Not one arrived in Lima that did not bring me the gentle love of Florence, embalmed in touching language—the accents of a sentiment unfelt by her for any human being save myself.

I had become acquainted with a set of young men in Lima, whose habits were social, and whose inclinations led them frequently to parties, and very often to the theatre. I was always urged to go with them; but feeling that it would separate me in some way from the idea of Florence, I refused always, and up to the fifth year of my stay, I had never once visited any place of public resort.

After that—whether that, as I grew older my sensibilities grew blunter, I did not stop to analyze—I began to take pleasure in going, and frequently staid out until a late hour at night. The gentle monitor that lay so near my heart would sometimes reproach me with its mild eyes, when I looked at it after returning home; but I was again and again entreated to go, and I as often consented, until at length, no night saw me anywhere except at a party or play. I was handsome then—reader, forgive the vanity which says it! You should see me now, and you would pardon the brief reference to that which comes back no more to human faces! I *was* handsome then—and no one marks a handsome man sooner than the loving and spirited women of Lima.

Released wholly from business after the noontide hour, I had leisure, after the invariable siesta, to ride, drive or walk with them. Horses, which in some countries would be of immense value, were here offered me to ride as a favor to the owner—often the owner being the lady who accompanied me. On one of these, richly caparisoned—for taste in Lima is gorgeous enough—I would spend hours by the side of some fair rider, equipped still more gaily, until night came down upon the orange groves, and I would almost forget Florence in the charm of the radiant being beside me, until the rare splendor of the Southern Cross would perhaps waken me to the remembrance that she might be walking alone by the cold, pale moonlight of our Northern home.

Then I would part from my charming companion at the door of her father's villa, and resolve never to wrong my own Florence again, by spending my hours with these beautiful girls;—never again to lie through the long twilight on the piazza, listening to their guitars or the witching melody of the songs which came from their lips in those thrilling Spanish words;—never again to admire the magnificent long black hair which they spend so much time in combing and arranging, nor the eyes that flash so gloriously upon our sight. No! henceforth Juliana D'Estrees nor Dolores de Montane should never again compete in my heart with the image of sweet Florence Hope. And as I uttered these words, I pressed the dear resemblance to my lips, wondering how I could ever have been drawn from her for a moment.

Strangely enough, I was forced year after year against my will to stay in South America. I longed to go home; to feel at rest once more; to build my cage for the sweet bird that I knew would fly to it with me—but Mr. Phillips ever interposed with his eternal —"Stay another year, Aubrey, and I will give you the business of the house at New York, and then your fortune is made forever."

I was sick at heart, and I felt that Florence was wearing away her young life for me. Sometimes I grew desperate, and said to myself, I would bear it no longer. I had now been at Lima a little more than nine years, and was consequently past thirty. I started one day, while looking at the miniature, to think that Florence herself was past twenty-five. "Does she look like this now?" I found myself asking—and I could *only* question; but lover-like, I did not fear the answer.

I had been terribly dull and *distrait* for some weeks, for my young companions had mentally consigned me to oblivion, because I would no longer join them in their favorite diversions. I was reading Don Quixote—caring as little for it as one would for a spelling-book—when young Jose de Lopez came in and challenged me for a walk.

Jose de Lopez was a much younger man than myself, but he was altogether a noble little fellow, and I liked him much. He was more generous and yielding in his conduct towards our countrymen, than any man I had known in Lima—very courteous in his manners, without that appearance of condescension which sometimes marks their intercourse with foreigners. After we got out, he begged me to go to the theatre. I demurred at first, but the boy—for he was scarce more than that—was so earnest, that I could not refuse him. I went. On our way he told me that a new star had appeared, who was winning great applause. She was very handsome and talented, and a spirited performer. He added that she went by the name of Signora Clementina—believed she was an Italian; he had not seen her, but Benito had, and pronounced her superb. "Benito" was his eldest brother, and his criterion.

This was all fustian to me, for, after five years' abstinence from theatrical performances, I felt that I could not get up much enthusiasm for any actress, however distinguished. I went merely to oblige my friend, and endorse, if I could, his brother's statement. She was deep in the first act of a fiery Spanish *romanza* when we entered. She was large, finely developed, with all the good points of a "taking" actress—commanding figure, voice, action and countenance, and with a singular *empressement* in her manner at every love passage that occurred in her part, as though it came home to her very soul. I looked once or twice at my friend. He was enjoying it as only very young play-goers ever do—eyes and ears were all fully occupied. I smiled at the enthusiasm I could not imitate—and yet there was something, I could not divine what, that singularly interested me in "La Clementina."

She brought home to my thoughts some person (I could not imagine *whom*), that I had known. The contour of her head and face—so superb in its repose, so bewildering in motion—all impressed me as something I had seen before. I watched her through the whole play—through the afterpiece, in which she only sang—and what singing! In that crowded, suffocating theatre, you might have heard the faintest flutter of a humming-bird's wing, so deep was the silence, so breathless the hush; and there—cool, quiet, unimpassioned, looking as if she was surrounded by icebergs, instead of excited, passionate Spaniards, men and women who delight only in deeply-laid and highly-wrought scenes—Clementina sang! She came forward in the same cool way, after being called for several times, bowed gracefully, placed her hand upon her heart, and in a moment was almost buried beneath the rich flowers that literally covered the stage.

Fool that I was!—in imitation of my younger and richer friend, I loaded the end of my rich bouquet with golden coins, and threw it, as I intended, directly at her feet. Those magnificent eyes of hers saw everything, knew every hand that thus sacrificed to her, and she marked my gift also. There was a shutting down quickly of the large white lids, and then a sudden flash, as if they knew a secret, and could keep it, too; and amidst the deafening applause, the loudly expressed resolves of the young men to harness themselves to her carriage, she disappeared. The disgraceful spectacle was not enacted—thanks to her good sense, and the commands of those in present authority at the theatre—otherwise, the youth of Lima would have inevitably made donkeys of themselves.

I sat in a stupor. The very roof seemed falling to crush me. In vain de Lopez and his brother tried to rouse me from my stunned state. I had seen Clementina's last parting glance at the audience. It had lingered latest upon my face, and—how could I think or believe it?—it shone from the eyes of Charlotte Hope! I was blind not to see it before. That haunting, mocking likeness to some one, that had baffled me so curiously all the evening! Should I recognize her, or wait until I could see her elsewhere?

I would not see her here—that was decided. I would not swell the crowd of fools that were ready to throw themselves beneath the carriage wheels of a new actress, and as ready to trample her in the dust when her short-lived popularity was over. I would wait. If it was indeed Charlotte Hope, she would see me *somewhere;* and my cool Northern blood came to my aid, and said, "whenever and wherever it suits *her*."

I was at the very head of our mercantile house now, for Mr. Phillips, old, sick and weary of business, had retired. I was, therefore, a rich and independent merchant—a merchant prince. I had been endeavoring to arrange matters so that I could take advantage of my new position to go home. Home! yes, where Florence was would ever be home to me. My object was to make as brief stay there as possible consistent with the arrangements of the marriage.

Our correspondence had not latterly progressed with the spirit with which it commenced. Something in the letters of Florence had struck me as sad and strange. It was my long absence I had thought; and I had tried to re-assure her in mine, and to soothe her anxious fears. I had written her of my new position, and that I would see her as soon as possible. Dear girl! I longed to look upon that sweet face again!

The next forenoon a handsome page brought me a note. It was gilded and perfumed with one of those rare scents that the Spanish ladies delight in. To this day, that odor sends me back to my couch faint, sick and quivering like a frightened girl. The note desired me to come to her at the Colombian, and following the page into her presence, I stood face to face with the actress of the previous night. She was a thousand times more self-possessed than I was. She took my hand, and began to talk volubly about the events of the last night; spoke of my costly gift, and of South American audiences, and such chit chat—while I was dying for news from Florence. When at length I questioned her, she answered that she had not seen her for a year!

"To tell you the plain truth, Aubrey," she said, "I do not much relish our plain, prosy old home. Do not look so shocked—it is not even what you left it. Louis is gone, and Florence—I wish you could see her! I saw a procession of nuns yesterday in the convent garden just below this window, and in one I traced a resemblance to poor dear Florence—so thin were her features, so sharp her nose and lips. Ah, you were a sad fellow, Aubrey, to let Florence fall into the sere and yellow leaf!"

I involuntarily drew the miniature from my bosom, and touched the spring. She leaned over to see it.

"Do you suppose that Florence looks like that *now*, Aubrey?"

"I do not suppose that the sweet expression of Florence has altered more than the lively one of her sister. Charlotte seems to retain her youthful look."

She made a mocking curtsy. The interview was growing painful to me. I could elicit nothing respecting Florence, except the badinage about her looks; and I did not relish that from the handsome and graceful—nay, the dashing and brilliant creature before me, whom I knew to be only two years the junior of Florence.

"Come again," she said, as I took up my gloves to go.

I almost decided not to go again, so painful was it to see her. I had not learned what she had been doing for the last year, but concluded that she had been studying her profession away from home. And my Florence was the sister of an actress! Hateful idea! And if I married Florence, and brought her hither, all Lima would know the fact.

I found myself strangely drawn towards the theatre on the nights when La Clementina was going to appear. I hid myself as much as possible from her view, but she knew well enough when I was there, and I could not resist the fascination of her presence and her acting.

Again I visited her—visited her after the play was over in her luxurious, nay, princely rooms. Benito de Lopez was there, too. The youth of Lima were chained—enslaved by the new actress. She turned from all to me, making me conspicuous in spite of myself. It was a distinction that wore two aspects, and one I did not like.

One day she told me that Florence was married. She had seen it, she said, in an American paper—which, however, she could not produce. There might be some color to this, for three mails had brought me no single line from Florence. Charlotte's preference of me became so marked, as to leave me the only alternatives of leaving her entirely or marrying her. The former she would not listen to for a moment; the latter she half suggested. I was goaded on by the thought of being given up so coolly by her sister; and perhaps by the attentions of Benito de Lopez to herself. I had resolved that he, at least, should not come between me and this radiant creature.

We were married, in short, publicly in the Church of San Juan, and all Lima was ringing with the news. As I opened my vest for air on the noon of the marriage day—for, truth to tell, I was half frantic with the stupendous falsehood I had committed towards my early love—the miniature, once so cherished, fell out, and the half unclosed spring invited another look. In those clear, truthful eyes, lighted by the very radiance of that beautiful faith which she had placed in me at the time when it was painted, I read my punishment. At that moment it came upon me, like the light of heaven, that Florence Hope was still true to me!

The glitter and gorgeousness of a wedding in Lima blinded me for a few days—nay, there were weeks in which revelry and show disputed my attention with the grief that was actually lying deep in my heart. My beautiful bride reproached me for my dulness; and once or twice laughingly remarked that she had better have taken de Lopez. The first time she said this, I was fierce and angry; but as she continued to annoy me with it, I grew provokingly cool and self-possessed. Once I agreed with her, that it was a pity she had not. She gave me the look of a beautiful tigress, but was soon subdued by the overmastering passion which she saw in my face, and which, in habitually mild persons like myself, is sometimes terrible.

We were constantly enacting these scenes; for, after the first glare and glitter of her beauty had ceased to interest me, she had not the intellect nor the soul to preserve my love. Her literature was merely that of the green-room and the stage. She could put on tragedy airs, and *mouth* her passionate speeches, learned by rote, and rehearsed for my benefit when she chose to get up a domestic romance. And it was for this false, heartless woman that I had bargained away the pure, and truthful, and patient affection of Florence Hope! O, wise Aubrey St. John! the verdancy of your youth was as nothing beside the deeper green of your advancing years!

Once, in a singularly soft mood, my tigress told me that she had loved me dearly when I left America; that she envied Florence even then; that she had often invented hints of my probable unfaithfulness, although she had not ventured upon an actual falsehood, in the rebuking consciousness of her sister's truthfulness. She demanded that I should give up wearing the miniature, but this I resisted. I told her that I needed the image of a saint upon my person, to protect me from the demon who was ever by my side. She actually laughed at the conceit, forgiving the application to herself, for the sake of the wit she believed to have found in it.

To get rid of time, I passed most of my days now in my counting-house. Our quarrels seemed to have all the more zest when we only saw each other at intervals. Meantime she was drawing attention to herself, by joining the numerous riding parties which are so frequent in Lima, and that, too, under the escort of Benito de Lopez. My friend Jose still remained true to me and my interests.

She had thus disposed of her time one day, while Lopez and myself were seated together in our usual corner, when a young man entered the counting-room, approached me and called me by name. It was not strange that I did not recognize him, for when I left America Louis Hope was a boy—and I was little prepared to see the fine, handsome and noble-looking man who now pressed my hand. It was with a joyful sadness that I welcomed him—and long before the party passed the windows on their return, he had told me every incident of Charlotte's wild career. I was dying to ask him of Florence, but I felt myself unworthy. He told me at length, that she, too, had been deceived some months before by Charlotte's written statement of my marriage with a Spanish lady, and, in consequence, had discontinued writing to me. Louis did not seem to blame me as I blamed myself.

"She has made us all unhappy," he said, mournfully. "My poor father is in a sad way, requiring all my sister's affectionate care to preserve his life. His peace has long since left him."

"Do you wish to see Charlotte?" I asked him.

"By no means. I came hither expressly to learn the right statement of what we had heard, and to enlighten you, if need be—and also to tell you of the lofty faith and noble reliance which Florence still holds in your love." I groaned aloud.

I found a pleasant home for Louis, begging him to stay with me awhile, unknown to Charlotte, and to watch our *domestic happiness!*—of which he saw, by my management, several rare specimens. One star only gleamed upon my pathway of ruined hopes. It was the birth of my little Isabella. I did not call her *ours*, for Charlotte had no maternal principle nor feeling; and I hastily carried out her wish that the child should be sent away to nurse. For once there was unity of purpose between us; for she was determined not to be sacrificed, as she called it, and I was equally determined that my child's temper should not be poisoned at the source of life. I visited it daily; she once a month, perhaps, to load its little neck and wrists with jewels, but never to caress it.

Louis remained several months. She passed and re-passed him in her rides, but his broad hat concealed his face. He predicted, and I believed, that she would some time lose her life in one of her reckless and daring feats of horsewomanship; but not so. It was evident, however, that she had some disease preying upon her. Her cough and hectic were frightful. I pitied her, even when the cough was brought on by her excitement in talking to me.

"Charlotte's troubled spirit is at rest," said Louis to me one evening as I entered the house. Latterly he had made himself known to her, and had never left her in my absence. As I had come up the garden walk, she had been seized more suddenly than usual, although she had been uncommonly passive and quiet through the day; and when he drew me to the room, she lay covered with blood from a ruptured blood-vessel. She had "died, and made no sign."

To say that I lamented Charlotte's death would be affectation, as well as falsehood. But death brings its solemn accessories, happen where it will; and the funeral of Clementina the actress was remembered long by the people of Lima, as well as that of the wife of the rich merchant, St. John.

Sick at heart, and shattered deeply in health by the events of the last year, I arranged my business, and with Louis, little Isabella and her nurse, and two other trusty servants, we set sail for the rocky cliffs of America. The voyage restored my health, but not my spirits; and even with the sweet presence of my beautiful child, whose looks recalled, not Charlotte's, but those of Florence, I could not raise myself to the desired tone. We arrived in June; and even the orange and myrtle groves we had left, seemed fainter in perfume than the roses of our dear native land. It was just the reception for my glorious Isabella, herself the sweetest flower of all.

I pass over the landing—impatient now as then to come to the meeting with Florence. She was at the door, down the long gravel walk, outside the little gate, and pressed in the arms of Louis and myself, before we had time to think of the reception she would give me after all that had passed.

And why not? Was she not my own Florence?—betrothed to me in childhood, and only separated from me by falsehood and wrong, and not by any real fault of either? And would not little Isabella always believe that she was her own dear mother? And to this day little *Hope* St. John—for so we baptized *our* first born—does not dream that Isabella is not her own dear, beautiful sister.

Months of anxiety had faded the roses on the cheek of Florence, and paled the light in those sweet eyes; but they are not less dear to me than when at midnight's starry hours I tried to trace their serene depths, as I lay in the little cabin of the good ship Susquehanna.

PARIS BY NIGHT.

"The day for work, and the night for pleasure," is the motto and practice of the Parisians. During working hours but a few people are to be seen on the promenades, and in the public gardens, except strangers and visitors; the coffee rooms are vacant, and the large number of chairs and small tables with which they abound are piled up on the sidewalks in front, and the waiters are lounging listlessly around. But as evening approaches, the busy scene begins, and by 9 o'clock in the evening, Paris seems a perfect beehive. All the public houses are crowded, the coffee rooms and the sidewalks of whole streets occupied by persons taking their coffee and their roll. And this bustle is kept up until midnight, when all the omnibuses in the city cease to run; by half an hour after midnight the city becomes quiet, and for three or four hours the stillness is only broken by the occasional sound of carriage wheels. If persons are wandering out after this time, they are obliged to give a satisfactory account of themselves to the police, who are always on the alert. Notwithstanding all the vice and wickedness which is to be found here, as in all other large cities, the police arrangements are admirable, and life and property are safe.—*Christian Witness.*

A GOOD WIFE.

In the eighty-fourth year of his age, Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote of his wife:—"My domestic enjoyments have been, perhaps, as near perfection as the human condition permits. *She made my home the pleasantest spot to me on earth.* And now that she is gone, my worldly loss is perfect." How many a poor fellow would be saved from suicide, from the penitentiary and the gallows every year, had he been blessed with such a wife. "She made my home the pleasantest spot to me on earth." What a grand tribute to that woman's love, and piety, and common sense! Rather different was the testimony of an old man a few years ago, just before he was hung in the Tombs' yard, in New York. "I didn't intend to kill my wife, but she was a very aggravating woman." Let each wife inquire, "Which am I?"—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CHEERFULNESS.

There are some persons who are constantly making themselves unhappy, and without reason. They see nothing but the dark side of life, and close their eyes and their hearts to the bright. They get up in the morning out of humor, not only with themselves, but with all mankind; and wherever they appear, or in whatever circle they have power and influence, they chill, discourage and repulse. They permit themselves to indulge in idle jealousies, foolish fears, and vague apprehensions, and even if prosperous for the present, they predict some sad calamity in the future, and thus prove themselves morbidly infirm, and, in fact, insensible to the blessings of Providence. The effect is not only to distress themselves, but to annoy and disquiet others. They are in the moral world, what a passing cloud is in the physical. They cast a gloom over everything for the moment, and serve to drive away the sunny influences which are so admirably calculated to brighten the pathway of life. In what happy contrast is the cheerful spirit—the individual whose heart is full of kindness and generosity, who is ever ready to say a good word, or to do a benevolent act, and whose daily life may be likened to a constant beam of sunshine! He may be disturbed and depressed for the moment, but it will only be for the moment. A shadow may pass over his brow, and silence may seal his lips, but his natural buoyancy will soon acquire the ascendant, and his joyous laugh and cheerful smile will soon be heard and seen again. If he cannot say anything kindly or complimentary, he has the good sense and manly feeling to keep his peace. If he cannot praise, he will not blame. Scandal has no charms for him, and malignity is utterly foreign to his disposition. He constantly tries to gladden and encourage, to cheer the desponding and unfortunate, to assist and relieve to the extent of his ability. The head of a household, or the master-spirit of an extensive establishment, possesses, to a considerable extent, the means of making or marring the comfort and happiness of all who look up to, depend upon, or feel the exercise of his influence. Imagine a peevish, fretful and dissatisfied individual under these circumstances! His appearance creates a shudder, for he is certain to say something harsh, cold, or uncivil, and thus to irritate feelings, trample upon sensibilities, or stimulate prejudices and passions. He is miserable himself, and, according to the old adage, misery loves company. He moves about like a troubled spirit, and instead of a smile, a cheering word and an encouraging look, a frown, a rebuke or a grumble are certain to characterize his progress. How much better the gentler, the milder, the more generous policy! How beautiful are cheerfulness, benevolence and appreciation under these circumstances! In the one case, the heart shrinks back, the feelings revolt, and the sympathies turn away; while in the other, the cheek glows with pleasure, the fountains of emotion are filled to overflowing, and a cordial welcome and an involuntary blessing are sure to attend, like invisible angels, the coming and the presence of the cheerful, the kind-hearted, the appreciating and the good.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

HOUSE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

The house where Michael Angelo resided is still occupied by one of the descendants of the great artist, and opened once a week to visitors. The arrangement of the rooms, the furniture and ornaments, and everything, remains much the same as it was three hundred years ago. The visitor is conducted to the cabinet, and is shown the table upon which he did his correspondence, and the inkstand and writing implements which he used. He is led to the little oratory, with its crucifix and picture of the virgin, where the poet-painter prayed. He sees his sword and cane, vessels in which he kept his paints, bottles for oil, and many other valued memorials. Each appointment and ornament is such as might be designed or ordered by an artist of perfect skill and taste. Everything is upon a scale of liberality and elegance. Rich and quaint oak carvings, marbles and gilded ornaments are displayed in the different apartments. The walls and ceiling of the principal room are decorated with about twenty large pictures in panels, painted by the hands of his pupils and brother artists. One of the rooms is filled with portraits of different members of the Buonarotti family.—*Florence Correspondent of the Providence Journal.*

BEARDS.

During hundreds of years it was the custom in England to wear beards. It became, in course of time, one of our insularities to shave close, whereas in almost all the other countries of Europe more or less of moustache and beard was habitually worn. It came to be established in this speck of an island, as an insularity from which there was no appeal, that an Englishman, whether he liked it or not, must hew, hack and rasp his chin and upper lip daily. The inconvenience of this infallible test of British respectability was so widely felt, that fortunes were made by razors, razor strops, hones, pastes, shaving soaps, emollients for the soothing of the tortured skin, all sorts of contrivances to lessen the misery of the shaving process, and diminish the amount of time it occupied. This particular insularity even went miles further on the broad highway of nonsense than other insularities; for it not only tabooed unshorn civilians, but claimed for one particular and very limited military class the sole right to dispense with razors as to their upper lips.—*Household Words.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



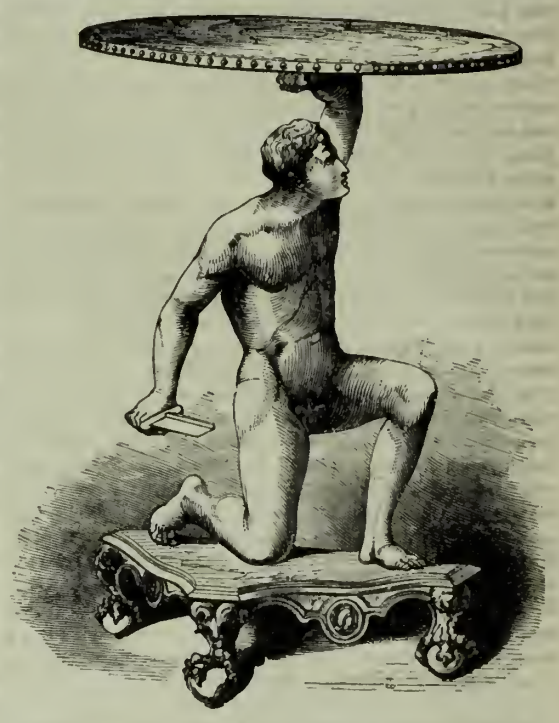
ALBERT W. LADD.

ALBERT W. LADD.

Herewith we present our readers with an excellent likeness of Mr. Albert W. Ladd, of the firm of Albert W. Ladd & Co., pianoforte manufacturers of this city. The circumstance of a piano from his house having received a first class medal at the great Paris exhibition, as the best square pianoforte exhibited, and the recent admission of Mr. Ladd as a brother member of the Grand Imperial Society of Piano Makers of Paris, adding an honorably won European to an honorably won American reputation, has naturally stimulated public curiosity, and all classes are anxious to learn something respecting the Boston mechanic who has risen to such eminence. To gratify this very laudable curiosity, and also to hold up to the young and struggling an honorable example of tireless industry and energy finally attaining the meed of success, we have thrown together the principal incidents in his career. Albert W. Ladd was born at London, N. H., April 2, 1816, and is consequently but forty years of age. His father, Gideon Ladd, was an industrious and ingenious mechanic, but with no worldly fortune to bestow on his sons. He gave them, however, a good moral training and the best education his circumstances would afford. At the age of seventeen the subject of our sketch left home for the purpose of learning a trade with a relative in Raymond, about thirty miles distant. The journey was performed on foot, the young adventurer starting with all his worldly goods in a pack at his back, as many a successful adventurer of the old Granite State has done before him. He reached his new home by night-fall, and was greeted with a warm welcome. The assiduity and intelligence he manifested led to happy auguries for his future success. At the age of twenty he commenced business for himself in a neighboring town. But feeling the necessity of a more thorough education than he possessed, he determined to pursue a course of study at Gilmanton Academy, then and now an institution of high repute. No student makes more rapid progress than the mature man, who has had some experience of the world, who knows what branches are required by his position, and who voluntarily devotes himself to mental culture. The spur of necessity stimulates his energies to the utmost. This was the case with Mr. Ladd, and after completing the course of studies he had marked out for himself, he felt emboldened to seek a broader and higher field for the exercise of his abilities. Accordingly in the autumn of 1838 he came to this city, and immediately looked about for employment suited to his capacity and his ambition. The pianoforte business then being in its infancy, he determined to embark in it, and found no difficulty in obtaining employment in one of the oldest and most respectable establishments, in which he had a fair opportunity of manifesting his ability. His talent was recognized and appreciated, and in a short time he was entrusted with the more responsible and delicate departments of the business. He designed and wrought out many improvements in pianofortes, which were received with general favor. He was offered a partnership in the firm that employed him, but an honorable ambition urged him to achieve a reputation under his own name, and he boldly resolved to risk his all in founding a new house and raising it to distinction. Just ten years (in 1848) after he arrived in Boston, he commenced his enterprise with the limited capital furnished by the savings of years of honorable toil. But his genius, industry and manual dexterity supplied the want of funds. Having effected an arrangement with Chief Justice Shaw, by which a large and noble granite building on Washington Street was erected for his manufactory and sales-room, under the superintendence of Jonathan Preston, Esq., the architect, Mr. Ladd went to work with resolute will. His talent and perseverance were crowned with success, and his business has increased so rapidly that successive enlargements and additions to his premises have been necessary, until his establishment is now one of the largest in the great metropolis of New England. Besides this establishment, which is one of the most attractive architectural ornaments of Washington Street, Ladd & Co. have three other manufactories, in which different parts of their instruments are prepared, for the reception of the finer work and finish of the central house. Mr. Ladd is fortunate in his partner—Mr. W. K. Batchelder, a gentleman of varied accomplishments, agreeable manners and great energy. Mr. B. has travelled extensively in Europe, and profited by his intelligent observation of the mechanic arts in the old world. He had been connected with the establishment since 1853, and was admitted partner January, 1856. It will be thus seen that the subject of our sketch occupies a high vantage ground, and at a period of life which promises a long career of usefulness, commands every element of success in his business. We accordingly find that the instruments which he produces are eagerly sought after, not only in New England but in the South and West. For power, purity and beauty of tone the pianos that bear his name are unsurpassed, while as specimens of scientific combination and mechanical skill they are unsurpassed. No imperfect instrument ever leaves the establishment—none that do not completely satisfy the fastidious requirements of the cultivated eye and ear of Mr. Ladd. We were acquainted with the merit of his work long before the jury of the exhibition at Paris, the fountain head of fashion and taste, had stamped it with their approving fiat. The house of A. W. Ladd & Co. was the only Boston one to which a prize medal was awarded for excellence at the New York World's Fair in 1853. This notice would be incomplete, were we not to allude to the fact that Ladd & Co. have commenced the manufacture of grand pianos, until very recently, with the exception of a single Boston house, a speciality of the London and Paris makers. We had the pleasure of examining the first of grand pianos manufactured by A. W. Ladd & Co., and were delighted with the absolute perfection of the instrument. It was remarkable for the ease and elasticity of the action and touch—points of the most difficult achievement. Among the numerous improvements made by Messrs. Ladd & Co., in their instruments, is the perfection of their grand diagonal scale, which is constructed on an entirely new principle, the base strings being elevated above the others, and running diagonally over the sounding-board, the length of string increasing the volume and purity of tone, thus giving to the smaller instruments the peculiar qualities of the grand piano. We record the success of Mr. Ladd and his house with great pleasure, for it is a success honorably achieved, and based upon individual ability and energy, coupled with integrity and honorable dealing. A fortune and a fame acquired by such means command universal respect and esteem.

GLADIATORIAL TABLE.

The accompanying engraving represents a very ingenious and novel piece of furniture, in which a fine work of sculpture in the antique style is made to serve the purpose of a table. It was designed by Mr. J. Fletcher. The "full-orbed shield" of the kneeling gladiator forms the table. The figure is perfectly well poised and balanced, and the stand upon which it rests is furnished with castors. The introduction of sculpture in various forms into our drawing-rooms is a revival of the ancient classic taste, and the extent to which it is carried evinces a very general culture. Beautifully carved book-cases and buffets are now very common in our fashionable houses. Not many years since all such articles were imported from abroad, but now, in all our great cities there are manufacturers of these articles, and our American forests furnish an inexhaustible supply of material for them.



GLADIATORIAL TABLE.

WEBSTER'S MANSION AT MARSHFIELD.

We present below an interesting and accurate view of the house and a portion of the estate of the late Daniel Webster, at Marshfield, Mass. Here he indulged to the full those agricultural tastes for which he was so noted, bringing his teeming acres up to that point of culture which stamped him emphatically as a model farmer. Mr. Webster, while yet a young man, evinced a great predilection for the town of Marshfield, and years before he possessed any property there was in the habit of spending a portion of every summer there, enjoying those invigorating field sports to which he was so much attached. The retirement of the place, the abundance of game in the marshes, and fish in the waters, and the salubrity of the climate, induced him finally to pitch his tent there. Some of the happiest moments of his life were passed on his Marshfield farm, and there he finally received the summons of the death-angel.



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE DANIEL WEBSTER, AT MARSHFIELD, MASS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

CROTON WATER-WORKS, NEW YORK.

No one who has traced the whole course of the Croton aqueduct, measured the gigantic structures rendered necessary by its direction, and studied the practical operation of these works will hesitate about ranking them among the wonders of the world. And this merit is cheerfully conceded even by foreigners familiar with great engineering operations abroad. The most gigantic labor of this structure is the bridge over the Harlem River, which brings the water in York Island. To cross the river and valley, whose breadth is one mile, fourteen arches were erected. This modern bridge, conceived and executed with admirable boldness, was designed not to interrupt the navigation of the vessels which plough the Harlem River. It was necessary, therefore, to raise pillars which should be 150 feet above the highest tides, so as to allow the tallest masts to pass under the bridge. This gigantic work cost more than $600,000. The acqueduct is composed of enormous cast iron tunnels, which receive the waters of the canal, and are protected against heat and cold by means of a covering four feet thick. In the middle of the river, to show to what height the water may be directed, another conduit is established which ends in a jet two feet and a half in circumference, from which issues a mass of water that readily rises a hundred and eighty feet. This colossal mass is set in motion on great occasions, when the municipality of the city of New York receives some distinguished person and wishes him to admire the works which reflect such renown upon the Empire State. This immense acqueduct, undertaken in 1837, was completed in June, 1842. On the 15th of that month, the engineers partially opened the Croton dams, and, to make sure if the work was in a state to receive the waters immediately, they ventured in the middle of the subterranean tunnel and allowed themselves to be thus floated from the source to King's Bridge. When the aqueduct was filled, which was done with prudent slowness, a free course was given to the water, and the national holiday, the 4th of July, 1842, was selected for the entrance of the precious liquid into the city of New York.

A DEFINITION.—Dr. Currie (hot by name and bot by nature), when teazed by a frivolous Blue to tell her the precise meaning of the word idea, about which she said she had been reading in some metaphysical work, but could not understand it, at last angrily exclaimed: "Idea, madam, is the feminine of idiot, and means a female fool!"

REBUILDING.—Alnwick Castle, Northumberland, the home of the Percys, and the theme of one of Halleck's best poems, is being rebuilt in a true mediæval style. It must gladden the shades of Harry Hotspur and his Kate.

SPLINTERS.

.... Full accounts from the Molucca Islands state that 2800 lives were lost by the recent earthquake.

.... To General Williams, the heroic defender of Kars, the city of London has given a sword worth 100 guineas.

.... Lady Byron, the wife of the great poet, is still alive and hearty. She is living in London now.

.... An authontic portrait of John Hampden, the gift of John McGregor, Esq., is to be placed in the White House.

.... A splendid Brazilian war steamer, building in England, is to mount 68 and 32 pound guns. She is named Peiraquassa.

.... The city of Washington was this year unusually healthy throughout the whole of the "heated term."

.... A cask closely packed with the fat of the whale will not contain the oil extracted from it.

.... The city of Jackson, Miss., is to be lighted with gas. There will soon be gas throughout the continent.

.... Nine-tenths of the olive oil in this country is manufactured in France from American lard oil.

.... The annual fair of the Michigan State Agricultural Society commences at Detroit on the 30th inst.

.... An artist in Louisville lately received half a million of dollars by the death of a California uncle.

.... Ex-President Roberts, of Liberia, has been elected President of the Liberia College, soon to be built.

.... We are afraid that Great Britain and France will do nothing for Italy, except sympathize.

.... At Buffalo, the neatest writing-books at the public schools are handsomely bound at the close of the year.

.... The Chinese sugar cane, it is thought, may be profitably cultivated throughout the United States.

.... Every so-called "gentleman" in St. Petersburg has to pay 40 roubles tax for six months residence.

.... It is stated that the Danish Sound duos have been mortgaged by Denmark to a London banking house.

.... Miss Nightingale has been elected an honorary life governor of the Royal Free Hospital, London.

.... A young girl in Philadelphia committed suicide because her mother refused her a new bonnet. Quite Parisian!

.... Some years ago, two divers employed on the wreck of the Royal George had a pitched battle under water.

.... Coating sheet-iron with varnish to protect it from atmospheric influence, is an English discovery.

... The idle are a heavy tax on the industrious when they rob them of time by frivolous visits.

COMBATS ON THE OCEAN.

Among the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who "go down to the sea in ships," none are more impressive than a combat for the supremacy between the monsters of the deep. The battles of the swordfish and the whale are described as Homeric in grandeur. The swordfish go in schools like whales, and the attacks are often regular sea-fights. When the two troops meet, as soon as the swordfish have betrayed their presence by a few bounds in the air, the whales draw together and close up their ranks. The swordfish always endeavors to take the whale in flank, either because its cruel instinct has revealed to it the defect in the cuirass—for there exists near the brachial fins of the whale a spot where wounds are mortal—or because the flank presents a wider surface to its blows.

The swordfish recoils to secure a greater impetus. If the movement escapes the keen eye of its adversary, the whale is lost, receives the blow of the enemy, and dies almost instantly. But if the whale perceives the swordfish at the instant of the rush, by a spontaneous bound it springs clear of the water its entire length, and falls on its flank with a crash that resounds many leagues, and whitens the sea with boiling foam. The gigantic animal has only its tail for defence. It tries to strike its enemy, and finishes him with a single blow. But if the active swordfish avoids the fatal tail, the battle becomes more terrible. The aggressor springs from the water in his turn, falls upon the whale, and attempts, not to pierce, but to saw it with the teeth that garnish its weapon. The sea is stained with blood; the fury of the whale is boundless. The swordfish harasses him, strikes on every side, kills him, and flies to other victories.

Often the swordfish has not time to avoid the fall of the whale, and contents itself with presenting its sharp saw to the flank of the gigantic animal which is about to crush it; it dies then like Maccabæus, smothered beneath the weight of the elephant of the ocean. Finally, the whale gives a few last bounds into the air, dragging its assassin in its flight, and perishes as it kills the monster of which it was the victim.

Now let the reader imagine himself upon a foaming sea, reddened with the blood of victors and vanquished—two troops of these animals determined to slay each other; let him try to comprehend this indescribable tumult, this agitation, these furious blowings, these terrible shocks, these savage bellowings, these fierce bounds, this liquid arena which shudders and moans, this tempest produced by a truly terrible struggle; let him look afterwards on the bloody lists, yet boiling and rolling the immense motionless carcasses, and he will be able to conceive its profound horror.

The heroic combats of the swordfish with the whales would assuredly furnish matter for a strange poem, in which the grand would contend with the eccentric. The sea of blood, loaded with monstrous bodies devoid of life, and slain upon each other, would be a picture worthy of inspiring a rival of the singer of the Batrachomyomachia. If the divine Homer did not hesitate to celebrate the wars of rats and frogs, why should not one of the sons of Apollo accost the recital of the exploits of the swordfisb, and the formidable resistance of the giant of the waters?

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

It was not a very filial, though it may have been a truthful remark made by young Dumas, respecting his father, viz., that Dumas was so vain, that he was capable of riding behind his own carriage, to make people think he kept a negro.

But we heard a very good anecdote of the elder Dumas the other day. He ordered his servant to furnish some wine, and when the latter told him that the dealer always exacted pay in advance, gave the lackey twenty-five francs to settle for it. In a day or two he found out that the servant had cheated him, by selling him wine that he had stolen out of his (Dumas's) cellar. The author sent for the offender.

"You villain!" said he, "I had made up my mind to dismiss you, but you are so clever, that I can't afford to lose you. Only take care in future, and when you sell me my own wine, remember I expect you'll give me credit."

HARRINGTON, THE VENTRILOQUIST.—We learn that this gentleman has left for an extensive professional tour in the West, commencing his performances in Chicago. Our Western friends have a great treat in store for them. Mr. H. is a really wonderful ventriloquist, while his feats of legerdemain are unsurpassed. Above all he is a whole-souled, true-hearted gentleman, and possesses a fund of humor without a particle of vulgarity, and is thus enabled to attract and enchain audiences of the highest refinement. We cordially wish him in his present trip, what he never fails to command, complete success.

ROSES.—Montaigne says that roses flourish best when planted near beds of garlic and onions. Delightful association! And think of the mingled odors of the queen of flowers and those odious vegetables. Decidedly, we should prefer our roses without the onions—"plain, without," by all means.

ENOUGH TO LIVE ON.—The Bishop of London retires on an annual income of $50,000. An old half-pay officer, on hearing of this, exclaimed: "Dash my wig! it pays better to serve in the church militant than in the line!"

UNION.—Boston and Nantucket are now united by the submarine cable, and are in direct communication.

IRON ROAD.—The rails for the Metropolitan Railroad, in this city, are manufactured at South Boston.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

Now that the great war between Russia and the western powers is concluded, we are beginning to search extremer fields for exciting news, and to inquire into the progress of that formidable rebellion initiated years ago against the imperial throne of China. Imperfect as our advices are, it is still certain that the revolutionists are making progress, and that they fight with a valor which the imperial troops never displayed.

Although the Chinese have known for many centuries the use of gunpowder to launch projectiles, they have always been very unskillful in artillery, and were themselves so well convinced of it, that, in a difficult crisis at the commencement of the 17th century, the emperor accepted the services of some Portuguese gunners from Macao, to defend himself against the Tartars. The war with England proved the almost complete state of ignorance in which the Chinese have remained, as regards the use of cannon and the defence of places. Discipline is a thing totally unknown in the armies of the celestial empire. Each soldier keeps near his banner, but without observing any order or keeping rank. The English observed that the mandarins advanced on horseback to fight, but when the engagement had commenced, they dismounted, either to be nearer to their men to encourage them or to avoid the enemy's shots. Honorable exceptions were quoted, and some mandarins displayed during the war a certain bravery.

It must be remarked also, that the heaviest responsibility rests upon the heads of commanding officers, and that the emperor does not admit that Chinese troops can be vanquished by outside barbarians. This explains the pompous bulletins of victories sent to the court and circulated among the people even after the bloodiest defeats. According to the reports of Chinese generals, the English were constantly repulsed and cut to pieces. The following fact will serve to give an idea of the military customs of the celestial empire. When the English fleet went up to Canton, a few vessels were ordered to take a fort which seemed to be defended by a large garrison and a formidable line of battery. Before commencing the fire, the English captain sent a flag to summon the fort to surrender. The mandarin came on board and promised to obey; but, in order to cover up his responsibility, asked permission to exchange a few blank cannon-shot, after which he would retreat. The captain, without positively lending himself to this innocent trickery, signified that if within a certain time the fort were not evacuated, he would commence the attack. The mandarin returned to camp, and for an hour burned his powder and made more noise than a whole army. After this magnificent display of fireworks, he gallantly abandoned his position and retired with all the honors of war. No doubt this courageous mandarin received a brilliant recompense, and if we relied on the imperial bulletins of the present war, should suppose the throne impregnable.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Horace Bickford, Esq. to Miss Margaret A. Smith, both of Newburyport; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Daniel P. Holmes to Miss Jerusha Morse; by Rev. Mr. Lovell, Mr. H. Richard Curtis to Miss Melinda Forbes; by Rev. Mr. Schwarz, Mr. Johan Huber to Miss Jane Watson.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Skiuner, Mr. James D. Osborn to Miss Jennie D. Perkins.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. John F. Ware, Mr. Stephen W. Trowbridge, of Newton, to Miss Mary R. Baird.—At Somerville, Mr. Charles W. Walker, of Philadelphia, to Miss Maria Sawtell, of Charlestown.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. John Parton to Miss Lucinda Gott.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Winn, Mr. John D. Chapple to Miss Mary Ann Stanton.—At Andover, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Rev. Samuel C. Dean to Miss Augusta Elizabeth Abbott.—At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Damon, Mr. Thomas T. Salter to Miss Sarah Turner.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Pollard, Mr. Alfred Sharp to Miss Ellen R. Dean.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Tillotson, Mr. Cyrus Arnold to Miss Mary Louise Partridge.—At Bradford, by Rev. Mr. M'Cullum, Mr. William Hilton to Miss Ann Maria Mitchell.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Orrell, Mr. Francis H. Ellis, of Dartmouth, to Miss Harriet Hill, of Taunton.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. James A. Boynton to Miss Judith A. Freelove.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Louisa Matilda Morgan, 45; Mr. John Taylor, 30; Widow Elsie Hammett, formerly of Elliot, 76; Widow Susan Howley, 74; Mrs. Lucy A. Berry, 44; Capt. Elijah Doe; Mr. John G. Nixon, 33; Miss Sarah E. L. Ball, 47; Widow Emeline P. Mason, 38.—At Charlestown, Mr. William Chalk, 55.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Susan Scott, 57.—At East Cambridge, Mr. Henry Kinsley, 66.—At Cambridge, Mr. Jonathan Cooper Prentiss, 73.—At Medford, Mrs. Millie C. Pierpont, 34.—At Danvers, Mr. Samuel Putnam, 73.—At Quincy, Mr. Stephen F. Child, 32.—At Salem, Mrs. Hannah B. Hodges, 78; Miss Sarah Ward Peterson, 20; Mrs. Amy Matilda Remond, 47; Mrs. Sarah Currier, 38.—At Wayland, Mr. Dana R. Moore, 36.—At Newburyport, Widow Hannah Woodbury, 73; Mrs. Mary Adalaide Wilson, 18; Mrs. Mary Page, 79.—At Walpole, Widow Susan Hartshorn, 90.—At New Bedford, Mr. William Milan, 44.—At Leicester, Mary, widow of the late Dea. David Parker, 87.—At Hyannis, Mrs. Cora Johnson, 34.—At Nantucket, Mr. David Cathcart, 52.—At Cotuit, Mrs. Betsey Lovell, 67.—At Springfield, Mr. Rowland Stebbins, 71.—At Wendell, Mr. William Fleming, 74.—At Northfield, Mr. Isaac Mattoon, 91.—At Conway, Mr. Medad Crittenden, 92.—At Sunderland Mrs. Sarah Montague, 93.—At Warren, R. I., Col. Seth Peck, 86.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

KILBUCK'S LAST PRAYER.

BY JAMES J. SWEENY.

'Twas night, for evening's solemn shades had closed
Within the vale where Kilbuck's band reposed;
A weary chase they held the live-long day,
From early dawn till Sol's departing ray
Had faded in the gloom of cheerless night,
Nor left a single ray of heaven-born light
To guide man's trembling steps from danger free,
Or joyful tell of life's eternity.
Exhausted had the wearied Indian brave
Sank to his rest, lulled by the restless wave,
Which in the pale moonlight with glittering crest
Shone o'er the Alleghany's placid breast.
But mid the wearied throng of Kilbuck's band
Was one on whom fate laid a heavy hand,
Had poisoned every spring within his heart,
And ever pricked him with a vengeful dart,
Which pierced his trembling flesh with envious pain,
And gave each action of his life its bane;
No longer could he bear the weight of woe,
Which in a flooded stream ne'er ceased to flow;
Worn out at length by trouble, toil and care,
He looked to Heaven for aid, and this his prayer:

"Great Manitou, thy servant hear,
And to his prayer lend gracious ear.
'Tis now fourscore of springs and more
Since first I heard the cascade roar,
The song of birds, the sighing breeze,
The rustling branches of the trees,
Beheld the sun with glorious light
Dispel the paling shades of night,
Or saw the stars begem the skies;
Or Luna from her day-couch rise;
Since then much trouble have I known;
I have through youth to dotage grown.
For eighty years I've snuffed perfume,
In spring-time when the bright flowers bloom,
Have felt the winter's fiercest cold,
Have borne me in the battle bold,
Struck down my foe as warriors do,
Who ever have their God in view;
I've listened to the warrior's tale,
Have musing trod the silent vale,
Have looked from nature up to God,
And loved the ground on which I trod,
And never in these woods among
Gave countenance to dastard wrong.
And yet borne down with weight of years,
My bosom racked with childish fears,
My palsied hands with powerless grasp
Can scarce the bow and arrow clasp—
Which gains amid this solitude
The warrior's fame and daily food.
O Manitou, thy servant hear,
And list his prayer with gracious ear."

So singing, sat the warrior down awhile,
And gracious Heaven put on a pitying smile,
For soon she clasps the pale moon's purest ray,
And bore brave Kilbuck's noble soul away.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FALSE RHYME.

BY E. S. SMITH.

On a fine July day, the fair Margaret, queen of Navarre, then on a visit to her royal brother, had arranged a rural feast for the morning following, which Francis declined attending. He was melancholy, and the cause was said to be some lover's quarrel with a favorite dame. The morrow came, and dark rain and murky clouds destroyed at once the schemes of the courtly throng. Margaret was angry, and she grew weary; her only hope for amusement was in Francis, and he had shut himself up—an excellent reason why she should the more desire to see him.

She entered his apartment. He was standing at the casement, against which the noisy shower beat, writing with a diamond on the glass. Two beautiful dogs were his sole companions. As Queen Margaret entered, he hastily let down the silken curtain before the window, and looked a little confused.

"What treason is this, my liege," said the queen, "which crimsons your cheek? I must see the same."

"It is treason," replied the king, "and therefore, sweet sister, thou mayest not see it."

This the more excited Margaret's curiosity, and a playful contest ensued. Francis at last yielded. He threw himself on a huge, high-backed settee; and as the lady drew back the curtain with an arch smile, he grew grave and sentimental, as he reflected on the cause which had inspired his libel against all womankind.

"What have we here?" cried Margaret. "Nay—this *is* treason:

"'Sourent femme varie,
Bien fou qui s'y fie!'

Very little change would greatly amend your couplet. Would it not run better thus:

"'Sourent homme varie,
Bien folle qui s'y fie!'

I could tell you twenty stories of man's inconstancy."

"I will be content with true tale of woman's fidelity," said Francis, drily; "but do not provoke me. I would fain be at peace with the soft mutabilities, for thy dear sake."

"I defy your grace," replied Margaret, rashly, "to instance the falsehood of one noble and well reputed dame."

"Not even Emilie de Lagny?" asked the king.

This was a sore subject for the queen. Emilie had been brought up in her own household, the most beautiful and the most virtuous of her maids of honor. She had long loved the Sire de Lagny, and their nuptials were celebrated with rejoicings little ominous of the result. De Lagny was accused but a year afterward of traitorously yielding to the emperor a fortress under his command, and he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. For some time Emilie seemed inconsolable, often visiting the miserable dungeon of her husband, and suffering on her return, from witnessing his wretchedness, such paroxysms of grief as threatened her life. Suddenly, in the midst of her sorrow, she disappeared, and inquiry only revealed the disgraceful fact that she had escaped from France, bearing her jewels with her, and accompanied by her page, Robinet Leroux. It was whispered that, during the journey, the lady and stripling often occupied one chamber; and Margaret, enraged at these discoveries, commanded that no further quest should be made for her lost favorite.

Taunted now by her brother, she defended Emilie, declaring that she believed her to be guiltless, even going so far as to boast that within a month she would bring proof of her innocence.

"Robinet was a pretty boy," said Francis, laughing.

"Let us make a bet," cried Margaret. "If I lose, I will bear this vile rhyme of thine as a motto to my shame to my grave; if I win—"

"I will break my window and grant thee whatever thou askest."

The result of this bet was long sung by troubadour and minstrel. The queen employed a hundred emissaries, published rewards for my intelligence of Emilie—all in vain. The month was expiring, and Margaret would have given many bright jewels to redeem her word.

On the eve of the fatal day, the jailor of the prison in which the Sire de Lagny was confined, sought an audience of the queen. He brought her a message from the knight to say that if the Lady Margaret would ask his pardon as her boon, and obtain from her royal brother that he might be brought before him, her bet was won. Fair Margaret was very joyful, and readily made the desired promise. Francis was unwilling to see his false servant, but he was in high good humor, for a cavalier had that morning brought intelligence of a victory over the imperialists. The messenger himself was lauded in the despatches as the most fearless and bravest knight in France. The king loaded him with presents, only regretting that a vow prevented the soldier from raising his vizor or declaring his name.

The same evening, as the setting sun shone on the lattice on which the ungallant rhyme was traced, Francis reposed on the same settee, and the beautiful Queen of Navarre, with triumph in her bright eyes, sat beside him. Attended by guards, the prisoner was brought in. His frame was attenuated by privation, and he walked with tottering steps. He knelt at the feet of Francis, and uncovered his head; a quantity of rich golden hair then escaping, fell over the sunken cheeks and pallid brow of the suppliant.

"We have treason here!" cried the king. "Sir jailor, where is your prisoner?"

"Sire, blame him not," said the soft, faltering voice of Emilie. "Wiser men than he have been deceived by woman. My dear lord was guiltless of the crime for which he suffered. There was but one mode to save him. I assumed his chains; he escaped with poor Robinet Leroux in my attire; he joined your army. The young and gallant cavalier who delivered the despatches to your grace, whom you overwhelmed with honors and reward, is my own Enguenrard de Lagny. I waited but for his arrival with testimonials of his innocence, to declare myself to my lady the queen. Has she not won her bet? And the boon she asks—"

"Is De Lagny's pardon," said Margaret, as she also knelt to the king. "Spare your faithful vassal, sire, and reward this lady's truth."

Francis first broke the false speaking-window, then he raised the ladies from their suppliant posture.

In the tournament given to celebrate this "Triumph of Ladies," the Sire de Lagny bore off every prize; and surely there was more loveliness in Emilie's faded cheek—more grace in her emaciated form, type as they were of truest affection, than in the prouder bearing and fresher complexion of the most brilliant beauty in attendance on the courtly festival.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

After enduring years of drudgery at the mechanical duties of a compositor, which, to one of so imaginative and powerful a mind, must have been almost unbearable, Mr. Douglas Jerrold determined on making his first essay as an author. The opera of "Der Frieschutz" was produced for the first time in London, and the two friends went to witness the performance. The grand and mysterious music which illustrates the wild German story made so deep an impression on Jerrold's mind, that on reaching his humble lodgings, he sat up half the night writing an essay on the opera. As morning was breaking, he stepped out and dropped his first article into the editor's box of the newspaper on which he was engaged as workman. In the morning, as he was wondering over the fate of his anonymous composition, he was joyfully surprised at having his own writing placed in his hands to be set up for the next number. The essay soon caused a sensation; but amidst all the praise, the young author preserved his incognito; until at last, finding himself earnestly inquired after in the "Notices to Correspondents," he presented himself to the editor, who instantly employed him upon work more suited to his abilities and more congenial to his taste than that of setting up type.—*London Globe.*

KEEPING A DEAD HUSBAND COOL.

When an Arab woman intends to marry again, after the death of her husband, she comes, on the night before her second marriage, to the grave of her dead husband. Here she kneels and prays to him, and entreats him "not to be offended—not to be jealous." As, however, she fears he will be jealous and angry, the widow brings with her a donkey, laden with two goat-skins of water. Her prayers and entreaties done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water, to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place, and, having well saturated him, she departs.—*Taylor.*

LIFE IN A DROP OF WATER.

Clear and transparent it lies before us, vainly our eye endeavors to discover the least evidence of life, or the smallest creature, in that which seems in itself too small to contain any living object; the breath of our mouth is strong enough to agitate it, and a few rays of the sun are sufficient to convert it into vapor. But we place this drop of water between two clean squares of glass, beneath the microscope, and lo! what life suddenly presents itself; we scarcely trust our senses. The little drop has expanded into a large plain, wonderful shapes rush backwards and forwards, drawing towards and repulsing each other, or resting placidly and rocking themselves, as if they were cradled on the waves on an extensive sea. These are no delusions; they are real living creatures, for they play with each other, they rush violently upon one another, they whirl round each other, they free and propel themselves, and run from one place in order to renew the same game with some other little creature, or madly they precipitate themselves upon one another, combat and struggle, until the one conquers and the other is subdued, or carelessly they swim, side by side, until playfulness and rapacity is awakened anew. One sees that these little creatures, which the sharpest eye cannot detect without the aid of a microscope, are susceptible of enjoyment and pain; in them lives an instinct which induces them to seek and enables them to find sustenance, which points out and lends them to avoid and to escape the enemy stronger than themselves. Here one tumbles about in mad career and drunken lust, it stretches out its feelers, beats about with its tail, tears its fellows, and is as frolicsome as if perfectly happy. It is gay, cheerful, hops and dances, rocks and bends about upon the little waves of the water-drop. There is another creature; it does not swim about, remains upon the same spot, but contracts itself convulsively, and then stretches itself palpitatingly out again. Who could not detect in these motions the throes of agony? And so it is; for only just now it has freed itself from the jaws of a stronger enemy. The utmost power has it exerted in order to get away, but he must have had a tight hold, severely wounded it, for only a few more throes, each becoming weaker and more faint, it draws itself together, stretches out its whole length once more, and sinks slowly to the bottom. It was a death-struggle—it has expired. On one spot a great creature lies apparently quiet and indifferent. A smaller one passes carelessly by, and like a flash of lightning the first dashes upon it. Vainly does the weaker seek to escape its more powerful enemy; he has already caught it, embraces it; the throes of the vanquished cease—it has become a prey. This is only a general glance at the life in a water-drop; but how *great* does even this already show the *small!* how wondrously does everything shape itself within that of which we had formerly not the least conception!—*Troy Budget.*

ALMOST SUNDOWN.

When in college, a professing Christian, who subsequently became a missionary, deemed himself ill-treated by a fellow-student, and in consequence, got very angry. To the surprise and grief of his brethren, he gave somewhat free expression to his feelings. No one ventured to rebuke him, or to remonstrate with him, while he was uttering things very little adapted to promote the edification of the hearer.

Towards the close of the day, a judicious friend was passing his room. Pausing before the open door, he said in a significant tone, "It is almost sundown." The reproof, so kindly and delicately administered, was felt by his erring brother. The divine commandment, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," was called to remembrance. The perturbation of passion was exchanged for that of conscious guilt. The latter was calmed by prayer, and was followed by confession before those who had been witnesses of his sin.

It is our duty to rebuke sin, to endeavor to arouse the conscience to a perception of wrong doing, and to a sense of guilt. To do this successfully, and so as to secure beneficial results, requires wisdom. Wisdom seldom prompts the direct and stern rebuke. It never assumes the attitude of a prosecuting attorney; it never allows the rebuker to assume an air of superiority. In the example given above, the rebuke was indirect, and by means of an allusion to a passage of Scripture. There is nothing comparable to Scripture in power to convince of sin, and yet much depends on the skill with which it is applied. When bluntly or boisterously presented, it is more likely to repel and harden than to convince. When the conscience is thus directly addressed, it puts itself on its guard, and endeavors to steel itself against impressions. An indirect mode of address throws the conscience off its guard, and allows the light of truth to enter and reveal the sin.—*Christian Watchman.*

THE WOMEN OF JAPAN.

Captain Whittingham, writing of the general appearance of the women he was permitted to see in the empire of Japan, says:—"Just arrived from the tropics, the ruddy—too ruddy cheeks, red lips, and eyes bright with health, struck me most; the face and features are too Mongolian; their forms are full and tall, the skin fair; small, uncompressed, stockingless feet, and luxuriant hair, and white and even teeth, complete the number of the charms of the young and unmarried; the married blacken their teeth, and destroy other charms most ruthlessly, which I at first imagined proceeded from the jealousy of their lords; but subsequently hearing that a man's momentary dislike permits him to send away his wife, and that Japanese dames may vie in renown with the buried matrons of republican Rome, I was at a loss to guess a cause, until I incidentally heard that my official seeing a pretty woman married to an inferior, and wishing it, may take her to his home as an additional wife. I hope that neither of these causes of divorce are common; indeed, my walks in the country led me eventually to think that they are not usual, as I saw rosy, blooming children rushing out of almost every cottage door."—*N. Y. Despatch.*

KIND WORDS.

They never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of one mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own souls; angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make the blaze more fiercely. Kind words make other people good natured; cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Pascal.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Mr. Bayard Taylor is now in London. He will pass a short time in Switzerland prior to going to Denmark and Sweden for the winter. —— It is stated that a company has been formed for the purpose of inviting some 80,000 Germans to immigrate to California, and settle upon certain valley lands, which will be offered to them for this purpose. The terms are to be more favorable than the *minimum* prices of the public lands at the East, and they are to migrate for the sole purpose of cultivating the soil. —— Next season there will probably be two boats running between Boston and Nahant, leaving every hour. The number of transient visitors this season has been very large. —— Another explorer of Central Africa has fallen a victim to the terrible climate—M. Couturier, a young Frenchman. He died, it appears, some months back, at Brezina, an oasis in the Sahara, where he was stopping to learn some of the native languages. —— In South India the wages of the natives are but *five cents per day!* —— One of the oldest books in the world was recently sold in a book-sale at Paris. It is a Chinese encyclopedia, called "When hian thoung khao" (General examination of Writings and of Sages) in ninety-six volumes, which was printed so far back as 1322—a century before Guttenburg flourished! —— In Lubec, Me., not far from 500,000 boxes of herring are annually put up for market. Those engaged in the business are said to be getting rich. —— Locust, or "St. John's Bread," such as St. John lived upon in the wilderness, has been imported into England to feed cattle. It is a fruit about the size of a large bean, and is said to contain a great deal of saccharine matter. —— The Scotch dialect is never more expressive than when a hot forenoon is spoken of as a "simmer morn." —— The shells of the cocoa-nut, in a finely reduced state, are now combined with gutta percha, by which the latter article is rendered more durable, and the cost of the same is considerably lessened—the shells not being considered of much value, and are easily obtained. The gutta percha thus prepared, is rendered more elastic, and will sustain a greater degree of heat. —— The New York Mirror says that a "fast woman" is one that "you can say anything to." —— The Chinese are said to have conceived a horror and antipathy for the steamboat which nothing can conquer—they contend that it is a most "indecent and disgusting" invention. —— Flour of sulphur, dredged plentifully on chickens that are affected with vermin, will cleanse them in a twinkling. —— Swift used to say that, universal as was the practice of lying, he did not remember to have heard three good lies in all his life. A good reason why—all lies are bad. —— It may not be as generally known as it should be that great danger may be incurred by the reckless handling of guano. We understand that cases have occurred of persons having cuts upon their fingers who, in handling this manure, have received a deadly poison into the system. —— The mirrors in the St. Nicholas Hotel cost $40,000; the whole building furnished and in operation, represents an invested capital of one million nine hundred thousand dollars! —— The United States own upwards of 1,000,000,000 acres of land, worth $2,000,000,000! It requires no reasoning powers to show the importance of wisely economizing and prudently using this prodigious national domain. —— The same iron ore furnishes the sword, the ploughshare, the pruning-hook, the needle, the graving-tool, the spring of a watch, the chisel, the chain, the anchor, the compass, and the cannon-ball.

ELECTRICAL CLOCKS.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial says the municipal administration has raised, at regular distances on the Boulevard de Sebastopol, columns surmounted with candelabras of a particular form, lighted with gas. On the candelabras clock dials have been ingeniously placed, marking the hour, the minute and the second, for the day as well as the night, by means of electricity. This is the first application at Paris, on a grand scale, of electricity as a regulator of public clocks. The experiment succeeds perfectly.

FEMALE GAMBLERS IN PARIS.—The temptation to gambling offered by the Bourse (Exchange) of Paris, is ruining thousands. The wives of hard-working tradesmen throw away the money given them for the supply of their families in gambling speculations. It is no uncommon thing for women to go to the great noisy, exciting scene, in men's clothes, and there shamelessly and shamefully to bet or speculate away the very means of their children's lives.

ALL GREEK.—The local terms used in some of the outlandish newspapers are a perfect puzzle to the uninitiated. Take, for instance, the following paragraph from the Calcutta Englishman: "At Sreekond some 4000 or 5000 Santhals have collected for a re-adjustment of their Jummahs; and the Amiah, to the detriment of all other business, are busy writing out new pottahs."

WAS HAMLET A BUTCHER?—This query has been suggested by a portion of one of the philosophic prince's speeches:

"My tablets—*meet* it is, I set it down."

From which it has been inferred that Hamlet drove his own cart, carried round mutton, and charged it in his book to reliable customers.

FEMALE DELICACY.—A quaint writer of sentences says: "I have seen women so delicate, that they were afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk, for fear that the dew might fall; but I never knew one afraid to be married!"

RAILROAD.—The first railroad in the Roman States, that from Rome to Frascati, was opened for travel this summer.

Wayside Gatherings.

There are at present nineteen vessels of war at Halifax, mounting in all 664 guns.

During the last two years inquests were holden in St. Louis upon 477 human corpses.

Copper has been found near Ripon, Wisconsin, while excavating for the railroads, which is entirely pure.

Some people think the best way to cook tomatoes is to bake them on a flat dish, as apples are baked, and butter, pepper and salt to your liking.

Nineteen steamers are advertised to leave American ports for Europe during the present month, and seventeen will leave European ports for America.

John B. Groves, of Boston, who went to Europe last year, is pronounced the best violinist in the Brussels Conservatory, and has been presented with a silver cup for a performance in a Beethoven quartette.

Miss Catherine Hayes recently gave a concert at Melbourne, Australia, in aid of the funds of an hospital. A committee of citizens, headed by the mayor, subsequently presented her with a magnificent gold bracelet.

The gold fields of Australia are yielding at the rate of nearly $100,000,000 per annum, and the produce of the first three months of 1856 is nearly double that of the corresponding months of 1855, being close upon 700,000 ounces.

A German named Riesberg was recently executed at Bidwell for murder. As he was being conducted to the place of execution, a friend approached and shook him by the hand, with the feeling advice—"*Take care of yourself, old fellow!*"

Admiral Puttiani, who commanded the Russian squadron that eluded the vigilance of the British cruisers in the Chinese seas during the late war, has been created a count of the Russian empire by his sovereign for his conduct on that occasion.

A Missouri editor announces that the publication of his paper will be suspended for six weeks, in order that he may visit St. Louis with a load of bear skins, hoop poles, shingles, oak bark, and pickled cat-fish, which he has taken for subscription.

The walls of the new custom-house in Providence are completed. The structure has been a year in building. The appropriation for the purpose was $290,000. When finished, it will contain a post-office, custom-house, and United States court room.

A letter from a bank, containing a genuine bill for a thousand dollars, was lately returned to the dead letter office at Washington, the pre-payment having been omitted. This act of carelessness has probably thrown more or less blame upon city post-offices.

The naval appropriation bill, which has just passed Congress, sets apart the sum of $11,348,800 for the uses of the navy. Among the items are $121,300 for the Charlestown Navy Yard, $16,700 for the hospitals in Chelsea, and $78,200 for the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

It is now said that Jenny Lind has netted £80,000 during her farewell London and provincial season, and that the public, in consequence of the system of buying up tickets by the music-sellers, must have paid at least £100,000 for the privilege of hearing her.

Capital punishment, which was abolished in Prussia, in 1848, has been recently re-established. The mode of execution is to be by the axe, within prison walls, and in the presence of a certain number of magistrates and officials expressly appointed for the purpose.

A woman in Rochester has been detected in the strange habit of stealing such children as pleased her taste, getting them baptized at different churches, and thus fancying they became her own. It is not charged against her that she treated them unkindly, or used them as charitable decoys.

Six years ago, says the Norfolk (Va.) Argus, a gentleman with a capital of $1500 bought a farm in this county for $5000; in four years he paid for the farm with hired help, and bought $1300 worth of land besides. He has recently sold it for $20,000, and the property is now worth $35,000.

A cordage and oakum factory has been nearly completed at Potrero, California, which it is estimated can turn out 10,000 pounds of rope per day. The ropewalk is 1200 feet long. Connected with the factory are two buildings for the manufacture of oakum, which can supply 3000 pounds per day.

A Mississippi paper informs us that, on one night a short time since, some 15,000 white fish were caught in one seine on Presque Isle Point, and the night before about 7000. The 15,000 were large, fine fish, worth about $1200 as they were taken out of the water. Pretty good work for eight or ten men.

A saw-fish has been caught near Mobile whose length was 19 feet nine inches, broadth from fin to fin across the back three feet, weight about 3000 pounds. The liver weighed 400 pounds, and furnished a barrel of oil. A thousand eggs, from the size of a marble to twelve inches in circumference, were taken from the fish.

It being necessary, lately, to perform an operation upon a favorite horse belonging to Rev. A. W. Burnham, of Rindge, N. H., chloroform was given with complete success. The horse laid down quietly in a sound sleep, and did not wake till fifteen minutes after the operation was over, having apparently suffered not a particle of pain.

Wire rope is coming into extensive use for the standing rigging of vessels. It is asserted to be only one quarter as bulky as hemp rigging of the same strength, consequently offering much less resistance in sailing by the wind, or in stemming against a gale. It is also but two-thirds as heavy as hemp, and therefore adds materially to the stability of a vessel.

It is stated that one thousand men are at work on the mammoth steamer now building in England, and that she may be expected at Portland in May next. Mr. Betts, one of the directors of the Steamship Company, has completed the arrangements for the building of the wharf for her accommodation at Portland, which is to be furnished at the expense of that city.

The complete plan of the extended Capitol shows that it will be one of the most beautiful and magnificent edifices in the world. Its length will be over 300 feet, its breadth more than 220, and its height from the foundation to the pinnacle of the dome will be 300 feet. The original estimate for the two wings was $2,000,000. More than $3,500,000 have been already appropriated.

Albert and Victoria receive one million of dollars annually. By strict economy they are able to support life on this small amount. It is proposed to settle three hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the Princess Royal of England, as her munity after her marriage with the Prussian prince. Having been trained to frugal habits, it is hoped that the young housekeepers will avoid all unnecessary expenses, and thus be enabled to make the two ends of the year meet.

Foreign Items.

The Sultan has remitted through the Ottoman Bank, the sum of £1000 as a contribution to the Nightingale fund.

The students at Heidelberg have, of late, been extremely riotous. The civil and military power have, however, disarmed them.

A medal has been struck to commemorate the baptism of the young Napoleon. It represents the emperor holding his son aloft to the view of the spectators in Notre Dame.

Dr. Livingston, one of the many famous African travellers, has crossed the African continent from Angola to the neighborhood of Quillimaine, on the Mozambique coast.

The prince imperial of France has been declared a citizen of the Basques provinces, his mother being a Spaniard. It is hoped that he will some day wear the Spanish crown.

The late heroic Sir Charles Napier wrote very beautifully and touchingly to a lady, upon the eve of his great victory at Meance: "If I survive, I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall, I shall be with those I *have* loved."

Capt. Sherrard Osborne, of Arctic celebrity, and since actively engaged in the Sea of Azof, has written to the Times, contradicting the Russian reports of slight damage done to the Arabat Fort, and pointing out the pains taken by the Muscovites to give false impressions of that locality.

M. Brache, of the mineralogical school of Prussia, has published, at Melbourne, the result of an inquiry as to the quality and extent of the gold fields in California and Australia, with both of which he is acquainted. He considers the Victoria gold fields at least twice as rich as those of California, and still more inexhaustible.

Sands of Gold.

.... Poetry is only born after painful journeys into the vast regions of thought.—*Balzac.*

.... The pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.—*Fuller.*

.... Prophet and apostle can only be rightly understood by prophet and apostle.—*R. W. Emerson.*

.... Genius is the power which equalizes or identifies the imagination with the reality or with nature.—*Hazlitt.*

.... We are always much better pleased to see those whom we have obliged, than those who have obliged us.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... You may say to a monk, why did you not struggle?—but is not the seclusion of a woman always a sublime strife?—*Balzac.*

.... It is dangerous to pass too early for a writer of good sense: that is the privilege of mature mediocrities.—*Gérard de Nerval.*

.... Good churches are not built by bad men; at least, there must be probity and enthusiasm somewhere in the society.—*R. W. Emerson.*

.... Were there but one virtuous man in the world, he would hold up his head with confidence and honor; he would shame the world, and not the world him.—*South.*

.... Instead of a thousand equals, we compound for one superior, and allay all heart-burnings and animosities among themselves, by giving the palm to the least worthy. This is the secret of monarchy.—*Hazlitt.*

Joker's Budget.

The Gloucester News says that the "chief glory" of that town is its girls.

A gentleman lately heard a laborer gravely inform two comrades that a 74-pounder is a cannon that sends a pound ball exactly seventy-four miles.

A countryman, giving in his evidence at court, was asked by the counsel if he was born in wedlock. "No, sir," he replied, "I was born in Devonshire."

One of the Brooklyn justices recently fined his own brother $10 for intoxication. Jonah, on reading this, said that one was a brute and the other a Brutus.

Everything has its use. Were it not for the flies, people in summer would sleep two hours longer than they do, and thus lose the best part of the day—the portion devoted to sunrise and meadow larks.

"Ah," said a father to his son William, "hearty breakfasts kill one half of the world, and tremendous suppers the other half." "I suppose," retorted William, "that the true livers are only they who die of hunger."

A Speech for a Lieutenant.—Let me seek the thickest of the fight. My Matilda is faithless! my overdrawn bills are in the hands of one more formidable than the foe! Away! To death or bankruptcy!

They have a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck at his leg six times in vain, and retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him, and when children meet him in the street they run home crying for bread.

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ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

The village of which we present an accurate sketch is one of the prettiest places in the Empire State. It is situated on the Chemung River, about twenty miles above its junction with the Susquehanna, in a valley of several miles in extent, bordering the river, and branching off northward, along a stream known as Newtown Creek. These combined vales seem to have been intended for the site of a flourishing town, and here has Elmira, hitherto comparatively unknown, but probably destined to be known and admired in the approaching future, grown up within the shadows of her picturesque hills and dense forests, to a size and importance not easily to be overlooked, and with strong indications of increasing greatness. This locality was called, by the aborigines, Conewawah (a head on a pole), and is the scene of some interesting reminiscences in the early history of our country. It was in the vicinity of the foreground of our picture that a battle was fought, in 1779, between General Sullivan's army and a force of about 800 Indians and Tories, under the Butlers and Brant. In the year 1790, the place was visited by ten or twelve hundred Indians, with the chiefs of all the Six Nations, including the celebrated Red Jacket, at which time, it is said, he made one of his most eloquent speeches. The object of this visit was to negotiate a treaty with the United States. The stump of an immense oak, under whose shade the convention assembled, is still to be seen but a short distance from the village court-house. In 1778, the first log cabin was erected, and some others soon followed, constituting a settlement. In 1792, the first frame house, and from that time the progress of the village was gradual and steady, though the want of convenient and even safe thoroughfares prevented strangers making acquaintance with the place and its peculiar beauties and advantages. But since the completion of the New York and Erie Railroad, its increase in population and business has been almost unprecedented. It now contains about 10,000 inhabitants, one half of which number has been added within the last four or five years, and "the cry is still they come!" It is believed that the completion of the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad and the Junction Canal, both now in progress, will give additional impetus to the growth of the place. The degree of activity in business enterprises which is here met with, would do credit to places of much greater pretensions. During the first few years of its existence, the village was called Newtown, but in 1828, through the partiality of a gentleman of the legislature, it was denominated Elmira, in compliment to a young lady of that name, and we can well believe, while gazing on the exquisite beauty of this charmingly-situated town, that a mantle of loveliness has indeed descended upon it from its fair namesake. In the beauty of its location and the natural scenery that surrounds it, Elmira is not surpassed, if indeed equalled, by any place in our country. The nearly level valley in which it lies, comprises not less than thirty or forty thousand acres, whose general fertility may be inferred from the statement that one hundred bushels of corn have been produced from a single acre, and this, we are told, is a fair specimen of the whole. Through the centre of this beautiful vale glides the Chemung River, over whose surface, in seasons of high water, are floated immense quantities of valuable lumber from the still extensive forests of the neighboring counties. It is also intersected and watered by the Newtown, South and Seely Creeks, which have each their peaceful dells, leading far away to quiet and secluded rural homes. Clinton Island, so called in honor of General James Clinton, a former owner, lies directly opposite the village, and, in summer, offers to the tread of feet, weary and heated by contact with dusty pavements, the most tempting carpet of verdure, overhung by the richest foliage of a lofty growth of elms, maples and sycamores, whose commingling boughs afford the most delightful shades. Sullivan's camping ground, near Sullivan's Mill, which stands at the foot of Mount Sullivan, from a point of which the view is taken, is about three quarters of a mile below the village, near a large elm tree in the centre of a meadow, at the left of the road. The remains of a fortress might have been seen there until a very few years since. But the admirer of nature will find more to interest him in the views presented from the summits of the range of hills encircling this luxuriant valley. Before him lies the cheerful and busy village, gleaming in the sunlight, and stretched all around against the horizon, rise the massy curves of an amphitheatre of hills, contrasting their purple shadows with golden summits fading away in the hazy distance. Among these hills are many spots of interest, not the least of which is an ancient fortification, evidently the work of civilized men, but of an antiquity dating beyond the first settlement of the country by whites. The locality of this curiosity has derived from it the name of Fort Hill, and is one of the distant group at the left of the river. We might descant much more fully upon a scene so highly favored by nature, but will conclude by inviting all lovers of beauty not to glide past a spot presenting so many attractions, without a pause, but to linger long enough for a somewhat intimate acquaintance with its "nooks and corners," and we will ensure them ample compensation for any time spent in exploring the beauties of Elmira and vicinity.



TOWN OF ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

A CHINESE FAMILY.

The engraving below represents one of those Chinese families which, since the celestials have been smitten with the thirst for seeing foreign parts, bids fair to be a very common exhibition among us. This family has lately been exhibiting in Paris and London, and may see fit to visit our Atlantic cities. Mr. Chung Atai, the head of this closely-shorn family, is a man of about thirty, with no obliquity in the setting of his eyes, which are as bright and keen as a squirrel's. From time to time, he smokes a pinch of opium, displays the curiosities of which he has quite an assortment, or reclines upon his oaken couch, with the voluptuous satisfaction of a Turkish pacha. The ladies are very industrious, and devoted to their embroidery. Their costume is graceful and rich, and their head-gear very picturesque. It is a scaffolding of plaits, mingled with red flowers; at some distance the whole arrangement looks like a bright-plumed bird. It is not without instinctive repugnance that they show amateurs their little feet, cruelly tortured out of shape, but a mark of their high rank (Mr. Chung Atai being a tea-merchant). The youngest of the two married ladies, a girl of twenty, whom the London fog has rendered a little phthysicky, sings, accompanying herself on the pay-pa (a sort of three-stringed mandoline), while her husband patters away industriously with a pair of sticks upon a bit of tortoise-shell. Their religion is Budhism, an easy mode of worship, which dispenses with all external observances. Their favorite game is domino, and their other diversions playing on the pay-pa and smoking opium. They sleep *en famille* reclined upon matting. They are curious specimens of a curious people. But a Chinese family, with all its social belongings, is a very different thing from the same fraternity in civilized countries. Few of the immunities and rights accorded to the female members of that relation in Christian countries, are regarded there. There is one custom common in China, as well as other Eastern countries, which subjects woman to the utmost degradation,—that of infant betrothal, which shuts her out from all recognition as a being having thought, passions or will, and views her only as transferable property. Among the aborigines of New Holland, and in Western Australia, this custom extensively prevails; the female children being always betrothed a few days after birth, and, from the moment of the betrothal, the parents cease to have any control over the future settlement of their child. Should the husband die during the infancy of the girl, she then belongs to his heir. This custom is also common among the Society and Sandwich Islands, the islands of the Kingsmill group, and in New Zealand. But of all methods of at once obtaining a wife and a slave, that of purchase is the most universal. It prevailed over the vast continent of North and South America, and many of the isles of the Pacific; to this day it is carried on in Africa, and practiced by both black and brown races of the Indian Archipelago, and by nearly all the nations of Asia. The Tambookie women are marked at one ox or two cows, while at New Guinea a wife is worth ten slaves, and is, therefore, a costly article; but in the Arru islands she may be had much cheaper.



A CHINESE FAMILY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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VIEW OF LOWELL ISLAND, SALEM HARBOR.

We present on this page an accurate view of this noted island, for many years known as a favorite watering-place, with a well-kept public house, the chosen resort of the citizens of Lowell during the summer season. The characteristic features of this scene are well depicted in the view, which was drawn expressly for our paper. The island has an area of about nine acres, and is a lovely spot, far off the shore, where the sea breezes may be enjoyed in all their freshness. The island was once the property of John Endicott, the staunch old Puritan, to whom it was granted by the general court in 1665. In 1684, an heir of the governor bequeathed it to his daughter, under the name of Cotta Island, soon corrupted into Cat Island. It received the name of Lowell Island on the occasion of its purchase by certain citizens of Lowell and Salem, a few years since. The property has recently again changed hands. In the years 1773 and 1774, it was the site of the Essex Small Pox Hospital, an institution established by the authority of the State, where patients might be inoculated with the small pox, and thus have the disease in a mild form, the practice previous to Jenner's discovery. The buildings were finished and ready for occupancy about the middle of October, 1773, and the name of "Essex Hospital" was given to the establishment. The main building contained ten rooms, with four beds, etc., in each, calculated for eight patients. There were also apartments for the family, besides a smoke house, clean room, etc. An Island Guard was established, and careful rules adopted by the selectmen of Salem and Marblehead, to prevent communication of disease between those on and those off the island. Patients went and returned in the hospital boat, which landed at a certain wharf in Marblehead. On Monday, October 17, 1773, the first detachment of patients, 103 in number, went down to the island; they were very respectable people, of both sexes, accompanied during the first day by many friends, so that the hospital was thronged, and all were in high spirits. The physicians were Dr. Hall Jackson, of Portsmouth, and Dr. Ananias Randall, of Long Island, both eminent physicians. The first lot or class of patients having passed through the process and the disease with success, a second class went down, and were "put through" in the same manner; and subsequently a third class,—each class numbering about one hundred. On the 4th of November, the patients indulged in a little merriment amidst the thoughts of death, by celebrating, in the evening, the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. Tar barrels were burned upon the middle of the island, rockets were ordered from Boston, the hospital was brilliantly illuminated, and everything passed off in the spirit of hilarity and joy. The people of Marblehead, however, disliked the location of the hospital, at the mouth of their harbor, and came to the conclusion that the small pox had been introduced into their town from it. This feeling produced intense excitement. January 11, 1774, when the hospital boat attempted to land some discharged patients, it was beaten off by the crowd, and the next day the boat was burned. The intense excitement continued, until the proprietors gave notice that the hospital would be immediately closed. On the 17th of the same month, four of the employés of the hospital went down to the island to steal some clothing; but they had been watched, and on their return, were seized, tarred and feathered by the people, placed in a cart, and paraded through the streets of Marblehead, and afterwards Salem. On the 21st, another man was tarred and feathered in Marblehead, and the proprietors of the hospital threatened with public vengeance. While a committee, chosen by the town, were attending to their designated duties of cleansing and closing the hospital, the buildings were assailed by a mob, and burned to the ground, during the night of January 26, 1774. Thirteen persons, some of them females, were asleep in the building when it was fired, without notice, and on rushing forth, were assaulted by the rioters. Subsequently, two persons were arrested and lodged in Salem jail, as participants in these outrages. Upon this an armed assemblage proceeded to the jail and rescued the prisoners, parading them in triumph. They declared their intention of marching to the rescue of any others who might, in a similar manner, fall into the clutches of the law, and such were their numbers and the determined spirit which animated them, that no doubt was entertained by law and order loving citizens that they would carry out their threats to the extent of their ability. The greatest consternation was excited. An armed collision was feared. Terrible scenes would doubtless have been enacted had not the proprietors of the hospital pledged themselves to institute no further proceedings against offenders.



LOWELL ISLAND, SALEM HARBOR, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

—OR, THE—

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

The evening was clear and the stars were shining when Hammett returned. Soon afterward footsteps which sounded cautious and stealthy were near the door.

"He is coming," said Hammett.

"Yes—and you must retire to your little room. He wont, I suspect, like to have a third person present."

Hammett withdrew and the next minute there came a rap against the door. Anstis opened it and invited Withers to enter. He lingered a little on the threshold, and with looks of curiosity peered into the room. If he expected to see any such professional insignia as those, it is said, who pretend to possess the skill of looking into futurity sometimes think it necessary to gather round them, he was disappointed. There were no parchments presenting a view of the heavenly bodies or inscribed with mystical characters, such as might be displayed by the more ambitious charlatan, while far from there being a dozen black cats sitting in a row on a high shelf and looking grimly down, as was once seen, or pretended to be, in the miserable hut of one of the fortune-tellers of the period, there was not even one. He saw nothing except an apartment of medium size, simply though tastefully furnished.

"I take it you are the person I have heard called Dame Anstis?" said he.

"Yes—and your name, I believe, is Withers. I was expecting you."

"I hardly know why, but I have a curiosity—a kind of fancy, to ask you a few questions. Not that I have any faith in that kind of thing."

"Then you may as well spare yourself and me the trouble."

"Perhaps so—and yet, as I am here, I may as well ask you one or two questions, and if I think that you answer me truly, I will cross your palm, not with silver but gold."

"I shall take neither your silver nor your gold."

"But the knowledge I seek to obtain is worth paying for. I am afraid I cannot depend on your discretion, or rather your silence, unless you will accept a recompense."

"If you think I've not discretion enough to know when to keep silence, better not trust me."

"Is any one within ear-shot? You have a grandson—a nephew, I mean."

"He is probably asleep by this time. If he isn't, he is at a safe distance."

Withers sat silent for several minutes, apparently doubtful how he might best introduce the subject.

"If you can tell what is to come," he at length said, "you can, of course, tell what has been?"

"Sometimes. Let me look at your hand."

She shrank back as he held it out to her, as if she felt a dread of taking it in hers.

"Rest it on the table," said she, "if you please, so the rays of the lamp will fall directly on the palm."

She traced the lines with her eye, apparently with much attention.

"Well," said he, becoming a little impatient, "what kind of a life has mine been?"

"None too good."

"That is what may be said of every one. What important incidents have marked it, I mean?"

Once more she made a show of following the lines of his hand with much care.

"The most important event of your life," she then said, "took place twenty-two years ago."

"What was it?"

"One that prepared the way for your stepping into a rich man's shoes. Am I not right?"

"I must confess that it so turned out."

"Should you like to have me tell you what that event was?"

"Yes, the question I wish to ask you has a bearing upon it."

"Twenty-two years ago, then, the heir of the rich man alluded to was lost. Is not that the truth?"

"It is. He was drowned."

"Are you certain of that?"

"There was every reason to suppose he was."

"You answer evasively. Unless my skill is at fault, you don't suppose so."

"How could he have been made way with, then?"

"That is a question you don't need to ask of me."

"I may have been deceived—he may still live. I have, at least, received intimation that he is alive, and my object in seeking you is to find if there's any truth in it."

"By what name is he known?"

"*That*, he who warned me couldn't tell. Can *you* tell me?"

"My art doesn't permit entering into particulars like that."

"I was afraid it didn't, yet that is of more importance than all else, for how can I take measures to escape the impending evil, if I don't know who I am to deal with?"

"Very true. Yet surely, if he is alive, you can obtain some clue to him. You know whom you employed, and you can judge whether he was one who would be likely to perform his task faithfully."

"What task?"

"It may not be altogether pleasant for you, or me either, to enter into particulars."

"To confess the truth, the man I trusted the matter to, is dead. He died only a few weeks since. Couldn't die in peace, he said, till he had disclosed something which bore heavily on his mind."

"And didn't he tell his name?"

This was said with an earnestness which a man cautious as Mr. Withers found it necessary to be, should have known was induced by some motive foreign to what concerned him personally. But his thoughts were so much engrossed by what he was saying, that he did not notice her manner.

"Unfortunately," said he, in reply to her question, "the man found out, before getting as far as his name, that the person who was listening to him was a friend of mine."

"And what else did he tell him?"

"After he found out that, he wouldn't say another word. But to come back to the starting-point, is he living or is he not? Might not the man's story be the offspring of a diseased brain, for he died of a contusion on the head, which at times made him delirious?"

"His story was true."

"You are certain of this?"

"I am."

"I wish I understood by what means you arrive at such a conclusion."

"Nothing can be more simple or easier to the initiated."

And she proceeded with great volubility in the technical language of palmistry, to show why certain meetings and crossings of the lines of his hand formed that peculiar combination which indicated that danger might threaten him about twenty-two years subsequent to the event which had paved the way to his worldly prosperity.

"Does it not appear perfectly plain to you?" she asked, when she had gone through with the explanation.

Withers shook his head with a look of bewilderment.

"Why not let the matter rest?" said she. "He neither knows his name nor his lineage, and is consequently ignorant of his right to the property now in your possession."

"That is true, but there is no knowing how long he may remain in ignorance. After all, your jargon is of little use to me as long as you are unable to tell me his name."

"And if you knew it—what then?"

"Why, if I chose, I could let him have what belongs to him."

"Yes, and you may, some day, be compelled to."

"One more question, and I will leave you. I am attached to a young lady, and have a rival."

"And you wish to know which will be successful?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"No, though perhaps *you* have. He has been in this neighborhood."

"I didn't see him. 'Twas before I lived here."

"Will you tell me what I wish to know?"

She looked at his hand attentively, the same as she had done before.

"He is young and handsome."

"You know this, and yet you say you never saw him."

"If I didn't see him when he was here, I see him now."

"Where?" said Withers, with a startled air.

"You needn't be afraid—he isn't here bodily, and will remain invisible to you."

Notwithstanding this assurance, Withers looked round the room uneasily, as if he expected to see a phantom form glide from among the shadows in some remote part of the room. Anstis smiled. She saw that what she had said conveyed to his mind the impression that she had summoned up the form of his rival, which, though impalpable, was to her sight visible, and she did not seek to remove it.

"If," said he, after some hesitation, "you have the power to call my rival before you, why not call the other—he whom we have been speaking of?"

"I *can* do it. You may see him yourself—do you wish it?"

"Yes."

"You had better not ask it. A pale, anxious face would rise up beside his, which you would not care to look upon. The old gentleman need not have been hastened. He would have died soon enough."

"What do you mean?"

"I can hardly think that you wish for an explanation. You know better than I."

"I didn't come here to listen to such nonsense," said he, rising and taking hold of the door-latch. "Once for all, I demand a definite answer to my question. Shall I or my rival be successful?"

"Your rival."

"It isn't true—I don't believe it."

"Your incredulity will neither advance your own suit, nor injure his."

"I have the father on my side."

"And he, the young lady herself. No, Ishmael Withers—Bessie Hamlen will never be your wife. The dove is no mate for the vulture."

"She shall be my wife in spite of fate. You refused to take my gold—now, I refuse to give it, for it is easy to see that you are an impostor."

"Your good or ill opinion is a matter of indifference to me. You had better look to yourself, or something worse than failing to obtain a rich bride may befall you. It will be well for you if you are not anxious to obtain either a rich or a poor one. The hand that helped rid the Percival estate of its lawful heir, will never clasp the hand of his own heir in peace."

"Surely I have seen the flash of those dark eyes before. Who are you?"

"A poor woman who has no wish to be longer disturbed by your presence."

"You, at least, have no reason to fear you will again be disturbed by it."

And without the ceremony of bidding her good night, he left the cottage.

Although Anstis, as she told Withers, did not see Wilton Richmond when he was in that neighborhood, she being, at that time, many miles distant—she had seen him several times a few months previously. It struck her when she first saw him, that there was something in his features and in his air that had once been familiar to her, but it was impossible for her to decide whether she had at some former period met with him, or whether he merely resembled some person she had, at some time, been acquainted with.

One day, when she was thinking the matter over by herself, striving in vain to assign some reason for his appearing so familiar—all at once, sudden as an electric flash, it became all plain to her. It was Thomas Percival, the father of Edgar Percival who was thought to be drowned, that he so closely resembled. His size, figure and air were almost identical, as well as the general cast of his features, though in this last respect he still more closely resembled Mr. Edgar Percival, the child's grandfather, for whom he was named. It might be one of those accidental resemblances sometimes met with, which it is impossible to account for, though Anstis, or Anzy, as she had always been designated in the Percival family, having never believed that Edgar was drowned, at once undertook to ascertain the origin of Wilton Richmond. This she did with great caution, lest some rumor should get afloat which would reach Ishmael Withers, who might, she feared, by putting into requisition the baseness and cunning which characterized him, defeat her purpose.

The result of the investigation, though not entirely satisfactory, was far from causing her to feel discouraged. She finally sought and obtained an interview with the young man himself, but his recollections of the first three or four years of his childhood were too vague to serve her purpose, except in one or two instances, which, as isolated facts, were not very important, though they might, in connection with others, have been of considerable moment.

In answer to some questions she asked him relative to his parentage, he replied that his father's name was Hendrick Richmond, who had always since his remembrance, until the time of his decease, owned a small fishing schooner of which he was the master. He had intended that Wilton should be his successor, and for several years had always taken him with him. After his father died, having little predilection for a fisherman's life, and a strong desire to acquire an education, his guardian disposed of the little fishing schooner and some other property, the proceeds of which, being well invested, afforded Wilton the means for a comfortable subsistence and of going through college.

Of his mother he had little or no recollection. He had heard his father say that at the time she died he was too young to remember anything about her. He was certain, however, that a young woman, with large dark eyes and a soft, pleasant voice, used to bend over him and hush him to sleep, and sometimes sing to him. He had a dim remembrance, too, of a gentleman who occasionally let him have his gold-headed cane for a horse.

Anstis, if he had not been so certain that Hendrick Richmond was his father, would have thought it might have been herself who hushed him to sleep, and Mr. Edgar Percival who let him have the cane for a horse, as she could distinctly remember that that gentleman never walked abroad without a walking-stick with a gold head. She made many suggestions in the hope to elicit something more definite, but without success. When Withers asked her if he was still alive and she replied without hesitation that he was, she had no doubt that she answered truly, though she was aware that proof stronger and more explicit would be required before he could be recognized as the heir of the late Mr. Percival. In her recent interview with Withers, she had, as she intended, gained more information than she had given.

She was glad to find that, personally, he and Wilton Richmond were strangers, she having previously entertained the idea that the resemblance he bore to the Percival family had excited suspicions which influenced him quite as much in his desire to have him got rid of, as his being in his way as a rival. Now, while he was in pursuit of the heir, she hoped Wilton would remain unmolested, till at least she could find means to communicate with him, and by warning him that he had a secret enemy, put him on his guard.

Withers did not mention to her that at the same time he received information that Edgar Percival was living, he learned that Wilton Richmond, who had been in danger, was now safe, though she suspected he had, from the earnest manner he had questioned her as respected his rival.

When Withers, after leaving the cottage of Anstis, was in his own room and the door made fast, he drew from its secret receptacle a dingy piece of paper, folded in the form of a letter, for since he lost the missive which Hammett had the fortune to find, he had not trusted to his pockets. He unfolded it and read it for the third or fourth time. Judging from the style and chirography, it was indited by the same head and written by the same hand as the one he had lost. After detailing, though more circumstantially what Withers had told Anstis, it concluded with several suggestions in the way of advice.

"Now what I say is this. You had better let that other chap rest a while, for it isn't in the nature of man to keep a sharp look-out on two different trails at the same time. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and for that reason the wisest thing you can do is to look after what you have got and let the other alone. The estate you are on the lookout for, is a fair one I know, if what I have heard is true, and I dare say the girl is well enough; but as you had set your heart on her father's houses and broad lands before you had seen her, and as you are not the man to break your heart about red cheeks and a pair of bright eyes, I advise you to give it up for a bad bargain. Whether you do or not, you must come this way as soon as you can. You ought to have been here before now. My opinion is that the man that died at my house told Christina more than he did me, but I can never find out anything by her. You are more cunning than I am, and perhaps can find out some round-about way to put her off her guard and make her tell. That other business—you know what—I shall say nothing about till I see you. J. D."

Withers was in a state of most miserable indecision. In the morning he had a long—and what he intended should pass for a confidential—convorsation with Mr Hamlen.

"Remember, I hold you to your promise," said he, when about to take leave, he having finally decided to go.

"Certainly, certainly, sir," was Mr. Hamlen's reply. "When may we expect to see you again?"

"In five or six weeks, I think, though I'm afraid I shall be detained much longer."

In his secret heart Mr. Hamlen hoped that he would be, for he began to tire of an influence which every day seemed to gain over him a greater ascendency, and from which, such was his indolent and quiescent nature, he could not bring into requisition sufficient energy to free himself. Withers, while these thoughts were passing in Mr. Hamlen's mind, had risen and gone to the door.

"Is your daughter at home?" he inquired.

"I presume so, though I'm not certain."

"I should like to say a few words to her, before I go."

A servant was summoned, who was sent to tell Miss Hamlen that Mr. Withers would like to see her in the parlor. It was not until after a somewhat protracted absence that the servant returned.

"I 'spect," said he, "that Miss Hamlen has gone off somewhere, for I've been all over the house and can see nothing of her."

Bessie had indeed made her escape, for she knew that Withers had come to make her father his farewell call, a ceremony which she expected would be extended to herself, unless she took the precaution to be absent. She took care not to return, till through the embowering foliage of the sylvan recess to which she had retired, she saw Withers leave the house. Something like half an hour afterwards she heard the distant rumbling of the stage-coach which was to convey him many miles distant. A weight seemed to be lifted from her spirits when the sound of the wheels could no longer be heard.

CHAPTER XI.

A GLANCE AT WARLIKE ACHIEVEMENTS.

As is well known to the reader of history, the military achievements during the former part of the war were unfavorable for the most part to the American land forces, while, at the same time, the navy, by a series of brilliant victories, enhanced the national renown—instead of being, as was boasted by the British, swept from the ocean.

During this time, among others, was the battle of Frenchtown, where, after the English commander had pledged his honor that the lives and honor of those who surrendered should be held sacred, left the wounded without a guard, who, after fire had been set to the buildings, were killed and scalped by his Indian allies. Many of these were young men who belonged to the first families of Kentucky.

An event less disastrous in its results to the Americans was the attack of York (now Toronto) the capital of Upper Canada. It was here that the brave Pike, who would not suffer in comparison with the heroes of ancient romance, was mortally wounded by the blowing up of a magazine. The spirit of a soldier and a commander remained with him to the last.

"Move on, my brave fellows," he exclaimed, "and avenge your general."

Inspired by the affecting appeal, they pressed on. The enemy fled from their entrenchments, and they gained possession of the town. When the flag was brought him with the red cross of St. George displayed on its broad field, which, as he led on his men a few minutes before, he had beheld waving over the British fort, with a look of triumph, almost of rapture, lighting up his countenance, he made a sign for it to be placed under his head. A few moments more, and the look of transport had faded away and given place to the deep and calm repose of death.

Wilton Richmond having volunteered his services to the army commanded by General Harrison, the rank of captain was conferred on him, the same as he had formerly held in the army of the north. He was present at the unsuccessful siege of Fort Meigs by General Proctor, assisted by the Indians under Tecumseh. Not long afterward was the battle of Lake Erie, where the gallant Perry immortalized his name. This splendid achievement, by giving the Americans the mastery of the lake, opened the way to Malden. The troops of General Harrison were embarked and transported across the lake. On reaching Malden, however, they found that General Proctor and his forces had left, and that the fortress and public store-houses were burnt.

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Night had already fallen, when, under the command of General Harrison, three thousand five hundred men, selected for the purpose, arrived within a short distance of General Proctor's encampment on the Thames. Though the air was keen and frosty, with his knapsack for a pillow and the blue vault of heaven above him, the sleep of the weary soldier was sweet and unbroken.

Wilton Richmond, as has been said, after his fortunate escape from his captors, received an appointment under General Harrison. Having seen that those under his immediate command were as well cared for as the nature of the circumstances would permit, and that, like the rest, they were enjoying the sweets of repose, he wrapped himself in his cloak and endeavored to follow their example. But sleep, as far as he was concerned, was not to be propitiated, whatever drowsiness he might have felt being soon dispelled by a faint roll of the drum and the shrill fife, the notes of which were sometimes broken or entirely hushed, and then again, when the wind freshened, clear and distinct. He knew the enemy were setting their watch—and now, in the evening stillness, when each footstep was stayed and every voice was hushed, thoughts of the coming conflict awakened a train of mournful reflections which he cared not to indulge.

The better to shake them off, he rose and ascended a slight eminence near at hand. The Thames was at his feet, but the gleam of its waters was now hidden by a cloud of snow white vapor. Scattered in picturesque groups along its banks, slept those who on the morrow were to engage in mortal conflict.

"Many of them, at this moment," thought Wilton, "may be blest with some golden dream of home which they are destined no more to see."

As the distant roll of the drum and the last note of the fife ceased, a wild, prolonged cry, which died away into a low and sullen wail, was borne on the wind. It was repeated a second and a third time, and was then heard no more. Wilton well knew it was intended to call to their post those Indian allies of the British, who might not choose to obey a signal unrecognized by the usages of their own wild and irregular modes of warfare.

It was late, almost midnight, when Wilton returned to the spot occupied by his men, and once more sought to lose himself in sleep. Contrary to his expectations, he was this time successful, and when he was finally roused from sleep he found that some of the men near him were already astir. Slight as were the preparations necessary for him to make, by the time they were completed he found the commander-in-chief was ready to give the requisite orders.

On reaching the Moravian village on the Thames, where the enemy were encamped, the American troops were at once formed in the order of battle, and the engagement between the hostile armies commenced. The forces of the enemy were drawn up in a piece of woodland, and as Wilton, who had been placed in the van, led on his men to the conflict, a red warrior darted from behind a tree and confronted him. At the same instant he saw the flash of his tomahawk as he raised it to strike. But Wilton's eye was not quicker than his arm, and the weapon was struck from the uplifted hand ere it had time to descend. The next moment the Indian lay at his feet mortally wounded, and then Wilton recognized in him Memattanon.

The battle of the Thames was an event, which, whether we consider the skill which conceived, or the bravery which achieved it, that calls up many and startling reminiscences. The victory was complete. Though the English early gave way, the Indians continued the fight with an obstinacy of which only the Indian is capable. The fall of their leader was alone the signal of their retreat.

The army was destroyed and the league dissolved. The result was equally important to the nation and honorable to the army. The Indian confederacy was broken, the loss of Hull restored, and the western frontier relieved from the ravages of war. Here Tecumseh, long the head who had pointed out the victim and the arm which directed the scalping-knife, fell. Here Johnson won the wreath which elevated him to the vice-presidency, and here, too, Harrison fought his last field.

If we cannot award him the qualities of a great commander, we can hardly deny him the meed of an able officer. If his military abilities are to be measured by his success, he will occupy no unenviable position in the annals of the times. In contrast with the revolutionary officers appointed at the commencement of the war, he shines a bright, particular star in that galaxy of worthies whom the war called into action.

CHAPTER XII.

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.

Several American officers, among whom was Wilton Richmond, were sitting together in the apartment assigned them, which was rendered comfortable and cheerful by a bright wood fire. They had just finished their evening meal, and were discussing among themselves the favorable influence which the victory that had been gained must necessarily have on the American cause, when a handsome, dark-eyed youth appeared at the half-open door, and inquired if Captain Richmond was there.

"My name is Richmond," said Wilton, rising and approaching the door.

The boy handed him a slip of paper.

"Will you please to read what is written on it *now?*" said he.

Wilton went to a table where candles were burning and read as follows:

"The bearer of this can answer certain questions which you may like to ask."

"Will you come with me?" said the boy, when he had read it.

"Yes—but wont you first have something to eat?" said Wilton, seeing him cast a wistful glance towards the table, on which were some biscuits, cold ham and other edibles, the remains of their recent meal.

"Thank you, I *do* need something, for I've eaten nothing since the morning."

"Sit to the table, then, and eat whatever may suit you best."

"No, a biscuit and slice of ham is all I need, which I will take in my hand."

He and Wilton left the house together, and finding the air too keen to be comfortable, they turned their steps towards an old, half-dilapidated building, which was at a considerable distance from any other, and would afford them a partial shelter from the cold. On their way what few words had passed between them had been on indifferent subjects. It was not till they had entered the half-roofless building and were fairly seated on a fallen rafter, that Wilton permitted himself to gratify his curiosity, which it had cost him no small effort to suppress.

"According to this slip of paper you gave me," he then said, "you can answer certain inquiries the writer thinks I should like to make."

"You can judge for yourself, when I tell you my name is Hammett."

"I've heard of you. You have an aunt who is generally called Dame Anstis?"

"Yes—her name is Anstis Fay."

"You can tell me something about a gentleman by the name of Hamlen?"

"He is dead."

"Dead?" repeated Wilton, interrogatively, and almost starting from his seat at the unexpected intelligence.

"Yes—he died suddenly a number of months ago."

"And do Mrs. Hamlen and her daughter remain at the mansion house?"

"Mrs. Hamlen does—Miss Bessie is gone."

"Where?"

"She left home with the intention of spending a few weeks with some of her mother's relations, who live in Virginia. Her principal object in going was to avoid meeting Ishmael Withers, who had sent word that she might soon expect to see him."

"You say that when she left home it was her intention to visit some of her mother's relatives—did she alter her mind?"

"All that is known is, she has never been there—so Mrs. Hamlen's friends sent word, in answer to the letter she wrote them when she failed to receive a letter from Miss Bessie, according to promise.

"It is very strange," said Wilton, speaking to himself rather than to Hammett. "Did Withers make the promised visit, which Miss Hamlen was so anxious to shun?"

"Yes—and *appeared* very much surprised when he found Miss Bessie was gone."

"You speak as if you thought his surprise was only pretended."

"Aunt Anstis thinks it was. It is her opinion he knew very well where Miss Hamlen was."

"Do you know what reason she had for thinking so?"

"One reason was, he didn't even ask where Miss Bessie thought of going when she left home. He was in a great hurry to get away—didn't stop more than fifteen minutes—and instead of coming by the public conveyance, as he is always in the habit of travelling, he came horseback, just as if he didn't expect to stay long. But what made my aunt think so more than everything else, was because he was in such high spirits. She happened to be at Mrs. Hamlen's, and was on the lawn in front of the house at the time he took leave. He took pains to turn aside from the path that he might speak to her."

"'What do you think now, Dame Anstis?' said he. 'Shall I, or Wilton Richmond, win the heiress?'"

"What did she tell him?"

"She answered him by repeating these four lines:

'When the heir of Percival
Shall for an heiress sue,
He will surely prosper,
If his title's true.'"

"One would think that she doubted *his* title."

"And so she does."

"Why should she?"

"It is a long story—one that my aunt intends to tell you some day."

"What did Withers say to the rhyme?"

"That he should win her then, as his title to the Percival estate was true, as any one who would take the trouble to examine the records, might see, and then with a low, disagreeable laugh, he turned back into the path and rode away."

"I believe your aunt was right in thinking that he knew where Miss Hamlen was."

"At any rate she said that it would be well for you to know that she was missing, and as I was obliged to come this way for other reasons, she thought I had better try to hunt you up and tell you."

"I owe many thanks, both to you and her. Wont you return to the place where you found me, and spend the night?"

Hammett declined the invitation, saying that he had promised a friend who lived some miles distant, that he might expect him back.

Wilton was about to rise, when Hammett with a quick movement prevented him. There was no need of asking the reason of this, for at the same moment the frozen ground gave back the echo of approaching footsteps, and soon after voices were heard. It was not a time nor a place to venture abroad after dark unarmed, and Wilton did not forget to take his pistols with him. Hammett was similarly armed, and even if those they heard were enemies, they imagined there was little cause for fear.

It was a bright, starlight evening, and soon, through an aperture they could see two men advancing leisurely towards the build-

ing where they had taken shelter. They were talking in earnest though suppressed voices, and bent their course directly to the front of the building. Wilton and Hammett drew back into a corner so as to be completely shrouded by the darkness, for they imagined the men, the same as they had done, intended to enter as a protection against the cold air. In this, however, they were mistaken. Instead of entering, they seated themselves on a log a little distance from the door-way.

By their voices, which they could now distinguish more plainly, they were certain, as they had already suspected, that one of them was an Indian. They went on with a conversation already commenced.

"I thought that voice was his when I first heard it," said Hammett, in a whisper scarce above his breath.

"Whose?" said Wilton.

"Jake Dorson's. Let us listen."

"How do you know that he was here?" said Dorson.

"I saw him—it was by his hand that Memattanon was slain," was the Indian's reply.

"Where can he be? I've looked into every window where there was a light, after we had made ourselves sure that he was neither among the dead nor wounded. If Withers wasn't a fool he would know that the girl would never consent to be tied to him for life, even if the young chap was dead."

"But he's got her now where he'll scare her—make her afraid of him. She wont dare to refuse any longer."

"You don't know what a spirit these white girls have. She isn't a squaw."

"Well, it's nothing to me, whether she listens to him or not. 'Send me Wilton Richmond's scalp, and as many broad pieces of gold as you have fingers, shall be yours,' were the words he said to me."

"Well, earn the gold if you can. I will have nothing to do with it. Come, let us go."

As they turned away, faint and imperfect as was the light, Wilton was certain that the Indian was one of the party who had formerly taken him prisoner. What had passed between him and Dorson left no doubt that it was through the agency of Withers that Bessie Hamlen had been prevented from arriving at the place intended. Wilton was not long in deciding in his own mind what course to take. He knew that the victory just gained over the enemy must, in all probability, put an end to the war on the western frontier, and as his services had for a long time been devoted to his country, he felt justified in resigning his commission and taking a few weeks to himself.

"I have long," he said, when after parting with Hammett, he rejoined his brother officers, "been desirous to visit my old home in Virginia; and, in truth, I need a little relaxation, as I have never fully recovered from the effects of the wound I received at the siege of Fort Meigs."

He mentioned re-visiting his home as a motive for travelling in Virginia, though a possibility of discovering Bessie Hamlen's retreat was a much more powerful one, which, had there existed no other reason, prudence would have prevented him from disclosing. Aside from this, the consciousness that a search which must be wholly dependent on chance for its success, might be thought to bear a family resemblance to the expeditions of those errant knights of the olden time whose object was the relief of the distressed, might in some degree influence him, though he was by no means over-sensitive on the score of ridicule.

He was not one of that class who are troubled with infirmity of purpose, and having made every necessary arrangement, at an early hour in the morning and in company with a number of others whose homes were in that direction, he was on his way to Virginia. One by one the companions of Wilton, at the time of starting forming a cavalcade of a dozen or more, fell off on reaching some intersecting road, or their homes on that they were travelling, so that by the time he found himself in Virginia, there were, besides himself only three left. At another time he would have been vividly alive to the different aspects of the scenery, in which the wild and the beautiful often formed fine and striking contrasts. Now, his mind was too ill at ease to allow himself to share the keen delight expressed by his companions.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNEXPECTED MEETING.

It was near sunset on the second day after they had crossed the boundary which admitted Wilton to his native State, that, having attained the last of a series of hills which overlooked a broad, deep valley, they saw approaching from the opposite direction two men and a lady. The men were roughly clad, and rode large, heavy horses, which seemed formed for endurance rather than speed.

The lady's horse, on the contrary, was a clean-limbed, spirited animal, yet to appearance perfectly manageable. The fair rider, as was almost universally the case with the Virginian ladies, was evidently at home in the saddle, though her appearance now was negligent and drooping, as if much fatigued or suffering from great mental depression. They were advancing slowly, and soon after Wilton and his friends came in sight, they stopped as if for consultation.

"I suspect they have some thoughts of turning back," said a young man whose name was Braynard, and who rode by the side of Wilton.

"We will make the better speed then," was Wilton's reply; "for there is something in the appearance of the young lady which gives me the impression that she is not over-pleased with her escort."

"No, they are not going to turn back," said Braynard, "they think of crossing that marsh to the left. See, the burly-looking fellow, nearest the lady, is pointing towards it with his riding-whip."

"They surely aint going to trust themselves to such treacherous footing," said Wilton. "The horses, before proceeding a dozen paces, would sink to their saddle-girths."

"So one would think, yet many of these bogs or marshes may be crossed in safety by those who know how to choose their ground. To the practised eye of that man the way, no doubt, is perfectly plain. Every inequality or diversity of surface, however slight, forms a land-mark."

"The lady don't seem willing to trust to it."

"Or she may have thoughts of seeking to exchange her escort."

"It may be so. The men with her certainly don't look like persons whom a lady would be likely to choose for protectors."

Wilton, the moment it was perceived that they intended to cross the marsh, had put his horse to a smart trot, the others following his example. He now broke into a gallop, but before he reached them one of the men turned aside into the path crossing the morass. He who remained directed the lady to follow.

"Keep as near Hans as you can," said he, "for if you vary a hand's breadth from the path, you'd keep on sinkin' and sinkin' till you come out 'tother side of the airth for all anybody knows to the contrary."

She cast a despairing look towards Wilton, who in half a minute more would reach the spot, but she dared not refuse to obey. Turning her horse, she prepared to enter upon the narrow track. An unexpected obstacle presented itself. The high-spirited animal she rode had not, like the two others, been trained to venture where the footing appeared so insecure, and stopped the moment he reached the morass.

"Wait," said the man, "and I will get off my horse and put him before me, and lead yours."

As he said this she again looked at the young officer who was still in advance of the others. She then saw it was Wilton Richmond, who had already recognized in her, Bessie Hamlen. As the man jumped from his horse her resolution was formed. Wheeling hers round, she put him to his speed in the direction Wilton was going, just at the moment he came up. The man, whose feet touched the ground at the same instant she turned her horse, threw himself towards her and made a frantic attempt to catch hold of her bridle, but failing, stumbled and fell, at the moment Braynard and the two others dashed by. In the same breath Wilton and Bessie were with them, and by the time the man had fairly risen to his feet, the whole party were several rods distant, though this did not prevent him from sending a pistol-ball after them.

"'Sposin' we should try to overhaul 'em?" said Hans.

"'Twould be a wild goose chase, if we should. We might as well try to overtake the wind. Besides, two to one is al'ays one too many."

Wilton and his party did not imagine they were in much danger of being pursued, and as soon as they were fairly out of sight of the two men, rode at a more moderate speed.

"Where were those men taking you to?" inquired Wilton of Bessie, as soon as they checked their horses so as to permit conversation.

"That is what I am unable to tell you."

"You don't imagine they were acting on their own responsibility?"

"No—from what I heard them say, I know very well they had received directions from Ishmael Witbers."

"Where is he?"

"Of that, too, I am ignorant. Did you know, before you saw me, that I was from home?"

In answer to this question, Wilton related those particulars concerning her absence, which he had learned from Hammett.

"I have reason to believe," said Bessie, when he had finished, "that Withers sent word that I might expect to see him soon, on purpose to induce me to leave home—for he knew that if possible, I should avoid seeing him."

"That is what I think. It was merely a ruse to withdraw you from the protection of your friends, when he hoped he should be able to frighten you into accepting him for a husband."

"I couldn't go by stage within half a dozen miles of the place where my friends lived, and thus far a faithful servant accompanied me. He would have gone the whole of the way, but I found a carriage in waiting for me, and kind messages from Mrs. Woodhull and her daughters—at least, I was made to believe so—whom I was going to visit. I therefore dismissed the servant, as he was needed at home. The distance appeared to me much greater than I expected, and it was nearly dark when the carriage stopped at a house which the darkness prevented me from seeing plainly, and which, as I found in the morning, was in a lonely, secluded spot—no other dwelling being in sight. I was met at the door by a woman, who, in answer to my inquiries for my friends, told me they were absent. The moment I entered, from the entire absence of everything which denotes wealth or refinement, I knew it could not be the residence of the family I intended to visit. The woman, in answer to my questions, said she didn't know those I called my friends, but that I should soon either see or hear from a person who called himself mine."

"She meant Withers?"

"Yes—but thank Heaven, I didn't see him."

"And did you hear from him?"

"I did. The next day, towards night, I received a note from him, in which he confessed that he had taken advantage of my being from home, to have me conveyed to a place where I should be free from influences which he knew to be inimical to his wishes. It was his intention, he said, to make me his wife, and what he undertook, he generally accomplished. He concluded by expressing his regret that an unforeseen occurrence would oblige him to take a journey which would prevent his having the supreme felicity of seeing me for a number of weeks."

"And you have never seen him since you left home?"

"No. I believe I should have died had it not been for the note he sent me, as then I should have been in hourly dread of seeing him."

The road now, which followed the course of the Potomac, was overhung by frowning crags which deepened the gloom of twilight, and seemed to threaten, every moment, to fall and overwhelm them. Not a single human habitation was in sight, and Wilton began to feel some anxiety on Bessie's account. For her own part, the sense of safety experienced by her was so great, that as yet, she had not spent a thought on what, under different circumstances, might have appeared the rather alarming prospect of being obliged to pass the night without a shelter.

After riding several miles beneath the dark shadows of the overhanging precipices, the road, on sweeping round the base of a steep cliff which stood boldly out from the rest, gradually diverged in the direction of a high, open plain, whence the prospect was less confined.

They now found that night was not so near as they had apprehended. Vestiges of a brilliant sunset still lingered in the west, and mantled with burnished gold a distant reach of the river, which finally seemed to lose itself and blend with the sky. At a little distance a road, or rather a lane, turned to the right, and from behind a thick grove of pines ascended a slender column of smoke.

"There must be a house back of those pines," said Wilton. "That wreath of smoke, slowly curling upwards, has a look of hospitality. It is the sign of a good fire, which would be very comfortable after our long ride, for the air, as night comes on, begins to be cool."

Bessie, while he was speaking, had been looking at those thick, gloomy pines, and thought they appeared familiar. By the time he had finished, she felt certain that the dark outline they formed against the twilight sky, its monotony broken here and there by one, which, like some lofty spire rose high above the rest, was the same her eye had often traced from the window of the house where, for a number of weeks, she had been watched and guarded the same as a prisoner.

"O, no!" said she, "we mustn't go there! It is the prison from which I've just made my escape."

"I will try," said Wilton, "not to forget where it is. Hereafter, I may like to make it a visit."

"I hardly know what the lady can do," said Braynard. "As for the rest of us, we might do as we have many times done before, make a good bed of some pine boughs."

"We wont give up yet," said one of the others. "The road, as you see, will soon again wind among the hills, and from the summit of one of them we may have the good fortune to descry some roof large enough to cover us."

The hills, though more distant than they appeared to be, were at length attained. By the time they had reached the top of one of the highest, the last line of light had faded from the western horizon, and all was wrapped in the gloom of night.

"Yonder is a star, the loveliest that can greet the eye of weary traveller," said Braynard.

"It must be a ground-star, then," said Wilton.

"It is."

All eyes were directed to a light which, at a distance, shone through a break in some rocky, wild-looking hills, and whose long and tremulous rays, caught by the ripples of a rivulet, were broken into thousands of sparkles. They were all inspired with new courage. Even the weary horses seemed to be aware that a place of rest was at hand, and voluntarily quickened their pace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FECUNDITY OF CORN.

A single plant of corn, either wheat, barley, or oats, by being allowed proper time and ample space for the full development of its roots, leaves and branches, is naturally capable of producing eighty ears or four thousand-fold. Anomalous, however, as this may appear, yet it is certain and as strictly true, that not fifty-fold, or one perfect ear is obtained from each grain planted throughout the entire breadth of the United Kingdom: and it would require a countless number of ifs, ands, and buts, to prove the contrary, though but few words to substantiate the truth of this assertion, namely:—"That were it so, as a necessary consequence, one hundred bushels per acre would be an average crop! viz, fifty times as much as is sown, say at two bushels only per acre as seed for wheat, barley and oats; but it is a fact not too much to affirm, that scarcely half thus much (incredible as it may appear at first sight) is actually obtained; about thirty-two to fifty bushels per acre being a fair average crop of all kinds of grain, so estimated by the most able and trustworthy statisticians of the present day." —*Hardy's Essay on the Cultivation of Corn.*

RUSSIAN MUSIC.

The Russians are very fond of music; and this natural musical talent makes private orchestras quite a cheap luxury—as they can be employed at ordinary times as servants or workmen. The "horn music" of Russia, peculiar to that country, is said to be one of the most remarkable kinds of music in the world. The band must be composed of as many persons as there are notes in the compass of the horn. Each performer has but a single note to play, and his duty consists in bringing that note into the performance at exactly the right time. This, of course, requires the utmost accuracy and precision. The individuality of the musicians is so completely annihilated that they are ordinarily designated by the notes which they play. Thus one is called B flat, another F, and a third G.—*Musical World.*

A truly virtuous man is he who prides himself upon nothing.—*Rochefoucauld.*



HEMP.



INDIANS PREPARING CASSAVA.



ARENG SACCHARIFERA.

On this page we have grouped together accurate representations of various vegetable productions of the earth, of value in commerce and manufactures. The first is the hemp-plant (*Cannabis Sativa*), the fibres of which are employed particularly in the manufacture of cordage. The next engraving represents a group of Indians of the Caribbee Islands, preparing a kind of bread called *cassava*. It is made from a very poisonous root called *Jatropha Manihot*, rendered wholesome by the extraction of its acrid juice. The root, after being washed, scraped clean and grated in a tub, is enclosed in a sack made of rushes, of a very loose texture; the sack being suspended on a stick placed on two wooden forks. A heavy vessel at the bottom of the sack is so contrived as to press the juice out of the roots. When this is done it becomes a sort of starch, which, when well dried, is passed through a sieve. The cassava, as the root is called when in this state, is baked into cakes by laying it on hot plates of iron, or on hot earth. The substance so extensively used by us under the name of *tapioca*, is a finer kind of cassava. The *Areng Saccharifera*, delineated in the next engraving, is employed by the inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago to manufacture one of their beverages. The sap flows abundantly from the wounded branches about the period of fruiting; a bamboo bottle is tied to the extremity of an amputated limb, and removed morning and evening. The sap thus extracted, at first transparent, becomes in time yellowish in color, powerfully odorous, very astringent and intoxicating. The tobacco plant, *Nicotiana Tabacum*, next represented, is a tropical, herbaceous plant, rising with a strong, erect stem to the height of six or eight feet, with a fine, handsome foliage. When full grown, the stalk near the root frequently attains a diameter of more than an inch. The leaves, of light green, grow alternately at intervals of two or three inches on the stalk. They are oblong and spear-shaped; those lowest on the stalk being about twenty inches long, decreasing in size as they ascend. They are smooth at first, but assume a rougher surface as they approach to maturity and become ready for cutting. The *Carnauba*, next delineated, produces a fruit yielding a valuable oil. Our sketch of the cotton plant shows a pod in the act of bursting. Cotton, an object of gigantic manufacture, yielding vast wealth to the world, is a delicate fibrous substance found in the seed-bed of a tropical plant of which the varieties are numerous. The blossoms are either yellow or dull purple. The seed-vessel is a capsule opening into three, four, or five lobes, exposing many seeds enveloped in cotton that sometimes adheres so firmly as to be separated with difficulty, but in other cases it parts freely. The fibre is, in some species, much longer than in others, giving rise to the terms of "long-staple" and "short-staple" cotton. Turmeric, used for dyeing yellow, is the root of an Asiatic plant, the *Cucurma Longa*, delineated in the next picture. The color is prepared from the roots which are internally of a deep yellow. They readily yield their coloring matter to water and alcohol, communicating to the former a deep yellow, and to the latter a yellowish-red hue. The roots are reduced to powder before being used. The next picture shows an Indian engaged in the culture of the yam, one of the numerous roots used by the natives of tropical countries. It is a native of the East, and it is highly nutritious. The last sketch shows a branch of the *Coffea Arabica*, or coffee tree, with the flower and the berry. It is a tropical plant, and grows to the height of eight or ten feet. The berry encloses two hard, oval seeds. The left hand part of the engraving shows the entire berry—a berry half extricated from its pulp—the separate seeds and the flower.



TOBACCO PLANT.



CARNAUBA.



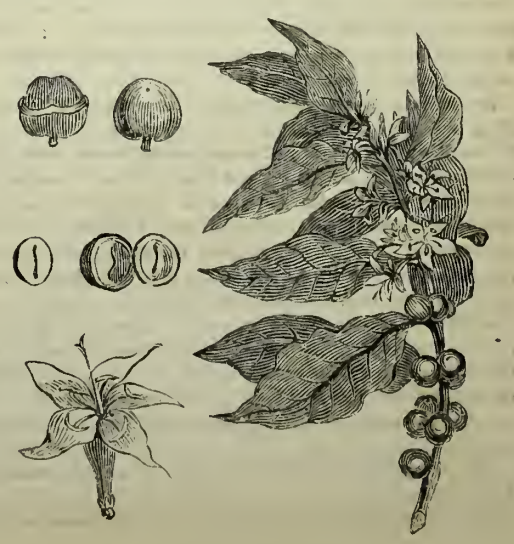
COTTON PLANT.



TURMERIC.



YAM.



COFFEE PLANT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I THINK OF THEE.

BY WILLIAM A. T. SILENUS.

I think of thee when dawn of day
First changes darkness into light,
And the larks sing as they pass by,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

I think of thee at early morn,
When solar rays shine forth so bright,
When all around is still and calm,
And dewdrops sparkle in the light.

I think of thee at evening tide,
When day is fading from the sight,
And floating clouds so gently glide,
All tinged with golden rays of light.

I think of thee at midnight hour,
When moon and stars shine forth so bright,
While seated in some pleasant bower,
All lighted by the queen of night.

I think of thee while on the deep,
When moving onward to the goal;
Thine image I will always keep,
'Tis stamped upon my inmost soul.

O yes, I always think of thee,
When youth and brightest joys are fled,
When naught but musings cheer the heart,
And care and sorrow deck thy head.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HISTORY OF TWO LIVES.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

HUSH! Tread lightly over the velvet carpet; close the heavy oaken doors with a gentle touch, and draw the rich damask around couch and casement. Speak your joy in low tones and whispered accents; shut out the sound of the storm, the raging of the wind and the lightning's flash, and let naught disturb the silence of this stately chamber; for lo! to-day a child is born,—to-day an heiress is given to the proud house of G——, and in all fair England, there is not this hour a happier household than gather within the walls of S—— House.

The fair young mother (the very flower of the English aristocracy) is slumbering beneath silken curtains, on downy pillows, watched by careful, loving eyes, and blessed by a score of loving hearts. The tender infant, all unconscious of the magnificence that attends its appearance in this world of trouble, is reposing peacefully in its nurse's arms, unmindful of the fact that its tiny form is enveloped in robes of priceless value,—that each quarter of the earth has been searched to procure fitting adornments for its frail body.

Fair child, the unnecessary ornaments on your fairy-like couch would be a fortune for many a poor infant, helpless and innocent as you are, but unlike you, born to penury and want. But Providence has seen fit to place the little lady in a home of regal magnificence; to make her the descendant of one of her country's oldest and wealthiest families, and there are none to dispute her right to so much magnificence.

See in yon gallery one who walks with unsteady tread, with clasped hands, and joy-flushed countenance. He is very young; scarcely thirty winters can have passed over his head, and yet he enters into the councils of his sovereign, and even now he has left the walls of a palace to follow the messenger sent to summon him home. He is handsome—exceedingly handsome, not merely possessing the physical beauty that attracts the eye, but that greater beauty which wins the heart, that is read in those clear dark eyes, in the form of that beautifully-shaped head, and the small, almost womanly mouth, and which has all his life distinguished him among his fellow-men.

He is evidently in a state of joyous excitement, and we see his countenance change as his happiness comes before in every new light in which he views it. One moment he stands beneath the heavy arches of an old-fashioned window, and we feel, as he lifts his eyes to the stormy clouds above, that words of thanksgiving are in his heart and trembling on his lips,—that he is acknowledging the bounty and mercy of the Great Giver. Again his thoughts have wandered back to her, the beloved one—she who *might* have been taken from him, and who is so mercifully spared; and now, if we look in those dark eyes, we see them dim with tears—tears of love and tenderness.

But see! a messenger approaches, and whispers a few words. They leave the long dark gallery together, and with light and careful step, they seek the door of the mysterious room, where the obsequious domestic bows low, and leaves his lord to enter alone. All is silent and peaceful; not a sound breaks the repose of this delightful chamber, until softly drawing aside the curtains, he kneels beside the couch, and clasping the fair hand extended to him, kisses the pale cheek of his young wife, murmuring, "Louise—my Louise! God bless you, my own wife!"

Reader, we may not linger on such scenes as this. Happiness, pure, unmingled happiness, comes rarely to mortals, and still more rarely remains with them long. Think not, because we leave the two we have here introduced, at the very summit of human happiness, that we shall find them the same when we again resume their history.

We leave them rejoicing at the birth of a child; we may yet find them lamenting that that child ever saw the light. We leave them in the enjoyment of boundless riches, the possessors of all that rank and wealth can give to man; we may yet see them turn with loathing from their hollow magnificence, with disgust from the deceitful splendor, which has failed to give them peace.

Turn we now to a similar, yet far different scene—a scene of misery, of sorrow, such as the favored occupants of S—— House could hardly have imagined, certainly never realized.

In a wretched cottage, a few miles from an ancient and partly ruined castle belonging to the owner of S—— House, on the same day that our story opens, a little babe had been welcomed to the world amid want and wretchedness, the tears of a heart-broken mother, and the mournful wailings of an aged, sorrow-stricken and fast dying grand-parent. No husband was there to cheer the sinking heart of the young mother,—to press a father's kiss on the brow of the innocent little being, so helpless in its weakness, so strongly claiming love and kindness. No; the husband and father is far away. While his wife is weeping bitter tears over their first born, he is singing a wild song to amuse his choice companions, the idle, drunken loungers of a village tavern.

His money was spent long ago, even to the last farthing, but they who delight to listen to his fine voice, who love his witty conversation and pleasant company, take care that he shall not want for inducements to remain with them. They give him plenty of the liquor he loves, and he drinks again and again, until his voice grows thick and his step uneven; and still he quaffs the delightful poison, and cares not that his wife is suffering for the very necessaries of life,—that she is fainting with hunger and thirst, that she is ill and worse than alone; for her babe needs the care there is none to bestow, and she looks helplessly from the poor infant in her arms to the shivering old grandmother cowering over the few dying embers on the hearth, and in despairing accents she prays aloud for help.

The fierce storm is carefully shut out from the chamber of one mother; it sweeps through the unglazed windows of the other, while the lightnings flash blindingly in her face, and the heavy rain drops fall on her miserable and scanty bed. All through the long hours of that dismal night, a careful watch is kept at the bedside of the patrician lady; her lady mother, her husband, even the old dowager herself, are near her, and their fond glances ever and anon seek her sweet slumbering countenance. The morning sun disclosed a scene of horror in the drunkard's cottage.

In the darkness and cold, amid the horrors of the tempest and the sufferings of poverty, the spirit of the aged woman had departed. Cold and motionless she sat in her chair, deaf to the screams of her terrified daughter, deaf to the pleadings of her conscience-stricken son.

Hark! how he calls her! how he implores her to speak once more, to listen to his words of repentance, and not to say he murdered her! Vain—vain are sorrowful words now, addressed to her. The wretched son feels that it is too late; his mind is absorbed in his own misery. He leaves his wife to the care of strangers, and hastens to his favorite resort to drown his remorse in repeated draughts of the deadly liquor. The recollections of his childhood half madden him. It is destruction to remember the happy home of his youth, the dying charge of his father, the patient love of his mother, her self-denial and anxiety to procure him an education, to minister to his boyish wants. Little wonder is it that he almost shrieks aloud in his misery, and strives to fly from his tormentor. And his wife—the poor loving girl he made his wife two short years ago,—she, also, is looking back to the past, when he, the degraded and lost one, was innocent and good,—when he took her from a happy home, a fond mother's side, and proudly called her "his own."

But now, all is changed. Cold, hunger and sorrow have long been her portion, and even this her first-born (so welcome under other circumstances) is wept over with bitter forebodings for her future.

Fifteen years—they pass rapidly, and they bring great changes. They have made a material difference in him whom we last saw rejoicing at the birth of his daughter. Then he was young, impulsive and warm-hearted; now he is cool, calculating and worldly. The bright smile and the joyous light have left his handsome countenance, and in their stead we find deep care lines, anxiety, weariness.

Riches have multiplied with him; honors have been heaped on his head; more than once has he been honored with the most marked evidences of his sovereign's esteem and favor; he has become the sole representative of his family honors, and yet the Duke of S—— is not as happy as, when a young man, he had been sole master of his own time and pleasure.

And the fair young duchess—she, also, sighs over the past. No more retirement, no more quiet happiness; they belong to the public. Her husband has become deeply entangled in his country's politics, and henceforth she finds her place in his heart occupied. They meet but seldom now, and then the eyes of the world are upon them.

The "ducal coronet" presses painfully on that fair brow. Her grace has vainly implored a boon from heaven; it has not granted her a son. She tries to be resigned now, but well she knows that her only daughter, her beautiful Constance, will never be allowed to exercise her own right of choosing a partner; even now a contract is making in which neither of the parties most interested is allowed to have a voice.

The Lady Constance is self-willed and obstinate; her mother has sad fears for the future, and more than once has striven to change her lord's determination. An unusual display of temper on her daughter's part has tempted her once more to interfere. Her husband is in his study, deeply immersed in business, and surrounded with papers; he answers his wife's knock with impatience, and hands her to a seat with ill-concealed vexation. Feeling that she is an intruder, the lady hastens to explain the cause of her visit, and states the source of her uneasiness.

"I am astonished, Louise, that you should again annoy me with such nonsense. I have more than once told you that the affair is settled, or very nearly so, and Constance has nothing whatever to do with it. This is no affair of boy and girl love, but a serious matter, embracing the interests of both families. Had I but had a son, our daughter's marriage would have been of secondary importance; but now, when it is evident that the title and principal estates must pass away, it is equally certain that my only child must go with them, and I am convinced she herself will view it in the proper light before the time comes for the celebration of their marriage."

"But her dislike of her cousin is so great, she will not allow his name to be mentioned before her."

"All girlish fancies, Louise, and, moreover, such whims do not speak very well for your method of training. I hope I shall not have cause to repent of having gratified your wishes, in allowing Constance to remain under your care, instead of pursuing my first intention of having her educated with her cousins. But I desire this may be the last I shall hear of such childish objections, and also that she prepare for her betrothal in a few weeks, as my nephew and future son-in-law will then start on his travels."

And thus it was that the Lady Constance G—— became the promised bride of her cousin, and short-sighted friends spoke admiringly of her "stately beauty," her "lofty magnificence," all the qualities so rarely seen in a girl of fifteen, and did not dream of the smothered passions hidden beneath that calm outside. They saw not the agony, the uncontrolled passion, when all was concluded, and the fair betrothed was alone in her magnificent apartments. They heard not the moans of impotent anger, the rash resolves of the thwarted girl; and they were unanimous in declaring that the match was in all respects most desirable, for "did it not unite the two fortunes of the family, and keep together all the ancient estates?"

"Maggie!"

"I am here, dear mother."

"Maggie, child, I am sinking fast; come closer to me and listen, for I have much to say, and little time to say it in."

"Mother—dear mother! you will not die and leave me—leave the little baby, and Charley, and Jamie? O, mother, I cannot let you die!"

"Maggie, dear child, don't say that. It is very hard to leave you all, but I must go; and Maggie, my little daughter, it is to you I leave my precious babes, to your care and your guidance. Be always kind to your poor father, and never cease to lead him from his evil ways; he will one day acknowledge his faults, and then you will be rewarded. Do all you can for the boys, but never desert your little sister if she lives. Take her yourself to the minister, and ask him to baptize her; keep her always with you, and never forget her in your own happiness. And now, dear child, kiss me once more. God bless you and my other darlings, and may he cause my dear husband to forsake the evil and turn to the good."

Poor Alice Brown! hers was a short and unhappy life, and in her dying request she bequeathed to her gentle child a burden of care and sorrow far too heavy for the poor young creature. But Maggie Brown, frail and delicate as she appeared, in reality possessed an untiring and energetic spirit.

Born in sorrow, despair and poverty, she had all her short life been accustomed to the hardest trials and troubles, and thus at her mother's death she assumed the control of their cottage with a courageous determination to conquer every difficulty, to fulfil to the letter that dear mother's request.

Maggie's neighbors, as poor as herself, yet found opportunities to do little offices of kindness for the children of drunken John Brown.

"Send little Charley over to our house, Maggie, and I will always give you some milk for the babe," said one kind-hearted matron, who, with tearful eyes, had watched the poor girl's efforts to induce the half-starved infant to eat the only food she had to give it.

"Don't try to do that, my lassie; you are not strong enough for such work. I will send some one from the house to help you, yon poor child." And true to his word, Farmer Harris despatched his son Willie to the cot, to provide fuel for the suffering children.

Maggie blushed deeply as young Harris came to her side and relieved her of the hard task she had undertaken. He was a stranger to her, having only just arrived home from school; and being a very good-looking youth, and also displaying considerable admiration for his new acquaintance, there was little wonder that poor Maggie felt somewhat shy and ashamed in his presence.

After that morning, it became an everyday occurrence for Willie Harris to call at John Brown's cottage on his way to the post town, and old Farmer Harris frequently had his patience tried to the utmost by the length of time he had to wait for his letters and daily paper. But Willie always found means to pacify his father, and not unfrequently succeeded in obtaining a small sum of money from him, after patiently listening to a reprimand.

Next to his son, Farmer Harris loved money, and Willie had hitherto showed a disinclination to spend, that delighted his father's heart. Now, however, the case was different, and many were the discussions the good man held with his dame, as to the possible use their boy could make of his cash. One thing was certain: Mrs. Harris could never be made to believe that her darling made any improper use of it, and she always ended the argument when the old gentleman with a solemn shake of his head would say, "Dunno, dame,—dunno; boys are boys, and Willie's one of them."

It is quite probablo that both Willie's parents would have been angry had they seen the numerous little presents their son bestowed on Maggie Brown's little orphan charges (he never offered Maggie anything for herself); but as they never knew it, it never grieved them, and poor Maggie felt herself encouraged to hope on through many a dark and dreary hour by the knowledge of how firm a friend she had in rich Farmer Harris's gentle-hearted son.

But these happy days did not last forever. Willie Harris had a grand-uncle in the Indies, old, rich and unmarried. He wrote to his English agent, learned that Willie was his nearest of kin, sent for him to come out to him without delay, and Maggie Brown lost her friend. True, Willie had promised to come home some day and make her rich; but then Willie was only seventeen, and India was *such* a long way off. Poor Maggie took the infant on her lap, and shed the bitterest tears she had wept since her mother died.

"Constance—dearest Constance, you are not offended with me? You will pardon my rashness, for you know how much I love you."

"I know you love me, Sidney, but think of the consequences of an elopement now. I dare not think of Norman's anger, for he, too, loves me, Sidney."

"Not as I do—never as I do, my own—my beloved!" And the impassioned words were rendered more earnest by the caresses which accompanied them. And the guilty wife—for she was a wife—listened to his wicked pleadings, and scarcely by word or look attempted to discourage his libertine hopes.

We left Lady Constance, at fifteen, the betrothed wife of her cousin. One short year after, she fled from her magnificent home, her affectionate parents, and the husband they had destined for her, to become the wife of a captain in a foot regiment.

Captain Norman was handsome, jealous, ambitious and poor. He had won his beautiful young bride by the exercise of his exceedingly fascinating qualities, and he carefully guarded her, now she was his own, very much to her annoyance. To maintain her in elegance, he deprived himself of a thousand accustomed pleasures, asking but a word or look of approbation in return.

One thing alone he denied her, and that the artful beauty found means to obtain without his consent; viz., the society of gentlemen, as her position, both past and present, little fitted her to enjoy without danger.

Among the most objectionable of her acquaintances was Sidney L——, a brother officer of her husband's, and a wild, careless person as ever left college with a disgraced name. Heedless of consequences, he had always been accustomed to indulge his taste for flirtation to the utmost; but in Lady Constance, he met with one so different from those he had hitherto honored with his notice that the usual transient passion became something more serious, and he at last persuaded both her and himself that he was the victim of violent love. Careless of the danger, he continually implored her to elope with him, and her evasions (on the ground of Captain Norman's unfailing vengeance) but added fuel to the flame.

To him, bold and reckless in iniquity, "the danger's self was lure alone," and on the evening we have introduced them to the reader, he had determined to win her consent to fly. Favored by the supposed absence of her husband (whom they believed to be on duty), the guilty pair remained together until long past their usual hour of parting, and it was not until Captain Norman himself burst into the room that they realized the consequences of their imprudence. For hours the enraged man had been on the watch, and now he came to demand instant vengeance on him who had destroyed all his hopes of happiness. The events of that fearful night were never known.

At day dawn, the startling tidings was carried to the garrison that Captain Norman had died in a fit during the night.

Many were deceived, and sincerely sympathized with the young widow, whose affliction was so overwhelming that even her most intimate friends were refused admittance. But others were not to be blinded by such deceptive appearances; and when the unfortunate officer was borne to his last resting-place in silence and without the customary honors, the whole city mourned his unhappy fate and sad end. Captain L—— immediately left the army, and for many years was unheard of by his friends: while of the future fate of the guilty wife, little or nothing was ever known with certainty.

Such was the career of one, born to inherit riches, honors and an untarnished name. Of her parents, we dare say no more; death has taken them from this troublesome world, and their hopes, their disappointments, their sorrows and their disgrace are alike sacred. The present wearer of the family honors is now an old man. He mixes much in public life; he has for long years been a husband and father, and his stately wife and noble sons might well make glad his heart; but friends will tell you that his grace's temper suffered from an early disappointment, and not all the years since passed can efface the remembrance of the fair and deceitful cousin who disdained his youthful love, and left him to battle his way through life, with the firm conviction that truth does not exist here. The lady, whom for political reasons he made his wife, is a true "woman of the world," and her influence has strengthened her husband's error.

"Maggie, I have returned no richer than I left you, but unchanged in regard to my love. You must be mine now, Maggie; I cannot see you slaving forever for your father and brothers without a hope of change for the better. My home is at least comfortable, and my parents will welcome you for my sake."

The young couple were seated under the shade of the green trees, and Willie Harris had passed his arm around the slender waist of his companion, and drawn her close to his side. Very beautiful the cottage girl looked, despite the poverty-stricken appearance of her dress and the careworn expression of her countenance.

And Willie, as he passed his hand over her smooth, glossy hair, and watched the rosy flush rise in her fair cheek, heeded not that her faded old dress was worn and patched, that the bonnet lying on the ground was old and shabby, or that her feet were covered with shoes of the coarsest material.

It was for herself alone that Willie Harris loved Maggie, for her sweet temper, her beauty and her untiring devotion to her family; for these he had refused the wealthy bride selected for him by his rich old uncle, thereby incurring said uncle's displeasure, and returning in disgrace to his home. And Maggie knew all this, and yet when Willie asked her to become his bride, she slowly drew herself away from the clasping arm, and looking in his face with tearful eyes, exclaimed:

"It cannot be, Willie—dear Willie! I never can be your wife."

"Maggie! What is this?—what has come over you, Maggie, my own, to speak such words as these?"

"Hard words they are, Willie, God only knows how hard to me; but they must be spoken, and again I say I cannot be your wife."

With unmingled astonishment, the young man saw the great tears falling down her cheeks, as these words passed the lips of her he loved so well; and catching her to his bosom, he exclaimed, passionately:

"This is all nonsense, Maggie! Mine you are, and mine you must be. It is too late now to try to make me believe you do not love me. You must promise me now at once that you will be my wife immediately."

But Willie Harris was not prepared to find his gentle Maggie firm and unyielding in her strange determination, and not all his love could prevent his feeling angry, on hearing that her refusal arose from her determination to obey her mother's dying injunction, and never to forsake her father and his poor neglected children.

The little girl Maggie had so carefully attended since its birth, was merrily playing beside them, and Willie reading some of Maggie's thoughts, hastened to assure her that for little Bella his home was always open,—that he never dreamed of parting her from her sister, and consequently there could be no further objection to his plan.

"But what will become of the boys? and father, too, grown old with poverty and dissipation? No, no, Willie; urge me no more. It never, never can be!" And catching her little sister up in her arms, Maggie fled away from her lover as if fearful of listening any longer to his arguments.

Willie's first resolve was instantly to banish Maggie from his mind forever, but a few hours convinced him that it was no longer in his power to do so.

Maggie's noble renunciation of happiness made her dearer than ever to him, and evening saw him at the cottage, where, after another fruitless attempt to change her purpose, he bade her farewell, convinced that to remain near her was only additional misery.

"If he could only have stayed here!" sobbed poor Maggie, as, standing in the moonlight, she watched her lover slowly retracing his steps,—"only remained where I might sometimes see him, I could have borne my misery; but now—now he has gone, and I am all alone."

Scarcely less unhappy was the young lover, who went home to astonish his parents with the announcement of his intended departure for the "Great West."

"There is no room in this country for a man to live, father," was his answer to the old farmer's objections. "I must go where I can roam freely over the wilderness,—where no one shall say, 'this is mine; you cannot come here.' I have been east, I will now go west. Perchance, when wearied of wandering, I may come home and settle quietly in the dear old place, but at present it is impossible."

And Willie actually went away, in spite of the lingering hope in Maggie's heart, that he would change his plans; and once more the poor cottage girl pursued her weary course uncheered by anything save the voice of an approving conscience, and the love of little darling baby Bella.

But Maggie had not yet passed through all her trials. It was not until she stood beside the little pauper coffin and looked her last on the fair little image sleeping in it, that she realized how many and how agonizing are earth's trials.

But Maggie passed through the ordeal unmurmuringly. Her father, shocked at the death of the little one, suddenly left off his bad habits; but long use had rendered him powerless to overcome their evil effect. He pined, sickened and died; and Maggie, after proving herself a "ministering angel," sincerely mourned for him whose mistaken ways had shadowed her whole life.

As soon as John Brown's death became known, friends gathered round the orphans, and an old sailor uncle of their mother's fitted out the two boys, and took them with him to sea. Maggie refused all offers of a home, persisting in remaining in the little old cottage and supporting herself by knitting and sewing for her neighbors.

Several months passed thus, until Dame Harris was taken severely ill, and then in his perplexity the farmer could think of no one so likely to make a good nurse as "orphan Maggie." True, he had treated her very coldly of late days, for he more than half-suspected the agency she had had in sending his boy away; but the case was urgent, so he smothered his vexation, went himself, told her his troubles, and took her home with him at once.

And then such a change as took place in the old farm house! Nobody could have convinced the old gentleman that by any possibility any other woman could do what his dame could do, and he almost believed in magic art when he witnessed the improvements the young girl made in his disordered household. And the sick dame, too, almost doubted the evidence of her senses when told by her husband that instead of being all wrong, every part of their house was in excellent order.

The prejudice once removed, and confidence felt in her, the old couple soon began to love Maggie dearly, and before Willie's return, she had become necessary to their comfortable existence. Of course, after that she never left them, and her future life amply repaid her for the trials of her youth.

Five years after their marriage, Willie's uncle in India died, and left Willie a large fortune. The old house was pulled down, and a handsome and convenient new one replaced it. Their garden (always a good one) was enlarged and improved, and gradually the old place assumed a look of elegant comfort, in accordance with the young master's taste.

When I saw Maggie last, it was at the christening of her third child; and as it was the first son, the occasion was one of exceeding joy. The young mother looked very well and very happy, and if a slight shade of remembered sorrow was at times visible, it did not detract from her beauty. Her pretty lavender silk dress, delicate lace collar and most becoming cap (the matron's badge in England), looked just as they ought to have looked, and I could freely pardon her handsome young husband's admiring glances. Her two little girls (born to a happier childhood than their mother enjoyed) were very pretty, rosy, English children, and evidently great pets with their grand-parents and all their father's family connections, half a dozen old maid aunts inclusive, said aunts allowing them to disarrange the prim propriety of their ringlets and ribbons with most admirable patience and good humor.

THE AFRICAN WOODS.

The most formidable of all animals in the woods of Africa is the famous but recently discovered Troglodytes Gorilla, called in the language of the Gabun, Njena. It belongs to the orang-outang or chimpanzee family, but is larger and much more powerful than any other known species. It is almost impossible to give a correct idea, either of the hideousness of its looks, or the amazing muscular power it possesses. Its intensely black face not only reveals features greatly exaggerated, but the whole countenance is but one expression of savage ferocity. Large eyeballs, a cress of long hair, which falls over the forehead when it is angry, a mouth of immense capacity, revealing a set of terrible teeth, and large protruding ears, make it one of the most frightful animals in the world. It is not surprising that the natives are afraid to encounter them even when armed. The skeleton of one, in possession of the Natural History Society of Boston, is supposed to be five feet and a half high, and with its flesh, thick skin and the long shaggy hair with which it is covered, must have been nearly four feet across the shoulders. The natives say it is ferocious, and invariably gives battle when it meets a single person. It is said they will wrest a musket from the hands of a man and crush the barrel between their jaws, and there is nothing, judging from the muscles of the jaws, or the size of their teeth, that renders such a thing improbable. The common African chimpanzee abounds in all parts of Western Africa. Those of Southern Guinea are not so large as those higher up the coast. It is the nearest approximation to the human species of any of the monkey family. It is easily domesticated, is mild and sociable in disposition, and gives unmistakable evidence of strong personal attachments. Its character and habits are so well known that we do not feel it important to give it a more extended account.—*New York Star.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Recollections of a Zouave before Sebastopol. Translated from the French by Mrs. M. Harrison Robinson. Philadelphia: Hayes & Zell. 1856. 18mo. pp. 300.

The extracts from this work which we had seen in foreign papers, excited a curiosity which a perusal of this version has fully gratified. It is a lively, graphic and dashing narrative, not without a touch of *blague*, giving a perfect picture of that unique corps, the world-renowned French Zouaves. It is thoroughly readable, from title-page to colophon. For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

Robert Graham. A sequel to "Linda," by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson 1856. 12mo. pp. 256.

The readers of "Linda, or the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole," one of the most graceful productions of a pen that will delight them no more, will be gratified to peruse the continuation of that charming story, which is concluded in the same spirit, and which is quite as interesting. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington Street.

Western Border Life: or, *What Fanny Hunter saw and heard in Kanzas and Missouri.* New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 408.

The title of this book is enough to draw attention to it. How faithfully life on the frontier and in the new territory is depicted, we are incompetent to tell. The book undertakes to delineate the "efforts of a faithful Christian teacher from New England to do good among her pupils." For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

The Life of General Daniel Morgan of the Virginia Line, U. S. A. By James Graham. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 475.

The name of Morgan is one of the most illustrious on the long list of our revolutionary heroes, and his unexaggerated efforts read like a romance. The life before us is well written, and embraces a general view of the stirring and glorious times in which the gallant general lived and did his part. A fine portrait of the hero faces the title-page. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

Victoria, or *The World Overcome.* By Caroline Cheseboro'. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 465.

We think the public will decide that this is the best work yet from the pen of our popular American authoress. It is interesting as a narrative, pure and lofty in its tone, and abounding with vividly drawn characters. We predict an extensive sale for it.

New Music. We have received from Henry Tolman, 153 Washington Street, "Old Friends and Old Times," a ballad, "Song of Washington's Men," "Springfield City Hall Polka," "Evening Party Waltz," and "Children's Party Waltz."

Feathers from a Moulting Muse. By Henry J. Sargent, "Residuary Legatee of the late Walter Anonym." Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1854.

These very clever poems, many of them humorous, seem to grow in favor with the public. There is an ease and grace in the versification, a geniality and purity in the sentiment, which commend them to all tastes. These first print offerings of a native genius lead us to expect other and yet more successful productions

The Life of George Washington. By J. T. Headley. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner. 1856. 8vo. pp. 477.

The life of the Father of his Country cannot be too often written. Each year that rolls over our heads adds to the value of his example and the importance of his counsels. The work before us is done in the best vein of a picturesque and graphic writer, and is embellished by a fine authentic portrait and by numerous illustrative engravings executed in a high style of art. It deserves and will receive an extensive sale. For sale by A. Williams & Co. 100 Washington Street.

FLYING PROAS
OF THE LADRONE ISLANDS.

The accompanying picture represents the peculiar boats (proas) used by the Ladrone islanders, with their slender hnlls and hnge triangular sails, managed by the natives with great adroitness. To the mariner accustomed to European rigs, a fleet of these qneer craft hnrrying along shore affords a singular spectacle. All the navigators who made known to us the existence of groups of islands in the Pacific, the Indian and other oceans, accompanied their narratives with descriptions of the canoes or other kinds of boats in use among the natives; and means are thus afforded for observing the various ways in which ingenuity is bronght to bear on such matters. Whether each nation or tribe made its own discoveries, and applied its own inventive skill, or whether one borrowed ideas from another and modified them according to circumstances, can now hardly be known; but it is probable that both causes led to the production of the object in view. The proa we have delineated is used among the Ladrones and other eastern islands. In the account of Anson's voyage, this proa is spoken of with marked commendation. "Whether we consider its aptitude to the particular navigation of these islands, or the uncommon simplicity and ingenuity of its fabric and contrivance, or the extraordinary velocity with which it moves, we shall find it worthy of our admiration, and meriting a place among the mechanical productions of the most civilized nations." The proa seems to be constructed on a principle the very reverse of American vessels; for, while we make the head of the vessel different from the stern, and the two sides alike, the proa has the head and stern alike, but the two sides different. There is one side of the vessel which is intended always to be kept to leeward, and this is flat, whereas the other side is rounded. To prevent her oversetting, which is liable to happen from her narrowness of beam, and the straitness of her leeward side, there is a frame extending from her to windward, to the end of which is fastened a log, shaped like a small boat, and made hollow. The weight of the frame is intended to balance the proa, and the small boat, by its buoyancy, prevents the oversetting. The body of the proa is made of two pieces joined endwise, and sewed together with bark—there being no iron used about her; it is always about two inches thick at the bottom, and about one at the gunwale. The proa generally carries six or seven men, two of them placed in the head and stern to steer the vessel alternately with a paddle, according to the direction in which it is going; the other men being employed in baling out the water which she accidentally ships, or in setting and trimming the sail. The peculiar construction of these vessels arises out of the sort of navigation for which they are intended. The Ladrones are a string of islands lying nearly north and south of each other, and the proas have scarcely to follow any other points of the compass than these two in maintaining intercourse between one island and another. Either end of the vessel may at pleasnre make the head, and thus, by simply shifting the sail, it may go to and fro without ever "putting about" or turning round. By the flatness of their lee side and small breadth, they are able to be much nearer the wind than other vessels. They have been known to progress, when a brisk tradewind was with them, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and their amazing swiftness has earned for them the name of "flying proas."



FLYING PROAS OF THE LADRONE ISLANDS.

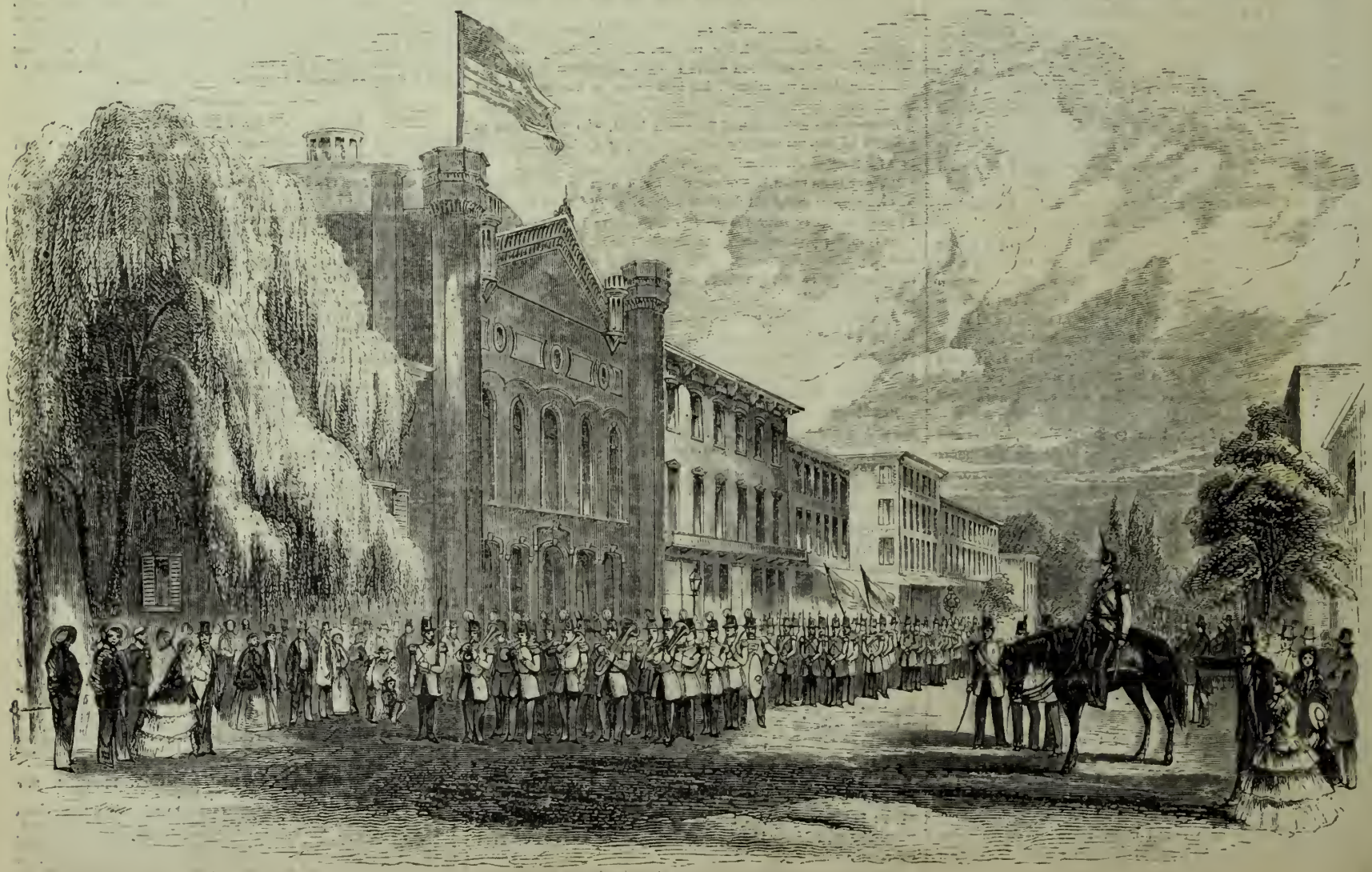
WASHINGTON STREET, HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

In our number of September 6th, we presented a general view of Hoboken, taken from the river, and accompanied it by a sketch of the place. We now add a view of Washington Street from the pencil of the same artist—Mr. Hill. Hoboken is laid ont with great taste and liberality, and the streets are planted with shade trees. That in our view is the principal bnsiness street. The prominent buildings delineated are the Odd Fellows Hall and one of the armories. In front of the latter, a New York city company, on a target excnrsion, accompanied by Dodworth's band, is halted. Dnring the fall, hundreds of corps come over from New York for target and battalion exercises. There is great military spirit in New York, and the emulation among the volun teer companies brings their drill as near perfection as possible.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

The Lake of Geneva, or Lake Leman, presented on the next page, is one of the most beantiful and celebrated of European lakes. The pictnre before us delineates as far as engraving can, one of the most striking portions of this vast inland mirror, reflecting the magnificent theatre of mountains that rise nntil their snow-capped snmmits blend with the very clouds. The buildings stretching along in the middle distance, add greatly to the picturesque effect of this truly magical scene. This lake lies between Switzerland and the Sardinian States. It is in the form of a crescent. Its length is forty-five miles, while its breadth varies from one to ten. It is 1230 feet above the sea, and its greatest depth is 984 feet. It is traversed by the Rhone from east to west, and receives the Dranse, Venoge and other small rivers. Its waters are noted for their deep cerulean blue color. They abound in fish. This magnificent sheet of water is never frozen over. It presents a very curious phenomenon at times, when it rises from one to five feet, this remarkable elevation lasting only about half an hour. It has formed the subject of many paintings nnd poems, but none of the latter attain the beauty of the well-remembered stanzas in Child Harold's Pilgrimage. During Lord Byron's stay in Switzerland, he took up his residence at the Campagne Diodati, in the village of Coligny. It stands at the top of a sloping vineyard, the windows inside presenting a fine view of the lake aud the city of Geneva. To his evening excursions on the lake, we owe those stanzas commeneing with an invocation to the lake:

"Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved."



VIEW OF WASHINGTON STREET, HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.



VIEW OF LAKE GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CONTENTMENT.

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.

But few the hearts where true content
Doth in its fullness dwell,
And few there be who rightly prize
Its calm and holy spell.

To its possessor it is more
Than all the gems of earth:
It is a rare and blessed gift,
And owns a heavenly birth.

We may be rich without the wealth
That falls to some below;
We may be poor, yet millions own,
As earthly riches go.

But he who true contentment feels,
However low his lot,
Bears in his heart a jewel rare,
That will forsake him not.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY TUTOR'S NIECE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

I was just seventeen years old when my father entrusted me to the care of Parson Atherton, an old friend of his. He lived in a rural district, far away from the temptations of the busy town, in a quiet embowered parsonage, from whence he rarely emerged, except to give his usual Sabbath sermons. To all appearance, the gentle old man was as innocent of world knowledge as his young pupil; and had there not been a Mrs. Atherton, one would have doubted whether the placid flow of his existence had ever been stirred by any emotion whatever. But that he had a wife, and the fact that she at least had felt something more than mere ripples on her sea of love, were proofs that some time—long back perhaps in the history of the great past—Mr. Atherton's life had been buoyed up into hope, or swayed by ambition for one he loved.

Be that as it may, they had settled down in a passive calm now. Nothing on his part ever took place more important than the dull lesson from Cicero or Horace, which he drilled into me, or the duller sermons which he drilled into his rustic parishioners. Nothing on hers more grand than the autumnal pickling and preserving, or the tying up of her roses and honeysuckles. It was the old story of Adam and Eve; and surely this place—this very Longwood Parsonage—was Eden itself. But alas! Adam had grown old and infirm, and Eve, though a good deal younger than Adam, was certainly not the "fairest of her daughters."

They were very kind to me. I can remember that. Whatever of wrong or blame may be attached to me—Hamilton Lockhart—that of forgetting friends or favors is not among my transgressions. I loved the kind old man very dearly, and I am not sure that Madam Atherton did not claim as large a share in my youthful heart as her good husband. Everything which she could do, or cause her neat-handed servant girl, Nannie, to do for me, was done. My chamber was as sweet as the mountain heather, with lavender and dried rose leaves, my wardrobe neatly kept, the handsomest flowers and finest fruits at my disposal, and freedom to read in the easiest corner I could find.

Those were rare days! I wonder now that I did not linger more fondly over them, and feel that nothing brighter or happier could ever come up to me in life again! The morning lesson, rendered easy by the masterly teaching Mr. Atherton gave me, the two following hours before our simple, early dinner, in which I helped Mrs. Atherton shell peas or pare apples, and listened to her stories of old times; the after dinner *stretch*, not sleep, in the cool, shaded alcove, with the murmur of the brook and the song of birds in my ear, and the fretted network of green leaves and branches above me, where the stray sunbeams only partially came in, and a perfect bower of roses around me; the sweet rustic repast which Nannie always spread beneath the trees, when the weather would permit; the moonlight sail on the little stream, in which I was proud to show my seamanship to the two venerable friends who accompanied me—yes, those were rare days indeed; and yet they were as nothing, absolutely nothing, to the bewildering dream that followed them.

Strange as it may seem, I did not tire of these simple joys. Whether it was that out in the illimitable future there stood a shape, a destiny, that I seemed to know by intuition would never be approached nor hurried, I seemed to wait passively the time when it should come to me, or I should unconsciously be drifted up to it, I know not. But despite my youth, and the impatience natural to it, I was waiting for it very calmly.

Sometimes it had a glory around its brows, and then it seemed farther off; but often it wore a look of gentle dependence, and of patient hope, as if it, too, was waiting for time to bring two souls together, which, after that meeting, were never to be parted again.

You will say these were schoolboy fancies; but if so, why did they grow stronger, and become invested with a higher faith and a more enduring presence, as I ripened into manliness? Why did I believe in it, firmer and firmer, as the devotee believes in his patron saint, or the spiritualist in his guardian angel? Why did not the conviction ever come to me, as my mind and understanding matured, that I had been cherishing a mere fancy—a deception—a chimera?

No; each year deepened my faith in the coming fate which always wore so sweet an aspect in my eyes. And had it not seemed like dragging down my angel into a mere common mortal, I might almost have embodied my ideal, or at least hoped to have done so, in the person of Madam Atherton's niece, whom she was now daily and hourly expecting to take up her abode with her—for both father and mother had died abroad, and left their only child to the protection and care of my tutor and his wife.

I thought a great deal about the new comer. She did *not* take the place of the dweller in my thoughts; but she had a nearer approach, and I could think of her differently—more like a human and less like a supernatural being. Moreover, this one had a name, and I could identify her, too, through another's vision. Madam Atherton had *seen* her niece, although she was then a mere child, and I could not blend my glorious shadow with the large staring eyes, gipsey skin and irregular features, which she laughingly owned were her niece's distinguishing characteristics of person, scarcely improved, she thought they could be, by her three years' residence in the West India islands, where her father, a rich Scotchman, had resided, and where his wife and child had joined him. The fever which spared the daughter, had not been so merciful to the parents; and Flora Ballantyne was now coming to the parsonage, with little more than a remnant of her father's wealth—perhaps barely enough to pay her board.

"But we shall never mind that, Master Hamilton," said the old lady; "my sister's child would be welcome without a penny, as well to Mr. Atherton as to myself. She will be like a daughter to us both; and surely she will not forsake us in our old age, if we protect her youth."

The sympathies of a youth of twenty are not hard to be roused when the subject is a young lady; and I delighted Madam Atherton by my ready appreciation of the new treasure she was about to receive, promised my assistance in trying to make Miss Ballantyne's time pass pleasantly, and won her admiration the very next day, by a new coat of paint which I gave my boat, and the new brass collar which I fastened around Hector's neck. She took both as compliments to her niece.

For my own part, I found myself stopping short in my Latin translation, with the words "staring eyes, gipsey skin" on my lips, which I took care should not reach the ears of Mr. Atherton, who sat writing out his Sunday discourse, perfectly unconscious of his pupil's wandering thoughts; and, in his simple way, turning over the leaves of his great Bible until he found the passage he needed.

We were not expecting Miss Ballantyne very soon, for word came that she would first visit an old schoolfellow at Southborough. When, therefore, the Longwood stage came dashing and tumbling down the hill opposite our house, disappeared into the valley, and was again seen through the trees, lumbering slowly up the ascent that led to Longwood parsonage, we were not prepared for the advent of the Scotch maiden, but rather believed it to be some member of my own family paying me a hurried visit on the way from town.

I stood, therefore, on the receptive, thinking only to see brother Charles, or perhaps only John, my father's head clerk, who sometimes came to settle my board bills, when the stage drew up with a jerk, the driver dismounted and pulled down the step, and took in his arms a small, light figure closely veiled and draped in deep mourning. I stood aside, awkwardly enough, and let Mr. Atherton take my place; and for the next half hour I was seeking Madam Atherton among the shrubberies, down in the orchard, and finally in old Katy Jewsbury's cottage. By that time I found that there would be no further sight of the new comer until the next morning; and I retired to my room, where I lay watching the moonbeams playing on the brook, and wondering what strange beauty Flora Ballantyne's face might have grown into since her childhood; and fell asleep to dream of two distinct figures standing afar off in the mist, and finally blending into one.

The next morning I was up bright and early; but on going down to the pretty stream which ran by Longwood parsonage, I found that our guest had preceded me. She was sitting on the green bank of the stream, and playing with the branch of a tree, which she dipped into the sparkling water.

"Miss Flora Ballantyne?" I said, inquiringly; for I had come unaware upon her seclusion, and I could not retreat.

"Just so," said the maiden; "and this is Mr. Lockhart, I suppose."

I acknowledged the fact, and sat down beside her; and when we returned to the breakfast table, it was with a friendship already begun and considerably advanced. For we had talked nearly two hours upon a variety of subjects, and had discovered a wonderful similarity of opinion and sentiments; and the formal introduction which Mrs. Atherton had been anticipating for weeks, was fairly nipped in the bud.

"Well, Hamilton, does Flora look as I described her to you?" said good, simple Mrs. Atherton, as I drew a chair for the lady, and boldly seated myself beside her.

I pretended to look at her niece somewhat narrowly, as if her looks had not had any place in my thoughts before.

"She certainly does not resemble the people of her father's country," I answered, after mature deliberation.

"Very true," said Madam Atherton, "my sister lost all her blue-eyed and auburn-haired children, and only this 'gipsey-skinned maiden' survives."

I looked again, and the bright, eloquent blood was struggling up through the dark skin, and beneath the black, glorious eyes; and the red lips parted into a smile, that showed such magnificent teeth, as one sees but once or twice in a lifetime. She did not then resent the term of gipsey. I knew then that she was sweet-tempered, for dark girls are sometimes irritable and sensitive as to their peculiar tinge; and she was so dark, that she might have been mistaken for a genuine West Indian.

I liked her for this; and indeed our breakfast was not over before we all seemed happily to grow into the belief, that she was to be the great acquisition to our family circle—was to fill up the niche in the household so long empty, and, in short, that none of us could ever do without her again. She fell into her place as pupil to my instructor in the most natural way; told him that she wished to rub up her school learning; and, with the most exquisite little aprons, she commenced helping Mrs. Atherton and Nannie with the housework, doing all the parts that required most perseverance and energy, and again copying for her uncle with the zeal of a regular literary fag.

I looked to see her tire herself out, and go back to unmitigated fine ladyism. Not she! She was too much engrossed in it to weary, and nothing seemed to trouble or fatigue her. She was always cool, always ready, and never in haste, nor out of temper.

"How had aunt Atherton lived without her so long?" she asked one day; and the good old lady said, earnestly, "*How*, indeed?"

Among all these pleasant things was one that troubled me. She received letters constantly from some one who wrote a beautiful hand, evidently a gentleman's. As I was the one who attended to taking the family letters from the post-office, I often saw the quick blush that came to her cheek when that particular handwriting was presented to her eye. She never entrusted me with any in return; but while I was engaged in my morning lesson, she generally went down to the village, I could not doubt for what purpose. It was coming upon me slowly, but not less terribly, that Flora Ballantyne had a lover! And equally slow and terrible was the fact, that I could no longer deny to my soul that I loved her with the deepest and strongest love of which the human heart is capable.

I struggled madly with this new trouble which had come upon me. I felt that a wrong had been done me; that here, in this quiet, peaceful home, a being had been sent to me without any act of my own, formed, as it seemed, expressly for me alone, and yet that I was scarcely to look at her face, and feel how intimately our beings were united, before the tie was to be severed, and we were to become as nothing to each other! This was mad reasoning enough, but I was new to heart conflicts then, and I did not know how to manage and keep in check the deep, loud throbs that came swelling like billows from the tide of my overpowering passion.

I was lying on the bank of the stream one evening, just as the daylight had departed, and the broad, round moon had shown its rim above the horizon. My boat lay there ready to be launched, and Hector was impatient to spring in. I rose languidly, and prepared to cast off the rope by which I had fastened it to an upright post.

"Let me go with you, Hamilton," said the voice of Miss Ballantyne behind me. I had been thinking of her, and must have blushed like a girl, as I turned to her; but I courteously placed her in the boat and sat down near her, while Hector, according to custom, laid his head in her lap. I was cold and embarrassed, and she evidently noticed it.

"We have beautiful moonlight sails on our Scottish streams," she said, after a pause. "I remember some in which joy and sorrow are so intimately blended with their memory, that I cannot tell which has the pre-eminence."

"Your recollection of your mountain home, Miss Ballantyne, seems always more vivid than your recent residence in the islands."

"It is, indeed, and far more pleasant. When I tell you that my little brothers and sisters, and my parents all died after we left Scotland, you will not wonder that those islands seem to me like one vast grave."

"Enough. I entreat you not to recall it again. I was almost rude to make the remark; but as it was inadvertent, you will, I am sure, forgive me."

Of course she said everything kind, but we had a painful and constrained meeting, until as we were about to step on shore at the little sort of cove where I sheltered my boat, Flora's foot slipped, and she went backward with her face falling forward into the water. It was but the work of a moment to take her up and bear her to the house in my arms, Hector following with his loudest bark. They had all retired, but I ran to my bedroom and brought blankets, and laid her on a settle by the kitchen fire, and poured wine into her mouth, and finally restored her. She had fainted from striking her knee against a stone, and it now pained her terribly. I called her aunt, and ran off for the doctor, who decided that it was an injury which would probably confine her some days to the house. It did so for weeks.

During this illness my relations with Flora were of the most genial nature. I waited on her almost constantly. She was not carried up stairs, but a bed was brought down for her every night, and her aunt or Nannie slept on the couch. In the morning, after she was dressed, either her uncle or myself would take her in our arms and carry her to the breakfast-room, where she remained until after tea, when she would be carried back to the parlor again. No queen on the throne ever met with more homage; no one ever more graciously acknowledged it. The fruit, flowers, game, fish and fowl that were brought to her from the village, would have supplied many a summer boarding-place through the season. She pleased herself by selecting it for the sick and poor, who fared all the better for her temporary illness.

"Take this down to old Katy Jewsbury, please, dear Hamilton," she said to me one evening, when she had sent all the family out on similar errands. She had never called me so before, and I was half glad, half sorry to hear it now. Glad—if indeed I could be forever dear to her heart in the way in which she alone was dear to me; sorry, if the word was only prompted by sisterly tenderness for one who had so watched and tended her.

"No, Flora, I shall not leave you alone. Wait till Nannie comes back, and I will send her. See, she is coming now with a letter."

It was for Flora, and the well-known hand was upon it. How

I hated it! She blushed as usual in taking it, and laid it by. I left her to read it if she wished, but when I returned from the garden, from whence I brought her some fresh roses, the letter lay on her couch with the seal unbroken. I looked at her. She had grown paler and more shadowy since her injury; and when I had placed the little chaplet of rosebuds around her brow, I fancied that she resembled that shape which my boyish fancy had sometimes pictured as belonging to me, or linked some way with my fortunes. I could not help telling her of it.

"Do you believe in fate, Hamilton?" she asked.

"I do."

"Why, then, do you not suffer it to come along as it listeth, and not give way to vain struggles in attempting to hasten its approach."

What could she mean? Had she so truly guessed my state, that there was no need of my ever making any revelation of my feelings towards her, even if the time should appear to have arrived? She laid her hand upon the letter, the sight of which brought up all my wrath again. How was I ever to wait patiently for a fate which that handwriting could at any time turn into misery? O, Flora! Flora!

I leaned my head upon my hand, and looked resolutely away from her. My heart was growing hard towards her. At that moment she seemed born to be my evil destiny—she, so young, so beautiful, so much like the being I had hoped for as my good genius, my guardian angel, my shadow in the distance, brought near and enveloped in a robe of light that dazzled while it charmed me.

In turning around I caught a glimpse of her face, and saw that she was in tears. I was melted down at once. Flora, weeping, was a sight I could not well bear; and before I knew it—as I firmly believe, before either of us knew what we were about—we were weeping together on each other's shoulder, I kneeling by her couch.

"This is worse than folly," I said, as I started from that posture. "I will fool myself no longer. Flora Ballantyne, do you return the true love which you know now that I bear you, or are you bound to the writer of that letter? Speak one word—yes or no!"

She was frightened. She had never seen me vehement, or even roused before, and she could not well bear it now. She was weak, too, from suffering. She drooped under my passionate words, and seemed to be weeping again.

The door opened, and in came her uncle and aunt. They did not notice anything, and only excused their long absence—were sorry to have kept Hamilton in so long. I went out quickly, and saw her no more that night. The next morning at breakfast she was grave and silent. It was Sunday, and as Mrs. Atherton never had dinner cooked on that day, I proposed to her privately, that she should let Nannie go as usual, and I would stay with Flora.

"But how will they get along with the singing, dear?" said my simple old friend.

"O, well enough. Charlie Anstin is in town to-day, and will be there. Let Nannie go; she has been quite confined lately."

"Ah, I see, you are lazy to-day, and want a nap in my husband's rocking-chair."

"Well, do let me have it." And she consented.

How vividly that glorious Sabbath morning comes back to me! The range of hills opposite our house, and seen only through a loophole which I had cut through the shrubbery, stood covered with trees, and forming almost a perfect amphitheatre; while below lay the broad basin of our beautiful lakelet, as we sometimes called the brook, when swollen by rain to an unusual size. As the belt of trees cut sharply against the clear blue of the sky, every branch seemed pencilled there by the hand of a mightier artist than man; while from the southwest were rising a few milk-white clouds, whose fleecy edges varied and beautified the scene.

The bell from the village church was calling the people to worship, and soon the last, lagging footstep had entered. I watched it all with my hand clasped in Flora's, and she returned the close pressure of mine. The letter lay there still, but now it was unsealed. I dreaded to break the silence that lay about us.

"May I have faith in you, Flora?" I at length said. "May I believe, that whoever you loved when you came here, you have transferred it to me? Am I too presumptuous in hoping for this? Speak to me, Flora."

She could not, for she was now sobbing violently, but she did not withdraw her hand.

"If you will let me hope, Flora, clasp my hand still tighter."

She lingered but for a moment, and then pressed my hand in both hers. It was enough.

* * * * * *

It was late in the evening before Flora had finished her tale. Some one kept breaking in and disturbing her. Uncle Atherton thought she would like to read his sermon, as she could not go to church, and aunt Atherton had brought her the compliments of half the congregation, and Nannie bustled in, thinking she was missed from her post of nurse, and the doctor made his special Sunday visit a long one.

But I could wait *now*. I could look at that letter, and admire Colonel Hector Macdonald's handwriting with perfect magnanimity. Out of her broken and detached relation, I learned that Colonel Macdonald was a great friend of the late Mr. Ballantyne; that in dying, he had told her of his friend's proposal to marry her; that he had claimed no actual promise from her, but had generously offered to wait her own time.

Within a fortnight she had written him, that *the time could never come;* and this letter, which she had so dreaded to open, was his reply. It was a noble renunciation of her affections, which he said he never had believed would be his; assured her of his continued friendship, and his sincere wishes for her welfare, and begged her to feel towards him and his family, as if no such thoughts or feelings had ever been.

"And why did you write the letter to which this is the answer? Answer me, Flora! I deserve this at least from your hands."

"Because already I had learned that my life must henceforth be passed with you, or alone."

I did not question her further that night. I bore Flora into the breakfast-room next morning in my arms, stoutly contested by uncle Atherton.

"My privilege, my dear sir," I said, "now and always."

"What is the boy talking of, Flora?" said he. "Too much study is turning Hamilton's brain; he must go away for awhile."

"Not until Flora gets well enough to go with me, sir. We shall then travel, I think."

"Flora must travel, Hamilton—she is a rich heiress, my boy. I have a letter from her father's bankers, and they say every penny of her property is restored, and they wish to see her, if possible."

Flora turned red and then pale.

"O, I am so glad!—so glad for *you*, Hamilton!"

It was all she could say; but her uncle and aunt caught up the key-note, and said:

"What is it to Hamilton?"

"A great deal," she answered, while her fine eyes glistened with the happiness of bestowing upon those we love. "I am going to marry Hamilton!"

"And I am so glad that I did not know of this fortune yesterday," said I.

* * * * * *

We are to be married to-morrow, and on the very next day we start for Scotland, thence to the islands where Flora's property lies. I am very happy. My shadow—my destiny has assumed a distinct and beautiful shape. She looks at me with her clear, loving, trustful eyes, as if she had found with me peace and protection. Already she has blended and become inseparable from that which sometimes came between us.

We shall return; but it will be to establish ourselves permanently close to Longwood parsonage. As long as our venerable friends live, we will never give them the deep pain of parting from those whom they ever call their beloved children. The evening of their days shall be made serene and beautiful by our love; and when God calls them home, we will "keep their memories green."

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

The tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the holy city, not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence to the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun at Tadmor in the wilderness has fallen; but its fountain sparkles as freely in his rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its holy colonnades.

It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site, save the mounds of crumbling brickwork; but the Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither palace nor temple, but some vast reservoir. And if the light of any should still flash through the mist of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who, in his day, sought the happiness of his fellow men rather than glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the glory which outlives all other, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation, imparting to its work something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing therefrom the ordinary monuments of historical tradition of more magnificence.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate.*

IMPORTANCE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

There should be a telegraph line constructed along the route of every railroad. Its usefulness, as an indication of the position of trains, and of the occurrence of accidents, would be sufficient in most cases to compensate for its cost. On New Year's day, 1850, a catastrophe was averted on one of the London railroads by the aid of the telegraph. A collision had occurred to an empty train at Gravesend, and the driver having leaped from his engine, the latter started at full speed to London. Notice was given by telegraph to London and other stations; and, while the line was kept clear, an engine and other arrangements were prepared as a buttress to receive the runaway. The superintendent of the railroad also started down the line on an engine, and, on passing the runaway, had it transferred at the next crossing to the up line, so as to be in the rear of the fugitive. He then started in chase, and on overtaking the other, ran into it at full speed, and the driver of his engine took possession of the fugitive, and all danger was at end. Twelve stations were passed in safety; it passed Woolwich at fifteen miles an hour. It was within a couple of miles of London before it was arrested. Had its approach been unknown, the mere money value of the damage it would have caused might have equalled the cost of the whole line of telegraph.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

SHADE TREES.

The maple is one of the best shade trees for city growth. It is not affected a particle by the extremes of heat and cold. It forms a beautiful head, with clean, glossy foliage, smooth bark, is free from all insects, and has a rapid growth. In five years, in a good soil, it makes a fine, symmetrical head, with gracefully sweeping branches, and affords a dense shade. The American tulip-tree is also very choice. Its great elegance of habit, and striking beauty of leaf and blossom, recommend it to any one who has an eye to fine proportions. It requires a deep soil, with plenty of room to expand freely on all sides. It will not bear removing when large; but small trees grow rapidly when transplanted into a deep soil.—*N. E. Farmer.*

A SCOTCH JUDGE.

Another original of the Scottish bench was George Ferguson, Lord Hermand, a personage still remembered in Edinburgh. He was an able lawyer and a worthy man. Two young gentlemen, friends, went together to the theatre in Glasgow, supped at the lodgings of one of them, and passed a whole summer night over their punch. In the morning a kindly wrangle broke out on their separating or not separating, when by some rashness, if not accident, one of them was stabbed, not violently, but in so vital a part that he died on the spot. The survivor was tried at Edinburgh, and was convicted of culpable homicide. It was one of the sad cases where the legal guilt was greater than the moral; and, very properly, he was sentenced only to a short imprisonment. Hermand, who felt that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was vehement for transportation. "We are told that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor! In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night; and yet he stabbed him! after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God! my lards, if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he do when he's sober?"

His love of children was warm-hearted and unaffected. He always treated them seriously, exactly as if they were grown up. Few old men's speeches are more amiable than his, about his grand-nephew who happened to be his partner in a match at bowls: "No wonder that that little fellow and I are such friends—there are just seventy years between us." He was eighty, the boy ten. But when a boy happened to be a sailor he was irresistible. A little English midshipman, being violently attacked by a much bigger lad in Greenock, defended himself with his dirk, and by an unfortunate, if not accidental, thrust killed the assailant. He was tried for this at Glasgow, and had the good luck to have Hermand for his judge, for no judge ever fought a more gallant battle for a prisoner. The boy appeared at the bar in his uniform. Hermand first refused "to try a child." After this was driven out of him, the indictment, which described the occurrence and said that the prisoner had slain the deceased "wickedly and feloniously," was read; and Hermand then said, "Well, my young friend, this is not true, is it? Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty, my lord." "I'll be sworn you're not." In spite of all his exertions, his young friend was convicted of culpable homicide; for which he was sentenced to a few days' imprisonment.—*Lord Cockburn's Memorial.*

HOW TO COMMENCE BUSINESS.

One of the wealthiest merchants of New York city tells us how he commenced business. He entered a store and asked if a clerk was not wanted.

"No!" in a rough tone, was the answer, all being too busy to bother with me; when I reflected that if they did not want a clerk they might want a laborer, but I was dressed too fine for that. I went to my lodgings, put on a rough garb, and the next day went into the same store, and demanded if they did not want a porter, and again—

"No, sir!" was the response, when I exclaimed in despair almost,

"A laborer, sir? I will work at any wages. Wages is not my object; I must have employment, and I want to be useful in business."

This last remark attracted their attention; and in the end I was hired as a laborer in the basement and sub-cellar at a very low pay, scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. In the basement and sub-cellar I soon attracted the attention of the counting-house and chief clerk. I saved enough for my employers in little things wasted to pay my wages ten times over, and they soon found it out. I did not let anybody about commit petty larcenies without remonstrance, and threats of exposure if remonstrance would not do. I did not ask for any ten-hour law. If I was wanted at three A. M., I never growled, but told everybody to go home, "and I would see everything right." I loaded off at day-break packages for the morning boats, or carried them myself. In short, I soon became indispensable to my employers, and rose, and rose, until I became head of the house, with money enough, as you see, to give me any luxury or any position a mercantile man can desire for himself and children in this great city.—*Merchants' Magazine.*

GRIZZLY BEARS.

Californians tell a great many wonderful stories about the prowess and ferocity of the grizzly bear; and all agree that, as a general thing, a bear is a very unpleasant stranger for a man to encounter in a lonely place. The best chance of escape, in such a case, is for a man to lay prostrate upon his face and pretend death; for the bear will never prey upon a body which he has not killed himself, unless upon the verge of starvation. An American miner while prospecting in the mining regions, beheld one of these shaggy monsters approaching him down a mountain path. Finding that the animal was close at hand, and an attempt to fly being useless, he suddenly dropped upon all fours, and boldly advanced towards the bear. As soon as the two met, they put their noses together dog fashion, and finally went through all the formality of strange dogs meeting each other, not omitting the most minute ceremony, till master Bruin, being satisfied with the civilities of his new acquaintance, bade him a very affectionate adieu, at a neighboring tree, and marched off.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor,*
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

HON. OTIS P. LORD.

The accompanying portrait, drawn expressly for us by Hill, from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city, presents an accurate likeness of the original, who is so widely known as a public man in Massachusetts, and who has so wide a circle of acquaintances in this city and in Salem. Mr. Lord was born at Ipswich, Mass., July 11, 1812. After the usual preparatory course of study, he entered Amherst College, where he distinguished himself as an industrious student and a young man of great ability and promise, graduating with honor in 1832. Having selected the law as a profession, he entered the law school, and after a full course of study, graduated in 1836. He soon after commenced practice, and is now one of the most eminent lawyers in Essex county. Politics engaging his attention, he soon rose to a prominent position in the ranks of the Whig party, and for a series of years was a prominent and active member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and in the year 1854 was chosen to preside over that body. Possessing the requisite promptness, self-possession, fairness, and a thorough acquaintance with parliamentary usage, he discharged his duties as a presiding officer to the entire acceptance of the members. Mr. Lord is a very able and fluent debater, and is a pleasing and convincing popular speaker. He is not one of those orators who conceal a lack of minute information by rhetorical flourishes. He always speaks to the point, never indulging in episodical remarks for the purpose of consuming time, or displaying the graces of oratory. Mr. Lord has always been regarded as a sound and reliable man, pursuing the even tenor of his way, never shaken in his adherence to his principles and convictions. His ability is uncontested, and though still comparatively a young man, he has earned an honorable and enviable name in our community.



HON. OTIS P. LORD.

COAL PIT ON THE GRAVOIS ROAD,

NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, during his recent pictorial tour through the Western States. The coal pit, delineated with its characteristic apparatus and figures, is situated upon the Gravois road, about five and a half miles from the city of St. Louis, and was selected by our artist on account of the picturesqueness and attractiveness of the locality. The scene is depicted with the fidelity of the daguerreotype, and may be relied upon as correct in its minutest features and details. The coal is found near the surface, and the veins are followed horizontally under ground. The expense of the coal being very slight, owing to its location and the low cost of the material employed by the miners, it is afforded at ten cents a bushel at the pits. The State of Missouri abounds in coal. In the centre and on both sides of the Mississippi, is a remarkable deposit of cannel coal, the extent of which is yet unknown. The stratum is from thirty to seventy feet in thickness and underlies several counties. In addition to this great central deposit of "Cannel Coal," Missouri is furnished in the southwest with another coal field which is known to be very extensive, but the capacity of which has never yet been ascertained. The mineral wealth of the western country is inexhaustible, and this, taken in connection with the fertility of the soil and the inestimable facilities of navigation, accounts for its extraordinary progress—a progress which no one can appreciate who has not travelled extensively in this wondrous region, studied for himself the bounties which Providence has lavished on it, and marked the energetic spirit, which within a few years has converted a wilderness into the abode of comfort, of civilization and refinement. Elsewhere the growth of empire is slow and imperceptible, but here the process is visible and appreciable. It goes on before your eyes. You mark the disappearance of the forest, the conversion of the wild prairie into cornfields, the magical celerity with which villages, towns and cities spring up. It is impossible, however, to measure the future of this country. The imagination halts in the effort to picture the future splendor and power of the West.

ANGLO-FRENCH TUNNEL.

The project of constructing a railroad tunnel beneath the Straits of Dover, with a view to unite the shores of England and France, has occupied much attention lately, and a number of plans have been laid before the public through the columns of the newspapers. The plan, however, which seems to attract the greatest share of attention from scientific men, is that which has been matured by Mr. William Austin. He proposes to construct a tunnel having a triple way of three arches, oval in form, and securely locked together by inseparable and indestructible masonry, impervious to moisture; and for such unavoidable leakages as will occasionally occur, three culverts are to be provided to carry the water to either shore, where powerful lift pumps will convey it to the sea. The fall is to be from the centre towards each shore, and it is calculated that the crown of the tunnel will have a thickness of chalk of sixty feet between it and the ocean bed at the deepest point, which does not exceed one hundred and forty feet below the tidal level, as proved by soundings. There will be three double lines of railways, which will be ample for all purposes. Sufficient space is afforded for the necessary pathways, and the telegraph wires will be laid in the centre, on a new principle of economy and ready access. The tunnel, by its length, will thoroughly ventilate itself, but, should it prove necessary, three or four, or more, air-shafts can be readily constructed, the upper portions forming light-houses or places of refuge in case of shipwreck, or to be used for the purpose of signalling vessels which may be in the channel. The cost of this truly gigantic enterprise is estimated at £6,000,000, and the time for its construction seven years.—*Portfolio.*

GRAND CAIRO—HALIM PASHA'S GARDENS.

We visited the gardens of the harem of Halim Pasha, brother of Said Pasha, governor of Cairo—a ride of three miles from Cairo—through an avenue of sycamores forming a delightful arcade all the way. We entered, and a scene of cultivated grandeur burst upon our sight, and the odor of the orange-blossom scented the passing zephyrs, while trees laden with ripe lemons, apricots, oranges and nectarines glittered in the sun. Having with us a dragoman in his Eastern livery as a *cicerone*, he led us to a fine pavilion, where we enjoyed awhile the cooling breeze before we proceeded along the countless walks of this paradise, which contains eighty acres. All was beauty and enchantment. The shadowy walks, clustering trees, varied flowers and the delicious shrubberies thickened as we approached, and the birds above sang anthems to their praise. Pavilion after pavilion arose, furnished in most superb style, with windows stained in every hue and design, draped with ample curtains and painted blinds in all the excellence of high art. The walks are generally composed of pebbles stuck artistically in cement, decorated with designs in white and black, and feel most comfortable to the feet and grateful to the eye; and in looking over their rich green borders, the earth was strewn with fallen fruit, as we see in orchards at home in autumn, but of a very different kind; and occasionally heaps of lemons gathered together similar to the manner we gather potatoes into hins. There is no necessity here for conservatories, the whole extensive parterre being a hot-house of itself! In the centres of the converging avenues are fountains and water-spouts with pavilions around, while other walks lead to terraces of great height, reached by capacious stairs, with openings in the balustrades for landing on each terrace, where streams of water flow for coolness and irrigation, and on the margins of which grow the rarest flowers and fruit trees. We now come to an extensive quadrangular building, the outside of which scarcely gives an idea of the grandeur within; ascending a flight of marble stairs, a massive gate is opened, and an enchanted palace bursts upon the eye! This marvellously grand elysium is called the "Fountain," and all the peerless beauty of the East seems concentrated here. The centre is open to the sunlit sky, with a marble promenade all round the sides, 300 feet in length and about 50 in breadth, covered with a highly ornamented verandah supported on 200 Italian carved marble pillars of twenty feet high, each formed of one stone. Great marble bowers, surrounded with solid marble borders, are laid out like drawing-rooms, one in each centre of a quadrangle, furnished with divans and ottomans of the most sumptuous order, and in the rarest styles of foreign design. Inside of this vast edifice, and open to the sun, is a lake with a great centre, double-balustraded and decorated with vases full of flowers, where, with little skiffs you may row over and pace the extensive floor of this artificial island, so elegant in structure—while all around the canopied promenade, windows unglazed, but grated with fanciful bars resembling panes, let in the balmy air that wafts in gentleness the garden odors around you! In each corner, circled off, are also suites of rooms which the keepers open to show you. The first we entered dazzled our eyes and excited our imagination, for the perfection, the grandeur, the wealth, the art in all departments almost exceeded belief; and as we proceeded to the other three, our amazement still increased. It is said the decorative art of window staining is lost, but here the flattest contradiction is given by ocular demonstration. The richness of the colors, the chasteness of combination, the designs and workmanship, are as much alive, and even more resplendent than in the mediæval times. The blinds, also, are in color and design equal to the finest paintings! Words cannot fully express what the eye perceives in such elaborated repositories of wealth, art and magnificence. Those beautiful gardens and palaces are for the summer enjoyment of Halim Pasha and the ladies of the seraglio, who generally frequent them on the Fridays, when the gates of this truly magnificent realization of Oriental splendor and luxury are closed, to travellers and the public.—*Glasgow Citizen.*



COAL PIT ON THE GRAVOIS ROAD, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE STEAMSHIP ARABIA.

People have not yet done talking about the accident to the steamship Arabia, last month, which came very near adding another to the long list of ocean tragedies that have filled so many hearts with mourning. When running at full speed, the steamship struck upon the same rock on which the Staffordshire was wrecked. It is charged by a nautical man on board that proper precautions had not been taken, and that the lead had not once been used on the passage from Boston until the accident occurred. The shock of the vessel, her recoil, her wild rush over the rock with the loss of her keel, of course created the greatest panic on board. It was a time when the officers should have shown the utmost forbearance and kindness to the alarmed passengers who crowded on deck, many of whom were ladies. But it is charged that the officers refused to reply to the questions asked by those who were quaking for their lives, and that they were treated to a full dose of bulldog British insolence. It is charged, also, that when the ship arrived at Halifax, and it was determined to send her to England in spite of her leaking badly, the passengers, after the survey, were allowed only one hour to decide whether they would land or stay by the ship, and that no facilities were afforded those who chose the former alternative for getting out their luggage. We say nothing of the rashness of despatching the vessel to Liverpool in her leaky condition, merely remarking that such an act on the part of American shipowners would have been held up abroad as a proof of the criminal recklessness of American navigators; but this is not the question—it is whether British officials are to be upheld in insolent treatment and neglect of American passengers committed to their charge. If such conduct is sanctioned, then, as a matter of course, no Americans will sail under any flag but their own. The establishment of an American steam line between Boston and England has been projected, and the affair of the Arabia will no doubt hasten its consummation.

AN OUTRAGE ON THE FACULTY.—When a Turkish M. D., from want of skill or negligence, causes the death of a patient, he is compelled to parade the streets, carrying a wooden frame round his neck, to which are attached a number of bells. If this atrocious punishment were inflicted on all the quacks in America, a man could not hear himself speak for the ringing of the bells.

PEA SHELL SOUP.—In France, they make excellent soup out of pea shells. If we imitated our Gallic neighbors, we could live quite economically with pea shell soup, frogs and horsesteaks. They already send us champagne made out of honey, and olive oil manufactured from lard.

REMOVAL.—We have removed our office of publication to No. 22 Winter Street, in the large building especially erected for our business, and where we shall be happy to meet our patrons.

SPLINTERS.

.... Five hundred thousand dollars have been appropriated by Congress for building a new post-office in New York.

.... The explosion of a Greek merchant's contraband gunpowder lately caused destruction and death at Salonica.

.... Punch says the man who intends "getting round his wife" must start early in the morning.

The walls of the meat-market at Ghent are painted with laurel oil, the smell driving away flies.

.... Judge Haliburton, universally known as "Sam Slick," is said to be about retiring from the bench of Nova Scotia.

.... The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol (Eng.) lately died worth $750,000. Meek and lowly apostle!

.... The Grand Duke Michael is to be viceroy of Poland, and his brother Nicholas to be retained at St. Petersburg.

.... Prince Napoleon could not succeed in exploring the island of Jean Mayou, which has the volcano nearest the pole.

.... The Russian government is about to despatch two corvettes from Cronstadt to make a tour of the globe.

.... Five hundred ounces of strychnine lately arrived in New York, and were transhipped to California.

.... The Birmingham manufacturers made for the British government 272,000 muskets and rifles in two years.

.... In Russia, when a Cossack is extravagant, they say that "he is eating his candle at both ends."

.... A man living on the Hudson River, New York, predicted his death on a certain day, but failed to fulfil his prophecy.

.... In parts of Wisconsin and Iowa, harvest laborers have been receiving $2 25 a-day.

.... The Albany Common Council have recently passed a law abolishing steamboat and hotel "runners."

.... The Peruvian war steamer Amazonas, which was guaranteed by the English builders, has been sent back for repairs.

.... In Memphis, the other day, a skeleton was absolutely palmed off on a "green one" as Shakspeare's.

.... When people come to what is called "high words," they are very apt to use what is termed "low language."

.... Some of the best books which have had the largest sale have been the most widely rejected in manuscript.

.... Naples has interdicted the export of grain, but Spain is shipping large quantities to England.

.... Arguments drawn from the Mint are said to be more convincing than those from reason and philosophy.

OLD AND NEW TIMES.

There are writers in every age who praise the past at the expense of the present, who talk about the "good old times" and ignore the glory that actually surrounds them. But these writers are successively convicted of error. The manners of an age, blamed by contemporary writers, are quoted as models by writers of the following century, and thus from epoch to epoch, the manners of the same period are by turns lauded and condemned. A familiar acquaintance with history shows a constant progression of the human race, with certain comparatively insignificant periods of gloom and stagnation. The great river of human life has its eddies and turns, but the stream widens and deepens, and grows stronger as it advances to the great ocean of eternity.

If there were any foundation for the eloquent declarations we have read in favor of the past and against the present, it would follow that there exists in the world a progression of evil. "If this were true," says Montesquieu, "men would be now worse than bears."

An author of the 16th century says:—"Is it not apparent that if the world were always growing worse, and fathers in general were always better than their children, we should long since have reached a climax of evil which could not be heightened? Six hundred years ago, a certain cardinal, convinced of this alleged progression of evil and continual degradation of the human species, concluded that the number of our teeth was diminishing. So, according to the cardinal's propositions and deductions, we should all of us be toothless at this present moment."

A quaint old French writer (Guyot de Provins), embracing the same opinion, declared that a fatal change was going on; that men, formerly tall and handsome, had become small and mean, and that the human race would go on dwindling, until the time would come when the peasants could easily thresh grain in an oven, and "four knights fight in an iron pot."

"This false opinion," says an eminent writer, "this respect for the past and this contempt for the present, are the fruits of our education. Fathers, regretting the keen enjoyments of their youth, are constantly vaunting the days in which they could experience them, and blame those in which they have ceased to feel; moreover, to command the esteem and respect of their children, they take good care to appear better in their eyes than they really are. The children, detecting afterwards vices in society, seem to see them growing with their growth, and take the progress of their experience for the progress of evil. Their teachers, equally mistaken, fortify the mind of youth in these views by their discourses. Thus an error is established which can only be eradicated by a study of the past—a study repugnant to most men, who find it easier to believe a falsehood than to painfully labor in searching for a truth."

THE CHARTER OAK.

This famous tree, in which the royal charter of Connecticut was concealed, May 9, 1689, and which was blown down on the morning of the 21st of August last, was probably an "old settler" at the time of Columbus's discovery of America. It stood upon the old Wyllis estate at Hartford, now owned by Hon. J. W. Stuart. The history of this venerable monarch of the forest is briefly as follows:—In 1685, when New Haven was a separate colony, she refused to give in her adhesion to the charter from Charles II., consolidating the Connecticut colonies into one government. So, in 1687, James II. sent over Sir Edmund Andros to resume the charter of the several colonies. The Hartford Assembly was in session on his arrival, and while the subject was under consideration, the lights were suddenly extinguished, and the charter secretly conveyed away and concealed in the cavity of an old oak. Since that day, this tree has been called the "Charter Oak." After the deposition of Andros, the charter was resumed, and continued in force till 1818, when the present constitution of Connecticut was adopted.

NEWPORT.—Though the past season has been gay at this watering-place, yet all agree that its splendors paled in comparison to those of previous years. Belles abounded, but beaux were sadly deficient—particularly dancing ones. A word to the wise is sufficient, and we dare say that next year Newport will be flooded with dancing cavaliers.

THE SYDENHAM PALACE.—The Sydenham Crystal Palace, England, is a marvel of taste. In architecture, in fountains, in curiosities, it surpasses everything else in the world. It is a monumental museum—a universal conservatory. The result of a private enterprise, it has already cost thirty millions.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.—We are indebted to our friend and correspondent, W. R. Lawrence, for the "Transactions of the Connecticut State Agricultural Society for 1855," and for other documents of interest, as well as for a bunch of leaves from the old Charter Oak, now alas! laid low.

GREECE.—For the twentieth time, at least, it has been officially announced that the brigands of Greece have been exterminated, and the very last rascal expiated his offences against life and property by death. Unfortunately, these Greek brigands, like the fabled Phenix, are born anew from their own ashes.

A SIMPLE RULE.—To ascertain the length of the day and night, any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of setting, which gives the length of the day.

HONEST.—When Crockford, who kept a gaming house in London, was charged by an old man with ruining his only son, he answered:—"I know it! I ruin a man a-day. I live by it."

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

One of the cleverest hits at the times was lately given in one of Punch's caricatures. France, allegorized as a jaunty damsel, was coaxing a bouquet into the button-hole of England, figured as a sturdy gentleman in top-boots. John Bull looks confused, and says:—"Well, Madame France, as to this treaty of peace, I don't exactly understand—" "You no onnerstan," replies France. "O, no mattaire; come viz me and see ze firework." Well, the fireworks have gone off, and the cannon have thundered, and now the smoke has cleared away, our friend, John Bull, is beginning to "onnerstan" that he has wool pulled over his eyes—a terrible indignity. The English press now makes admissions of facts which we were charged with unkindness in hinting some weeks ago. To show that the correctness of our views is admitted by our English friends, we copy the following from a late number of that widely circulated journal, the "Illustrated London News." It is not an expression of individual opinion. "We, for our part, shall not cease to lament the indecent haste and slavish obsequiousness with which our statesmen and diplomatists lent themselves to the foregone conclusions of the emperor of the French, and agreed to a peace that settled nothing, that left everything to chance, and that made Russia and France the virtual masters of Europe. This country is rapidly drifting into a second-rate position. Our ambassadors have no influence abroad. England is no longer the first to be feared—the first to be thought of—the first to be consulted in emergency. The Emperor Napoleon is the master. What he wills is done. What he thinks is earnestly inquired; and English diplomatists take their cue from those of France, and sedulously refrain from saying or doing (whatever they may think) anything that can in the remotest degree awaken the jealous susceptibilities, or offend the dignity of the all-potent autocrat of the French. They 'crawl under his huge legs,' and treat him with such obsequious deference, that he may not unjustly flatter himself with the idea that he is a greater man than his illustrious uncle. England never placed herself in the humiliating position of acknowledging the superior might of the first Napoleon. Napoleon III. has achieved what his predecessor would have given his right hand to have accomplished. He has made free England not only his ally, but his tool. He has gained all the honors of the victory, and left us with nothing but the bills, the wounds, the losses, and the discredit."

FANCY DRESSES.—A young man, lately arrested in New York in female apparel, gave as his reason for the travestie, that he found it easier for a female to obtain employment than a man. A young woman at the West lately was induced to put on a male attire, because, she said, she could thus more readily obtain a situation. Such is the difference of opinion.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Lewis Wagoner to Miss Lucy A. Green; by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. Henry P. Littlefield to Miss Catie A. Lowell; by Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. Oliver Isbeel, of Keokuk, Iowa, to Miss Lydia Hayward; by Rev Mr. Walsh, Mr. Henry Jordan to Miss Mary Hancock; by Rev. Mr. Fairchild, Mr. Robert B. Randall to Miss Nancy K. Hill.—At Brookline, John H. Brownson, Esq., of Milwaukie, Wis., to Miss Isabella Anna Rogers, of Andover.—At Concord, by Rev. Mr. Angier, Mr. A. Gardner Heywood to Miss Mary Julia Adams.—At Salem, Mr. Charles P. Todd to Miss Mary R. Long, of Charlestown.—At South Danvers, Mr. James C. George to Miss Hannah Flint.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. George F. Brooks, of Boston, to Miss Delana H. Smith.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Plumb, Mr. Joseph Campbell, of Tennessee, to Miss Frances Bond.—At Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Webster, Mr. Sebastian Kramer, of Cambridge, to Miss Emma Augusta Bacon.—At Northampton, by Rev. Mr. Marey, Mr. James P. Brainard, of Milwaukie, Wis., to Miss Eliza S. Pond.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. Martin R. Wallace to Miss Julia Glennin.—At Portsmouth, by Rev. Dr. Lamson, Mr. Edward Hoffmann to Miss Sarah E. Dodge.—At South East New York, by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Norman F. Nickerson to Miss Emma Caroline Smith, both of Ridgefield, Conn.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Susan Jane Neal, 29; Widow Sarah Ford, 72; Miss Frances Fales, 22; Mrs. Mary C. B. Simonds, 30; Miss Susan S. H. Tarr. 29; Mrs. Eliza Hichborn Thacher; Widow Martha Lewis, 76.—At Chelsea, Mr. John Mills, a native of Scotland, 62.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. William H. Baker, 48.—At Medford, Miss Helen M. W. Raymond. 48.—At Newton Lower Falls, Mr. Edward Horatio Neal, 24.—At Quincy, Mr. Stephen Franklin Child, 31; Mrs. Hannah Maria Coombs, 20.—At South Dedham, Mrs. Harriet E. Smallwood, 24.—At South Danvers, Mrs. Hannah Osborn, 71.—At Salem, Mrs. Rebecca Bangs Dudley. 72; Miss Anna White, 18; Miss Lucy Ann Perley, 33.—At Ipswich, Widow Hannah Lord, 69.—At Manchester, Capt. John Girdler, 76.—At Gloucester, Mr. James Davis, 48.—At Haverhill, Mrs. Harriet Newell Gale How, 35.—At Lancaster, Mrs. Hannah C. Wood, 45.—At Raynham, Mr. Isaac King, 60; also, next day, his wife, Mrs. Zeruah King.—At Leominster, Deacon Otis Stearns, 69.—At Barre, Hon. Nathaniel P. Denny, 85.—At Leverett, Mr. Erastus Adams, 86.—At Fall River, Mrs. Ann Jane Hackley, 20; Mr. Martin Cuneen.—At Sandwich, Mr. John McLaughlin, 96.—At Stockbridge, Mrs. Norah Dailey, of Pittsfield, 27.—At Springfield, Mr. Cullen Vining, 51.—At Brunswick, Me., Mrs. Nancy B., wife of the late Dea. Daniel Farren, 86.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

"HERE we are, then!" said Mr. Newman to his family, as the stage-coach brought them in view of his brother's country-house, the old homestead of his youth. "Now this begins to look like it. This does me good. I'd rather come out here for a week or two, than go to all the watering-places in the land."

The two girls—Elmira and Josephine—thrust a head apiece out of each window, uttered an exclamation of disappointment, and drew their heads in again. Mrs. Newman curled her lip, elevated her nose, and resolved that nothing of this kind should "stand between the wind and *her* nobility."

They had had a long jaunt of a day from town, by rail and by coach, and on the whole were glad to find the end of their journey anywhere. At his brother's house Mr. Newman was certain of finding both rest and welcome. He was tired of the world. No spot that he could think of was half as pleasant as the place where he passed the innocent days of his childhood. There he could throw off care and anxiety, and revel in the freshness of new days.

"O, brother! O, sister!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, as she accosted them at the gate. "How glad we are to see you all out at the old place again! Children, welcome home here! Do pray come in, all of you! I'll send for Henry at once, for I knew he be didn't expect you to-day, and he's off in the field, getting in hay."

They all bundled in across the deep porch, and collected in the large living-room. There they were met by Mr. Henry Newman's three girls, two of them about the same ages with Elmira and Josephine. Mrs. Newman assisted them in taking off their bonnets and travelling toggery, and the girls showed their cousins to their chamber.

In less than half an hour, all hands were assembled again; Mrs. Newman and one of the girls were getting supper on the table, however, and the two brothers were chatting as pleasantly as if the outside world had never crowded itself between their hearts. Mrs. City Newman, however, said little or nothing. Occasionally one or both of her daughters glanced round at her, to catch the right cue, and then fell to their silent criticisms again upon what was going on before them. The simplicity of the furniture, the earnest and honest manners of their country cousins, the style of the table, and the like of these things, were the chief objects of their attention, and instead of making the most of their privileges, they tried to feel as uncomfortable as they could, by contrasting this simple country life with their own way of life at home. If people want to make themselves uneasy, there is no better way than this that one could recommend.

When supper was ready at last, Mrs. Henry Newman (the farmer's wife) smoothed out her apron, and asked them all if they wouldn't sit up to the table.

"Do you sit there, sister," said she to Mrs. James Newman, "and you there," to Mr. Newman. The two girls she seated on one side by themselves, and her own found places all about.

To enumerate the several dishes with which the table was garnished, would occupy more space than I have allowed myself. But it was a right down country feast, at any rate. It was dinner and supper stirred together; and no thrifty housekeeper understood that trick one half as well as Mrs. Henry Newman.

Elmira and Josephine did not wish to be thought hearty eaters, though in truth they were as hungry as bears. So they just nibbled at the ham, and dallied with their rich cream-toast, and sipped their tea like any ladies. They wanted to enjoy as much as any one; but their pride would not tell them where to begin. Mrs. Newman ate, because it was her way. She needed food. She had an appetite. She had ridden a great ways, and was really tired; and being tired, was hungry too. So she made everything taste good; and felt thankful in her heart that there was a plenty. As for Farmer Newman and his brother, the city merchant, they were enjoying themselves as highly as two men ever did. Farming was now the topic of their talk, and now merchandize. Mr. James, however, delighted chiefly to talk about the grass crop and cattle.

After supper, they scattered in all directions. The girls helped about clearing off the table, while their mother sat down to entertain Mrs. James by the open window. As for Josephine and Elmira, they walked out by themselves. The brothers finally found themselves beneath a famous old pear tree in the back orchard, that they had known in their earliest youth. Mr. James stood and smoked his fragrant Havana, while the farmer threw himself at his length upon the ground.

"O, this is a beautiful old spot, Henry!" at last burst forth from the merchant's lips. "I sometimes wish I had never left it, but had let you try the world. As it is, you have shown the best evidences of filial affection; you have taken care of our parents in their old age; this old homestead has been a mine of wealth and happiness to you and your family; and here you are, anchored safe from all the tempests of the world. I know what a peaceful life yours must have been; and it is on that account I envy you."

"Then why not give up business at once, and live as we live?"

"Ah, but there's the rub! Once in, is in for your lifetime. There's no getting out of it."

"But you can end it, if you choose. What is easier? You are worth enough to-day. You are rich. What more do you want? To get still richer? I wish I was in your shoes."

"From my heart, I wish you were."

"At all events, I would show the world that I preserved independence enough to quit business when I'd got money enough."

"Ah! but you wouldn't be likely to feel then just as you feel now. If you were in my shoes, you would feel about as I feel; and this is the way *I* feel. When I make up to a certain mark in business, I mean to leave off and retire to some pleasant spot like this. That mark I haven't quite reached yet."

"Now let me ask you one single question," returned Farmer Henry. "Didn't you, years ago, say exactly the same thing to yourself?"

"Well, I did," replied Mr. James.

"And didn't you then set your mark lower than you have set it now?"

He hesitated. Finally he answered, "Well, yes. I confess I did."

"And now," pursued the farmer, "just as sure as you reach your present mark, just so sure you'll be as dissatisfied as before. I *know* enough about the ways of human nature. If you don't stop where you are, you'll never stop at all."

Mr. James thought a moment or two about it, and puffed thicker clouds of smoke. Finally he said: "Well, I'm inclined to think you're more than half right, though I really wouldn't say as much to anybody else, I can tell you. There's something about this accumulating business that plays the mischief with every one of us."

"I know it," said Henry. "When men become engrossed in this business of getting gains, they are *slaves*. And now you may just as well stop to-day, as to wait to do it to-morrow. Why not? You know what you have looked forward to all your life, and that is just what I have been all my life enjoying. Happiness is not to be had in the goading hurry for wealth. You must change your intentions. You must cease looking without, and begin to turn within."

"We can all *talk* about these things, I suppose," rejoined Mr. James; "we can theorize and speculate, but when one comes to the *pinch*, I tell you it's not exactly the same thing. We are the creatures of circumstances, I believe; of destiny, in other words. Where we shall bring up at last, Heaven alone knows."

And upon this, he fell into a short rumination, which he soon came out of, with a dreamy remark or two about the delights of country life. His farmer brother assented to what he said, and seemed to try to help him along toward his conclusions.

"I always meant to find me a quiet spot somewhere at last," said the merchant, "and I mean to still. There's nothing in life to me half so pleasant as the thought of a home, and a last resting-place in the country. And if my heart is drawn to any one place, it is to this place of my birth."

"I will divide the old farm with you," eagerly offered the farmer. "Come; do leave off in the city, and settle down again where we began life together. What's the use of putting it off?"

"I'll think of it, at any rate," said Mr. James. "I'm really more strongly inclined towards it than I ever was before. But I must take time to turn it over. I must go back and consult with my old friends, and look up some of my interests in business, you know."

The farmer's heart sunk. "Then," said he to himself, "the case is a bad one. He'll not make up his mind at all."

They left the precincts of the old pear tree long after twilight, and found the two families sitting in the door, enjoying the evening air. That one sight almost determined the merchant's resolution, at once, but he could not thus quickly yield.

Next morning, all awoke bright and early. The country cousins had rosy cheeks and expressive eyes. Their city cousins looked as if one night's sleep out there having done so much for them, there was no telling how much a week of nights might do.

After breakfast was over and the things cleared away, Mrs. Farmer Newman went about her butter in the little dairy. She asked her sister and the girls if they wouldn't like to look in on her. There she stood at the dresser under the window, kneading out the buttermilk from a great wooden tray full of yellow butter, the generous churning of the morning. Her sleeves were stripped up, and she wore a tidy apron about her.

"How awful that kind of work must be!" exclaimed her city sister. "I declare, I should get so tired of it, I shouldn't know how to follow it up."

The two daughters obediently curled up their lips, and skipped off out of doors.

"I don't know," responded Mrs. Henry, when she found herself quite alone with Mrs. James, "I sometimes think I'd rather do this than do a great many other things. But then," she added, with a glow of earnestness, "to think that you are making your own butter! That's a privilege every one don't have, in these times."

"Farm labor must be the coarsest kind of drudgery," said Mrs. James. "How *can* you bring yourself to it so?"

"Well, I don't know. Nothing is drudgery, unless you choose to make it so. It all depends on how you take hold of a thing. After all, there isn't so much difference between one sort of work and another. It's all about alike."

"But I should get tired of this everlasting sameness all around me," added Mrs. James. "I don't believe I could ever get used to it. Perhaps I could put up with it for a week or two in the summer; but to think of staying here all through the winter! How terrible dreary it must be!"

"As for that, I can only say again—it's all in habit. For *my* part, though I should like a visit once or twice a year to town, yet I don't think I should ever reconcile myself to *living* there. And as for the winters, why, you don't know what they are! You must live out in the country, as we do, to appreciate *them*. Here they are beautiful. I think quite as much of them as I do of my summers."

And thus the conversation was carried on.

Out doors, Elmira and Josephine had fallen upon their cousin Kate, with whom they began an animated discussion about the same topics, though perhaps in a slightly modified way. Among other things, Josephine declared that country people were just the coarsest, greenest people in the world. Her cousin Kate was shrewd enough to keep her temper under such speeches, and merely smiled their effect away.

"I should *die* here, among such boors," said Josephine. "And if I'd got to stay, I'm sure I should wish to."

"*I* should die," added Elmira, "with the very thought of it."

"How do you manage to pass your time?" asked Josephine. "What do you do all day? Do you ever go out evenings?"

"O yes, sometimes," good-naturedly answered Kate. "We some of us pick up a beau, now and then, you know."

"Beaux! La! What horrid creatures they must be! Cowhide boots and satinets, I suppose? As much manners as oxen? How I should like to set eyes on one of them!"

"O, well; then we will invite some three or four of them over, some afternoon, if you say so. You can tell your friends then, you know, that you have seen and talked with the real specimens."

"O, no; I beg you wouldn't get any of them here on *my* account," said Josephine.

"No, nor on mine," chimed in Elmira.

"Or you may see them at church, perhaps, on Sunday. I will point them out to you, as they come in to meeting."

"What curious creatures they must be! But don't you miss society here? parties, and soirees, and assemblies, and all those things? Don't you wish you were nearer *folks?* or ever feel dreadful dismal and lonesome, out here in the *fields* so? I should think you would, I'm sure. I should think you'd die in a week, only for want of seeing somebody that's civilized. Just to think of living out of the world so! Why, it's abominable I don't see how anybody can possibly stand it!"

"O," laughed out her more philosophic and sensible cousin Kate, "we all manage to get *used* to these things. After a while, you know, they cease to trouble us. I suppose, to tell the truth, that they would come hard to *you* at first; but we have the decided advantage of being born and brought up among them. I suppose we hardly know what we lose here."

"No, you don't indeed," responded Josephine, with characteristic courtesy and curtness.

"Still," added Kate, "I never would change situations with you."

The city cousins gazed at her with a look of surprise that bordered closely on contempt.

And in this way was the discussion carried on between the daughters; the mothers still engaged in it, in the dairy and kitchen.

As for the brothers, they were both haying as hard as they could, down in the meadow back of the barn. It was a warm day, a great deal of grass had been cut early in the morning, and they were making out a merry time of it. It carried them back to their youthful days, to be working thus together again. They tossed, and pitched, and talked, and laughed. They sat down to their luncheon beneath the same old trees that had sheltered them when boys, and went over the old times once more in the shade. It was sad, and yet it was dearly delightful to the heart of the city merchant, thus to throw off restraint, and give himself up to the innocent enjoyment of the hour. Fifteen minutes careless tossing and rolling on the grass was sweeter to him than as many days passed in the society of idlers at the crowded hotels by the seashore. He felt the blessing descending even while he lay there.

Supper was a welcome repast. It found them all tired and hungry. Never were known better appetites, nor more wholesome and inviting food. Even the girls had forgotten that they were satisfying themselves at the table of a plain country farm-house.

They all sat in the little parlor and entry, and twilight was already gathering, when a boy came in with the mail from the post-office. There was a letter for Mr. James Newman. He took it and hastily broke the seal. It was glanced over almost in an instant, when he let it fall from his hands, exclaiming, "Ruined! ruined! I might have known as much!"

His face was colorless. His wife sprang towards him with a shriek, and began to ask him what it all meant. It was some time before he could collect courage to tell the story. Finally said he:

"I have lost all! My ship has gone to the bottom, and not ten dollars worth of insurance on her! I haven't enough left to count on my ten fingers!"

All manner of exclamations followed so unexpected an announcement. His wife couldn't believe it—*wouldn't* believe it. The girls sat demure and astonished. The farmer's wife and daughters were sympathizing and sad, while only Mr. Henry himself dared offer consolation of any nature.

"Does this strip you of all?" at last inquired he. "Haven't you a dollar?"

"Yes," said his brother; "perhaps fifteen or twenty thousand."

"Then you are rich enough! Now just hold on right where you are. You know what we were talking about last evening; now is the time to take your resolution. You've got enough; you needn't ask any more. I'm ready to divide the old place with you to-day. Come; the hand of a kind Providence is in this. Promise me to take that resolution to-night, and my word for it, you will never regret it as long as your life is spared you."

"It is taken!" answered the merchant. "I could choose no better time. From this day, wife, I am no longer a dweller in cities! I come out and live on the farms! It may cost us a pang at first, but we shall be all the happier for it in the end."

In three months a house was in process of erection near the old homestead; and in less than three years, Miss Josephine was engaged to be married to one of the "horrid country beaux," with big feet and hands.

Mrs. James Newman, moreover, makes her own butter, and it is good butter too. And among them all, there is no more lamentation over the day that changed their fortunes so much for the better. They are content.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The number of arrivals at the several hotels in Saratoga, from the 23d of June to the 23d of August, was 17,058. —— The corner-stone of a Free Public Library was laid recently at New Bedford, with considerable ceremony, in presence of a large concourse of the citizens. It was laid by the mayor, who made a short and appropriate address. —— Advices from Sydney, Australia, May 20, mention extensive gold discoveries in the western part of Australia. —— There is a family of four persons living in Suffield, Connecticut, who bear the following relations to each other—husband and wife, son and daughter, father and mother, brother and sister, uncle and aunt, nephew and niece, and first and second cousins. —— At St. Louis, lately, two young ladies were burnt to death, in consequence of carelessness in filling a lamp with burning fluid. —— The people of St. Paul, Minnesota, held a public meeting recently, with a view to the adoption of summary measures for the extirpation of the gamblers, cut-throats and thieves who infest that city. —— It is anticipated that an invitation will be given to Mr. Collins to visit Boston in his new steamship, the Adriatic, in October, by the merchants of this city, and that he will accept the compliment. —— A female physician in Philadelphia advertises that it is her particular speciality to cure all affections of the heart." —— William Sprague, of Rhode Island, has purchased a valuable water power and a large tract of land on the Shetucket River, in the town of Lisbon, Ct., some ten or twelve miles from Willimantic, and is putting up a cotton factory there 950 feet long, 80 feet broad, four stories high, and intended to run 1200 looms with 50,000 spindles. —— The shipments of cotton to Europe for the present commercial year thus far amount to about $129,000,000; of tobacco, $14,000,000; of rice, $3,000,000; and naval stores, $2,000,000. —— A lot of tobacco of a "bright golden hue, and the texture as fine as silk," was sold in Lynchburg, Va., recently, at the enormous price of $255 per hundred! It was said to be the finest specimen of the article ever seen—and ought to be to sell for two dollars and fifty cents per pound. —— The Journal of Commerce says, that the predictions of a short peach crop are fully verified. There is no probability that it will exceed one quarter of an average. —— The oldest daily paper in London is the Public Ledger, established in the year 1700, which for several years has only had between six and seven hundred subscribers. The printing press had been at work in England nearly one hundred and fifty years before the inventive genius of that country produced a single newspaper; and nearly another hundred years passed before a daily paper was ventured upon. —— It is calculated that the clergy cost the United States six millions of dollars annually, the criminals nineteen, the lawyers thirty-five, tobacco forty, and rum one hundred millions. —— The lumber business at Albany, heretofore the greatest lumber market in the country, is decreasing year by year. It culminated in 1853, and has never been so great since.

EXPENSIVE LUXURY.—The Albany Knickerbocker says, "as things are managed now-a-days death is one of the most expensive luxuries that people can dabble in." The editor speaks of the burthen, entailed upon decent poverty, reducing it frequently to want and misery, by the costly funerals and costly mourning which fashion obliges the family of a deceased person to indulge in. There is certainly a necessity for a reform in this matter, for we are fast approaching the condition of the Parisians, with whom living is amazingly cheap and dying enormously dear.

A COMMENTATOR.—An ardent Shakspearian has written a pamphlet on the play of "Hamlet," called an "Attempt to ascertain whether the queen were an accessory before the fact, in the murder of her first husband." This reminds us of the attorney's clerk in the pit, who, when the witches reply to Macbeth's question, "What is't ye do—a deed without a name?" shouted, "It's null and void. If it isn't signed, sealed and witnessed, I wouldn't give a ha'penny for it!"

MILKING BY MACHINERY.—Some genius has actually invented a machine for milking, and a wag suggests an Æolian attachment, so that the cow while undergoing the operation may be soothed to perfect stillness, regardless of the flies. The tunes might be the "Mellow Horn," or "Corn rigs are bonny," or that fine old psalm tune called "Durham."

NEW INVENTION.—A Yankee has invented a new preventive to theft. It consists of a box the size of a watch, and worn in the vest pocket attached to a chain. When a thief seizes the chain, it immediately puts in operation an alarm-bell, and thus enables the intended victim to seize upon the thief.

FRUITS OF GENIUS—Genius is sometimes well remunerated in this hard world, after all. Jenny Lind, during her late professional tour in England, covering a few months, received nearly half a million of dollars. When Paganini the violinist netted $75,000 in a season it was thought wonderful.

PRIVATEERING.—The American government will not abandon privateering until foreign nations give up the right of capturing private goods by national ships.

APPLES.—There will be a scant supply of this fine fruit this year, at least in this region, though in some parts of the country there is a heavy crop.

GAS.—The town of Dorchester is to be illuminated with gas. There's nothing like the diffusion of light, physical and intellectual.

Wayside Gatherings.

The grasshoppers, or a species of locust, are said to be making fearful havoc on the Upper Mississippi.

The receipts of grain at Chicago for the month of August, will, it is said, amount to nearly 5,000,000 of bushels.

The valuation of Worcester the present year is as follows:—real estate, $12,599,100; personal estate, $6,309,400; total, $18,905,500—an increase of $855,500 over 1855.

Rev. Thomas Allen, a minister of Pittsfield for forty-five years, in addition to numerous published sermons, left 2700 sermons, written in short hand, which no one has yet been able to decipher.

W. Gilmore Simms, author of the series of Revolutionary and Border Romances of the South, has accepted a number of invitations from Lyceums at the North to lecture before them the coming season.

The Louisville Courier says the wife of a well known drayman, in Covington, died one day, lately. The next day the bereaved man married a new wife, and took her with him to the dead wife's funeral!

The summers of 1812, 1814, 1818, 1826, and 1856, are the hottest remembered in Ireland by the "oldest inhabitant." It was exceedingly hot in 1826, but we believe the past summer to have been more so.

The Cincinnati papers record the death of Mr. Robert Orr, in the 88th year of his age. He was born in Lancaster, Pa., in 1771. Mr. Orr, 57 years ago, raised corn and other grain on what is now the densest part of Cincinnati.

The Council Bluffs Chronotype states that a citizen of that place lately sold 960 acres lying on the Bottom, south of the city, for $50 per acre, amounting to the snug sum of $48,000. This land cost $1200 within less than three years.

Mr. Leonard Neilson, of Montgomery county, Md., who was on the Japan expedition, returned home recently in the United States frigate Macedonia, bringing with him two beautiful mouse deer from the island of Java. They are great curiosities.

The Paris Moniteur publishes a complete list of the losses of the French army in the Russian war, showing a total of 62,492 men, of whom 56,805 were privates, 4402 non-commissioned officers, and 1284 commissioned officers. This does not include the wounded.

The Seckel pear originated on the farm of Mr. Seckel, about four miles from Philadelphia. It was sent to Europe by the late Dr. Hosack, in 1819, and the fruit was pronounced by the London Horticultural Society, exceeding in flavor the richest of their autumn pears.

An Austrian officer, fishing lately in the Rhine, pulled up from the bottom a sword, which the antiquarians pronounce to have belonged to the Emperor Adolphus. The Duke of Nassau has purchased it of the lucky fisherman for the sum of one hundred and sixty florins.

A painfully interesting return has just been made to parliament. It is a list of railway accidents during the half year which ended the 30th of June last. There were 126 persons killed, and 105 injured on the 8461 miles of railroad open for traffic in England, Scotland and Ireland.

A coroner's jury at Linley, near Huddersfield, England, returned a verdict of temporary insanity in the case of a man named Joseph Hyde, a weaver, aged forty, who, after drinking for three weeks, had first cut his throat, and then succeeded in partly pulling his windpipe through the aperture.

Letters detained for postage are returned quarterly to the post-office department, the same as advertised dead letters. Previous to the adoption of the present plan of notifying persons to whom unpaid letters are addressed, the rule was to send such letters to the dead letter office monthly.

A lady appeared at a recent ball at Congress Hall, Saratoga, with a $10,000 set of diamonds, besides other jewelry, upon her person. They were not her own, however, but belonged to a dealer who hoped to find a market for them among the fashionables, and took this mode of advertising them.

There is said to be an old lady in Johnsonville, S. C., who is *one hundred and thirty-six years of age*. She was a grown young lady at the time of Braddock's defeat, and can recount many incidents of the Revolution. She has been blind for thirty years, but can walk about with the aid of a walking stick.

A servant girl in London has been fined forty shillings, or a month's imprisonment, for pouring a kettle of boiling water on a cat that was trespassing on her master's premises. Under the same law (cruelty to animals), Lieut. Craven, of the Guards, and his groom, were fined $15 for killing a horse by overriding.

The Russian clergy have just celebrated a grand mass at Balaklava, at which every one walked barefoot in sign of mortification, after which holy water was sprinkled in every direction. The camp of 6000 men, which has been formed on the heights of Inkermann, will be the only military force remaining in that part of the Crimea.

In two years four thousand miles of telegraph wire have been erected in India. Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Delhi and Lahore are now telegraphically united, and six thousand miles of new lines are in the course of erection. No. 1 galvanized iron wire is used. The wires are erected on strong, durable posts like those in our own country.

The New York Express states, that never, since the summer and fall of 1853—the Crystal Palace year—have the hotels in that city been so full as at the present time. The number of visitors from the South en route to and from Europe and the fashionable watering-places here at the North, since the commencement of the summer months, has been unprecedented.

A young lady, at present a pupil in one of the literary institutions of Richmond, has received the distressing intelligence, that among those who perished in the terrible calamity at Last Island, were her father, brother, uncle, aunt and two cousins. Having previously been deprived of her mother by death, her lonely situation must now excite the deepest sympathy.

Moscow is assuming a most Oriental look. The whole of the Kremlin is surrounded with scaffolding, constructed for the illumination, which is to last for three days after the coronation; the high tower of Ivan Veliku will be lit up from the base to the summit, the latter surmounted with an immense glittering crown of flame. Every house will also be illuminated.

There are 1,000,000 of inhabitants in Upper Canada, of whom 308,000 are children between the ages of five and sixteen. Of these, 212,000 are in the schools, which number about 3500; of these, 1500 are free, and about fifty separate or Roman Catholic. There are paid out in salaries to teachers, $700,000 annually; and the total expenditure for schools is about $1,000,000.

Foreign Items.

The neighborhood of the Val Suzon, in France, is at the present moment ravaged by wild boars.

"Lord Stanley, a son of the Earl of Derby," an English paper states, "has announced a penny paper, to appear in a short time under his immediate direction."

A statue of Thierry Martens, who restored the typographical art in Belgium, has just been inaugurated with a good deal of pomp, in Alost, his own town.

Mrs. Charles Matthews, better known as Madame Vestris, a prominent member of the English stage, died at Grove Lodge, Fulham, on the 16th ult. She was 59 years of age.

Rear Admiral Surkow has died of his wounds in St. Petersburg. It was he who with Col. Narew directed the men in building the bridges, by which the Russians escaped after the taking of the Malakoff.

A group in marble, representing "Queen Hortense instructing Prince Louis Napoleon in 1822," has just been placed in the Museum of Versailles. It is from the chisel of M. Chatrousse, and was one of the ornaments of the Universal Exhibition of the Fine Arts.

The celebrated piano forte manufactory of Messrs. Broadwood, in London, destroyed by fire on the 11th ult., covered two acres of ground, and consisted of five distinct ranges of buildings, three stories high. Nearly one thousand pianos, in various stages of construction, were destroyed, together with valuable woods and other materials, and the tools belonging to four hundred and twenty workmen. The property destroyed is valued at from £100,000 to £150,000.

Sands of Gold.

.... To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Art must anchor in nature, or it is the sport of every breath of folly.—*Hazlitt.*

.... Tragedy is one of the imperishable forms of art; but it is particularly suited to the reproduction of antique or simple subjects: it is sculpture.—*Gerard de Nerval.*

.... The English are a heavy people, and the most like a stone of all others. The French are a lively people and more like a feather.—*Hazlitt.*

.... Universities are of course, hostile to geniuses, which seeing and using ways of their own, discredit the routine: as churches and monasteries persecute youthful saints.—*R. W. Emerson.*

.... There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.—*Colton.*

.... Merit has rarely risen of itself, but a pebble or a twig is often quite sufficient for it to spring from to the highest ascent. There is usually some baseness before there is any elevation.—*Landor.*

.... When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.—*Pope.*

.... Some, admiring what motives to mirth infants meet with in their silent and solitary smiles, have resolved, how truly I know not, that then they converse with angels, as, indeed, such cannot among mortals find any fitter companions.—*Fuller.*

Joker's Budget.

In an action, lately, Mr. James said it was a lamentable thing to see "two tailors in the same suit."

A jocky sold a nag as an "honest" horse, because he always threw his rider when he threatened to.

The learned man who lately cut a slice off his thumb, to see what the veins looked like, is assisted by the chap who contends that madness is a mineral.

"Mother," said a little square built urchin about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one."

A visitor was contemplating Niagara Falls the other day, when a verdant looking individual came up and asked him if he would please to tell him the name of *that river*.

It was said of a lady who had just completed her fourth decade, and who played very loudly on her piano, while she never alluded to her age except in a whisper, that she was *forte* upon her piano, but *piano* upon her forty.

A wag in New York, seeing a man driving a tack into a card, through the letter *t* of the word "Boston," printed on it, seized the latter and exclaimed: "Why, what are you about? Don't you know that laying *tax on tea in Boston* once raised a thundering muss there?"

A gentleman residing in Boston, as the story goes, seeing an Irishman removing an embankment from a dwelling, inquired, "Patrick, what are you doing?" "I am opening the cellar window, to be sure." "And what are you doing that for?" "May it please your honor," said Patrick, "*to let out the dark.*"

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CHARLES GILDEMEISTER.

THE COLUMN OF THE PLACE VENDOME, PARIS.

This magnificent monument, erected at a cost of 1,500,000 francs, stands in the Place Vendome at Paris. The square was formerly occupied by the sumptuous hotel of the Duke de Vendome, the son of Henry IV. and the fair Gabrielle d'Estrées. Louis XIV., in 1685, purchased the hotel and removed it, at the suggestion of Louvois, intending to erect, around the square thus formed, buildings for the royal library, the mint, the ministers, etc. On the death of Louvois, this project was abandoned and the ground ceded to the city of Paris, conditionally. The form of the *place* is a symmetrical octagon, the larger sides of which measure respectively 420 by 450 feet. The buildings on the sides are uniform in character. The place was first called the *Place des Conquetes*, then the *Place Louis le Grand*, and finally the *Place Vendome*. A colossal equestrian statue of Louis XVI., in bronze, formerly stood in the centre, but was demolished by the revolutionists, August 10, 1792. The mutilated pedestal remained until 1806, when it was replaced by the triumphal pillar erected by Napoleon to commemorate his successes in the German campaign of 1805, the material being 1200 pieces of brass cannon captured from the Austrians and Russians. The column is an imitation of Trojan's pillar at Rome, and rises to the height of 135 feet; 360,000 pounds of metal were consumed in this gigantic work. The pedestal and shaft are of stone, covered with bronze bas-reliefs representing the victories of the French army. The reliefs on the pedestal depict the uniforms, armor and weapons of the conquered troops. Above the pedestal are garlands of oak, supported at the four angles by eagles, each weighing 500 pounds. The door is of massive bronze, decorated with oak wreaths, surmounted by an eagle of the highest finish. Above is a bas-relief, representing two figures of Fame, supporting a tablet with a Latin inscription showing the purpose of the structure. The bas-reliefs of the shaft pursue a spiral direction to the capital, and display, in chronological order, the exploits of the army from Boulogne to Austerlitz. The figures are three feet high, and number about two thousand, the length of the scroll being 840 feet. A spiral thread, dividing the lines, records the names of the battles represented. The designs were furnished by Bergeret, and executed by thirty-one sculptors, one of whom was a lady named Charpentier. Above the capital is a gallery, approached by a winding interior staircase of 175 steps, from which a fine view of Paris is obtained. The present statue of Napoleon was placed there under the reign of Louis Philippe, and inaugurated with appropriate ceremonies on the 28th of July, 1833, in the presence of an immense multitude, who greeted with deafening cheers and every demonstration of delight the restoration of the effigy of the popular idol of France. The statue is eleven feet in height, represents the emperor in his military costume, and was modelled by Seurre.



G. J. B. CARSTENSEN.

ARCHITECTS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE, NEW YORK.

On this page we present engravings, from photographic portraits, of Messrs. Charles Gildemeister and George J. B. Carstensen, both young men, and architects of the Crystal Palace, New York, a building which, in symmetry and elegance, is acknowledged to surpass both the palace of the World's Fair at London and that in which the grand Exposition was held in the city of Paris. Various plans were submitted to the Crystal Palace Association for adoption. Sir Joseph Paxton, the gifted originator of the English Crystal Palace, with great liberality furnished a splendid design, which the peculiar form of the ground on which the building was to be erected precluded the association from accepting. The late lamented A. J. Downing, a gentleman of unequalled architectural skill and taste, submitted a very original and admirable plan, but it did not meet the requirements of the city, which, in making the grant, had stipulated that it should be entirely of iron and glass. Mr. Leopold Eidlitz presented a plan with a suspension roof, intended to obviate the great difficulty of spanning great widths by arches. Mr. James Bogardus submitted a plan of a circular building with successive colonnades, placed above each other, somewhat resembling the Colosseum at Rome, and involving a new mode of joining, for which he has obtained a patent. Mr. Julius W. Adams submitted a plan of a great octagonal vault or dome, the supporting ribs being formed of clusters of gas pipes. Among the other plans, presented by different individuals, were some of such beauty and originality that the task of selection was rendered a delicate and difficult one. That, however, which was finally adopted gave universal satisfaction, and showed its authors to be men of genius and skill. That so novel a style of building should have been successfully attempted and carried in an American city excited universal astonishment abroad, and created a high idea of the progress of the arts in the United States.

THE COLUMN OF VENDOME, AT PARIS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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THE RIVER SIDE.

The pastoral landscape on this page is such a one as would have delighted the heart of Izaak Walton, and will delight the eyes of all who are "lovers of virtue and go an angling." Screened from the world without by a mass of foliage, through which a single opening gives us a view of a rolling country and a rustic cottage, a tranquil river pursues its liquid path. But the scene is not inanimate. A delightful group is gathered on the grassy shore. Lounging in an easy attitude, with his creel beside him, an inveterate fisherman is watching his float, anxiously expectant of at least "one glorious nibble." Near him stands a recreant brother of the angle, whose rod is idle, and who is completely absorbed in the romance or poem which one of the group of young ladies is reading to her companions. On the other side are two rebellious spirits insensible to the spell of literature, and bent on more frivolous pursuits. They are engaged in an attempt to snare a beautiful butterfly, whose bright wings, glittering in the noontide, have attracted their eyes, and inflamed them with the desire of possession. The fluttering insect will most probably elude its youthful pursuers—the chances are in its favor.



THE RIVER SIDE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

OR, THE

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

When the party arrived within sight of the house and its surroundings, as well as could be seen by the imperfect light, they found they wore a pleasant and encouraging aspect. They stopped at some little distance to reconnoitre the apartment, which could be seen through an uncurtained window.

"What a lovely home-picture," said Bessie.

"Yes," said Wilton, "here, if I mistake not, is what may be truly called a home."

They both had good reason for what they said. In the ample fire-place a good fire was burning, and on a small table placed in front of it, was the well-trimmed lamp which had been their guiding star. On one side of it was a man with a boy of four years old on his knee. The earnest and delighted attention with which the child looked up into his father's face, made it pretty certain that he was listening to one of those veritable stories, such as is recorded of "Jack, the Giant-Killer," or that cow, remarkable for her "vaulting ambition," that jumped over the moon. At the opposite side of the table sat a woman busy with some sewing, and near one corner of the fire place, a girl of ten or a dozen years was knitting, who seemed nearly as much charmed with the stories as her little brother.

The four forming this family group were handsome—uncommonly so; and yet, as far as the husband and wife were concerned, it was a kind of beauty not easily described, as it consisted more in those expressions of countenance which have their source in the culture of the affections rather than in the beauty of outline or color.

There was, however, a great deal of this last kind of beauty in the girl's face, with cheeks red and fresh as the mountain daisy, and her fair, smooth brow shaded by rich, nut-brown curls. And then those heart-smiles. Anybody who looked at the father and mother, would have known the reason of their being so warm and full of sunshine was because they had never been met by frowns and unnecessary rebuke. It required only a minute for the eye to take in this picture, and for the heart to give it a true interpretation.

"We can hardly wish for anything more promising than this," said Braynard.

"No—I think not," was Wilton's reply. "And you, Bessie, are of the same mind, judging from the exclamation which escaped you, when you first caught a view of that cheerful-looking fire-side."

"O, yes," replied Bessie, "with such a family I should feel safe as I should at home."

"Come, Bessie," said Wilton, springing from his horse, and then assisting her to alight, "I think you had better go with me, when I apply for admission. The sight of your face will be a good passport for the rest of us, as it will quiet all fears of Indians or marauding soldiers."

The man came to the door, who, when he saw Bessie, called to his wife.

"Mary," said he, "here is a lady. You must come and welcome her."

And very kind and cordial was the welcome she gave her, while that which Wilton and the others received from the host was equally warm. It was plain that feelings of true Virginian hospitality were cherished beneath that humble roof. While the host, whose name was Ashmore, assisted by the travellers, saw that the horses were well cared for, a well supplied larder afforded Mrs. Ashmore the means of preparing a plentiful and acceptable repast.

In the morning, finding that there was a post-town about seven or eight miles distant, Bessie wrote to her mother, giving a brief account of what had befallen her since they parted. She also mentioned that she intended going to Mrs. Woodhull's after a day's rest, which, as near as she could ascertain, would be somewhat of a hard day's ride from where she then was. She would remain at Mrs. Woodhull's, she wrote, till she received a letter from home.

When Bessie's letter was ready, Wilton set out in company with the three other young men (who now, being within a day's journey of their own homes, were anxious to arrive there), to convey it to the post-office.

"You will return in season to dine with us," said Mr. Ashmore, addressing Wilton, when they were ready to start.

"I think not," was his reply. "I may be absent all night, but shall return in the morning, in season to accompany Miss Hamlen."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PERCIVAL MANSION.

At the village where the post-office was kept, Wilton and his friends parted. While they proceeded in a south-easterly direction, he turned to the north, where, some ten or twelve miles distant, there was another post-town, where he hoped to find letters from Mr. Grosvenor and Edith, and also from his business agent. It having been later in the morning than they intended it should be, when they left Mr. Ashmore's, they remained at the village hotel to dine; after which, as it might be a long time before they would meet again, if ever, they indulged in an hour's social chat. Wilton was in no hurry, however, as there was more than time enough to enable him to reach the other village before dark.

His horse, finding that he was suffered to take his own gait, from a brisk trot soon came down into a walk. The animal's indolence was favorable to the rider's enjoyment of the highly picturesque scenery, which, in the distance, was softened and harmonized by the golden haze of the Indian summer. When Wilton, at last, awoke from his reverie, he found the oaks and chestnuts which grew by the wayside, were casting long shadows across his path, and looking towards the west, he found that the sun in less than half an hour would sink to rest beneath the golden-fringed clouds which already arched the clear, amber-hued sky.

He looked at his watch, and found that it must be full three hours since he took leave of his friends at the hotel. The village where he intended going was not yet in sight. He quickened his horse's pace and rode on something like a mile further. Still, nothing was to be seen of the village. There was a small house, however, some forty or fifty rods ahead, where he concluded he would make some inquiries, as he began to suspect he had lost his way. By the information obtained from the woman who came to the door, he found that he was right in his conjecture. He must have turned aside from the road that led to the village, only a few miles after he left the hotel.

"Is there any hotel, or tavern," said he, "within a few miles of here, where I can obtain supper and a night's lodging?"

"I don't know of any," was the woman's answer; "but after you get a piece further, the road turns away to the left among the hills, and pretty soon you'll come to a valley where there are a number of houses, and you'll find no difficulty in obtaining such accommodations as you need, at either of them. I would invite you to stay here, only I know you'll fare so much better than you would in this poor place."

Wilton thanked her and rode on. He found, as she had said, that the road turned to the left, and very soon he came to a part of it which overlooked the valley, which was varied by fine swells and ridges of land, and nearly encircled by a river, one of the tributaries of the Potomac. On one side of the valley, where the ground was more elevated than the rest, there was a large edifice, built after the fashion of the old manor-houses of England. It was now venerable from age, having been built over two centuries. In convenient proximity were the dwellings of the servants.

Several small houses were situated near the outskirts of the valley, and Wilton checked his horse while he considered whether it were better to apply at one of these or the larger one. Inclination was in favor of the latter. He hardly knew why, for one of the smaller houses, nestled amid vines and shrubbery, which still retained much of their summer verdure, wore a far more cheerful aspect.

Proceeding about a quarter of a mile further, he arrived at the entrance of the broad avenue shaded with oaks, which led to the mansion. It was now after sunset, though still so light that objects were distinctly visible. He turned into the avenue, and when he had approached the house more nearly, he found that the front part of it seemed silent and deserted. He rode round to a side-door and knocked, which was opened by a colored girl.

"I have lost my way," said Wilton, "and have called to see if I can stay here to-night."

"I will go and see," replied the girl.

In a minute or two she returned, and inviting him to walk in, conducted him to what might have been called the home room. A woman, whom he subsequently found to be the housekeeper, invited him to take a seat near the fire.

"The master is absent," said she, "but I could not refuse supper and lodging to a traveller who has lost his way."

An aged and very disagreeable-looking woman sat on a form placed against the jamb of the huge fire-place, smoking a short, dingy pipe. As Wilton took the chair offered him, she removed the pipe from her lips and regarded him with great attention. The moment, however, that he looked that way, she replaced her pipe between her lips, muttering something to herself, though in such a manner as to be unintelligible. From time to time, when she thought herself unobserved, she cast towards Wilton quick furtive glances, and once she shook her head, and said, half audibly:

"No, no—'tis no such thing, and I'm a fool for thinking about it."

After a while she turned aside a little, and looking steadily into the fire puffed away with great energy till the weed which filled the blackened bowl was exhausted. She then knocked it free of ashes on the end of the large back-log, and having put it into her pocket, folded her arms around her, bent forward, and again seemed intently watching the fire. Having sat in this attitude several minutes, she raised her head and turned sharply round towards Wilton.

"Are you a stranger in these parts?" said she.

"I am, as regards this particular section of the State."

"You were never this way before?"

"I've no remembrance of ever having been."

"You aint a native of Virginny then?"

"Yes—but I was born further south."

"And nearer the sea-shore, perhaps?"

"I was. Richmond is my native place"

"That's where your parents live?"

"They *did* live there. My mother died before my remembrance, and it is over ten years now since my father's decease."

"You'll think I've no business to be so inquisitive, sir, but somehow, strange fancies come over me sometimes."

"O, ask as many questions as you please," said Wilton, smiling. "If there should happen to be any I should prefer not to answer, I will be frank enough to tell you so."

The woman seemed disposed to avail herself of the liberty thus granted, and went on with her catechism.

"You said you were born in Richmond—have you always lived there?'

"Always, till within a few years—except when I was at college."

"Then you are college larnt?"

"Yes."

"A cravin' for larnin' always run in the Percival blood. Arter all, my first thought may be right."

This was said in low, mumbling accents, not intended for Wilton's ear. He had for a moment been a little absent-minded, and imagined that she addressed him.

"Did you speak to me?" he said.

"No, 'twas nothin'—I was thinkin' of my son."

"You have a son, then?"

"No, no, I haven't," said she, with a startled look. "What made you think I have?"

"You said you was thinking of your son."

"So I did—I remember now. Well, it has been years and years—I can hardly tell how many—since I was a childless widow. Though hard for me, 'twas better for him, so I've tried to make the best of it."

"Was your son quite young when he died?"

"Died? Well, no matter—he's dead to me. No, he wasn't young—he'd come to man's estate. At first, it wrung my heart. Then it grew hard and bitter, and there have been times when I've almost thought that all wasn't right here," said she, touching her finger to her forehead.

"All are liable to be afflicted," said Wilton, "and we must try to bear the common lot with as much fortitude as we can."

"Do you say mine is the common lot?" said she, sharply. "Well, so it is, in one sense. But the mother can never forget her son—no, never. The son may forget the mother who has watched over him when she should have slept, and even be ashamed of her."

"We will hope, for the sake of humanity," said Wilton, "that the cases are rare."

"If rare, when it does happen, it is so much the harder to bear. The old proverb says that misery loves company, and it says the truth, sir."

And again folding her arms around her and bending forward, she commenced a nervous, rocking motion, such as persons inclined to be somewhat demonstrative, have recourse to sometimes, when suffering from painful emotion. Supper was now brought in and placed upon the table.

"I think you must need something by this time," said the housekeeper. "We have a good cook, but she is rather slow."

As Wilton passed near her to take a seat at the table, she looked towards the woman who sat in the corner.

"There are times," said she, "when her mind is not quite sound."

"That is what I thought," he replied.

After having partaken of the viands which had been placed before him so liberally as to be quite satisfactory to the hospitable housekeeper, Wilton expressed a wish to be shown to the room where he was to pass the night.

"Don't let it be in the southwest chamber, Lois Grey," said the woman in the corner, to the housekeeper, and speaking for the first time since she questioned Wilton so closely.

"That is the one I had prepared for him," said Mrs. Grey.

"Don't let him go there—I charge you not to let him," said she, with a kind of frenzied earnestness.

"What chamber shall he have, then?" said Mrs. Grey, who seemed inclined not to cross her.

"Any one but that."

"He can have the one over the back parlor, then."

"That is as good as the other."

"Yes, quite as good, except the prospect from the windows isn't as fine."

"Fine prospects wont make him sleep the sounder."

"I am not particular," said Wilton. "Consult your own convenience, and I shall be well satisfied, I dare say."

Meanwhile a colored man, somewhat advanced in life, had been standing ready to show him the way.

"To the room over the back parlor?" he asked of Mrs. Grey.

"Yes, Numa. As she says, the chamber is as good as the other."

Wilton followed Numa up a grand old staircase, almost broad enough for a chariot and four.

"This is the room where Mrs. Grey intended you should sleep," said Numa, opening the first door they came to, after ascending the first flight of stairs, and holding the light just within the chamber, so that a view of the interior could be obtained.

The furniture was rich, though rather cumbersome, and the walls were hung with a number of portraits.

"Would you like to look at the portraits before going to the other chamber?" inquired Numa.

"I should. I like to look at portraits."

They entered, and Numa held the lamp so that its rays fell full on the first one they came to. It represented a handsome, dark-complexioned man, in the prime of life, with the peaked beard and broad, stiff ruff of Charles the Second's time.

"This is the portrait of Sir Harry Percival, who came over from England," said Numa. "He purchased the plantation of a gentleman who wished to go South."

"Sir Harry Percival, did you say?"

"Yes, the estate was owned by the Percival family more than a hundred years."

"It has passed into other hands, then?" said Wilton, finding Numa as intelligent as he was inclined to be communicative.

"Yes—the heir who would have inherited it was lost."

"Lost?"

"Yes—drowned, as was thought, when he was only a little over two years old."

Wilton had it on his lips to ask into whose hands the estate then passed, but at that moment, without having stopped to look at several intervening portraits, Numa held the light so that it fell on the full length portrait of a lady, youthful and very lovely.

She was dressed in the comparatively modern costume fashionable at the beginning of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, the rich, brocaded skirt, as well as the soft and glossy texture of the pink satin robe worn over it, which was open in front and swept back in graceful folds, being represented with an accuracy and carefulness of finish, characteristic of the Dutch school. Even the pearls and diamonds which adorned the stomacher were so faithfully delineated as to resemble real gems. Though the strong contrast afforded by raven locks is generally thought to enhance the brilliancy of a fine complexion, it would have been difficult to imagine how that of the lady represented could have appeared more brilliant, though, according to the fashion of the period, the natural hue of her hair was concealed by powder.

When Wilton first glanced at the lovely picture, the general effect was so dazzling that he did not mark the form and expression of the features; but when the bewildering influence had had time to subside, he was certain that it bore a strong resemblance, either to a person or portrait he had somewhere seen. It was impossible, however, for him to recall to mind the time or the place.

"Is the original of this portrait living?" he inquired.

"No, she has been dead many years."

"Who was she?"

"The wife of this gentleman," said he, passing the light along to the next portrait.

"And was he a Percival, too?"

"Yes, and the lineal descendant of Sir Harry Percival, whose portrait you first looked at."

There was something, too, in this one, which Wilton thought looked strangely familiar.

"There is, to say the least," said he, "something singular in the impression which these portraits give me."

At the same moment he happened to cast his eyes towards a pier-glass, opposite to where he stood. It reflected his figure at full length, and this solved the mystery as regarded the last portrait. It was impossible for him not to see that there was a very striking resemblance between it and himself. Numa, too, had discovered the similitude, judging from the manner he alternately regarded him and the portrait.

"One might think that *he* was a Percival," said Numa, unconsciously perhaps, giving utterance to what was in his thoughts.

"You see a resemblance between me and the portrait?" said Wilton.

"A very great one."

"It isn't impossible but that my mother might have been related to the family."

"Was her name Percival?"

"I never knew what her name was before she was married. She died before my remembrance, and I was too young when my father died to have much curiosity as respected my genealogy."

Numa, without making any answer to this, passed on to the next portrait.

"This," said he, "is the likeness of Mr. Edgar Percival, father to him we've just been looking at."

"Was his son's name Edgar?"

"No, Thomas. He had a son, named for his grandfather—the same I have already mentioned, who was drowned when he was only two years old."

Wilton, after remaining in a thoughtful attitude a few moments, asked Numa if he knew the reason why the old lady who sat smoking in the chimney corner at the time he arrived, appeared so unwilling to have him sleep in the chamber where they then were.

"I do not," he replied. "She runs of wild and singular notions occasionally, and has done, at times, for many years. She is generally thought to be deranged."

They were about to look at the next portrait—that of Mr. Edgar Percival's wife—when they were startled by a voice at the door.

"How dared you disobey me?" it said.

They turned, and saw her they had just been speaking of. She had a wild, frightened look.

"I am going to the other chamber," said Wilton. "I only stepped in here to look at these portraits."

"'Twas Numa who brought you here. He will live to see the day he will repent it."

"It was for no evil purpose," said Numa.

"That is evil which leads to evil."

"Well, good mother," said Wilton, "we will hope that no harm will come of my looking at these portraits, for it has given me much pleasure. If it has caused you any uneasiness, I am sorry for it. We will go now."

As he and Numa approached the door, she glided into the room.

"I shall keep guard here to-night," said she, "so you needn't try to come back. I shan't be lonesome. *They* will come down," and she pointed to the portraits of Mr. Edgar Percival and his son—"they will come down and make me show them my hands. They've done it before, and they looked at each other and laughed. I knew what they meant. They expected my hands were stained, but they found no blood on 'em."

"You see she isn't in her right mind," said Numa, as they passed along the corridor.

"Yes. What caused her insanity?"

"It isn't known."

By this time they had reached the other chamber.

"I should advise you to turn the key," said Numa, as he lit a candle which stood on a table. "Old Elsie wont be likely to sleep much to-night, and she may take it into her head to pay you a visit, if she finds the door on the latch."

When Wilton was left to himself he followed Numa's advice, and locked the door. Feeling no inclination to sleep, he sat down by the table, and tried to remember why the portrait of Mrs. Percival had looked so familiar to him. For a long time it was a vain endeavor, when suddenly it flashed upon his mind.

"I think I have it with me," said he, and putting his hand in his pocket, he drew forth a small package.

Undoing the folds of a thick, strong envelop, a piece of soft tissue paper presented itself to view, in which was enclosed a cameo portrait. It was that of a very young and lovely woman, and was one of the first things of which he had any recollection. It was of an oval form, about three inches in circumference, plainly set in gold, with a small ring at the top, through which was passed a band not more than a third of an inch wide, which was wrought with the finest and most delicate needle-work. This band was fastened together by a tiny clasp, which was marked with the letters—F. P.

"They are the initials of the person's name who once owned it, no doubt," he murmured to himself, as he unrolled the band which was wound round the cameo.

A sudden flush crossed his brow as he thought one of the names might have been Percival.

"I knew I could not be mistaken," said he, when at last the portrait was revealed.

The form of the features, and the graceful way the finely-shaped head was placed on the shoulders, was indeed the exact counterpart of the one he had seen in the chamber. This certainly appeared singular, and he endeavored to recollect some incident connected with the cameo, which would serve as a clue to come at its history. Nothing, however, could be recalled, which he could in any way, as far as he could perceive, make available for this purpose. In this respect, the few memories connected with it appeared to him unimportant.

His father had been very choice of it while he lived, and had always kept it under lock and key, in a little box or cabinet, where he kept his most valuable papers. He had given Wilton to understand that it belonged, not to himself, but him; and when he occasionally showed it to him, he was accustomed to tell him that as soon as he was old enough to take good care of it, he should give it up to him. Once Wilton asked him where it came from, when he answered rather evasively, that such kind of things were brought from over the sea.

A few days before he died, he mentioned the cameo portrait to Wilton, and charged him to preserve it carefully, as the time might come when it would be worth a great deal to him. When Wilton asked him in what respect, he replied that he was unable to give him any satisfactory explanation, but that for certain reasons he had faith in what he told him.

If he had only specified those reasons, Wilton might have turned them to good account; now they only served to perplex and more deeply involve him in conjecture.

"What if *I* am the lost heir?" was the thought which struck him so suddenly, that he involuntarily started to his feet. The next moment he smiled at his folly in indulging an idea so preposterous. Just then, the old eight-day clock he had seen in the hall, commenced striking the hour of midnight. He could hardly believe it possible that it was so late, and hastily restoring the cameo portrait to its wrappings, he returned it to his pocket.

He had scarcely laid his head on the pillow, when he heard a stealthy footstep approach the door, and a minute afterward, some one lifted the latch. He recalled to mind what Numa had told him, and concluded that it was old Elsie, and very thankful he felt that he was secure against the intrusion of the wierd-looking woman, who, whether her intellectual faculties were disordered or not, appeared to him as if urged by some strong impulse, to which she yielded unwilling obedience, to entertain towards him some sinister purpose. The latch was lifted a second time, and then some low-breathed mutterings were heard close to the keyhole. Shortly afterward, the stealthy footsteps were again heard, this time receding, and soon were lost in the distance.

Soon the maze of strange thoughts and bewildering fancies floating through his mind began to grow dim and indistinct, losing themselves, as it were, in a cloud of mist, till, at last, even the bright sweet face of the lady's portrait, which, when all besides had faded, continued to beam upon him, suddenly vanished, and he slept.

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

When Wilton woke, the sun was shining brightly into his chamber windows. On descending to the room where he had spent the previous evening, he found the table already laid, though he was told that breakfast would not be ready under an hour.

He saw nothing of old Elsie, and was glad, soon after his entrance, to find himself alone with Mrs. Grey, for he was now determined to inquire who was the successor of the Percivals, which, although he had fully intended it, and had had ample opportunity for the purpose, he had by some means neglected.

"Though I have partaken of your hospitality," said he, "I am as yet ignorant of the name of the gentleman who owns this fine plantation."

"His name is Withers."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; it is now over twenty years since he came into possession of it. By your manner of speaking, you know him, I should think."

"Is his name Ishmael Withers?"

"It is."

"I have heard of him, though I never saw him. Were you here in the lifetime of his predecessor?"

"This wasn't my home at that time, though I often came to see my aunt, who filled the same place in the household of Mr. Percival which I do now."

"His name was Thomas Percival, was it not?" said Wilton, anxious to lead her on to say something of the family.

"No, it was Edgar. Thomas was his son, and was here very little, after he became of age. He was only twenty-seven when he died."

"He was married?"

"Yes, but his wife lived only two years afterward."

"He survived her only a short time?"

"No; he died suddenly, only a few months after she did."

"Do you recollect the lady's Christian name?"

"Certainly I do. It was Florence."

Wilton thought of the initials engraved on the clasp of the band attached to the cameo, and felt more convinced than ever that, at an early period, before his remembrance, he had in some way been connected with the family who formerly owned the estate, now in the possession of Withers.

"Mrs. Percival's name was Dale before she was married," Mrs. Grey went on to say, "and she was a descendant of Sir Thomas Dale, who, two hundred years ago, was governor of Virginia. Young Mr. Percival found her when on a visit to England, and a sweet lady she was, too. Do you know, sir, that when you smile, you make me think of her?"

"How?"

"I can hardly tell myself. You don't resemble her, in the least, any other time."

"The man who showed me to my room last night told me that the younger Mrs. Percival had a son who was drowned when he was only two years old."

"Yes, it was so said."

"And was there any reason to suppose that it was not so?"

"Some thought there was, but I was very young then—only a child, and the older people who whispered it among themselves were careful not to say much in presence of the children. I remember, though, that my aunt said, if the boy's father had been alive, it wouldn't have been passed over so lightly. The child's grandfather did what he could, but his health had been failing him ever since the death of his son, and the loss of the little Edgar gave him a shock which he never got over. This prevented him from giving his personal attention to the investigation which took place, and though Mr. Withers appeared to be very much concerned on account of the child's disappearance, and made a great flourish about searching the woods and dragging the river, a great many people thought that he was glad the child was gone."

"Mr. Withers must have been wealthy, to be able to purchase so valuable an estate as this."

"He hadn't a hundred dollars in the world. Mr. Percival gave it to him by will, a short time before he died. This was partly what made people talk; for though Mr. Percival had no near relations, he had cousins who would have fallen heirs to his property, and were, as it was said, much better men than Ishmael Withers."

The entrance of a servant, who came to tell Mrs. Grey that breakfast was ready to be served, put an end to the conversation.

When Mrs. Grey had told Wilton that when he smiled he reminded her of the younger Mrs. Percival, she had not passed unnoticed the much greater resemblance he bore the lady's husband and his father. She had once been on the point of mentioning it, but, on second thought, concluded it might not be altogether advisable.

Wilton, conscious of the resemblance which he bore both father and son, thought it a little strange that she should not have noticed it when she had been so quick to detect even what she considered a slight similitude between him and Mrs. Percival, though, as was very natural, from motives readily appreciated, he refrained from making any allusion to it himself.

Wilton, now that he knew it was at the house of Withers where he had been entertained, would have preferred to leave before breakfast, but there had been a tacit understanding that he should remain, and he could think of no plausible pretext which he could assign for taking leave at the very moment it was ready. He had already ascertained that in coming thither he had taken a route so circuitous that the distance had been more than doubled, and that he could go by the way of the post-office, where he expected to find letters awaiting him, and still have time to return to Mr. Ashmore's in good season. There was no one at the table except himself and Mrs. Grey, who dismissed the servant in waiting.

"You will excuse me," said she, the moment the girl had left the room, "if I take the liberty to inquire your name, as it isn't from any idle curiosity."

"Certainly," he replied. "I was thinking that I had already mentioned that my name is Wilton Richmond."

"I have heard that name before, but had no suspicion that it belonged to you."

"You have heard Mr. Withers mention it?"

"Yes."

"Not in a manner which gave you reason to believe that his feelings towards me were very friendly?"

"No, it was not. I don't think that he knew I was within hearing at the time I heard him speaking of you. I believe you told me that you and he are not acquainted?"

"I did. If we were to meet, I shouldn't know him."

"And you think he wouldn't know you?"

"How should he?"

"It is not impossible," said she, appearing slightly confused, "that he may have seen you. Such a thing might happen without your knowing it."

"May there not be some other reason why he should know me?" said Wilton, as he recalled to mind the unmistakable resemblance between himself and the portraits of Mr. Edgar Percival and his son.

Before she had time to make any answer to this question, old Elsie entered the room with a covered basket in her hand.

"What have you there?" said Mrs. Grey.

"Something that will be needed before long. I knew that it would be, long ago, and told *him*."

"Told who?"

"My son."

"But I've heard you say a great many times that you never had but one son, and that you lost him a great many years ago."

"Yes; 'twill be twenty-nine years next Michaelmas; but then I see him sometimes. Do you want to know where?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Grey, "if you have no objection to telling."

"Listen, then, and you shall hear;" and fixing her eyes on the floor, and swaying herself backwards and forwards so as to mark the different stops and cadences, she repeated these lines:

"We meet by moonlight, but not on the lea,
We meet, though not by fountain or tree;
But where the deadly nightshade springs,—
Where the bodiug raven flaps his wings.
We meet on the wild and blasted heath,
Where the night-wind shrieks, and the gaunt wolves howl,
And where noisome weeds, their odors foul,
Blend with the serpent's venomous breath;

and brave and merry meetings we have, too. When shall you be here again?" said she, coming up close to Wilton, and laying her withered hand on his shoulder.

"I don't know that I ever shall," he replied, and recoiling a little at this unexpected familiarity.

"You will, and it wont be long first, though you had better take the advice of one who has lived longer in the world than you have, and stay away."

Having said this, she went and took her old seat in the corner of the fireplace, and taking her pipe from her pocket, held it in her hand, and appeared to be impatiently waiting for them to get through with their breakfast. Her patience was not severely tried, for the meal was soon finished, and Wilton, seeing through the window that his horse was ready, took leave. He would like to have said something more to Mrs. Grey, but the presence of Elsie prevented. Seeing Numa standing near, as he was about to mount his horse, he bid him good morning. Numa returned the salutation in a manner very respectful, and then approached a little nearer.

"Mr. Withers," said he, "has just sent word that we may look for him sometime between this and sunset, and that he wishes to have everything put in the best order possible on so short a notice, as he expected to bring some one with him."

"Did he mention the person's name?"

"No, though I shouldn't wonder if it was a British officer. More than one has been here within the last six months. I didn't know but what if you knew he was coming home, you would like to stay long enough to get a sight of him. You will pardon me, sir, if I tell you that he is no friend to you, and it is well to know our enemy when we meet him."

"That is true, but I must trust to some other time, as well as place, to obtain sight of him; besides, I have an engagement, which I mustn't break."

"I hope you wont think I've been too presuming. I meant right."

"By no means. On the contrary, I owe you many thanks."

"I am old," said Numa, "yet not so old but that I hope to live to have a better man for a master than Mr. Withers."

Numa bowed in a respectful and evidently regretful manner, as, after saying a few kind and cheerful words, Wilton turned down the broad avenue which led to the high road.

As he expected, he found letters from Mr. Grosvenor and Edith at the post-office, and without meeting with either incident or accident to occasion delay, he found himself at Mr. Ashmore's door. He was busy doing something near the house, and Wilton thought he appeared a little surprised at seeing him.

He looked towards the windows, expecting to see Bessie with a smile of welcome, at one of them, but he was disappointed.

"I hope Miss Hamlen's fright and fatigue didn't make her ill?" said he.

"O, no," replied Mr. Ashmore; "she was well, and in good spirits, when she left here."

"She surely hasn't gone from here?"

"Did you expect her to wait till you came? We didn't any of us so understand it."

"I certainly told her that I would be back in season to ride over to the hotel with her, where she was to take the stage."

"Yes, we knew that, but then we understood by the messenger you sent, that you were unexpectedly detained, and that you wished her to go with him."

"I have never sent any messenger."

"Then we have all of us been deceived."

"Which we must now remedy the best way we can."

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BESSIE.

So consistent and plausible seemed the reasons which were assigned for Wilton's detention, that Bessie did not, for a moment, suspect any treachery, and with full confidence placed herself under the guidance of him whom she supposed had been sent for that purpose.

In the hurry of departure, she had hardly noticed his personal appearance; but when they were fairly on their way, she saw that he was a middle-aged man, by no means ill-looking, and, by some, might have even been thought handsome. To her mind, however, all beauty was destroyed by an expression which hovered about his lips, arising more from the lines traced around them than from any peculiarity of formation, and a restless, scintillating light in his small, bead-like eyes, which betokened more of craft and cunning than good faith.

But she was far from being so much of a physiognomist as to imagine that the "mind's construction" could be always read in the face, and as his words and manner were sufficiently respectful, she made a successful effort to throw off those feelings of distrust which had begun to assail her.

"I should judge by the manner you manage your horse, that you wouldn't be afraid to go a pretty good jog," said he, after they had gone a short distance.

"No; I am used to riding; but is there any hurry?"

"There's no time to lose," was his answer; and as he spoke, he bent forward slightly, and directed a keen, scrutinizing glance along a road which branched off a little to the right, though the course, for some distance, was so nearly parallel to the other that it could, when the view was unobstructed by trees or thick clumps of evergreen shrubbery, be plainly seen. No one was in sight, and while a look of apprehension passed from his countenance, he fell back into his former easy and natural position, and spurred his horse into a brisk trot. But the fleet animal which Bessie rode appeared to rejoice in the accelerated speed, and required no urging.

Still, from time to time, the man continued to cast quick, apprehensive glances towards the other road, which, though it kept gradually diverging more and more, would require some ten or fifteen minutes of hard riding, ere, by the intervention of more hilly ground, they would lose sight of it. This appearance of apprehension did not escape the watchful eyes of Bessie.

"Is there any reason for fear, sir?" she at last ventured to inquire.

"I think not, but then these are times when it is best to keep a sharp look out."

"That is true," she replied, and her thoughts reverted to her recent escape from those who, as she doubted not, were acting under the direction of Withers, by the opportune appearance of Wilton and his companions, and began to fear that she might again fall into their hands.

When, at last, the other road was lost to view, she fully shared the feeling of relief evidently experienced by her guide, who now checked the speed of his horse. They rode on in silence the better part of an hour longer, when Bessie began to think that the seven miles between Mr. Ashmore's and the hotel, where she expected to find the coach which would convey her to Mrs. Woodhull's, appeared much longer than she had anticipated.

"Are we not nearly there?" said she.

He hesitated, though only for a moment, while Bessie thought she heard a noise resembling the distant tramp of a number of horses. His ear had caught the same sound, and this was what had caused his momentary hesitation before answering her question.

"When we reach the top of yonder hill," he then said, "we shall be in sight of the place where you are going."

By this time, there was no mistaking the noise heard in the distance. It was surely the tramp of horses, and they were rapidly approaching. In a minute more, half a dozen horsemen made their appearance on the brow of the hill, which was now only a short distance.

"Who can they be?" said Bessie.

"That isn't easy telling. They may be friends, or they may be enemies."

"See—they wear the dress of British soldiers. Let us turn back. We can yet escape."

"'Twill be much better," said he, "to jog quietly on. If we take no notice of them, ten to one, they wont mind us."

"I'm not willing to trust to that," she replied, and fully confident that the fleetness of her horse would enable her to soon place herself at a safe distance from them, when she could before long reach Mr. Ashmore's, she was determined to make the attempt.

But the man at her side had kept a watchful eye on her, and caught hold of her bridle at the very moment she essayed to turn her horse.

"You wouldn't have done that," said she, "if your intentions were friendly towards me. Wilton Richmond never sent you for me."

There was no time to deny the accusation, for the party of horsemen, who, as Bessie had thought, were dressed in the British uniform, had already reached them, and hemmed them in on every side.

"We thought you had met with bad luck," said one of them, addressing the man with Bessie, "and so came to hunt you up."

"Well, you see that you were mistaken," was the reply.

"I beg that you will permit me to proceed," said Bessie.

"That is what we intend to do. We are going to turn back, and will take you with us."

When they reached the top of the hill, Bessie found that it overlooked a valley containing several houses, one of which was a large and ancient-looking edifice, but she could not see that either of them bore any resemblance to a hotel.

"Are either of the buildings I see yonder used as a hotel?" she inquired of the man who was nearest her.

"No; did you expect that you were going to find one here?"

"Yes; he told me that when we were at the top of the hill, we should be in sight of the place where we were going," said she, indicating him who had accompanied her.

"Well, he told the truth, and you will find better accommodations at yonder fine house than you would at an inn, or a hotel, as you call it."

"Is that large house the one we are going to?"

"Yes."

"And does the stage stop there?"

"No, I rather think not," he replied, laughing.

"Who lives there?"

"O, a nice gentleman, rich as a Jew."

Bessie's heart sunk within her, and she said no more. The few questions she had asked had been prompted by a faint hope that her fears were exaggerated. Now, she needed no further confirmation that they were about to be realized,—that the stately mansion they were now approaching belonged to Ishmael Withers. Even then, full as her heart was with indignant and bitter emotion, among which, predominating over all the rest, was a sickening, loathing dread at the bare thought of meeting him in whom recklessness, hypocrisy and sycophancy seemed so strangely blended, a faint sense of what the surrounding scenery must be, when in its summer glory, existed in her mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NAPOLEON'S BRAVERY.

At the first rumor of the emperor's return to Champagne, the Austrian army, as if seized with panic at a single name, had retreated by every road from the walls of Paris, as far as Troyes and Dijon. The Emperor of Austria, fearful of being surrounded, even in the midst of his troops, took refuge at Dijon. Alexander and the king of Prussia had got beyond Troyes. These sovereigns, magnifying the danger by the memory of so many former defeats, and fearful of a snare in the very heart of France, which had fallen with such apparent facility into their hands, agreed to send to their respective plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Chatillon the most pressing instructions to effect a peace. Had the emperor had timely notice of these terrors, he could have signed a peace on a European basis, at the moment that his own empire was fading beneath his feet; but he was ignorant of them. Alarmed, on his own part, at the masses crowding down upon him, he retreated towards Arciasur-Aube, where he unexpectedly came in contact with the army of Schwartzenburg. A sanguinary battle ensued, unexpectedly to both generals, between the French and Austrians. Napoleon fought at hazard, without any other plan than the necessity of fighting, and the resolution to conquer or die. He renewed in this action the miracles of bravery and *sang-froid* of Lodi and Rivoli; and his youngest soldiers blushed at the idea of deserting a chief who hazarded his own life with such invincible courage. He was repeatedly seen spurring his horse to a gallop against the enemy's cannon, and reappearing as if inaccessible to death, after the smoke had evaporated. A live shell having fallen in front of one of his young battalions, which recoiled and wavered in expectation of the explosion, Napoleon, to re-assure them, spurred his charger towards the instrument of destruction, made him smell the burning match, waited unshaken for the explosion, and was blown up. Rolling in the dust with his mutilated steed, and rising without a wound, amidst the plaudits of his soldiers, he calmly demanded another horse, and continued to brave the grape-shot, and to fly into the thickest of the battle. His guard at length arrived, and restored the fortune of the day.—*Lamartine.*

WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND.

We present on the next page a large engraving representing the embattled gateway and the flag-tower of Windsor Castle, one of the royal residences of England. The castle is of great extent, but by representing only a portion of it, we are enabled to exhibit minutely the style of this massive feudal structure. The court here pass a portion of the year, and the figures in our engraving show the style in which the queen and Prince Albert travel, with outriders, footmen and an escort of cavalry. The castle is 28 miles from London, on the right bank of the Thames. During the residence of the court, its interior is a scene of dazzling splendor. There modern art has ministered to heighten the charm of antiquity, like a jewel sparkling in an antique crown—the bright gem shining more brilliantly from its ancient setting. About the towers of Windsor, ten centuries have woven a web of rich associations, and its corridors, chambers and terraces are tenanted by many of England's holiest memories. And there, too, all around this courtly magnificence, lie spread the sweetest charms of nature. There, in the park, is every shape and form of sylvan beauty, from the smooth lawn dotted with

"Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved,"

to the bold upland swelling towards the sky, the quiet dell, the tangled coppice, and the woody groves—the spots that Shelley sang of, where

"——the woven leaves
Make network of the dark blue light of day,
And the night's uncertain clearness, mutable
As shapes in the wierd clouds."

Before the time of George IV., Windsor was an old castle, kingly in its proportions, rich in the recollections of bygone scenes, but yet only an old castle. It had little of comfort and elegance—a noble and half-deserted relic of other times. It is now fitted up with every comfort and elegance, is enriched with costly furniture and paintings, has a magnificent throne-room and chapel, and halls and chambers without number. No traveller in England should neglect to pass at least a day at Windsor Castle.

WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ONWARD.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"*Nulla vestigia retrorsum.*"

Nor look, nor footstep backward turn,
Though many a vanished scene be fair;
There's less Nepenthe in the urn
Of Memory than despair.
The Future we can carve at will—
The sculptured Past defies our skill.

Why summon up the wierd array
Of spectres false—Delusion's train?
The idols Time has proved of clay
Will ne'er be gold again:
Nor deftest Alchemy restore
The treasures that we prized of yore.

Onward Life's river bravely pours—
And when we've won the skill to guide
The enginery of sails and oars,
Why backward cleave the tide?
If Beauty charmed the vanished scene,
We'll look to find some new Undine.

The wreaths that decked our youthful brows
Have lost their brightness and perfume:—
We'll weave our crowns from fresher boughs
And flowers of richer bloom!
And brighter sunbeams than of old
Shall change our sails to beaten gold.

We will not think of reef or wreck,
Of latent dangers hurried o'er,
Of storms that whilom swept our deck;
Our Pharos shines before
And gilds the waves that ceaseless sweep
On to the vast eternal deep.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THERE IS NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

BY MRS. S. P. DOLGHTY.

Uncle Joshua had not only a goodly number of veritable nephews and nieces, but he was the adopted uncle of the whole neighborhood where he resided. It may, however, be more satisfactory to our readers to have him formally introduced to their notice as Joshua Churchwood, Esq., a wealthy landholder in one of our Western States.

Uncle Joshua was a bachelor; and as his years already numbered more than threescore, it seemed highly probable that he would remain so. It was a question of deep interest with many of the wise ones around him, as to who would become heir to his rapidly increasing wealth; and to confess the truth, the same question frequently presented itself to Uncle Joshua's own mind, and caused him many serious reflections. A recent and somewhat alarming illness had aroused him to the performance of a prompt decision; and on the evening when we would first present him to the notice of our readers, he was seated before the cheerful wood fire, in his handsome, though lonely parlor, absorbed in a reverie, in which all his relations, distant and near, were passing before him in solemn review.

"I will not give to those who are not in need," he said, half aloud. "Brother Henry is a richer man than I am. To him and his children I will leave nothing but my love; and the same to sister Sally's. There is no use in feeding those who are already surfeited. Poor Margaret's boy may do for my heir. I wonder what sort of a fellow he is—like the father, perhaps. Got married a year ago; foolish boy! hardly out of his teens, and only a clerk's salary to depend upon! Well, well, I suppose he missed his mother, and so he took a wife." And an involuntary sigh from Uncle Joshua gave evidence that he was not unaware of the blessing of woman's love.

The young man to whom his thoughts were now directed, was the only child of a younger sister, who, having married against the wishes of her family, had for many years held little communication with them. Her husband was a man of little energy of character, and ill-fitted to struggle with the many trials of life. He died about three years before the commencement of our story, while yet in the prime of manhood; and ere another year had passed, his wife had followed him to the spirit world.

Frank was at this time in his nineteenth year, and was employed as clerk in a large mercantile establishment in the city. His health had always been delicate, and he depended greatly upon the affectionate care of his devoted mother. For months after her death, his health and spirits failed so entirely, that the duties of his situation were but very imperfectly fulfilled, and it was only through the kindness of his employers that he was retained in the establishment.

At length, the bright eyes and gentle smile of a young girl, an orphan like himself, awakened him to the consciousness that all was not lost. A happy future appeared before him; he could yet love and be loved. Health and vigor returned, and from the time that Ellen became his bride, the duties of life ceased to be irksome; and with a manly step, and a cheerful heart, he went about the business of the day. Ellen brought him no fortune, but their wants were few, and his salary was sufficient to afford them a comfortable maintenance. A widow lady, who had formerly let a part of her house to Frank's mother, now gladly received him as her tenant; and by her motherly advice and sympathy quite won the heart of the young housekeeper, who gladly profited by her counsels. And thus happily glided along the first year of married life.

But we must return to Uncle Joshua, whom we left seated in his arm chair, engaged in deep deliberations on the important subject of his will. His long-neglected nephew, Frank Maynard, seemed to him the only proper person to become his heir, always provided that he was a "promising young man, and had a taste for Western life."

"Can't have my fine farms sold," soliloquized Uncle Joshua. "But there is little danger that he would want to sell. Most independent life in the world. A poor clerk in the city would think it a happy exchange."

But then came confused thoughts, that by the time the will was carried into effect, Frank might no longer be a poor clerk. The Churchwood family were rather remarkable for longevity. Uncle Joshua might enjoy his own farms for many years yet. "But there was no telling what might happen, and therefore he would make inquiries concerning the young man, and if all seemed well, he should be the principal heir."

Certain legacies must be given. One or two poor relations must be considered; the orphan asylum must receive at least one thousand dollars; and then the housekeeper—good Mrs. Payton—she surely deserved some token of remembrance. And as Uncle Joshua's reflections reached this point, Mrs. Payton herself appeared at the door, and informed Mr. Churchwood with her usual respectful manner, that supper was quite ready.

The interruption was by no means an unpleasant one, and Uncle Joshua willingly deferred the further consideration of events which were to succeed his death, and proceeded at once to partake of the tempting repast designed to prolong his stay on earth.

The knowledge of his generous intentions towards Mrs. Payton gave a wonderful complacency to his manners towards her, and observing the marks of recent tears upon her cheeks, he kindly inquired the cause of her sadness, and whether he could be of service to her.

Mrs. Payton was a widow with one child, a promising boy of twelve years, on whom all her earthly hopes had centered. Her situation at Mr. Churchwood's not only afforded her a comfortable home, but it enabled her to provide suitably for her boy, who was kindly cared for in the family of her sister. For three years she had sent him to a good school, and her heart was gladdened by his good behaviour and rapid progress.

"But this could not last always," as she said to Mr. Churchwood, in answer to his inquiries. "Edmund must be put in a way to earn his own living. He had already got a power of learning, and Mr. Blanchard the carpenter wanted a young apprentice. So it was a good chance for him."

"Does the boy fancy the trade?" asked Uncle Joshua, thoughtfully.

"Not at all, sir; that is what troubles me. He has been to see me this evening, and pleaded so hard for a little more schooling, that it made my heart ache to refuse him. But every one says I ought not to lose the opportunity."

"Mr. Blanchard is a worthy man, undoubtedly," replied Mr. Churchwood; "but the boy's inclinations should be consulted. What trade does he fancy?"

"None whatever, sir—nothing but the books. And that will not do for me, you know."

"The teacher gives him the character of an excellent scholar," observed Uncle Joshua, with a thoughtful shake of the head.

"He does, indeed, sir; and learning is a fine thing. But poor folks must earn their living."

Perhaps Uncle Joshua did not hear the last remark, for he seemed quite absorbed in his own reflections. Mrs. Payton feared that her unusual garrulity had displeased him, and wisely said no more.

"There is no time like the present!" exclaimed the old gentleman, suddenly breaking the silence, and almost unconsciously giving utterance to his thoughts.

"To speak plainly, Mrs. Payton, I have intended remembering you in my will."

"Heaven forbid that you should think of that at present, sir," exclaimed the good housekeeper.

"It is time to think of it, my good woman," returned Uncle Joshua, with some solemnity. "But, as I just observed, I have intended remembering you in my will. I thought a legacy of a few hundred would be useful to you, and your services justly entitle you to consideration. But if you prefer help at the present time, I will devote the sum which I had intended to bequeath to you, to the education of your son. Education is a capital investment of property. If the young man proves worthy, he may make you a rich return."

"He is a good boy, indeed!" exclaimed the delighted mother. "Bless you for your kindness, sir. I would rather have Edmund well educated, than to be made the richest lady in the land."

"Set your heart at rest, then, for it shall be done," replied Uncle Joshua. "I will attend to it at once. The boy shall be placed at the best school in this part of the country."

With another burst of gratitude, Mrs. Payton retired from the room, eager to relieve her own excited feelings by communicating the glad news to her son; while Uncle Joshua indulged in a second reverie, differing but little from the first, excepting that there was a feeling of satisfaction when he thought of Mrs. Payton, and of the pleasure he should experience in being an eye-witness to the good fruits of at least one of his legacies.

"And now that I have taken the business in hand, I will have it all settled at once," he said to himself, as he retired for the night. "I will write to some of my old friends at the East, and make inquiries concerning my nephew. Meantime I will take a peep at the Orphan Asylum, and decide what sum to bequeath to it. And then that family of poor cousins. I must remember them. They are in need, I am told. My mind will be easy when the legal document is drawn up. Lawyer Bruce will do it for me in good shape." And thus ended Uncle Joshua's soliloquy for the night.

Promptness is a rare virtue, but it was one which Uncle Joshua undoubtedly possessed. Neither weeks nor days had passed before a letter was despatched to an old friend in the great Eastern city where Frank Maynard was a resident, making particular inquiries respecting the young man's character and prospects; while Uncle Joshua himself, after putting the letter into the office with his own hand, turned his horse's head in the direction of the Orphan Asylum, and was soon engaged in earnest conversation with the matron of the establishment. Uncle Joshua loved children; there was a tender spot in his heart, which always yielded at once to their bright eyes and glad voices. This institution had grown up under his own observation, and he had already contributed largely to its support. Others had also done much, but there yet remained much to be done; and secure of the sympathy of her visitor, the matron poured the list of wants and troubles into his attentive ear. So much more good might be done, if their means were a little enlarged. It was sad to think of it, but then people had done a great deal already.

Uncle Joshua's face wore its thoughtful expression again. He thought of his intended legacy, and his favorite motto, "There's no time like the present," came forcibly to his mind. He could easily spare a thousand dollars. Even should his life be prolonged many years, he would not feel the loss. And how pleasant to aid the little ones who were now before him, and to feel that they would have reason to bless his memory long after he had passed from earth.

"I will see the treasurer," was his cheering promise to the matron, as he bade her good morning; and before many days had passed, it was noised abroad that great improvements were to be made in the Orphan Asylum, in consequence of a handsome donation lately received. Other wealthy citizens followed the example of Uncle Joshua, and the good results of their benevolence were soon apparent in the charitable institution.

"Another legacy disposed of," thought Uncle Joshua. "I shall be my own executor after all."

In due time came the answer to the letter respecting Frank Maynard, but it was not clear and explicit enough to satisfy his uncle. It stated briefly that the young man was a clerk in a very respectable establishment, and was well thought of by his employers.

"But I want to know something of his private character," said Uncle Joshua, as he finished perusing the unsatisfactory epistle. "A man may be one thing in business and another at home. I have half a mind to take a trip to the eastward myself. Let me think—forty years since I last saw my native city. It is time I took another peep at it; and travelling has got to be an easy matter now-a-days. I need not be long absent, and Stevens can be trusted to attend to affairs here. Yes, I will go."

The matter once decided upon, it took but a short time to complete the necessary arrangements; and but a few days elapsed, ere Uncle Joshua found himself whirling along the great western railroad, at what he could not but consider as an alarming rate. The composed and satisfied countenances of those around him tended to re-assure him, however, and with many reflections upon the wonderful changes which had taken place since he first resolved to seek his fortune in the West, he abandoned all fears for his safety, and enjoyed his novel situation with the keen zest of a schoolboy.

More than a year had passed since our young couple had taken possession of their bridal home, but we still find them in the same neatly furnished rooms. The cradle in which Frank himself had been rocked, has lately been dragged from its hiding-place in the garret of a friend, with whom it had been stored for safe keeping, and now stands in that cozy little parlor, while the young mother bends with delight over the tiny treasure which it contains.

Frank's eye also brightens as he enters the room on his return from his daily employment, and gazes fondly on this new blessing. But his step is less firm than it is wont to be; and an expression of extreme languor comes over his countenance, as he takes his accustomed seat.

"Are you ill, dear?" asked Ellen, anxiously, as she watched his movements.

"Not ill, but weary, Ellen—very weary. This close confinement to the counting-room is ruining my health. I have never been so sensible of its ill effects as within the last few weeks."

The words fell like a chill upon Ellen's heart.

"Is there no other way of gaining a support?" she asked, as she gazed sorrowfully upon her husband. "You are very young. Can you not engage in some more active business?"

"Capital is needed in almost everything," was the reply, "and that we do not possess. If I were unmarried, I believe I would go to the West. It would do me good to 'rough it in the bush,' but I cannot expose my treasures to the privations and dangers of such a life."

"Far better to expose us to those trials than to endanger your health, and perhaps your life, by continuing in an employment which you feel to be injurious to you," pleaded Ellen, earnestly.

"You magnify the danger, Ellen. I am sorry that I have thus disturbed you. Let us think no more of it. Another day I shall feel better."

The young wife was silenced, but not convinced; and as each succeeding evening continued to bring Frank weary and exhausted to his home, her anxiety increased, and she felt that any hardships would seem light when compared with the misery of seeing his health and strength thus failing from the confinement of his present situation. * * * *

"A gentleman wishes to see *me*, did you say, Mary?" repeated Mrs. Maynard, in some surprise, as her little handmaiden sum-

moned her to the parlor one afternoon in the latter part of autumn.

"Yes, ma'am. A very nice old gentleman. He asked for Mr. Maynard, and when I told him he was not in, he said he would like to see you."

"Very well, Mary; say I will be down directly." And with the infant in her arms, Ellen quickly descended to the parlor.

Uncle Joshua certainly deserved the appellation of a "nice old gentleman;" and the mistress fully agreed with her little maid, as he greeted her with one of his peculiarly pleasant smiles, and informed her in his plain, kind manner, that his name was Joshua Churchwood, and that he was uncle to her husband.

Ellen had heard of the existence of such an uncle, and she had a confused idea that he resided somewhere in the western world; but Frank being himself entirely unacquainted with his relations, seldom spoke of them to his wife, and she was quite ignorant of Uncle Joshua's situation in life, and of the great advantages which might result from gaining his good opinion.

But her sweet voice and affectionate greeting found its way at once to Uncle Joshua's heart; and long before Frank's return, they were chatting together as freely as if they had known each other for years.

Delighted to have found a relation of Frank's to whom she could confide her anxieties, Ellen told of all her fears on Frank's account, and asked numberless questions about the West, "hoping, as she said, to be able to convince Frank that a wife and child need not prevent him from going there if he desired it."

No wonder that Uncle Joshua's motto came forcibly to his mind, "No time like the present." Why not take the young folks home with him at once? He had enough for all; and if Frank was to be his heir, why not treat him as a son during the remainder of his life?

Uncle Joshua's face absolutely shone with pleasure, as he thought of the happiness it was in his power to bestow; and his satisfaction was by no means diminished when his nephew appeared. The well-remembered features of his younger sister, who had been his pet and plaything in his boyish days, were clearly reflected in the countenance of her son; and the old gentleman's voice faltered, and his eyes were suffused with moisture, as he shook him warmly by the hand.

"My dear boy, I am glad to know you now, and I wish I had known you before," were words which called forth a responsive feeling of affection in the warm-hearted young man before him.

It was a happy evening for all parties; and before its close, Uncle Joshua's visit had been explained, and the young couple promised to share his Western home, and be to him as affectionate children in his declining years.

Another month had passed, and good Mrs. Payton had welcomed with no little bustle and ceremony, the return of Uncle Joshua and his young family. The little infant was quietly sleeping in his new home, while the old gentleman gazed first upon him, and then upon his parents, exclaiming, as he rubbed his hands together in the fullness of his joy:

"Well, Frank, my boy, this seems like comfort. I like being my own executor. Now I have nothing to do, but to send a few hundred to those poor cousins of ours, and then give you a deed of all my property. And I am no longer a lonely old man. I have those around me whom I can love, and who will love me. My motto is a good one—'There is no time like the present.'"

LOVE.

The earth is full of love, albeit the storms
Of passion mar its influence benign,
And drown its voice with discord. Every flower
That to the sun its heaving breast expands,
Is born of love; and every song of birds,
That floats mellifluous on the balmy air,
Is but a love note.—THOMAS RAGG.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES. Letters to Ernst Moritz Arndt, on the dangers to Religious Liberty in the present state of the World. By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 440.

This work from the pen of Chevalier Bunsen, admirably translated by Susannah Winkworth, will be read with deep interest by the religious. It is largely devoted to the religious controversies of Germany, but embraces also a general view of the relations of church and state throughout the world. For sale by Redding & Co.

RELIGION IN AMERICA. By ROBERT BAIRD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 8vo. pp. 696.

This is by far the most elaborate work that Dr. Baird has yet presented to the public. It gives an account of the origin, relation to the state, and present condition of the evangelical churches in the United States, with notices of unevangelical denominations. Apart from the main theme, there is a vast amount of historical information embraced within the compass of this volume. It is a work of great and abiding value. For sale by Redding & Co.

MAGDALEN HEPBURN. By Mrs. OLYPHANT. New York: Garrett & Co. 12mo. 1856.

This story of the "Scottish Reformation," by the popular author of "Zaldee" and "Adam Graeme," is a romance of wonderful power and deep interest. The characters are boldly drawn, and the historical features of the period are painted with a vividness that reminds us of Scott. The heroine, Margaret Hepburn, stands out from the canvass in bold relief, a portrait of female character of exquisite beauty and finish. For sale by W. V. Spencer.

LIVE AND LEARN. New York: Garrett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 216.

A truly valuable work. It is a guide for all who wish to read and write correctly—explains grammatical difficulties, punctuation, etc, defines those Latin and French words and phrases in most common use, and gives lucid directions for writing for the press. Except to a consummate scholar and mature writer, this work is absolutely indispensable. For sale by W. V. Spencer.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. By CHARLES DICKENS. Thirty-nine steel illustrations. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1856. 2 vols. 12mo.

This glorious work lies before us in the fair type, white paper and neat binding of "Peterson's uniform edition of Dickens's works." Of the first issue, "Pickwick," we spoke in terms of praise. The present volume comes fully up to the mark, and will be eagerly and extensively purchased. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

RETRIBUTION. A Tale of Passion. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 305.

Written in Mrs. Southworth's most vigorous style, full of vivid pictures, and striking incidents, this work contains all the elements of popularity, and is sure of an extensive sale. For sale by Redding & Co., and A. Williams & Co.

BOSTON COMMON. A Tale of our Times by a Lady. James French & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 556.

A local story, written with a great deal of spirit, and introducing a great variety of character and incident. There are some very clever descriptions of local scenery in it, and altogether the work is quite a creditable production.

[Translated from the French of Gerard de Nerval.]

THE PRINCE OF THE FORESTS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

In the province of Valois, near the woods of Villers-Cotterets, there were a little boy and girl, who met from time to time on the banks of the little streams of the country—the one, compelled by a woodcutter named Oak-Twister, who was his uncle, to pick up dead wood; the other, sent by her parents to collect the little eels which the subsiding of the waters at certain seasons renders visible in the slime. She had also to watch for crawfish, which were very numerous in certain localities.

But the poor child, always stooping with her feet in the water, was so compassionate for the sufferings of animals, that generally, on witnessing the contortions of the fishes as she drew them from the river, she restored them to the water, only retaining the crawfish, which sometimes drew blood from her fingers, and to which she was therefore less indulgent. The little boy, for his part, made fagots of dried wood and bundles of brush, often exposed to the reproaches of Oak-Twister, either because he had not brought home enough, or because he had been too busy talking with the little fisher-girl.

There was a certain day in the week on which the children never met—the same, doubtless, on which the fairy Melusina changed herself into a fish, and the princesses of Edda were transformed to swans. The morning after one of these days the little woodcutter said to the fisher-girl:

"Do you remember that yesterday I saw you pass below in the waters of Challepont with all the fishes escorting you, even to the carps and pikes; and you yourself were a beautiful red fish, with your sides all glittering with scales of gold?"

"I remember it well," said the little girl, "since I saw you on the banks of the stream, and you were like a beautiful green oak, whose branches were of fine gold, and all the trees of the wood bent to the earth, saluting you."

"It is true," replied the little boy. "I dreamed all that."

"And I dreamed what you told me. But how happened it we both met in a dream?"

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Oak-Twister, who struck the boy with a heavy staff, reproaching him with not having bound a single fagot.

"And then," added he, "didn't I order you to twist off the branches which yield readily, and add them to your fagots?"

"But," said the boy, "the guard would put me in prison, if he found green wood in my fagots; and then, when I wished to do as you told me, I heard the tree moaning."

"Just so," said the little girl, "when I am carrying away the fishes in my basket—I hear them singing so sadly, that I throw them back into the water. Then they beat me at home."

"Silence, little masque!" said Oak-Twister, who seemed excited by drink. "You hinder my nephew at his work. I know you with your pointed teeth, the color of pearls. You are the queen of the fishes. But I shall know how to take you on a certain day of the week, and you shall die in the basket—in the basket!"

The threats which Oak-Twister had made in his drunkenness were before long accomplished. The little girl found herself caught under the form of the red fish, which destiny had obliged her to snare on certain days. Happily, when Oak-Twister wished, by the help of his nephew, to take the wicker trap from the water, the latter recognized the beautiful red fish with scales of gold which he had seen in his dream, as being the accidental transformation of the little fisher-girl. He ventured to defend her against Oak-Twister, and even struck him. The latter, furious, seized him by the hair, and tried to throw him, but was astonished to find a great resistance. The boy's feet clung to the earth with such tenacity, that his uncle could neither overthrow him nor lift him, though he twisted him in every direction.

At the moment when the child's resistance was about to be overcome, the trees of the forest shuddered with a deep sound; the agitated branches gave passage to the winds, and Oak-Twister, recoiling from the tempest, rushed into his hut. He soon came back, threatening terrible revenge, and changed, as a son of Odin. In his hand gleamed the Scandinavian axe, which threatened the trees, like the hammer of Thor breaking rocks.

The young Prince of the Forests, the victim of his uncle the usurper, now knew his rank which they had sought to conceal from him. The trees protected him, but only by their bulk and passive resistance. In vain did the thorns and the saplings twist together on all sides to arrest the steps of Oak-Twister. The latter had summoned his woodcutters, and was carving a path through all obstacles. Already many trees, formerly sacred in the days of the old druids, had fallen under axes and bills.

Happily the Queen of the Fishes lost no time. She had thrown herself at the feet of the Marne, the Aisne, and the Oise, the three great rivers of the neighborhood, showing them that if the projects of Oak-Twister and his companions were not arrested, the forests, too widely cleared, would no longer collect the vapors that produce rain and furnish water to the streams, rivers and ponds; that the fountains themselves would dry up and cease to feed the rivers, to say nothing of the speedy destruction of the fishes, the game and the birds.

Thereupon the three great rivers made such arrangements, that the ground was entirely swept by an inundation which speedily destroyed the aggressors. The Prince of the Forests and the Queen of the Fishes could now resume their innocent interviews. They were no longer a little woodcutter and a little fisher-girl, but a Sylph and an Undine, who were afterwards legally united in the bonds of matrimony. Such is the allegory of the union of wood and wave still current in the Valois.

ELIZABETH CITY, NEW JERSEY.

M. M. BALLOU, Esq.,—Dear Sir:—After an interregnum of some months duration, I resume the pleasurable task of furnishing you, and through you, your many thousand readers with the result of my wanderings in search of the picturesque. Beginning nearest my *point d'appui*, I present you herewith a group of illustrations of the City of Elizabeth, N. J., a place of some considerable suburban importance, whose rapid growth of late years is a striking evidence of the repletion of the neighboring metropolis. Notwithstanding it is the oldest (English) town in the State, it ranked among the second or third rate towns until within the past ten years, when the influx of residents, whose business is in the great metropolis, having given it a start, its prospect are now second to none of its sister towns or cities. The New Jersey Railroad, which passes through it and affords communication with New York some fifteen or twenty times per day, and the New Jersey Central Railroad, which now extends from Elizabethtown Point, on the one hand, to the mines of Pennsylvania, on the other, have been the immediate means of the prosperity and full development of the place.

The land on which Elizabethtown is situated was purchased from the Indians, in 1664, by John Bailey, Daniel Denton and Luke Watson, and a charter was granted to them and their associates by Gov. Richard Nichols. The land was known and designated as the "Elizabethtown grant," and the first settlers as the "Elizabethtown Associates." They were not permitted to occupy their purchase in quietude, for there were a number of persons who claimed to have a title to the grant by virtue of a warrant from the Duke of York, and the commotions, strife, and difficulties arising from these rival claims, were seriously detrimental to the growth of the place.

In 1665, Gov. Philip Carteret, of East Jersey, settled here, and fixed the capital of the province, naming the place in honor of his brother's wife, Lady Elizabeth Carteret. At this time there were but five log huts in the town, but settlers were soon attracted to the seat of the provincial government, and it assumed an air of importance, which made it for many years the most flourishing town in East Jersey. The first General Assembly met here in 1668, and continued its sessions until 1682, when it was removed to Perth Amboy, and after fluctuating from place to place, was finally established at Trenton.

A large proportion of the settlers being from New England, and such as were driven from England by religious persecution, it is natural to suppose that the doctrines and influence of the Puritans were paramount; and we find the first church edifice erected was the Presbyterian, which is, in fact, the oldest congregation in the State, dating its origin in 1666. The church stood on the site of the present one (represented in the large engraving), and was a very venerable and antique structure. After standing over a hundred years, it was ruthlessly fired by the hands of a tory, named Jacob Hetfield, and burned to the ground in 1780.

Elizabeth is situated on Elizabeth Creek, an inconsiderable stream, which empties into Staten Island Sound, about 2 1-2 miles from its mouth, where is situated Elizabethport. The two places are rapidly approximating, and will shortly be embraced within the same bounds. The latter is a thriving place, having considerable trade. Steamboats and sail-vessels ply between it and New York daily, and the depot of the New Jersey Central Railroad being located here, gives to it an appearance of great activity. During the Revolutionary war, both places, from their proximity to Staten Island, where a large portion of the British army was stationed, were subject to all the accumulated horrors of that struggle for independence. The inhabitants were continually harassed by incursions of foraging and other parties of troops, added to which, the disaffected in their midst kept them in a constant state of fear and excitement. Being the main thoroughfare into "the Jerseys," from whence the troops of the enemy drew most of their supplies, the streets of the two towns were alternately occupied by parties of British and Americans, who frequently encountered each other in hostile array, and shed each other's blood.

The influence and example of such men as Gov. William Livingston and Rev. James Caldwell had a powerful effect to keep alive the spirit of patriotism in the breasts of the better part of the inhabitants; although it is not a matter of surprise that there should have been a considerable amount of illicit trading with the enemy, when the facts are considered. The Americans were poor and paid in worthless continental money, while the British paid for all supplies in substantial and attractive gold. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and many persons, whose patriotism was undoubted, preferred the market at Staten Island to that of the American camp, although the traffic at the former was attended with much danger and risk of life and limb. The page of history bears witness to many scenes of thrilling interest as occurring in this vicinity; and although I long to dwell in view of subjects of such absorbing interest, yet a due consideration of your pre-occupied space, and the patience of your readers, will allow me only to notice the more prominent incidents in the lives of the two gentlemen who are mentioned above, and whose names are intimately associated with the Revolutionary history of the place.

When the struggle for independence commenced, William Franklin, the only son of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, was the royal governor of New Jersey. Unlike his father, he took sides with the king, and the provincial legislature declared him to be a dangerous enemy to the common cause. He was arrested at his residence at Perth Amboy, and sent to Connecticut, and William Livingston elected in his stead. This gentleman belonged to that noble family which furnished so many distinguished names to the annals of the Revolution. He was a graduate of Yale College, and possessed talents of the highest order. His patriotism was as eminent as his talents, and such was the high estimation in which



VIEW IN ELIZABETH PORT.



LIBERTY HALL.

he was held by the people, that he was re-elected annually to the office of governor, until his death, in 1790. He was an active partizan, and was constantly employed in aiding the cause of the Republicans. This, of course, attracted towards him the particular attention of the enemy, and several attempts were made to seize his person. For this purpose, Sir Henry Clinton sent an expedition from New York, which landed at Elizabethtown Point about 12 o'clock on the night of the 28th of February, 1779, and marched directly to "Liberty Hall," the residence of the governor, which was about three miles distant. Surrounding the house, they burst open the doors, and demanded of the frightened inmates the person of the "d—d rebel governor." Fortunately he had gone to spend the night with a friend, and thus escaped capture. Disappointed in their search, the marauders demanded his papers and effects. These were in the parlor, in the box of his sulkey, but the presence of mind of his daughter preserved them from capture. Seeing one of the men about to seize the box, she claimed it from the officer in command, asserting that it contained her own private effects, and appealing to his sense of honor as a gentleman and a soldier, not to permit a defenceless female to be robbed. He could not resist the appeal, and ordered a guard stationed over the box, while the brave girl led his men to the library, where she surrendered to them a mass of worthless law papers, with which they filled their foraging bags and decamped. On another occasion, when Knyphausen, who had marched to attack Greene at the Short-hills, and had been forced to retreat, was marching through Elizabethtown, a number of British officers stopped at the house in pursuit of the governor, who was again ortunately absent. They however intimated their intention to take up their quarters there; and as there was no gainsaying them, the females of the family retired to rest, feeling secure from molestation by the troops, while their officers were in the house. It happened, however, that they were called away in the night, and a short time afterwards a party of tories and Hessians entered, and threatened to burn the house over their heads. The ladies retreated to their room, where they locked themselves in, while the servants hid themselves in the kitchen. The drunken assailants soon found out the hiding-place of the former, and threatened to break in the door unless they were admitted. At this juncture, one of the young females (probably the same brave girl who had saved her father's papers), thinking it best to show an appearance of courage, which they did not feel, opened the door, and as one of the wretches seized her by the arm, she grasped him by the collar in a threatening manner, which induced him to look up, and a gleam of light shooting athwart the hall at the moment, and falling upon her white dress, he staggered back in affright, exclaiming, as he did so, "God! it's Mrs. Caldwell that we killed to-day!" Alarmed by their own superstitious fears, the party soon after left the house without any further demonstration of hostility. Governor Livingston's proximity to the enemy laid him open to surprise and capture, and he was subject to constant alarm, particularly as a reward had been offered for his arrest. At one time it is said that Sir Henry Clinton offered a bounty for his assassination, and induced a notorious tory to undertake the task. Governor Livingston accused Clinton of this base endeavor, and the following correspondence ensued.

Gov. Livingston to Gen. Clinton.

"Elizabethtown, March 29, 1779.

"Sir:—I beg leave to acquaint you that I am possessed of the most authentic proofs that a general officer under your command has offered a large sum of money to an inhabitant of this State to assassinate me, in case he could not take me alive. This, sir, is so repugnant to the character which I have hitherto formed of Sir Henry Clinton, that I think it highly improbable you should either countenance, connive at, or be privy to a design so sanguinary and disgraceful. Taking it, however, for granted, that you are a gentleman of too much spirit to disown anything you think proper to abet, I give you the opportunity of disavowing such dark proceedings, if undertaken without your approbation—assuring you at the same time, that if countenanced by you, your person is more in my power than I have reason to think you imagine. I have the honor to be, with all due respect, your excellency's most bumble servant. William Livingston."

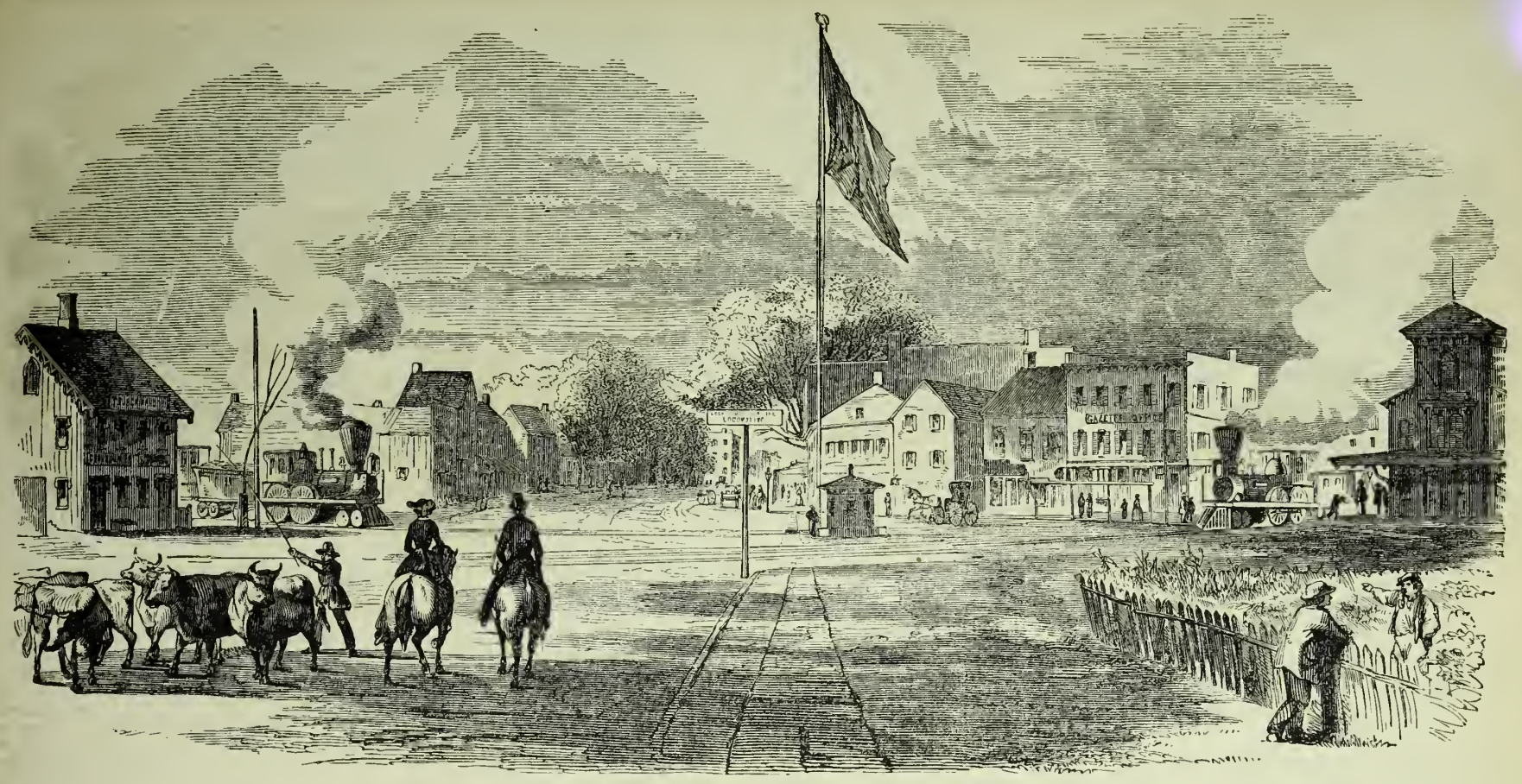
Sir Henry Clinton to Gov. Livingston.

"New York, April 10, 1779.

"Sir:—As you address me on a grave subject (no less than life and death, and your own person concerned), I condescend to answer you; but must not be troubled with any further correspondence with Mr. Livingston. Had I a soul capable of harboring so infamous an idea as assassination, you, sir, at least, would have nothing to fear; for, be assured, I should not blacken myself with so foul a crime to obtain so trifling an end. Sensible of the power (of being able to dispose of my life, by means of intimates of



COURT HOUSE, AND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



VIEW IN THE CENTRAL PART OF ELIZABETH CITY.

yours, ready to murder at your command), I can only congratulate you on your amiable connections, and acknowledge myself your most humble servant. H. CLINTON.

"WM. LIVINGSTON, Esq., New Jersey."

Not satisfied to let the subject rest here, Livingston addressed a somewhat sarcastic reply, closing with the following language:

"As to your 'must not be troubled with any further correspondence with Mr. Livingston,' believe me, sir, that I have not the least passion for interrupting your most useful correspondence with the British ministry, hy which the nation will doubtless be greatly edified, and which will probably furnish materials for the most authentic history of the present war—and that you cannot be less ambitious of my correspondence than I am of yours; because, whatever improvement I might hope to receive from you in the art of war (and especially in the particular branches of conducting *moonlight retreats* and secret expeditions, I should not expect from our correspondence any considerable education or refinement in the epistolary way. I am therefore extremely willing to terminate it by wishing you a safe voyage across the Atlantic, with the singular glory of having attempted to reduce to bondage a people determined to be free and independent."

To understand the allusion above, to "moonlight retreats" and "secret expeditions," it may be necessary to state, that Sir Henry, in his report to the ministry regarding the retreat after the battle of Monmouth, had said that he "took advantage of the moonlight," whereas the moon had set two hours before he commenced to move; and also that none of his secret expeditions were successful, owing probably to a want of generalship.—I have given a view of "Liberty Hall," the residence of Gov. Livingston during his lifetime, and the place of his decease, July 25, 1790. This house, now the property of John Kean, Esq., is still standing on the road leading from Elizabeth to Springfield, about three quarters of a mile from the former place. Another of the smaller engravings represents the handsome marble obelisk erected to the memory of the Rev. James Caldwell, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in the grounds of which it stands. Mr. Caldwell was an ardent patriot, and through his influence the greater portion of his congregation were led to adopt his views, and many of them were enrolled in the American army. He himself joined the patriot host in the capacity of chaplain. Many anecdotes are related of his fervency and zeal in the cause of his country, as well as of his God. Such was the animosity engendered in the breasts of the tories by his activity and efficiency, that fearing for the safety of his family, he removed them to Connecticut Farms, about four miles from Elizabethtown, where he thought them comparatively safe. He was destined to bitter disappointment, however, for when Knyphausen marched from Staten Island to attack the Americans at the Short-hills, he passed through Connecticut Farms, which he reduced to ashes, and Mrs. Caldwell was killed by a renegade soldier, who had formerly been in the employ of her husband, and entertaining a malignant feeling against him for some fancied affront, took this course to revenge himself. Mrs. Caldwell was lying down in an inner room, when her servant informed her that a British soldier was crossing the yard towards the house. She rose with her infant in her arms, and the wretch fired through the window, killing her instantly. At the time of her death, Mr. Caldwell was with the army at Springfield, in fearful suspense, which was only relieved by news received next morning, of the murder of his wife. Mr. Caldwell was himself shot by an American sentinel, at Elizabethport, a little more than a year afterwards. He had gone to the port to receive a young lady, who had come under the protection of a flag of truce from New York; but not finding her on board of the vessel, he took charge of a small bundle which belonged to her, and with which he was proceeding to his chaise, when he was accosted by the sentinel, a man named Morgan, who demanded the surrender of the bundle that he might examine it. This Mr. Caldwell refused, and turning to go back to the vessel, he was shot in the back and instantly killed. Morgau was convicted of murder, and hung at Westfield. The body of Mr. Caldwell was conveyed to the house of Mrs. Noel, in Elizabethtown, where his congregation learned of their bereavement the next morning (Sunday), when they came to hear him preach. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Alexander McWhortee, of Newark, on the following Tuesday. Previous to his burial, the body was placed where the concourse which had attended could view his remains, and after the services were closed, Dr. Elias Boudinot came forward, leading a group of nine orphan children, who were by this second calamity left to the cold charity of the world. Placing them around the bier on which was the remains of their parent, he touchingly appealed in their behalf to the multitude assembled, which was nobly responded to, and they all lived to fill prominent and useful positions in society. Dr. Caldwell was a man remarkably beloved by all but the enemies of his country. His church, which was a wooden structure, and occupied the site of the present brick one represented in the first large engraving, was given up to the American troops as a hospital; and the spire was used as an observatory, from whence the movements of the British on Staten Island were watched. Elizabeth has, owing to the rapid influx of persons from the city of New York, from which it is only about thirteen miles, recently assumed an air of thriving importance, commensurate with its rapid growth and future prospects. Having been incorporated as a city, it is assuming all the privileges and responsibilities of a city government, and bids fair to take its stand among, if not to rival some of its more prominent sister corporations. The large view given above is a truthful representation of what is usually a very busy scene. It is taken from near the depot looking south, along the main street. In the middle ground the tracks of the two railroads are seen crossing each other at an acute angle, and running along on either side of the handsome depot, recently erected for the convenience of passengers and freight. The residence of Chancellor Williamson (seen in one of the smaller cuts), is situated a short distance north of the depot, on the main thoroughfare, and is surrounded by many handsome private dwellings. Not to pass over the claims of Elizabethport, for representation, I have given a characteristic scene in the centre of the place, the prominent features of which are the depot of the New Jersey Central Railroad, the hotel, and the distant shores of Staten Island. The straggling nature of the village precluded the possibility of giving a more comprehensive view, or I should have done so. And now I take my leave for the present, by subscribing myself,

Very respectfully, your artist, NEUTRAL TINT.



RESIDENCE OF CHANCELLOR WILLIAMSON.



CALDWELL'S MONUMENT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES

On seeing Mrs. Keller *in the Triumph of Galatea.*

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

I thought it was a dream—a shadowy myth
Born of the fabling fancy of old Greece;
But lo! the blushing Paphian queen of love
Rises in new-born beauty from the waves
In the voluptuous splendor of her charms:
What grace of figure matched to royal mien!
What rounded outlines to the snow white arm,
That shames the marble with its lustrous glow!
It cannot be a creature born of clay
That thus excels in loveliness divine
The high ideal of a poet's soul.
Ethereal essence sparkles in her glance,
And a charmed hush is in the listening air,
A glory far beyond expression bright,
In the mute sky, as if the natural world
Welcomed a creature so divinely fair.
The whiteness of the foam-flake on her cheek
Commingles with a rich Auroral dye
Caught from the morn-kissed wave.
Young queen, all hail!
Attending nymphs are round thee, and the sea,
Enamored of thy presence, basks in light,
While in thy rocking, rose-lipped shell afloat
Borne onward art thou, without aid of oar,
To an enchanted home in Cyprian bowers.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

COUSIN JULIA.

BY SARAH HAMMOND.

Looking over a trunk of valuables, the other day,—valuable for the pleasant reminiscences connected with them, valuable because dear hands had consecrated them,—my eye fastened upon a package of letters, firmly bound together by a long piece of red tape. The handwriting was easy, graceful and even elegant. As the author of these—a fair cousin of mine—has long since entered the circle matrimonial, and is now the pride of a fond husband, the perfection of all that is good to numerous little ones who call her by the loving name of mother, perhaps she will have no very serious objections to our presenting them to the public, making use of fictitious names for the real.

May 15, 1844.—Here I am, dear Grace, in the big noisy city. The whirl of wheels, the tramp of thronging feet, the dusty streets, the never-ending rattle of business, gives me a feeling that borders somewhat on home-sickness. It is all so different from the green fields, the pleasant shade, the quiet I have left behind me; and not more different are all these sights and sounds, than the faces by which I am surrounded from those that now shine before me, as I sit alone in my chamber. But this I must expect—did expect; but I feel it none the less for all that.

I came directly to Aunt Mussey's; my hand trembled a bit as I pulled the door-bell—it was not one of those natural, vigorous pulls that go jingling to the heart and tell of a pleasant arrival; but it accomplished its errand, and I was ushered into the presence of a fair, somewhat haughty-looking lady, whom I at once recognized as my Aunt Ina. I had not seen her for many years, not since I was a little girl; still there were traces of the old face, that had once won my childish love. Time had hardened, fashion distorted, and pride marred the soft beauty that once characterized it; still those regular features were the same. She gave me quite a cordial welcome, insisted upon untying my bonnet-strings, and offered me her own easy chair; but there was something in her manners, I hardly know how to describe it, Gracie, and you cannot imagine it, unless you have some time felt it, that jarred, awoke a wrong note in my bosom—a sort of patronizing air, that you cannot find fault with in words, but nevertheless calls forth a feeling of resentment. I always long to say I do not need it, that I can stand alone, proud in my poverty; and then comes the bitter afterthought of dependence; yes, the poor must labor for the rich, but the mind need never grovel. All these things and many more passed through my mind, while she was endeavoring to act the agreeable, striving to make me feel at home in her splendid cage. If she would only have left me alone, I could have pillowed my head upon her crimson cushions, and felt to enjoy the soft touch of velvet and silk. I could have looked in the broad mirror at my own rosy face, and thanked nature for her kindness. It is not vanity that prompts me to say this, but my heart is offering its own frank thoughts to *only you*, dear Grace.

My dress was plain, but there was no glare about it, to disturb the harmony of colors; and had it not been for the over-fidgety kindness of my hostess, I think I should have acted the *lady* at once. My cousins, Georgianna and Maria, were from home, on a shopping expedition. Georgianna, my aunt informed me, was considered very beautiful, quite a belle. Maria was plainer, but very accomplished. I forgave this display of the daughters' good qualities, for there was so much motherly feeling mixed in with the vanity that I could not help it. I was soon conducted to my chamber to arrange my hair and prepare for tea. It is a pleasant little apartment, commands a fine lookout, and, since I have hung my dresses in the closet, arranged my books, got my writing-desk and work-box out, it seems, or begins to seem, a little right, a little like home. I had hardly time to finish my toilet before the tea bell summoned us below. I descended to the parlor, where I was introduced to my city cousins for the first time. They both gave me a pleasant greeting. I was rather disappointed at the non-appearance of my uncle, Mr. Mussey, for I had often heard him spoken of in terms of highest praise; but soon learnt he was absent on business, and would not return for a number of days.

Here let me leave you, Gracie, for I am still a stranger, and all is strange. Do not forget how much I shall need your kind encouraging letters. Adieu, until I write again. Julia.

May 30.—He has come, uncle. Tuesday; a week ago to-night you would have laughed heartily to have seen the meeting. I was standing by one of the parlor windows, entirely alone, building all sorts of air castles, as usual, when I was interrupted by a quick step; the next moment a pair of great hands pushed back my hair, and held my face, where he, uncle, could read all its blushing, surprise, and curiosity.

"And so Cousin Julia has concluded to honor us with her presence a while, has she?" said he, laughing at my confusion. "I have no doubt but that we shall become excellent friends. Come," said he, flinging the sofa cushions on the carpet, to make a place for me by his side, "sit down here; there is time for a nice chat before tea."

He is a little strange, this uncle of mine, Gracie; but you could not help liking him at once. There is something in his open, genial countenance that inspires confidence at the first glance. His hair is heavy and dark, with here and there a gleam of silver; his eyes large, beaming with pleasantness. He is so different from aunt, I cannot help wondering how the world engrosses so large a share of her affections, blessed as she is with such a companion. He is so free, careless and independent, and minds so little for the "they say" of those around him, while she is a perfect specimen of propriety, all paralleled off with the straight lines of decorum. Why is it, cousin mine, that prosperity has so dissimilar an effect upon different individuals? Why does it contract, narrow down, all the good there is in some, while in others it is the means of giving play to all those finer vibrations of the soul? Little minds become contaminated by the world's touch; they seek only to gratify their vanity. Self swallows up the nobler aspirations of youth; gold removes the absolute necessity of toil. With folded hands, comes a dull apathy in regard to the welfare of others, till at last those bright traits of character that would have shed a holy radiance about their earthly pathway, in a less luxurious atmosphere, seemingly vanish in utter darkness. But there are those whose souls were originally run in so perfect a mould that these outward circumstances fail to distort, selfishness fails to seam. Their hearts and hands go together continually to do good. True greatness is appreciated by such in whatever garb it appears; and the tongue is not afraid to say "I like," though the world's voice fail to echo the sentiment.

Mr. Mussey is such a man; one that wears humanity gracefully—that can recognize a brother clad in home-spun garments as readily as he can appreciate broadcloth and linen. But I was going to tell you, Gracie—but my pen has not forgotten to run its old races you perceive, and will go where it likes. After tea was over, uncle asked if we, the girls and myself, would not like a moonlit stroll. That temptation was strong, but I thought of the unfinished dress of Maria's that was wanted for the next afternoon, and so declined, reluctantly, I confess, the pleasure. "But you must go," said uncle. "Why not? give us your reasons. Poh! I don't care anything about it; the girl has frocks enough. Where's your bonnet? Maria!"

There was a tone of reproof and impatience in his voice this time. "Bring me my cane." I looked up and at once felt the cause. An unmistakable frown was visible upon her brow, resembling a thunder-cloud at the dusk of day. My spirits deadened at once. O, how gladly would I have gone to my room! but there was now no retreat. The evening was beautiful, and spite of the ill-humor of my cousin, whom I very soon forgot, I enjoyed it to the full. The dark blue waters of the harbor, the dancing sails fluttering in their white beauty, the stately mansions gleaming in the moonlight, fair gardens just springing into the life and luxuriance of summer—how could I think of scowls and unfinished work, with my eyes feasting on so much? I knew I should suffer for it, but I put the thought far off, and lived only in the sunshine of the present; and is not this the wisest course to pursue, to enjoy what we can, and when we can? If I had done wrong, or needlessly given pain, then I should have suffered rightly; it would have been very different. Georgianna only bade me good-night upon our return. 'Tis late, dear Grace, and I must close. Do not forget your own cousin Julia.

June 6.—Very many thanks for your last kind letter, dear Cousin Grace; I have been happier ever since it came. To be thus remembered is a happiness that I would not lose for the whole world. Tell mother not to worry about the strayed one. I am learning to be contented quite fast; but I don't forget, O no. I am with you continually. But I must hasten to tell you of the scattered cloud that so threatened to mar my sky of blue, when last I wrote. I took Maria's dress to my chamber that very night; there was a great deal of trimming about it, two or three flounces, and I knew if I was not very industrious, it would not be finished in season for the next day. I sat late, worked till I could work no longer, and then retired with a violent headache. The next day it was no better; but the dress was ready at the appointed time; how it happened I hardly know.

Georgianna knocked at my door to inquire how I was, before leaving, offering to stay with me, but I would not listen to it; said Maria was a cold, selfish girl, and ought to be ashamed of her conduct. But this I did not like, and I told her so, when she put her beautiful face down to mine, to kiss the pain away, as she said. I do not know why it was, but this little act of kindness completely overcame me. I cried heartily after she left, and it did me good—made me strong for a long time to come. The next morning I was much better, and went below to take a scolding from my good uncle and a command to touch no work for the next forty-eight hours, and to receive a condescending smile from Miss Maria, whose dress, Georgie whispered to me, was the most elegant thing out.

I must tell you one little incident, Grace, because I know it will please you. A few mornings after my arrival here, Georgie and Maria came to my room to have a "social good time," they said; but I could not help thinking a little curiosity had something to do with the call; nevertheless, I was glad to see them. Georgie is a vain little thing, beautiful and good-hearted, but not intellectual; Maria the reverse—lacks heart, but owns a cultivated mind. Georgie seated herself on the floor to arrange a bouquet, just brought from the garden, while Maria carelessly leaned over my table to examine my treasures—"story books," with just the slightest contemptuous smile playing about the corners of her mouth.

"But," said she, looking up with an entirely different expression—"French, German!—you can't read these, Julia?"

"I try to sometimes," replied I; there was something so inexpressibly ludicrous in her amazement that I could not help laughing.

"O, I am so glad!" exclaimed Georgie, springing up and scattering her flowers in all directions,—"so glad! Cousin Julia, Maria thinks no one can know anything but just her dear self. So glad—so glad!"

"Hush, chatterbox!" said Maria, her dark eyes flashing. "Where did you learn such things, Julia? What good will they ever do *you?*"

"One that has drunk of the fountain of knowledge need not ask that question. May I answer, Yankee fashion, by putting the same to yourself?"

A graceful sweep of skirts, a jarring door, and Georgie and I were left to our comfort. I assisted her in re-arranging her flowers, which she bestowed upon me before leaving; they are very beautiful, and still grace my toilet-table. So you perceive, Gracie, a poor little sewing-girl like myself has no right to meddle with books; for what can she do with the high thoughts of master minds? what right has she to know anything beyond her daily occupation? Why shouldn't poverty cramp the soul as well as the body? why should that be free to soar? Thank God for the blessed freedom of this land, that gives the child of the poor man equal advantages with that of the rich, to lay a foundation for future usefulness. Our common schools—what a glory they are to us! what a reproof to those who know not the good! Yes, Cousin Maria is learned, too learned to seek to fetter an unshackled mind, to take from it its own rightful wealth.

June 12.—A quiet Sabbath morning; not a cloud veils the clear blue of heaven. The finger of silence seems to have sealed the harsh voices of yesterday. No bustle, no rattling confusion. Now a solitary bell is heard, sending forth its voice on the still air; another and another, till the chime of ringing notes awakes a jubilee in the heart, joy, hope and faith in the future, when the clinging robes of earthly toil, earthly desires, shall vanish before the blest visions of immortality. Does it never seem strange to you, Gracie, that the things of this world so engross our minds? Transient pleasures which are but for a moment—how we toil for them! how we fret when they are beyond our reach! how seemingly forgetful we are of that which should be the end and aim of our being! How bowed down are our minds!

I sit at my chamber window and watch the stream of faces, as they glide by. How unintelligible are many of those thought-written brows! How eagerly do we gaze, to catch a glimpse of the veiled heart beneath! and yet we, who are acquainted with the emotions, the hidden springs that swell tumultuously in our own bosoms, can imagine the music, the discord that exists in all human souls.

You will, doubtless, ask me, Grace, why I am not one of the many who go to the house of worship this day. Why, I prefer the solitude of my chamber to listening to the deep-toned voice of one of God's servants, earnestly exhorting his children to seek that peace that cometh from above, that passeth human understanding. Uncle asked me that same question this morning. I have always evaded giving a direct answer, heretofore, when interrogated; but I knew by the calm, searching glance of his dark eyes that he would know the truth. So I told him frankly that I respected the pride of my aunt and cousins too much to accompany them to church; that if I were among entire strangers, it would be different—then my plain Quaker-like appearance would affect no one—not even myself; for I cared not for such trivial things, only as they pleased or pained my friends. My heart could sing hymns of thanksgiving of joy in any garb. He smiled, Gracie. I hardly know what he thought, for he made no reply; but I think he understands, sympathizes with me. I sincerely hope that *big* bump of generosity will not be allowed to disturb me. I am sorry I had to tell him, but how could I help it?

June 16.—Just as I feared, Grace. Uncle's generosity has *acted*. With the bonnet—a pretty little affair, trimmed with white ribbons,—came this slip of paper: "Julia must not be too proud to please her uncle; oblige me by accepting the enclosed," which proved to be a fifty dollar bill. I went immediately to the study, where he spends his mornings, to return the money. I did not want it, but he was apparently very busy with his newspaper, and would not hear a word; so, half-laughing, half-crying, I have come back to my room. What shall I do, Gracie? If it were not for a pair of blue eyes, a singing voice, that dwell beneath our home-roof, for whose welfare I have left you, loved ones, I could not brook all these things. Little Mag will never be able to buffet the world's rude ways alone; I must clear a path for her. When I think for

what I have come here, I quite forget my pride, my restlessness. I can work forever with such an incentive to urge me on, and call it all pleasure. Here comes Georgie, with a face full of interesting items. Remember me as ever yours, JULIA.

July 30.—Dear cousin, I have come to you for rest—I am so weary. Do not think I am about to inflict upon you a fit of the "blues." Ah, no! but I thought a sight of your fresh, cheerful countenance, even though it had to come to me through the medium of the imagination, would do me good. I wanted to look into your brown eyes, to feel their kindly glance. It seems a long, long time since I left you. The glare and glitter of city life is so tiresome; we find so much tinsel beneath the show of pure gold, that we cannot help longing for the real, the true.

I know there are pure loving hearts that throb beneath the touch of fashion's magic fingers; but they are so covered up, buried so deep in finery, that we are quite apt to lose our way in seeking them. Georgie is such an one. At times the goodness, the truthfulness of her nature gleam forth in such beauty that it startles you, coming, as it does, from so unexpected a source,—times when she loses all thought of mere self, when her soul seems to drink in living inspiration,—times when the spirits of mercy and love lead her where they will; and children's cries and mother's lips bless her, with mingled tears of joy and hope for the glad future.

Evening. Aunt Ina still remains the condescending lady whom I first met, though I do not think her feelings are as cordial as then. Maria dislikes me thoroughly, which is very evident, except in her father's presence. He is loved and feared by the whole household; even Aunt Ina never opposes him. To-morrow I am to go to Cousin Marcia's. Aunt is apparently in a great hurry to have me away—why, I cannot imagine. You know how anxious she was to have me come. However, I am quite delighted with the idea. It is a pleasant place—a very paradise of flowers and trees, about three miles from the city. I have never spoken to you of this cousin, because I knew so little about her. She is the eldest of the family; was married when a mere child—some of aunt's manœuverings, I have understood. Her husband is nearly twice her age, but very wealthy, which, perhaps, will explain the whole. I send Mag a new sketch-book. You must criticise her work, now I am away. She has a fine taste; her pictures are bold and natural; but I fear she may grow careless. The dear child! God bless you all! JULIA.

August 15.—Bright and early, dear cousin, was I up this glad morning, long before the dew-drops vanished. The air is redolent with the perfume of blossoms. O, these beautiful smiles of heaven! how can one be thankful enough for them? We breathe such an air of purity in their presence; their penciled leaves preach such sermons to our desponding hearts—"Behold the lilies of the field!" If God careth for these—if they are valuable in his sight, how much more precious are the lives of his children! for they shall bloom forever when transplanted by his hand, knowing no blight.

I have been very busy since I came here—very busy. Cousin Marcia said she sent for me to assist about some plain sewing; and did you know, Gracie, that *plain sewing* consists in everything but fitting dresses? Two rich brocades were to be finished immediately. Then was brought forward a little cloak of curious pattern. "Did I think I could cut and make one like it for Willie?" I would try. I succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. The cape and sleeves were to be embroidered. So I was a number of days in completing it. I overheard my cousin—accidentally of course—tell a rich neighbor she should save five dollars on that one garment.

Would you be rich, Gracie—would I be rich—if our souls were to be worn thus thread-bare in striving to save a few dirty coppers? O, they are poor indeed who begrudge the laborer his hire, who live as lives my cousin. You would blush at the meanness that walks these splendid apartments, could you look beneath that which is visible to the world—to that which greets my vision daily. I never felt more sincerely to utter the prayer, "give me neither poverty nor riches," than since I have been an inmate of this house. The breakfast bell rings, and I must bid you a hurried good-by. JULIA.

September 4.—At uncle's again. Yesterday I was sitting in my cousin's back parlor, busily plying my needle, when my attention was attracted by hearing uncle's voice—"Get some one else, Marcia, if you are in such a hurry about your sewing. Julia is going home with me." A whispering voice answered. The dining-room opened and closed; I could only now and then catch a confused murmur. O, I did hope he would not go away and leave me; I did so long to hear his good honest heart talk once more,—so long to see Georgie,—that aunt, Maria, Marcia, were quite forgotten. I was not held long in suspense. Uncle's hearty laugh aroused me. "Come, child," said he, taking my work; "get your things quickly. The boys are waiting for us. Don't stop to fix up, or I shall be jealous, and an old man's jealousy—"

I heard no more, for I was half way up the stairs. I was determined to leave nothing. I would never return—no, never. Who did uncle mean by the boys? Fred was at college; had he come home? it must be. I had just locked my trunk, and was putting on my gloves, when Cousin Marcia entered. "Your wages, Miss Julia, I will pay you now; you may need the money; *plain sewing*, two shillings a day; four weeks, lacking three days."

I thanked her, took the vile stuff between the tips of my fingers, carefully enclosed it in a piece of brown wrapping paper, as if it had been an unclean thing. Don't exclaim, Gracie, for true as I am writing, I never thought of Cousin Marcia till I caught the angry, almost hideous brightening of her eye. She had seen all, understood and felt it keenly. I bowed, bade her good morning, and left, without one throb of envy. She was welcome to all the luxuries by which she was surrounded. I, a poor sewing-girl, would not change places. I found uncle waiting for me, and with him two young gentlemen—one, too like the father not to be recognized at once. I think my cheeks flushed as I was presented to each in turn. Cousin Fred and his friend, Waldo Hamlin, a classmate, who hailed from the sunny South. New acquaintances seldom tend to make me feel at ease. I know not how it was, but before our drive was half ended, I could chatter and laugh as gaily as beneath the elm trees that shadow our home-nest. "Here we are," cried Fred, giving me his hand; "mother, Georgie, where are you? All safe, you perceive, and captured a prisoner in the bargain."

I was met by a look of *unexpectedness* by the whole trio. The dimples were fairly dancing about Georgie's mouth, though the lips were firmly pressed together.

"We are glad to see you," said Maria, bowing slightly and returning to her book.

"Yes," said aunt. "I was telling Mr. Mussey, this morning, we must send—"

A look from said gentleman left the sentence uncompleted. The silence that followed was a little embarrassing. Georgie stole to my side. "Come to my room," said she, in a low undertone, "until you are rested; you look so pale and tired."

I rose mechanically, and followed her.

"Dear cousin," said she, as soon as we were out of hearing of the drawing-room voices, "you wont mind them, will you? I am so glad you have come, and somebody else is glad, too—somebody who has asked me all about you; now, wouldn't you like to know?"

"No, Georgie; I rather you would not tell me."

"O, Julia, how strange you are! But did you know I have not been good once since you went away? Mother and Maria keep me so cross—so out of humor with myself, them and every one around me. Don't you think, Julia, Maria already monopolizes all of Mr. Hamlin's time? He hardly speaks to me. 'Tis books, poetry and sentiment from morning till night. I do so tire of such things. Don't scold," said she, putting a white hand over my mouth, as she saw I was about to make some reply. "Why I should actually explode if I didn't talk to you, father and Fred, occasionally. I believe you all love me, if my head isn't filled with those hard, outrageous sayings that pucker Maria's mouth into such excruciating twists."

I can't tell you, Gracie, half this little chatter-box said. I know that she would curl my hair instead of letting me braid it, that she insisted its red hue was only a rich auburn, and that she whispered a thousand flattering things in my ear, one of which I cannot remember well enough to tell. I know that the evening passed pleasantly. Uncle read his newspaper; aunt lounged on the sofa; Maria and Mr. Hamlin were discussing some author in one corner, while Fred, Georgie and myself were studying the language of a huge bouquet in another. I would say more, but I hear Georgie calling me. Truly yours, JULIA.

September 30.—I am not, my own dear Grace, feeling very bright or remarkably happy this evening. I believe all the music, which usually keeps such a singing in my heart, has died out, only leaving a faint echo—the memory of happy hours passed, never to return. Fred requested an interview with me in the library this morning, and, Gracie, he asked me to be *his wife*, and I said *no*. O, with how much more calmness was it uttered than it is now written! Did I not love him? Yes, better than life; but I would never marry a man by whose side I could not stand proudly—his equal.

Georgie has just left me, with smiles and tears. She told me the glowing promises the future has in store for her, as the bride of Mr. Hamlin. Poor Maria! how will she bear all this?

Later. The darkness of night ushers in the gladsome day. How often are our drooping spirits, when shadowed by a mighty darkness, relieved by some unexpected ray of light that sheds a halo upon our whole future. Yesterday the gloom was impenetrable; not a beam cheered the way before me. To-day the whole world seems filled with joy, and uncle, dear uncle, is the blessed cause of all. This morning he joined me in my early walk about the garden. I think my face must have evidenced my heart's bitterness.

"You here, Julia?" said he, laying his hand on my arm; his voice was tremulous from inward emotion. "You are not happy, my child; may I guess the cause? My boy has told me all. Is it not false pride that builds a barrier between you and earthly happiness, that would destroy all the beauty and bloom of another's life? Long have you been the adopted child of my heart; why not give me the right to call you my own? Georgie soon leaves us to gladden another home. Maria," and his head bent low upon his hands,—"Maria, my poor girl, eloped last night with her German music-teacher."

O, how I pitied him! but what comfort were my weak words? She has launched her frail bark upon the troubled waves of uncertainty; she has heedlessly flung aside all the love, sympathy and protection of her home. Heaven help her! Before we parted, uncle succeeded in convincing me it was my duty to remain, to bring my mother and little Mag here. "I am rich; I can care for you all," said he, as he relinquished my hand at parting.

October 20.—No news from Maria. Aunt Ina has been quite sick; over-anxiety brought on a high fever. I did all I could for the invalid by my *far off* attentions; I dared not intrude by a too near approach; I feared the old dislike. To-day I thought she slept, and I stole softly into her room. I gazed upon the sad, troubled face. O, I thought if she would only let me love her! Slowly she opened her eyes; a faint smile lit up the angular features. I was about to withdraw, but she beckoned me back.

"My poor Julia," said she, "how pale you look! Do you know that your presence does me good? I have not slept through all your silent watches; but I was selfish; I longed to have you near me. Can you, will you forgive the past?"

Gracie, 'twas so sweet to clasp that hand in mine,—to feel that henceforth no coldness, no distrust could steal between us. It hardly seems possible that the proud, aristocratic woman whom I waited upon a few weeks since, and the gentle, childlike being that now leans so trustingly upon my care, are one; but so it is. Sorrow and sickness have broken the outer crust of worldly selfishness, that once so steeled her heart from all true sympathy.

October 25.—Fred has appointed the 30th for our visit *home*. What a thrill that word brings to my heart! "Home, sweet home!" We are all very quietly happy here. A long letter has been received from Maria, expressing, however, no regret for the step taken. Aunt Ina, pale and languid, sits in her easy chair, with Georgie at her feet, a world of tenderness beaming from her blue eyes. Uncle, all care and devotion, anticipates the invalid's slightest wish. I think, dear Grace, she is beginning to appreciate him. Fred and Waldo, when not too busy with their own affairs, entertain us with reading. Georgie is becoming quite an attentive listener. We shall miss her sadly. To-night she gives her hand to Mr. Hamlin. My bridal must take place in the little cottage on the hillside. Wish me joy, my cousin, for I am very happy.

JULIA.

PRESENT QUEEN OF GREECE.

The queen is a woman of thirty-five, who will not grow old for a long time; her *embonpoint* will preserve her. She is of a powerful and vigorous constitution, backed by an iron health. Her beauty, famous fifteen years ago, may still be perceived, although delicacy has given way to strength. Her face is full and smiling, but somewhat stiff and prim; her look is gracious, not affable. It would seem as though she smiled provisionally, and that anger was not far off. Her complexion is slightly heightened in color, with a few imperceptible red lines which will never grow pale. Nature has provided her with a remarkable appetite, and she takes four meals every day, not to speak of sundry intermediate collations. One part of the day is devoted to gaining strength, and the other to expending it. In the morning, the queen goes out into her garden, either on foot or in a little carriage, which she drives herself. She talks to the gardeners; she has trees cut down, branches pruned, earth leveled. She takes almost as much pleasure in making others move as in moving herself, and she never has so good an appetite as when the gardeners are hungry. After the mid-day repast, and the following siesta, the queen goes out riding, and gets over a few leagues at a gallop to take the air. In the summer, she gets up at three in the morning, to go and bathe in the sea of Phalerum; she swims, without getting tired, for an hour together. In the evening, she walks, after supper, in her garden. In the ball season, she never misses a waltz or quadrille, and she never seems tired or satisfied.—*Boston Post.*

IMBECILITY OF THE SULTAN.

It is said that the sultan has almost reached the limit at which he can be no longer held responsible for his actions. The life which this unhappy sovereign has led from boyhood, has made him, at thirty-three years of age, not only prematurely old in body, but almost prostrate in intellect. All energy of will is gone; how long understanding will remain is a question which no one can answer. He is entirely ruled by a race which it would be an insult even to Naples to call a Camarilla. His wives, eunuchs, his pipe-bearers, his daughters, do with him whatever they please. He has his fits of rage—his hours of despondency. He changes his mind as often as those who surround him urge him to change it. Such is the sovereign who, at this time of danger and transition, governs the Turkish empire, just saved from the grasp of a hostile potentate, and still occupied by the armies of two powerful allies.—*Times.*

NATURAL ACTING.

The following remarkable anecdote is extracted from "An Essay on the Science of Acting:"—In the town of North Walsham, Norfolk, 1788, the *Fair Penitent* was performed. In the last act, where Calista lays her hand on the skull, a Mrs. Berry, who played the part, was seized with an involuntary shuddering, and fell on the stage. During the night, her illness continued; but the following day, when sufficiently recovered to converse, she sent for the stage-keeper, and anxiously inquired where he procured the skull. He replied, from the sexton, who informed him it was the skull of one Norris, a player, who, twelve years before, was buried in the grave-yard. That same Norris was her first husband. She died in six weeks.—*London Globe.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made for us by Barry, from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case of this city, and is an admirable and reliable likeness of the noted French author as he looks at the present time. Few literary reputations are more extensive than that of this author; he is read and relished in every part of the world. He was born at Villers-Cotterets, in the department of the Aisne, France, June 24, 1803. His father, Alexandre Davy Dumas, a distinguished officer of the first French revolution, was the son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie, a wealthy planter of St. Domingo, and of a negress, and born in Jeremie, March 25, 1762. He entered the French service in 1788 as a captain of dragoons. A brilliant action procured his promotion, and he became successively lieut. colonel of hussars, brigadier general and general of division. He was at one time commander-in-chief of the army of the Alps, and distinguished himself both in Italy and Egypt. On his return from the latter country, on account of ill health and wounds, his vessel was forced by stress of weather to put into a Sicilian port, and he was incarcerated in a dungeon, where his sufferings were very great. He came out of prison with shattered health, and died in suffering and poverty in 1807. On his death, young Dumas, who had hitherto led an idle life, came up to Paris to seek employment, hoping to obtain aid and countenance from his father's friends. He met with some rebuffs at first; his father's friends having almost forgotten the general, and showing themselves sufficiently indifferent towards himself. He succeeded, however, in interesting General Foy, the deputy from his department, in him, and through his instrumentality procured a situation in the secretary's office of the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) as despatch clerk, at a salary of 1200 francs a year—to him a fortune. And it is worthy of remark, that he obtained this situation solely by the elegance of his penmanship—the only accomplishment he then possessed. For three years, besides performing his official duties, he studied with intense zeal to remedy the defects of his early education. Some of his early literary attempts were farces, one of which, "Wedded and Buried," met with a certain success. He pretends that the performances of an English company of actors at Paris, by drawing his attention to Shakspeare, first fired his literary ambition, and that, in writing for the stage, he followed Shakspeare as his model. But no one of his numerous pieces is in the slightest degree Shaksperian, except in the violation of the classic unities. Dumas is destitute of ideality, of comprehensiveness, and of depth, but is particularly happy in stage arrangements, in producing interesting situations, and in the impetuous and stirring rapidity of his action. He is impetuous rather than energetic, feverish rather than warm, sensual rather than passionate, a stranger to the inner mysteries of the heart, but familiar with all the caprices of that other portion of the human organization which M. de Maistre calls the "brutal." His first successful play, Henry III., performed at the Français, the leading theatre of Paris, yielded him thirty thousand francs. "Feasted and invited by all Paris, M. Alexandre Dumas feasted and invited all Paris in return." As if bewildered by his sudden transition from 100 francs a month to 30,000, he plunged with ardor into exaggerated luxury. He wore fantastic coats, glittering vests, gold chains, gave dinners a la Sardanapalus, broke down a great quantity of horses and made love to a great quantity of ladies. Having once established a literary name, Dumas followed the vein he had struck to its fullest extent, and poured out plays, tragedies, melodramas and farces with more than the rapidity of Scribe or Lope de Vega. When his dramatic reputation waned, he took to writing romances, travels, histories, essays, poems, in masses. As an instance of his productiveness we may mention that in a year, 1840, he published twenty-two volumes 8vo. And ever since then he has been driving the quill. A French writer says: "Attacked by the deploring contagion of literary manufacturing, the leprosy of the age, M. Dumas, we may and ought to say it, seems now devoted body and soul to the worship of the Golden Calf. On the bill of what theatre, even the meanest, in what shop, in what enterprise of literary grocers, have we not seen his name figuring? It is physically impossible for M. Dumas to write or dictate half of what bears his name. It is a sad thing to contemplate the decadence of a man well endowed in certain respects, but destitute of the intellectual conscience called taste, which maintains a writer's dignity, and who cannot long resist the murderous career of literary job-work." Dumas is certainly a clever story-teller, and a vivacious, picturesque writer. But it is now perfectly well understood that he never wrote one tenth of the works he put forth as his own. His most popular romances are the productions of other brains. The "Three Guardsmen," so popular in England and this country, with its continuations, were furnished him by a M. Maquet; but Maquet himself cheated his employer, for he stole the greater part of his work from some old published memoirs. Writers of talent, unknown to fame, who could not get a bookseller even to look at their MSS., have ever found in Dumas a ready and probably a liberal purchaser. Their productions, stamped with the name of A. Dumas, were sure to sell. It is thus that this distinguished "author" has been enabled to supply the public with whatever quantity of literary wares they demanded, and in certain specialities the house of A. Dumas & Co. have monopolized the market. Alexandre Dumas has a son who has produced some very popular plays and romances.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

HUT OF A CALIFORNIA MINER.

The accompanying engraving represents the interior of a hut belonging to a party of California miners, and is sketched from the life. But that represented by our artist is a perfect palace compared to some of the rude shelters under which the gold seekers repose their weary bodies. It has a comfortable fireplace, and berths fully equal to those of the forecastle of a merchantman, or indeed the cabin of many of our coasting vessels. The furniture, to be sure, is rather scanty—boxes and barrels supplying the place of chairs, lounges and ottomans. The candle-sticks are rather primitive, being neither more nor less than empty junk bottles, Then there is no tool-house, and the picks and spades are heaped promiscuously on the *parlor* floor. But what of this, so long as the *ore* is abundant? So long as the sand and the quartz yield their auriferous deposits freely to the adventurer, and so long as his health is robust, he can afford to wait until his earnings purchase him ease and comfort in the old Atlantic States, or in the great cities springing up on the Pacific. The gentleman with the cigar and pistol appears to be a visitor, to whom the miner is exhibiting a huge lump of gold he has found, on which another miner is expatiating to the guest. One poor fellow, wearied out with his day's toil, is asleep in his bunk. But the flame is roaring merrily up the chimney, and the miner, engaged in the preparation of a "savory pottage such as Esau loved," will soon probably announce that the soup is ready, and we will venture to say it will be partaken of with appetites such as even a city alderman might envy, for as hunger is the best sauce for dinner, their hard labor and out-door exposure prepares them to partake of food with a keen relish.



CALIFORNIA CABIN AT THE MINES

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

A GREAT ARTIST.

Nature is a great painter—and October the season for her grand annual exhibition. With all North America for her canvass, she has ample scope for breadth and graceful pencilling. And then what a palette she sets! What infinite variety and splendor in her autumnal tints! It seems as if with a muller of unapproachable power she had ground up topazes, and emeralds, and rubies, and cornelians, and amethysts, and sapphires, and lumps of lapis lazuli, and the pure yellow gold of California, to form her chromatic scale. Vain the attempt to imitate her coloring, unless we could snatch the rainbow from the evening cloud, separate its subtle dyes and manipulate them on our palettes. Let us step just out of the city limits, and glance at her handiwork. Look at that glorious sugar-maple standing forth in the sunshine. Every leaf is a masterpiece; for in every leaf there is a gradation from pale yellow to glowing crimson. And there stands a walnut, with all its foliage of beaten leaf gold. And there is a vine blazing with scarlet that no verbena can match, so reflected in the calm stream that creeps beneath it, that it seems as if the much talked of problem of setting a river on fire had been solved at least. Note the Indian red of the oak leaves contrasted with the bronzed hue of the cedars, and the vivid green of the white pines. See the vines trailing their purple and red glories along the gray old mossy trunks; and then, in one sweeping glance, take in the whole panorama of gloriously-tinted scenery melting into the blue ethereal distance, and blending on the horizon with the delicate sky, and you will confess that nature is a great, an unapproachable artist.

A VAST GRAVEYARD.—The number of persons who have existed since the beginning of time, is 36,627,843,275,075,845—we like to be exact—and it is estimated that the whole surface of the globe has been dug over one hundred and twenty-eight times to bury its dead.

A PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR.—A professional beggar, named Garnier, who lately died at Troyes, France, apparently in the utmost destitution, was found to have been possessed of property worth two or three thousand dollars.

POETRY.—The true test of poetry is the impression it makes on the memory. A thrilling lyric is remembered with scarcely an effort of the mental powers.

A COMPLIMENT.—La Hire said to Charles VII., of France, "Sire, it is impossible for any one to lose a kingdom more gaily than yourself."

SPLINTERS.

.... Albany is regarded by scholars as the scientific centre of the United States.

.... During one of her recent trips, the British steamship "Persia" made the run across the Atlantic in 9 days, 1 3-4 hours.

.... A grand festival was held in Nicaragua, lately, at which Gen. Walker was toasted as the "hope of Cuba."

.... Gen. Todleben, the Russian engineer, and Canrobert, the French general, became warm friends at Aux les Bains.

.... The Orleans family had a grand meeting at Hamburg. What's the use? Their day is over.

.... Mr. Jules Janin declined the secretaryship of the Russian embassy on account of his "principles and obesity."

.... Punch says children are now doubly *dear* to their parents since bread and meat have risen so high.

.... Russia is constructing a first class arsenal on the island of Kasko, Gulf of Bothnia.

.... Sebastopol is to be rebuilt on a vast scale. So Moscow rose brighter from her ashes.

.... There's a difference between a young girl and an old hat—one has feeling, the other has felt.

.... The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye is requested to return it. What an eye, dear!

.... The trial of Mr. Baker for killing Mr. Wm. Poole takes place in Newburg, not New York.

.... They are going to have a subterranean railroad in London, an expensive but excellent idea.

.... Mr. Young, the great English tragedian, left a fortune of 150,000 dollars.

.... W. S. Chase, of Paris, is writing an article on American literature, for the French Cyclopedia of the 19th century.

.... The 14th volume of Thiers's "History of the Consulate and the Empire" has just been issued at Paris.

.... The French people turn up their noses at our flour. Well, they can quarrel with their bread, if they like.

.... In England, out of fifty millions acres cultivated, ten millions are sowed to wheat.

.... A monument has been erected at Borgo, on the Baltic, to Beukels, the man who invented pickled herring.

.... In a cave near Decorrah, Iowa, the ice that forms in winter keeps all summer, snpplying the townsfolk.

.... A correspondent of the Picayune says that "Belle Britan," of the New York Mirror, is Col. Fuller himself.

.... Charles Matthews, the London actor, is in prison for debt, and his wife has just been laid in the grave.

.... At forty miles above the earth the temperature is 225 degrees below zero—cool enough for anybody.

AUTUMNAL AMUSEMENTS.

With the long evenings comes a train of popular amnsements provided by the caterers of the many-headed for their delectation and—their money. The concerts and the lecture-rooms open their doors, and the dramatic temples fling wide their portals. Old Puritanic Boston is amply provided. First in the field was our friend Kimball, with his well-drilled company and his popnlar repertory. Then the Howard unbarred its gates; and the National, with the old pit restored, and the beautiful and magnificent Boston followed. Certainly every shade of taste must be gratified; even the old *blasé* theatre-goer ought to find something to amuse him—the man who dwells upon the past glories of the Boston stage, and to whom the memory of the past is brighter than the most gorgeous vision of the present.

It is something of a bore to visit a place of publie amusement in company with one of these old fogies. Ask him what he thinks of the actors, he will turn an inquiring gaze upon you and say—"Actors! actors! my dear sir—I don't see any actors. These people are merely players." You venture to point out to him Warren, the inimitable Warren, the artist, who demonstrates, by the way, that a low comedian may be also a scholar and a gentleman. "Very fair," says the fossile, "but, my dear sir, you forget that I remember Thwaits. Ah! there was a Tony Lumpkins! Goldsmith must have prophesied Thwaits when he wrote 'She Stoops to Conquer!' You fare no better if you point out the most charming actress on the boards. To this *en quarte*, he parries with the *tierce* of "Mrs. Darley, sir!" You compromise the matter by regretting Mrs. Barrett—"poor lost Ophelia!" "You are only partly right," retorts the incorrigible. *You* mourn Mrs. Barrett—*I* regret Mrs. Henry, the same, and yet how different. There, sir, ere *embonpoint* and age had injured the Medicean contour, was a combination of grace and elegance such as never, yes, never beamed upon the world before. Her Mrs. Oakley and her Lady Teazle, sir, were high-bred ladies, fit for the drawing-room or the throne! When shall we see her like again? Never on this side of Lethe. Never! never! It is all 'leather and prunella' now." "But the scenery!" "What do you know about scenery! You never saw Worrall's!" "But the dancing!" "Dancing! dancing, sir! You don't call bouncing, and vaulting, and whirling, and cringing, and wriggling, and posture-making, and ground and lofty tumbling, *dancing*, I hope. Sir, dancing went out of the world with the *minuet de la cour*, and high-heeled shoes and hair-powder!" "Then, permit me to ask, my dear old friend, why you are here to-night?" "Force of habit, sir, mere force of habit. My enjoyment lies in the past. And the brightness of my memories is heightened by contrast with the gross, degrading humbug of the day." Whereupon the old fogy leaves you, to wonder whether he doesn't sleep in a sarcophagus, and wrap himself up in the swathings of an Egyptian mummy some two or three thousand years old.

A "TURN COAT."

It is amusing to trace the origin of popular expressions, and fortunately there are plenty of amateurs always happy to delve into the records of the past, deeming no matter trivial which bears the stamp of antiquity. To one of the antiquarians of the Scots Magazine we are indebted for an explanation of the opprobrious epithet turncoat. It took its rise from one of the first dukes of *Savoy*, whose dominions lying open to the incursions of the two contending houses of *Spain* and *France*, he was obliged to temporize and fall in with that power that was most likely to distress him, according to the success of their arms against one another. So being frequently obliged to change sides, he humorously got a coat made that was *blue* on one side, and *white* on the other, and might be indifferently worn either side out. While on the *Spanish* interest he wore the *blue* side out, and the *white* side was the badge for the *French*. From hence he was called *Emmanuel*, surnamed the *Turncoat*, by way of distinguishing him from other princes of the same name of that house.

JUSTICE IN HAVANA.—A few weeks since a man in Havana, in debt to a woman, gave a lottery ticket in pledge, with the privilege of redemption. He soon returned with the money, but the woman, having found out in the interim that the ticket had drawn a $30,000 prize, refused to surrender, and was summoned before the alcalde. That functionary said that the ownership of the ticket was a difficult matter to decide, and so he would settle it by giving each of the parties 10,000 dollars, keeping $10,000 for his trouble. And actually in this way the affair was settled.

PRACTICE AND THEORY.—Socrates, remarks a distinguished writer, invented morality; yet others before him had put it in practice. Aristides had been just before Socrates had explained what justice was. Leonidas had died for his country before Socrates had made patriotism a duty. Sparta was abstemious before Socrates had praised sobriety; and Greece abounded in virtuous men before he had pronouced the eulogy of virtue.

DECIMAL CURRENCY.—The bankers in England have decided against the proposed change of sterling to decimal currency. They say of the innovators, like Rolla to the Spaniards, "We seek no change, and least of all such change as they would give us," meaning by change, dollars and cents, of course.

A QUERY.—Why should the orange-blossom be chosen as the bridal flower in preference to the lily of the valley, the snow-drop or the jasmine, which are quite as beautiful?

TRUTHFUL.—The most ingenious equivocation is as criminal in the eyes of the Deity as the grossest fabrication.

A STORY OF A "VIDDER."

Artists sometimes have queer customers, and they certainly enjoy excellent opportnnities of studying human nature, albeit the weakest side of it is too often exposed to their observation. Smith tells a rather amusing story of Joseph Nollekens, the English sculptor, one of the bluffest and bluntest fellows in the world, and withal a man of brilliant genius, perhaps nnrivalled as a sculptor of busts. Patronized by the most eminent men of the Augustan age of England, the zenith of his career compensated for the hard struggles of its commencement. One day a widow in the deepest mourning weeds for her husband, came drooping like a willow to the sculptor, desiring a monument, and declaring that she did not care what money was expended on the memory of one she loved so fondly. "Do what you please," were her parting orders, "but O! do it quickly." Nollekens went to work, made the design, finished the model, and began to look for a block of marble to carve it from, when in came the lady, who had been absent some three months. "Poor soul!" said the rough, but good-hearted sculptor, when she was announced, "I thought she would come soon, but I am ready." The lady entered with a light footstep and a lighter heart. "Ah! how do you do, Mr. Nollekens? Well, you haven't commenced the model." "Ay, but I have, though," answered the sculptor. "And there it stands, finished." "There it is indeed," said the lady, dropping into a chair. A silence of a few minutes ensued, which was broken by the lady. "These, my good sir, are, I know, early days for a change," she said, glancing at her dress, from which a good portion of the crape had disappeared; "but the fact is, since I saw you, I have met with an old Roman acquaintance of yours, a very charming man—who has made me—I hardly know what to say—an—an offer, and I don't know how he would like to see in our church a monument of such expense to my late husband. Indeed, on second thoughts, it would perhaps be considered quite enough if I get our mason to put up a marble tablet, and that, you know, he can cut very prettily." "My charge, madam, for the model," said the sculptor, "is one hundred guineas." "Enormous!" exclaimed the lady. But she drew out her purse and paid.

OUTSHINING US.—A Paris correspondent of the Transcript writes that the Grand Hotel du Louvre is about five times as large as the St. Nicholas, at New York, and fitted up in a style of palatial splendor. Now the New Yorkers must go to work and bnild a house five times as large as the Hotel du Louvre.

COMMEMORATIVE.—A monument to the Martyrs of the Revolution is in process of erection in Trinity churchyard, New York.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Right Rev. Bishop Southgate, Mr. George A. Dresser, of Worcester, to Miss Fannie Augusta Weltsell; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. John J. Jones to Miss Olive Rogers; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. William Willoughby to Miss Ellen A. Stimson; by Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Mr. Jason B. Smith to Miss Susan E. Badger; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Theodore L. Kelly to Miss Elizabeth A. Weller; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Matthias Haines to Miss Mary M. Whitman.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Anderson, Mr. Charles T. Redding to Miss Ella N. Jackson.—At Cambridge, Mr. Edward Williams to Miss Lizzie Welch.—At Brigbton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Francis E. Fay, of Boston, to Miss Sarah Ann Sanderson.—At Woburn, by Rev. Mr. Marsters, Mr. William H. Loring, of Boston, to Miss Nellie Flagg.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Gear, Mr. Alonzo G. Draper to Miss Sarah F. Andrews.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. Nathan J. Reed, of South Danvers, to Miss Emily Sylvia Monlos.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Huntoon, Mr. Stuart F. M'Learn to Miss Ann Maria Stone.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Dennis, Mr. Henry A. Coburn, of Boston, to Miss Emily H. Littlefield, of Milton.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Stephen H. Thurlow to Miss Agnes C. White.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Merrill, Mr. Nathan Emerson to Miss Mary H. Swan.—At Fitchburg, by Rev. Mr. Davis, Mr. Rufus W. Wheeler to Miss Susan M. Munroe.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Sarah E. Trull, 31; Mrs. Zilpha M. Brown, 46; Mrs. Mary M. Marsh; Mr. William Waldock, Jr., 28; Mr. Josiah Hayden, of Braintree, 25; Mr. Thomas Turner, 66; Mrs. Elizabeth Aborn Burtt; Widow Ann Burchsted, 80; Mr. Thomas Knight, of Manchester, Eng., 24; Mr. Daniel Thomas, 68.—At Charlestown. Mrs. Fannie C., wife of Rev. C. E. Swope, of Baltimore; Mrs. Adeline, wife of Mr. George W. Curtin, 37.—At Cambridge, Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyetb, 54.—At Dorchester, Mr. Darius Holbrook, 35.—At West Roxbury, Mr. Henry Sweetser, 67.—At Lynn, Widow Isabella N. Beckford, 30.—At Salem, Mr. William Ryan, 35; Widow Elizabeth L. Smith, 43.—At Beverly, Widow Rutb Leach, 77.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Mary Riggs, 86.—At Pepperell, Eli Boynton, Esq., 76.—At Sherburne, Widow Daphne Stone Leland, 71.—At Fitchburg, Dea. Samuel Crocker, 82.—At Taunton, Mr. John Runah, 37; Mr. John Rocket, 26.—At Leominster, John Gardner, Esq., 89.—At Fall River, Mrs. Ann Eliza Harrison, 31; Miss Abby P. Nichols, 23.—At New Bedford, Widow Abigail Hathaway, 93; Mr. Levi Chaco, 78; Elijah Colby, M. D, 58; Widow Hepse Howland, 80.—At Plymouth, Widow Betsey Whiting, 81; Mr. Edwin Webster, 28.—At Fairhaven, Widow Mary H. Taber, 89.—At Leverett, Mr. Lucius Field, 78.—At Worcester, Mr. Hiram Gleason, 48.—At Winchendon, Mr. Elijah T. Martin, of Worcester, 35.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DISENTHRALLED.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

Something of pain was in the warm smile of Mr. Atherton, as sitting in the parlor with his wife by his side, he watched the gambols of two children on the floor. They were a boy and a girl, the latter about four, and the boy of six years. The glossy, light curls of the younger, and her deep blue, laughing eyes, certainly contrasted strongly with the dark, wavy hair of her youthful playmate, and his pensive, but glowing hazel eyes, from which orbs there seemed to pour forth, in the midst even of their frolics, a melancholy intelligence unusual to youth. His mirth, too, seemed subdued, while hers was unconstrained—the very soul of unchecked gladness; and at every brief pause in their sport, she would look up into his dreamy, dark eyes, in silence, as if wondering what his thoughts might be, which then made him look so abstracted.

"See, how the innocents gambol, Marianna, on the golden threshold of life! How fresh and fair all seems to them; and yet a few years will put shadows into those beautiful eyes. Even now the boy seems to have caught a glimpse of the future. How thoughtful he looks at times. O, whatever he may know of the future, may he never know the past."

The father sighed so deeply, that the boy looked round earnestly at him.

"Father, what makes you sigh? You tell me when I sigh that it is not good for me."

"Bless you, boy, may you never have the cause that I have!" replied Mr. Atherton, placing his hands fondly on the boy's head. "There, Edgar, run you and Flora into your play-house, while your mother and I are talking alone together."

"Come, Eddy!" exclaimed Flora, rising from the carpet, as fast as she could, and taking him patronizingly by the hand, "come and pay in the pay-house."

And the youthful twain went off together.

"Marianna, the time which has passed since that hour of agony, does not obliterate my keen remembrance of it. O the curse of passion! O the bitterness and restlessness of remorse!" He struck his breast and swayed his head to and fro. "I cannot bear to think of it. The boy's own eyes seem to reproach me, as if he knew all, or as if there were some sleeping spirit within him, which occasionally awoke, and looked out from his face upon me to keep alive those pangs!"

"Be calm, Albert," said his wife, much moved at his agitation; "this melancholy is wearing you away. Do not give up to it. Perhaps change of scene would be good for you. What is done cannot be undone, and we are doing our best, are we not, to atone for what is past!"

"Bad's the best, Marianna, bad's the best. I never shall know happiness again."

"Before God," returned his wife, "the works of the penitent are accepted sacrifices, even if not wholly sufficient; and time—"

"Time! Time!" interrupted he, shaking his head despairingly, "how little it has yet done to quench this fire, and bring our former happiness. Ah! when we first met!"

Her efforts availed little, and she relapsed into brooding, anxious silence.

It was but a few days afterwards, when Mr. Atherton informed his wife that business was to call him across the Atlantic, business which, if successfully carried out, would bring them a vast increase of fortune. He should be gone for at least a twelvemonth.

"Will you go?" asked he.

A dread of the water had always been a part of her nature, and the thought of such a mighty voyage filled her with horror.

"Across the ocean! I should die with fear," she replied. "Besides, my health, Albert, is so slender, that even if the passage were safe in other respects, I feel that my constitution would be utterly shattered by it. I never can undertake such a thing. But will it be so very profitable to you?"

"I am confident of it," he replied, "and the only drawback is the separation which it would cause, should you resolve to remain behind. And yet, it would be but a year."

"Perhaps it will be for the best," she returned, after a long pause; "and you know that I will be faithful to the children during your absence, and that will lessen your anxiety."

"The children! Flora's tender years and the necessity of your being with her, demand that she should remain with you. But I can never part with Edgar—never! If I go, he must go, too. I could not live unless he was daily under my eye. Let Flora stay with you, and Edgar go with me. It will be but a year, and his education will lose nothing by it."

It was so agreed. The day of parting came, the long and tearful farewell was taken, and Mr. Atherton and Edgar set sail for England.

A mother's love! How many truthful tributes have been paid to it by the children of fame, in undying language. How many equally truthful, yet unwritten tributes, have been given to that holy instinct, by the millions who have shared, lost, then only fully appreciated, and "mourned because they found it not!" Of all loves the most unselfish, of all it is least often weighed in the balance and found wanting. Thus they whose tenderest youth was orphanage, as they never felt its value, have never truly mourned the loss of the truest instinct upon earth.

How watched that gentle mother over her prattling daughter, while the father was far away. By day her sole living memorial of him, by night her last communion, as she sank, from prayer to God, into the slumbers that He guarded. It was a long year to her. The longest she had ever known. Long, not from the cause, of which Campbell sings—

> "Heaven gives our years of fading strength
> Intermingling fleetness,
> And those of youth a seeming *length*
> Proportioned to their *sweetness*;

for hers were of a *bitter* protraction, and often would she sit and sing, to while the time away, with her fair child folded to her bosom, that song, so ripe with sad sweetness, so full of memory to many a yearning heart,—

> "Thou over the world, and I at home,
> The one must linger, the other must mourn;
> Yet our hearts will flee
> O'er the sounding sea,
> Mine to thy bosom and thine to me.
>
> "I watch the skies, by the stars' pale light,
> Till the gray dawn breaketh on gloomy night;
> And the wind's low tone
> Hath a whispering moan,
> Which goes to my heart, as I weep alone!
>
> "With the morning's light, O would I could see
> Thy white sail far o'er the breaking sea,
> And welcome thee home,
> O'er the wild waves' foam,
> And bid thee no more from my side to roam!"

The long year wore away and still her husband came not. Tidings she had, from month to month, but none of surety that he would soon return; and now a letter came announcing the almost deadly fact that his presence abroad was yet demanded, for one year more. It nearly crushed her spirit, and she bathed the young girl's face with tears, as often she looked up to ask, "Will papa come?" Yet no suspicion of her husband's fidelity passed into the pure sanctuary of her confiding heart. Her grief was that loneliness of soul which those alone know who have had their fill of love, then find the garner empty! Consumption, to which she was predisposed, set rapidly in; and towards the close of the second year she would often say, with a premonitory smile:

"I know that I shall see him, but it will be only to die in his arms. Yet that will be a blessing. Poor Flora! Poor Edgar!"

Her husband crossed the sea at last, but Edgar came not with him. He had entrusted him to the care of tried friends abroad, and he was to be educated at a foreign university. For his tuition Mr. Atherton was enabled to pay roundly, for the two years of his agency abroad had been of almost unexampled success, in his sphere of business—yet, fortune dearly purchased!—with fortune's rays upon him, he came home to enter into the night gloom of death! Three days after his arrival, he pressed to his shuddering heart the spiritual bosom of his clay-cold wife! As he drank in her expiring breath, as he kissed the last accents from the lips, then closing forever, as he caught the last meaning sparkle of those eyes, no longer to interpret her fidelity to him, what to him were the riches he had accumulated, or all the wealth of the world? For him its greatest treasures were lost to all but memory!

She had placed little Flora's hand in his, just as she died, and faintly uttering, "Albert, Edgar, Flora," she bowed her head upon his breast and died.

"Mama is sleepy," said the child.

She slept the sleep that has but one waking; a happy sleep to see in one like her.

* * * * * * *

During the years of Edgar's stay abroad, Mr. Atherton repeatedly crossed the ocean upon business, and made long sojourns with the youth, who was rapidly growing in mind and body under the most promising influences. Flora's education received no less attention, and each of the children looked cheerily forward to the day when both should meet to be separated by the waste of waters no more. Her mother's aversion to the sea was inherited by the daughter, else she had seen her brother long before. His education completed, Edgar went upon his travels, and after a short stay in Paris and London, with Mr. Atherton, they sailed for America.

"And how does my sister look?" asked Edgar, as Mr. Atherton referred to her accomplishments, but not to her personal appearance. "You seldom, in fact never, have given me any details, father, by which I can determine whether she is short or tall, blonde or brunette—though I can remember her little golden curls well enough, even through the long lapse of time, and the dusty lane of books which have intervened, since I left my native land. My poor, dear mother!"

"You must remain in the dark about this, Edgar, until I see fit to present her to you," said Mr. Atherton. "It may be that you will not see her when we first arrive. Perhaps not till a long time afterwards. We have, within a short time, changed our residence from New York to Boston, and as she often makes very long visits there, we may not see her at once. However, we shall see."

Their arrival in sight of the long-sought shore was hailed with rapture, by Edgar, inferior only to his ecstasy when the carriage drove up to Mr. Atherton's residence.

As had been intimated to him, Edgar found Flora absent, and not even the promised fascination of the ball, which was given by Mr. Atherton, a few nights afterwards, in honor of his return, could quell Edgar's impatience to behold and embrace his beloved and unforgotten playmate, Flora.

"She will possibly be here this evening," said Mr. Atherton to him, as the festive lamps were being lit. "These joys will fitly come together."

The welcome of the graceful, comely young man was such as might have been expected under the circumstances which marked his return. Only one thing was wanting to complete his happiness in that jubilee, and that was—the presence of his sister.

As he sat, at one period in the evening musing sadly over his disappointment, and wondering whether she really entertained any affection for him, his eyes were suddenly attracted by the appearance of a young and graceful maiden, whose superior charms of person and manner made a deep impression upon him. He wondered he had not observed her particularly before, among the throng of fair guests who had been presented to him; and attributed it solely to his absence of mind, in the thoughts of Flora.

"What do you think of her?" asked Mr. Atherton, with a smile, he having slyly stole behind Edgar, to watch his motions.

"Superb!" exclaimed Edgar. "What a figure! What a head! What an eye! and gait! Introduce me again, father, for I—"

"Miss Flora Atherton—your brother Edgar!" was his father's reply, as he placed their hands in each other, while tears of joy streamed down his cheeks. "I supposed you needed an introduction, for you have not met before for thirteen years."

In an instant the twain were buried in each other's embrace, while the gala crowd looked on with many a moistened eye. It was a meeting worth looking upon, the brightest of that scene of brightnesses; and hearts that felt the affection burning there, so long disported by old Ocean, now united by his aid, throbbed with pride that theirs, too, were human bosoms!

* * * * * * *

Was it sorrow for his mother's death, which, not more than a month after the night above-mentioned, weighed so heavily upon Edgar, that everybody noticed it? That could not be—such a long time had passed since that sad event. Was he yearning for the society of dear companions left abroad—perhaps some fond, female heart, to which he had pledged his faith? Possibly. But to Mr. Atherton's inquiries he gave no satisfactory answers. He had grown gloomy, and none but himself knew the cause.

But finally his father divined the reason, or thought so; for in the presence of Flora, Edgar's manner partook of so much *more* than a brother's tenderness, while he looked upon her with such an air of loving sadness, more that of an ardent, hopeless lover than with the proud and gay affection of a doting brother, that Mr. Atherton surmised the existence of that rare anomaly—he loved his sister—but not with merely *fraternal* affection!

Alas! that it *was* so! Alas for Edgar, that after his long exile he should come to the garden of promised happiness, and find its gateway closed. Alas that he should feel the immortal truth and sorrow of that song, where Byron breathes the lamentation of all blighted hearts:

> "O love, what is it in this world of ours
> That makes it fatal to be loved! Ah why
> With cypress branches hast thou twined thy bowers,
> And made thy best interpreter—*a sigh!*"

To be the helpless slave of such a passion was Edgar's lot, and while he hourly bled and groaned beneath the thraldom, two others suffered also.

With the quick eye of woman in such matters, Flora was not long in discovering the truth—though had they been always reared together, the idea would have never entered her imagination. But as it was, fate seemed to place him in the light, more of a lover than a brother, and she felt, and blushed to own it to herself, that her own heart was far from being irresponsive to his. Yet she saw the dread, inexorable barrier, and essayed to hide herself from herself.

Not the least anguish in that family—to the shallow-judging world apparently so happily situated—was experienced by Mr. Atherton—in his case, old wounds as well as new, framing the grinning skeleton of his misery! There had been one act of his life which had placed them all in their present position; and as they daily presented their sad aspect before him, his pangs became unutterable, and he at last resolved, by a great hazard, either to increase or end them; and this hazard was to be a sacrifice, in either event.

Calling Edgar into his study, one morning, he addressed him thus:

"Edgar, sixteen years ago, in a distant section of this land, chance threw me into a convivial party. Some of the members, influenced by wine, were rude and quarrelsome. High words were followed by blows, and being struck by one, in whose behalf I interfered, I returned the blow. We were parted. A challenge and a duel ensued. My adversary fell by my hand. Dying on the field, he stretched forth his hand to me and said, 'Atherton, I die. As freely as I hope God's pardon, do I pardon you! The blame was mine, or rather in the cursed cups which made us mad. But let that pass. My home is distant, my relatives scattered, and I have no immediate one, but my poor boy. A dying father asks of you this favor. Take him, care for him, love him as your own, be all I would have been to him, and as you shall prove a blessing to his orphanage, so shall my blessing be on you!'

"I promised, kneeling by his side. He died. The whole affair was conducted with such honest secrecy, that no clue was obtained to the chief participants, who fled to different parts of the country, full measures being taken for his proper burial. For me, I have fulfilled my vow. I took the boy, and the world has never known him since save as the son of Albert Atherton!"

"My God! My God!" said Edgar, with a groan, clasping his temples wildly, his face pale as marble.

"Edgar, do you forgive me?"

Without another word, the unhappy young man walked hastily from the room, followed a few paces by Mr. Atherton, who then suddenly paused, and retracing his steps, dropped into a chair.

"His father's murderer! How can he forgive me? It was a desperate risk; yet he loves Flora, and she loves him; and I thought it better, to give *them* happiness, to hazard all on this terrible disclosure. Perhaps I was wrong. O God grant that I was not!" And bowing his head upon a desk, he prayed for Heaven's forgiveness, and for Edgar's. Ere *he* had closed, he heard a quick step enter the study. He looked up. It was Edgar, his face red with weeping.

"Forgive me, Edgar."

"*Father*, I do!"

They rushed into each other's arms.

* * * * * * *

Not many months elapsed ere a glorious bridal took place, which celebrated the enfranchisement of three who were *disenthralled*.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is said that there are 100,000 different kinds of plants existing in the earth, and 400,000 varieties of insects. The world of the sea is still more rich. —— The extended petticoats now in vogue give the cord makers full employment. One at Newburyport has sold two thousand dollars worth to a single dealer in this dress cord, in Boston, within the last four months, and all the manufacturers have been unable to supply the demand for the extension of these fabulous skirts. —— Mrs. Catherine Morgan, an Irish woman, died in Lowell, lately, at the age of 106 years and 11 months. She never used spectacles, and at the time of her death all her teeth were perfectly sound. —— La Fitte, the celebrated French banker, leaving the house to which he had applied for a clerkship, was not too proud or careless to pick up a pin. The simple pin laid the foundation of his immense wealth. The wise banker to whom he applied saw the act, called him back, and gave him employment, being convinced by this simple act, that he would be a valuable clerk and a useful man. —— In Belgium, hedges are made by planting beech nuts in rows, and interlacing the branches of the young trees. By this mode of compression, the tendency to form trees is checked, and a close live hedge is formed. —— The income of the McDonough estate has been materially increased since the death of its owner. At that time its value was appraised at about $2,234,697; a recent valuation, after nearly six years of administration, and the cost of repairs, etc., makes it $2,281,678. —— A needle factory is in successful operation in Holyoke, where all sorts and sizes of needles are manufactured. —— A fine marble monument, twenty-five feet high, of the Roman Doric order, has been erected in the Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia, in memory of the physicians, druggists and nurses who nobly and generously tendered their services to the Philadelphia committee for the relief of the yellow fever sufferers in Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., last summer, and who fell victims to the fearful epidemic. —— The Newburyport Herald reports that the blue fish, the enemy of all other fishes, have filled the waters thereabouts, driving away cod, mackerel, and all others usually found in that vicinity. It is blue fishing or nothing, now. —— The Ohio Medical and Surgical Journal has an excellent article by Dr. Hooker, which shows conclusively, that persons abstaining from fat meat are much more liable than others to lung diseases, and especially consumption; while those who are in the constant habit of using an abundance of fat meat, are almost untouched by this terrible destroyer. —— The chapel and music building of the Glendale Female College, at Glendale, Ohio, were destroyed by fire on the 27th ult. Loss, $10,000, half insured. —— In the household of Henry VIII., the following was one of its rules:—"His highness's baker shall not put alum in the bread, or mix rye, oats, or bean flour with the same; and if detected, he shall be put in the stocks. —— Advices from Canton state that a company of Americans were about building a couple of steamers to run on the rivers of China. —— The Dutch have a singular contrivance to cure laziness. If a pauper who is able refuses to work, they put him into a cistern, and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just so fast, that by briskly applying a pump, with which the cistern is furnished, he keeps himself from drowning. —— The Courrier du Havre, in alluding to the plan lately suggested for driving away flies (the use of laurel oil), states that no fly will enter a room in which a wreath of walnut-leaves has been hung up. —— A favorite cosmetic for removing freckles, in Paris, consists of one ounce of alum, one ounce of lemon juice, and a pint of rose water.

RAISING THE WIND.

A new way of "raising the wind" was resorted to by a lady in a railroad car, in the State of New York, a short time since. Shortly after the train left Schenectady, the lady approached a well-known citizen of Albany, and told a very pathetic tale in regard to her sad condition, stating that she had been robbed of her porte-monnaie at the Schenectady depot, and was entirely destitute of means to reach her friends in the West. A genteel looking fellow pretended to feel interested in her case, and solicited aid from the other passengers. Soon a handsome sum was raised for her, but to the surprise of the passengers, after passing the next station, the lady and gentleman had disappeared.

INCIDENT AT A "WATERING" PLACE.—A broad-hooped lady of Saratoga was out walking just as a sudden shower came over the place, passing square across like a wall, so that while the upper portion of the village was drenched, the lower was not even sprinkled; and she happened to be near the centre, and the north portion of her dress was utterly ruined, but the unsoiled south half is still sufficient to clothe several of her daughters.

A SAD REALITY.—There is a young daughter of a titled English aristocrat living in Albany, New York. She was brought up in luxury, fell in love with and married her father's groom, was turned out of house and home, and obliged to fly from her country to avoid her father's vengeance. She passed through many trials in her career from wealth to poverty.

IRELAND.—It is said that the demand for labor in Ireland exceeds the supply—an unusual and encouraging state of things. In the south of Ireland, laborers are getting two shillings sterling a day—about fifty cents.

BOSTON STREETS.—More than $2,500,000 have been expended in laying out and widening streets in this city, during the past thirty years, exclusive of the cost of paving and grading.

COTTON.—There seems at present no probability of any serious rivalry from any part of the world, with our cotton-planting States.

Wayside Gatherings.

M. Kossuth and his family are residing at Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

It is said that Mr. Macaulay is about to travel to Venice, and on his return, will proceed vigorously with his history.

A French writer says:—"The seasons in London are equally divided; there are four months of winter, four of fog, and four of rain."

It is said that there is a probability of the entire fleet of the General Screw Steam Shipping Company being purchased at once by the Russian government.

Nathaniel E. Atwood is experimenting on the hatching of trout in the Marshpee River. He is one of the State Commissioners on this artificial propagation of fish.

The strictest orders have been given by the Papal government to exclude all posthumous works of Gioberti, which are about to be published at Turin, from the Roman States.

A gentleman writing from Texas says:—"I heard an old hunter remark, a few days since, that the turkeys were so fat that he could see the grease in their tracks where they had walked along."

The Russians have made a demand upon the French for 400,000 francs, for damages done to the Russian embassy at Constantinople, it having been converted into a French hospital during the war.

The Phœnix, screw steam vessel, is to be immediately fitted for particular service. Captain Inglefield, it is reported, is to commission her for further search for the relics of the late Sir John Franklin and his associates.

Accounts from Hungary mention that within the memory of man, there has not been such a luxuriantly abundant promise for the vintage as during the present season; and contracts for the supply of wine have been entered into by German and French houses with the proprietors of vineyards.

The ship Resolute, abandoned by the British in the Arctic Ocean, and for the purchase of which, from the American sailors, an appropriation was made by Congress, for the presentation of her to the British government, will be refitted at New York. Captain Hartstein has been tendered the command.

There is a scarcity of breadstuffs in Portugal. A government decree lately issued allows free importations, and there is a plan on foot for the municipality of Lisbon to raise £67,000 for the purpose of importing wheat, getting it ground, and baked for sale at a fixed price.

The *Giornale di Roma* publishes a notification respecting the observance of the Sabbath and other holidays. On such days, the only shops that are henceforth allowed to be open until ten A. M. are those of grocers. Any grocer selling his goods after that hour, even with closed doors, is liable to fine and imprisonment.

The pickpockets of London have hit upon a new dodge. One of the gang goes about with a live turtle, which he places upon the footwalk, and begins to talk about it to any one passing; a crowd gathers, and a row succeeds, and then watches, purses, handkerchiefs and money disappear.

The returns from the wheat harvest of the United States, says the New York Journal of Commerce, are now complete, and it is settled that the crop is of most excellent quality, and if not the largest ever gathered since the settlement of the country, is at least above the average, and will yield a large surplus beyond the supply of our domestic wants.

Lafayette sent for a hogshead of earth from Bunker Hill, to be placed over his body at his interment. The selectmen of Boston received the application from his agent. It was taken from the spot where General Warren fell, and accompanied by a certificate that it was "genuine," signed by three of the oldest veterans of the town.

A countryman came early into the town of Elmira, N. Y., one day, lately, with a load of wood, which he endeavored to sell for two dollars; but, failing to do this, he took it down to the river and threw it in, and complacently watched it till it floated out of sight. That's the way Cleuman (in Dickens's story of "Little Dorrit") served the flowers.

An only child, four months old, of respectable French Canadian parents, met with a singular death at Montreal, lately. It fell from its mother's arms during her sleep, and the string of its cap catching upon the post of a cot at the side of the bed, it was suspended and strangled. When the mother awoke in the morning, she missed the child, and looking for it, found it hanging dead.

Those celebrated trotting horses, Flora Temple and Tacony, contended for a stake of $1000, over the Union Course, L. I., recently,—Flora in harness, Tacony in saddle—mile heats. The race was won by Flora in one heat, which she accomplished in the astonishingly quick time of two minutes twenty-four and a half seconds, distancing Tacony. There is no record in the annals of the turf of a mile being passed over so quickly.

Rev. William Buckland, D. D., Dean of Westminster, died at Clapham, England, August 14, aged 73. Dr. Buckland was one of the first geologists of his day. He was the author of one of the celebrated Bridgewater Treatises, and of other works on geology, which highly raised his reputation and rendered his name familiar in this country. But unhappily a cloud came over his mind about six years ago, and the close of his life was passed in confinement.

Mademoiselle Fouquier-Tinville, daughter of the attorney-general of Robespierre, Fouquier-Tinville, one of the most sadly celebrated actors in the great drama of the Revolution, has just died at Paris, at the age of 78. She has always been a woman of note, and an object of reverence for historians and writers, who sought her society for the information she could give. She had never married, and for several years before her death was completely blind.

The Vanilla Bean, which is so much used in flavoring puddings, jellies, ices, etc., grows in Mexico, near Vera Cruz, and has become very profitable to the cultivators. The Bureau has information that last year's importation of and consumption in the United States, of this article, amounted to 5000 pounds, at a cost of $20 per pound, or $100,000, paying the United States a duty of 20 per cent., or $20,000. At the present time, the Vanilla bean is selling at $30 to $40 per pound.

The increase of the tonnage of the great lakes is one of the most remarkable facts of the day. We learn that no less than five steamers, 20 propellers, four barques, one brig and 102 schooners have already been launched from the Western shipyards since the commencement of the year. The size of the steamers ranges from 78 to 1800 tons; of the propellers, from 263 to 800; the barques from 380 to 603, and the schooners from 50 to 531. The total steam tonnage of the vessels built is 12,912; sail tonnage, 33,461.

Foreign Items.

It is confidently asserted that Mario and Grisi are to revisit this country, in the course of a few months.

The Central Italian Railway Company have deposited five millions of francs at Modena as a guarantee for the execution of the line, in accordance with the contract signed at Vienna.

The Turkish government is said to be concocting a general treaty of commerce, to be offered to all nations, its leading principle being to circumscribe for the advantage of native produce the concession hitherto made to foreign trade.

Leopold de Meyer, the pianist, has been at Constantinople, playing to the Sultan, who gave him a decoration of some kind, and, what the eccentric pianist liked better, a golden snuff-box valued at about fifteen hundred dollars.

M. Thiers has undertaken a journey into Germany to examine the fields of battle of Lutzen, Baulzen, Dresden, and Leipsic, an account of which he will have to give in the next volume of the "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," which he is now writing.

Pierre Freccia, a Piedmontese sculptor, who had acquired great celebrity by his *Psyche*, and by his model of the monument of Christopher Columbus, has just expired at Florence. About a year ago he was attacked with mental alienation, and was placed in a lunatic asylum, and there he died.

Marshal Pelissier, the conqueror of Sebastopol, is, just now, the "lion," in France. He possesses the titles of Marshal, Senator, Duke, and is likely to be made Minister of War. He is rude and petulant, and, although admired for his talent, is not loved by the soldiers. He is sixty-two years of age, and a bachelor.

Sands of Gold.

.... Castles are proud things, but 'tis safest to be outside of them.—*R. W. Emerson.*

.... All merely graceful attributes are usually the most evanescent.—*Hawthorne.*

.... All nobility in its beginnings was somebody's natural superiority.—*R. W. Emerson.*

.... To smell of a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body, no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.—*Fuller.*

.... The obtrusive claims of empty ostentation, played off like the ring on the finger, fluttering and sparkling in our sight, relieve us from the irksome task of seeking out obscure merit.—*Hazlitt.*

.... Such is the sociableness of music, it conforms itself to all companies, both in mirth and mourning; complying to improve that passion with which it finds the auditors most affected.—*Fuller.*

.... The rose on the cheek and the canker at the heart do not flourish at the same time; and he who has much to think of, must take many things to heart; for thought and feeling are one.—*Hazlitt.*

.... In our nature there is a provision, alike marvellous and merciful, that the sufferer should never know the intensity of what he endures by its present torture, but chiefly by the pang that rankles after it.—*Hawthorne.*

.... The love of distinction is the ruling passion of the human mind; we grudge whatever draws off attention from ourselves to others; and all our actions are but different contrivances, either by sheer malice or affected liberality, to keep it to ourselves or share it with others.—*Hazlitt.*

Joker's Budget.

The difference between Perseverance and Obstinacy—the first is a strong will; the second, a strong wont.

Daniel says that he thinks that boarders who are obliged to eat *sausages* three times a day during dog days, are justified in *growling* at their fare.

Is there any truth in the report that the Arabs who live in the desert have sandy hair? and is it also true that those who live by the Red Sea have carroty hair?

"Wont you take half of this poor apple?" said a pretty damsel. "No, I thank you; I would prefer a *better half*." Eliza blushed, and referred him to her papa.

A wag upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

The following advertisement appears in a late London newspaper: "Childrin taut to danse, if agreeable at 6d per week, by J. Williams, who buys and sells old iron and coaels—shoes cleened and mended."

When the late M. M. Noah, who was a Jew, was a candidate for the office of sheriff of New York, it was objected to his election, that a Jew would thus come to have the hanging of Christians. "Pretty Christians," replied Noah, "to need hanging!"

"Jake," said an old farmer one day to his mower, "do you know how many horns there are in a dilemma?" "Well, no, not 'zactly," replied Jake, "but I know how many there are in a quart of good Monongahela." Jake was a bit of a wag.

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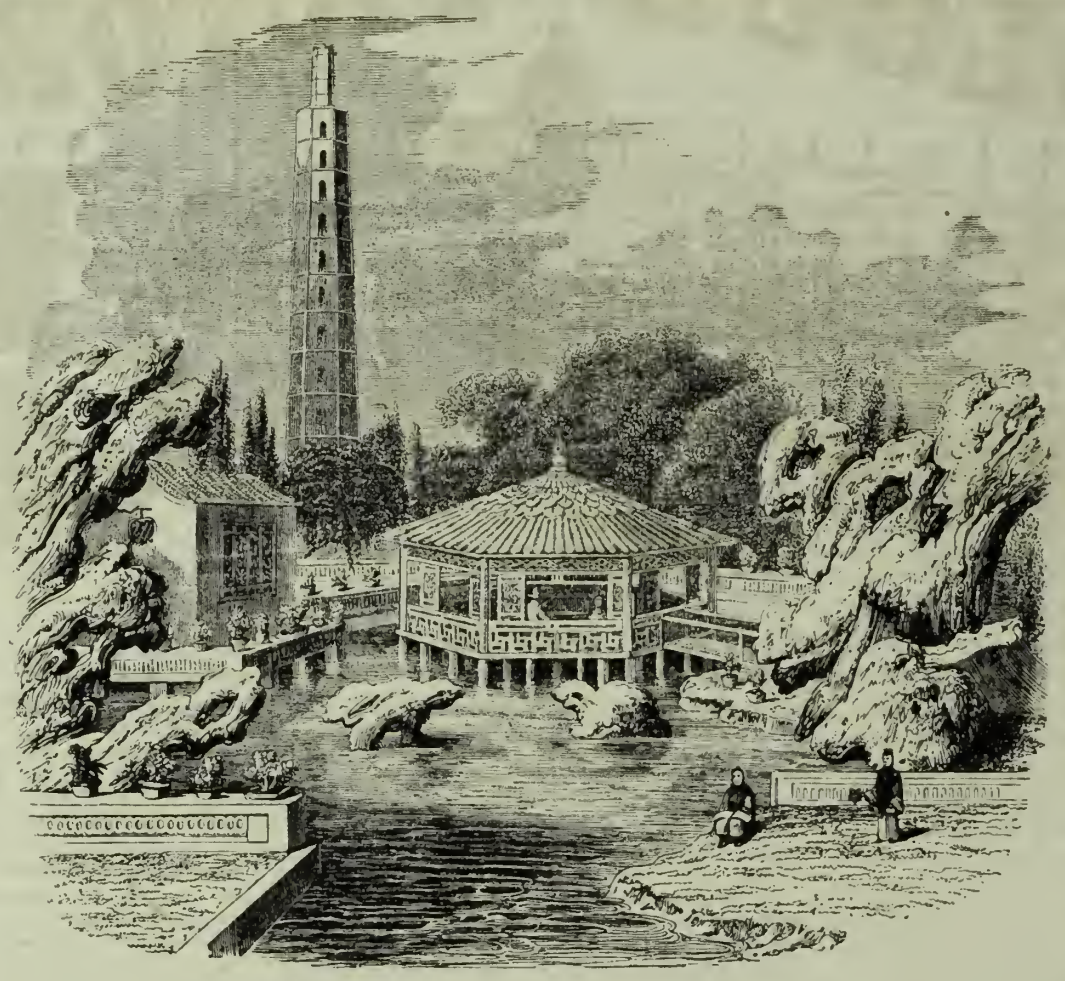
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SUMMER HOUSE AND PAGODA
IN THE ISLAND OF WHAMPOA.

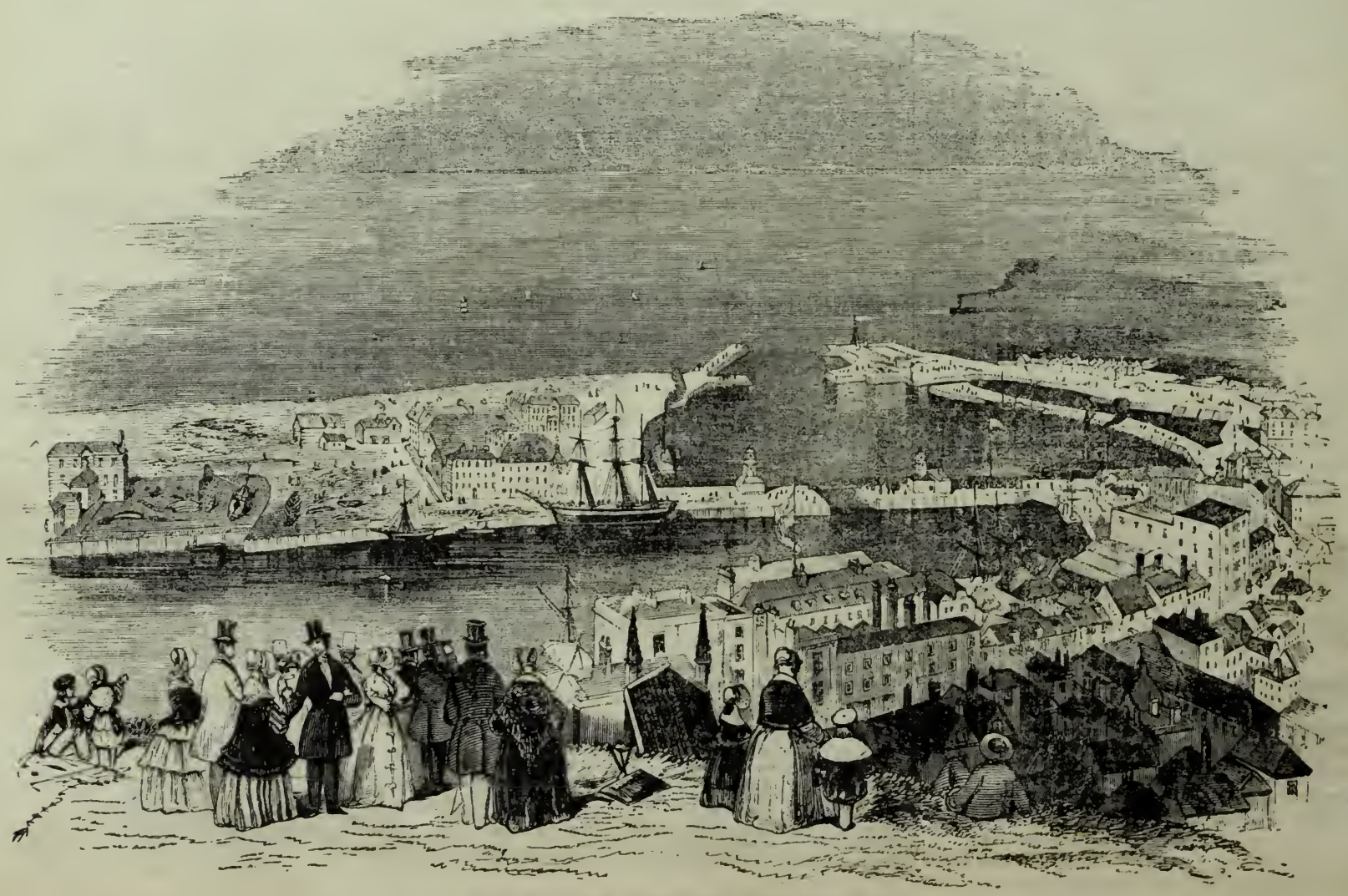
The landscape herewith presented is strikingly typical of Chinese scenery and architecture. The pagoda in the background differs from those we commonly see in pictures, and at the same time throws an instructive light on the word "tap" (pagoda), which, in its graphic signification, implies an edifice composed of successive joints or stories. In the summer house the duet of celestial friendship is being performed. Two old acquaintances are seated upon a stool of bamboo, at the end of a table that rests on four pillars, which are carved and bordered after the taste of the country. On this table the *kin*, or Chinese lute, is placed, which, by its antique and melancholy sounds, helps the performer to retrace the fabled annals of his country, ere degeneracy had seized upon the sons of men, and rendered them less happy and less wise. By turns they admire the severity of moral truth, feel the witchery of gold, splendor and sunshine, and sigh for the ineffable nonchalance of ease and retirement. This is no unfair description of social intercourse in China. Their genteel minds are not too sensual not to catch the lure of indolence and voluptuousness, and too much harassed by a cruel and hypocritical magistracy not to long for some sequestered nook where the vulture's eye of the public informer could never reach. The architecture of the inhabitants of China is perfectly unique, and is based on a different principle from that of any other nation. All their buildings have a marked character of their own, and their nationality is recognizable at a glance. The principle of Chinese architecture is considered to have been founded on the construction of a tent, the fragile dwelling of the roaming tribes who first peopled China. It has been remarked that many Chinese buildings would stand even if the walls were to fall, inasmuch as, independent of the walls, the roof rests upon a timber framework. The combination of colors, varnish and gilding helps to give that holiday appearance which the shape of a Chinese building seems in itself almost fitted to impart. There exists a curious sort of architectural police in China whereby each man is bound to content himself with a particular kind of house according to his rank in life. A prince of the first, the second or the third degree; a noble of the imperial family; a grandee of the empire; a president of a tribunal; a mandarin, a citizen—all are bound to observe certain regulations concerning the area of ground to be covered by a dwelling-house, the number of courts and rooms, the height of the ground level and of the upper story, and of the appearance presented towards the street. The origin of architecture has formed a theme on which many learned men have written and discussed. That man would form a building to shield himself from the weather, before he sought to give it beauty of appearance, is natural enough; but when, and where, and how the transition took place from convenience to beauty, or the combination of the two, is not easy to determine. Mr. Hope, taking the central plains of Tartary as a starting-point, imagines the roving hordes of that country to have spread themselves by degrees eastward to the country now known as China, and southward to Hindostan; the first of these were built after the model of tents, the latter took their architecture from caves.



SUMMER HOUSE AND PAGODA, ISLAND OF WHAMPOA.

HARBOR OF DOVER, ENG.,
FROM THE WESTERN HEIGHTS.

The view of Dover harbor herewith presented, is purposely taken from an eminence, which accounts for the height of the horizontal line in the distance, in order to show the formation of the harbor, which is wholly artificial. Its extent and excellence are signal proofs of the liberal scale upon which all operations connected with commerce are conducted in Great Britain. The town, as will be seen from the accurate drawing of the houses and streets, has not much to boast in style, being quite plainly and irregularly built. Dover is one of, and the principal station and seat of government of the Cinque Ports. It is in the county of Kent, at the terminus of the south-eastern railway, 66 miles east-southeast of London. Its population is not far from 23,000. The town consists mostly of a collection of old streets on the north side of its harbor, and a long street on the banks of a small stream, the whole enclosed and backed by chalk downs, on which are the castle, citadel, and several strong detached forts. On the west, the railroad enters the town through a tunnel cut into the cliffs, which here abut into the sea. The castle is a collection of formidable works, occupying 35 acres, and it is supposed to date back as far as the Roman occupation of Britain. It contains Roman and Saxon towers, a spacious keep, forming a bomb-proof magazine, and barracks for 2000 men. The other principal edifices are a military hospital, the two parish churches, a handsome chapel of ease, numerous dissenting chapels, a synagogue, the town hall and jail, the hospital Maison-Dieu, custom house, work house, theatre, assembly rooms, museum, baths, docks, bonding warehouses, and numerous excellent hotels. The harbor consists of three basins, the outer one enclosed between two piers, one hundred and fifty feet apart. Large sums have been expended upon it in different reigns, since Henry VII., but its entrance is unfortunately impeded by a shingle bar. Operations are in progress to establish here a harbor of refuge, by throwing out jetties of great magnitude still further into the sea. The works authorized by the government will cost $12,500,000. Dover has continual intercourse with Calais and Boulogne in France, by steamboats, the distance being about thirty miles. The passage is frequently rough and unpleasant. It imports large quantities of eggs, fruit, and other rural produce, from France, and has a thriving coasting trade and fishery. Ship building and the manufacture of sails, rope and paper, form the business of a considerable portion of the inhabitants.



HARBOR OF DOVER, ENGLAND, FROM THE WESTERN HEIGHTS.

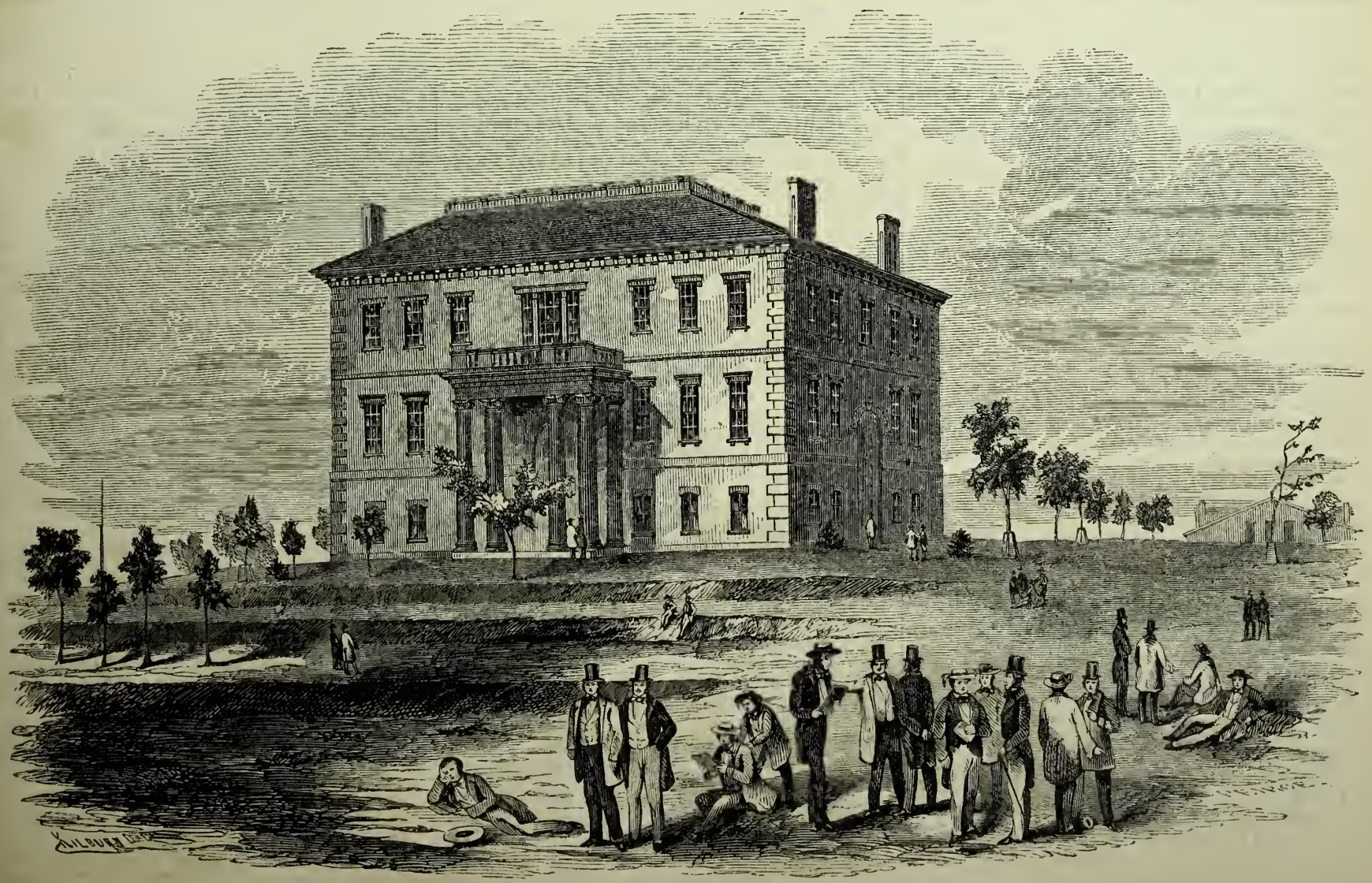
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TUFTS (UNIVERSALIST) COLLEGE, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

The accompanying engraving presents a correct representation of the Universalist College in Somerville, with the adjacent buildings, sketched expressly for us at the time of the recent celebration of its first anniversary. It has opened under favorable auspices, and no efforts will be spared to render it one of the most flourishing and effectivo institutions in the country. It owes its existence mainly to the liberality of Charles Tufts, Esq., of Somerville, while other individuals have contributed largely to its establishment. Rev. Mr. Chapin, in his address at the anniversary, spoke in fitting terms of Mr. Tufts's well-directed generosity. He said:—"Dollars are worth nothing till they are sent forth on their mission of love to mankind. Providence has made Mr. Tufts deaf, so that he cannot hear the praises of men, but he can listen to the praises of angels. Who would not hear the inward voice speaking to his noble heart? The desiro of all men is to project themselves nto the future, to build the bridge and span tho arch from themselves to immortality. Somo sought historic fame, others pride themselves upon wealth, but more wise is he who lays up in future ages an immortality by building up columns in God's temple, by assisting to rear the edifice of eternal truth. He who touches the springs of thought, sets in motion an agency immortal in its consequences." From the treasurer's statement, wo learn that the property of the College consists of sixty-eight acres of land, the gift of Charles Tufts, Esq., of Somerville; a bond given by Silvanus Packard, Esq., of Boston, upon which the income, one thousand dollars per annum, is paid quarterly; the college building, erected at a cost of $38,000; the boarding-house, erected at a cost of $9700; the president's house, which cost $3600, of which was defrayed by special subscription, $1849, making the cost to the college, $1751; a bond of the Passumpsic Railroad Company, $1000; besides notes amounting to $3700. The whole amount subscribed to the first of August last, exclusive of the land, is $77,000, including Mr. Silvanus Packard's bond for $20,000. The total ordinary expenses of the college are $4450; the annual income is $3400, leaving about $2000 to be made up annually at present. Mr. Packard has offered to give $10,000 annually for three years, provided a like sum is contributed from other sources. Messrs. George W. Gage, of Chicago, formerly of Massachusetts, William Savery, of South Carver, Jesse Murdock and Thomas A. Goddard, ave pledged themselves to contribute a large sum each, making $5000 already secured. B. B. Mussey, Esq., has offered to give $10,000 the third year. Mr. Packard has intimated that if his proposals are accepted, he will continue to contribute till he has reached the sum of $100,000. The Universalist denomination, within the past ten years, has raised nearly half a million of dollars and devoted it to the cause of education. The establishment of this college, the purpose of which is to give a thorough classical and practical education to the students, is a great step in advance. The president, the Rev. Dr. Ballou, is universally known and respected as a man of high character and attainment, and particularly well fitted for the post he occupies. He is aided by earnest and cultivated men, who are determined to bring their institution to the front rank. The site of the college is well chosen. It stands on a lofty eminence, commanding an extensive view, and, notwithstanding its vicinity to a great city, is far enough removed from the noise and turmoil of business. We cannot but think that a brilliant future is before it. The large and increasing denomination of Universalists feel the deepest interest in its welfare. The number of students already gathered within its walls is large for an institution in its infancy, and there is every reason to suppose that it will be soon crowded even to its utmost capacity. But as the demand increases, so will the means of supplying it be multiplied. We have already seen the liberality that has been manifested by individuals for its support, and their example will be followed by that of others. Before many years have elapsed, Tufts College, fostered by the liberality and zeal of its friends, and the energy of its president and professors, will exert a widespread and commanding influence.



TUFTS COLLEGE, SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

—OR, THE—

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

The party had turned into the avenue which led into the house, and every moment she expected to behold him who, in her eyes, was hateful and ugly above all others she had ever seen. But he was, at that moment, closeted with a man who had arrived only fifteen minutes before, with whom he was discussing a question involving an affair of grave and momentous import to himself.

It was a relief, instead of his sallow, oleaginous visage, surrounded with its stringy hair, so damp as to appear as if glued to his forehead, to see the frank, genial countenance of a handsome matron beaming upon her from the open door. Numa stood ready to assist her in alighting from her horse, and the next moment she found herself encircled in the arms of her whose pleasant, smiling face, so different from that she had expected would greet her, caused her heart to go out towards her, and enabled her to find relief in tears.

"My poor child," said Mrs. Grey, "I knew that you didn't come here voluntarily, the moment I saw your sad, sweet face."

"Is *he* here?" said Bessie, in a voice broken with sobs.

"You mean Mr. Withers?"

"Yes."

"He is, though for the present you wont see him. He has business to transact, he said, which might require his attention for an hour or more."

"Why don't you call him Squire Withers? He is a great man—he is rich," mumbled a voice close behind them.

Bessie started and looked up.

"It is old Elsie," said Mrs. Grey. "Her mind is a little wandering at times. But let us go in; the air is cold."

"Is this where *you* keep?" said Bessie, as Mrs. Grey placed a chair for her near the fire.

"No; a fire was ordered here on purpose for you."

"O, let me go with you; I had rather not stay here."

"You shall, at least for the present."

"Are you the lady that is to be mistress here?" said Elsie, coming up close to Bessie, and looking her keenly in the face.

"No, I shall never be mistress here," Bessie replied.

"You will be. I know better than you do. There will be a brave house-warming, too, and you'll be as sweet a bride as Florence Dale was, when she came here, more than five-and-twenty years ago. I lived then in a little cottage just beyond the woods; you can see from the window; but I had lost my son before that. My son used to work for me, and help support me and my little granddaughter; but after I lost *him*, Squire Withers found me in bread. It was bitter bread, though; it had tears on it. After a while, my heart grew hard. There were no more tears after that. I've led a merry life ever since. I must go now. I should like to stay and keep you company, but it is a busy day with me."

Through the door she opened to leave the room, came sounds of rude and boisterous revelry.

"The men who were sent to meet you, and as many more, are in the great hall," said Mrs. Grey.

"Are they not British soldiers?" inquired Bessie.

"I think there can be no doubt of it, and if Mr. Withers knew what was for his own interest, he wouldn't permit them to be here."

"Who was that old lady," said Bessie, "who left the room a minute ago?"

"Her name is Elsie Cawley. Nothing is known of her early history. I was a child when, by the permission of Mr. Percival, the former owner of this plantation, she came to live in a little house a short distance from here. She brought a child with her; she called her grand-daughter, and it was generally thought it was through the influence of Mr. Withers that Mr. Percival permitted her to live where she did."

"She spoke of losing a son."

"Yes, but it was before she came here; and by the strange way in which she always alludes to the subject, it appears to have unsettled her mind."

"Does she still live where she used to?"

"No; she lives here now, and has ever since her grand-daughter was married. It was by the invitation of Mr. Withers that she came. We all thought it strange, for he was never charitably inclined; and ever since she has been here, he avoids her as much as possible."

An hour from this, they heard the door of the next room open. Bessie turned pale. It was Withers, she knew, by the soft, stealing steps, as they drew near the room where she was sitting.

"Don't leave the room," said she, imploringly, to Mrs. Grey.

"No, not unless he commands me to," she replied.

By this time, Withers stood in the doorway.

"Good day, Miss Hamlen," said he. "I am glad to see you eneath my humble roof."

"If you had a spark of either honor or humanity about you, or a single feeling which would not dishonor a gentleman," she replied, "you would be incapable of feeling pleasure at what gives me so much pain."

"O, you are a little homesick. That is a feeling which will soon wear off."

"Never while I am beneath a roof which you call yours. If I thought myself capable of being otherwise than miserable, thus situated, I should despise myself as much as I do the owner."

"If you have a taste for such saucy petulance, you may as well indulge it while you can. But of one thing you may be certain—I never undertook to bring about anything which I had set my heart on in which I was foiled. Sooner or later, I accomplished it."

"Even what you are pleased to term saucy petulance," said Bessie, "is preferable to cringing sycophancy."

"Rest content on that score. You will find no occasion to complain of cringing or flattery. I never make use of either, unless to subserve some purpose."

"I am certainly much obliged to you for the assurance."

Withers took no notice of this, except by one of his peculiar smiles.

"It is now," said he, "over seven years since your late father and I had some important business transactions together, and it so fell out as to make it in my power to ruin him. Instead of that, I advanced him a certain sum of money, which enabled him to stem the tide. He was profuse in his protestations of gratitude, and in promises to refund what I had let him have, at an early day; but I gave him to understand that there was one mode of payment, and only one, which I would consent to."

"What was it?"

"I told him that he had a daughter, and that when she was old enough, I should claim her hand."

"And what did he say?"

"He consented."

"Unconditionally? Did he say nothing about my consent being gained?"

"There was something said about it, but he soon found whom he had to deal with, and as he knew he had no means of paying me, was obliged to let me have things my own way."

"And you were so ungenerous as to take advantage of his embarrassment?"

"I kept an eye to what I considered my own interest. You can give it whatever term you please."

"It was my father's land, it seems, rather than his daughter's hand, that you had in your mind when you made the bargain."

"As you were an only child, I, of course, didn't expect that you would be a dowerless bride. He never told you about this bargain, I suppose?"

"He never did. The reason he assigned for wishing me to receive your addresses was a very different one from what you have mentioned. As you don't deny that your chief object in making the condition you did, was to ultimately put you in possession of my father's domain, I will willingly make over to you what claim I have on it, which will certainly be much more valuable to you without the incumbrance than with it."

"You forget that, as a minor, any transaction of that kind would be illegal. No, Miss Hamlen; the sure way is always the best. I have succeeded in removing you from all such influences as would be likely to be adverse to my success, and I've no doubt but that your good sense will soon induce you to listen to reason."

"Permit me to assure you, sir, that you are entirely mistaken, if you expect me to regard you otherwise than I do now."

"Unfortunately," said Withers, after making this last remark, "I am obliged to devote myself to business, just at this time, more than usual, which will deprive me of the pleasure of spending as much time in your company as I could wish, and which I regret more on your account than even my own."

This was evidently intended to provoke some angry rejoinder, but Bessie had already been betrayed into a more bitter manifestation of those feelings which she entertained towards him than she had intended, or, as she imagined, was altogether consistent with self-respect. She, therefore, remained silent.

What Withers had told Bessie relative to relieving her father from pecuniary embarrassment, by placing such funds at his disposal as were required for the purpose, was true. It was true, also, that he made a proposition concerning herself, of the nature he had specified, but he should not have forgotten to mention that the debt was fully cancelled, four years after it was contracted. The money was received by Withers very reluctantly, who, counting on Mr. Hamlen's easy disposition and careless habits, had considered the debt as a guarantee to the ultimate possession of the coveted estate.

He never forgave Mr. Hamlen for insisting on paying him, and subsequently, by secret intercommunication with one of the enemy, who proved a disgrace to his brother officers of the English navy, he matured a plan by which he succeeded in so working upon Mr. Hamlen's fears as to wring from him his consent, to save his property, and it might be, even his life, by the sacrifice of his daughter's happiness.

Two hours after Withers had withdrawn, as Bessie and Mrs. Grey were sitting together, a girl came to the door and said that there was a pedler in the outer room, who wanted to know if the ladies did not wish to purchase something. Mrs. Grey sent word to the pedler that she would be there in a minute or two, and then turned to Bessie.

"Wont you go and look at his wares?" said she.

"I believe not, as I don't wish to make any purchases," was Bessie's reply.

"You had better go. Who knows but that it may be some one by whom you can venture to send a message to some friend of yours."

This suggestion at once made her determine to go. The thought even struck her that it might be Wilton Richmond, who had resorted to this method to obtain access to her. A single glance, however, as she entered the room where he sat with a middling-sized trunk, containing his wares, at his side, showed her it was not Wilton. He was much stouter, though, as he sat, apparently not so tall, and, at least, a dozen years his senior.

At the approach of Bessie and Mrs. Grey, he threw back the lid of his trunk, and began to spread out muslins, laces, ribbons and trimmings of different kinds, together with other light and fanciful articles, such as form the decorative part of a lady's wardrobe.

Bessie wished for nothing herself, but as she had a well-filled purse in the reticule which hung on her arm, she could not deny herself the gratification of making a few trifling purchases for several of the servant girls, who hovered near with glistening eyes and smiling lips.

Each was made happy by a few yards of gay ribbon, or a still gayer kerchief, whose crimson and yellow hues would appear still brighter in contrast with the sable brows they were destined to adorn. They were accepted with eager manifestations of delight, when they withdrew to a distant part of the room to examine them more critically, and forestall the pleasure they anticipated in wearing them, by planning in what manner their vivid colors could be displayed to the best advantage.

Bessie made one more purchase—a few yards of fine thread lace, which she intended as a present to Mrs. Grey, whom she had seen examining it rather wishfully, but when urged by the pedler to take some of it, hastily returned it to the place whence she took it. Bessie imagined, as was truly the case, that the high price demanded exceeded her means. She contented herself, after Bessie had made her purchases, with procuring a supply of pins, needles and sewing-silk.

"Is there anything more you would like?" said the pedler, after she had selected what she wished.

"Nothing more," she replied.

"You certainly will like something more," said he, addressing Bessie.

But she answered in the negative, and was about to turn away, when he handed her a small package done up in brown paper.

"Please examine what is in it," said he. "I think what you find will suit you."

Bessie, having untied the piece of twine which fastened it, she caught a glimpse of her own name on the back of a little white package compactly folded.

"I *should* like it," said she. "What is the price of it?"

"Examine it before I name the price, so as to be sure you aint mistaken as to its quality. There is no objection to your taking it to your room, if you wish," he added, looking towards Mrs. Grey.

Bessie understood what the look meant.

"She is my friend," said she. "I can trust her."

"I am to wait till you read it."

Bessie unfolded the paper, and found, as she already was well satisfied, by the hand-writing of the superscription, that it was from Wilton Richmond.

"You may well imagine my surprise," it said, "when, on returning to Mr. Ashmore's, I found you were gone. My surprise was changed to the most lively alarm when I found that you had been made to believe that the messenger had been sent by me, for at first I imagined that by some fortunate chance you had fallen in with some friend.

"Mr. Ashmore furnished me with a fresh horse, and I was so fortunate as to come across the Indian lad I requested Edith to write to you about, who saw a man and a young lady, who, I knew by his description, must be you, take the road which led to the plantation of Withers, and where, he said, there had recently arrived as many as a dozen British soldiers.

"As I had been there myself this morning, I fortunately know some of the localities of the place. At a certain point, sweeping back in the form of a crescent from the shore of the river, which you can see by looking from one of the west windows, is a broad belt of trees and shrubbery, which, in the summer time, must be so dense as to be impervious to human foot, as well as impenetrable to the eye, and which now, though half despoiled of its foliage, must screen from the view of persons, in or near the house, any object by the margin of the river, even in broad daylight. This evening, at eight o'clock, I will be there. A boat will be ready to put us across the river, where horses will be in waiting.

"A pedler, a man worthy my confidence, will hand you this. Send me word by him, if you think it possible to meet me at the place designated. You may trust Mrs. Grey, who may be able to do something towards favoring your escape. W. R."

Bessie tore off a portion of the paper which had been left blank, and with a pencil wrote thus:

"I will do my best to meet you at the place and time you mention. If I am prevented from being there as early as eight, still don't give me up under an hour from that time. BESSIE."

Just as Bessie had handed it to the pedler, old Elsie entered by the outer door with the same covered basket on her arm that Wilton had seen her with.

"Ah, here is a parcel of brave trumpery," said she, coming forward, and peering curiously into the pedler's trunk, the lid of which still remained unclosed.

"Will you buy something?" said he.

"No; my day is over for such trash. The time has been when I flaunted my feathers and my ribbons with the vainest and the merriest. What have you here in these vials?"

"Essences."

"Is there any essence of hellebore, or the deadly nightshade?"

"No; I have no poisons."

"I will distil you some, then;" and going up close to him, she raised the lid of her basket. "Look," said she, "here are roots.

I dug them long ago, when the sweet dew of a summer's night was on their branches. But it didn't sweeten *them;* it only made them the more deadly. Say, shall I distil some of 'em for you?"

"No; I don't deal in such kind of wares." And having by this time put in order the disarranged contents of his trunk, he passed the broad leathern strap attached to it across his shoulders, and saying to Bessie, as he passed her, "May you prosper, fair lady," he left the house.

"Wont you come with me?" said Bessie, to Mrs. Grey, as she turned to leave the room.

"You have received a message from some friend," said Mrs. Grey, when they were in an apartment by themselves.

"I surely am not wrong in thinking I may trust you," said Bessie, looking wistfully into the pleasant and compassionate face regarding her, instead of answering her question.

"May evil befall me and mine," she replied, "in the same measure that I willingly bring harm on you."

"Read this," and Bessie handed her the missive she had received from Wilton.

"The writer says he left here this morning," said she, having finished its perusal. "It must have been Wilton Richmond, for I see that the note is signed with the initials of his name."

"Yes, Wilton Richmond wrote it. He says, as you see, that I may trust you, and that, perhaps, you can favor my escape."

"I will do everything I can, but nothing can be reckoned on beforehand with much certainty. If Mr. Withers should happen to be at leisure this evening, and feel disposed to bestow on you his company, I hardly know how the affair can be managed."

"What o'clock is it?"

"Almost five."

"Only a little more than three hours, then, to the time appointed. It will be long enough. I wish it were only one hour instead of three."

"There will be less than one hour of daylight, and there is some preparation to be made. The first thing to be done is for you to learn the way to the place of meeting. But then what might appear plain by day, would be very different with nothing but starlight to guide you. It will never answer for you to attempt to go alone."

"What shall I do? Can you go with me?"

"I think I had better not. If Withers should inquire for you, I can excuse your absence better than any one else. We must take Numa into our counsel. He must be ready at the moment to guide you to the spot."

"Can he be relied on?"

"Yes, and without the shadow of a fear, as far as depends on himself. He loved his old master, but has little good will for this one. I will go and speak to him about it, as I may not have another opportunity."

After an absence of a few minutes, Mrs. Grey returned.

"Is he willing to go with me?" inquired Bessie.

"Yes, you may depend on him. And now, if Mr. Withers only keeps out of the way, and old Elsie shouldn't rise up like a ghost in your path—for somehow she is always sure to be where she is least desired,—I think there will be nothing more to fear."

"Two such ifs in the way, as those you mention, will be hard to get over."

"We will hope, that when the moment arrives for you to go, that neither of them will be in the way. Withers, I have no control over, but if I can only get Elsie seated in the chimney corner smoking her pipe, she will be in no hurry to leave her comfortable quarters. But I forget to tell you that there was some baggage brought here yesterday, which Withers, when he came, ordered to be placed in the chamber, which, since your arrival, he told me must be prepared for you. It belongs to you, no doubt, and there may be some things, such as can be made into a small bundle, which you would like to take with you. We will go, if you please, and see if it belongs to you."

"We sha'n't be likely to encounter Withers?"

"No; he is in a distant part of the house, quite remote from the apartment designed for you."

Mrs. Grey had a reason apart from the one she assigned in wishing Bessie to go to that chamber. It was the one containing the portraits of the Percival family, and now that she knew that she was acquainted with Wilton Richmond, she wished to witness the effect which would be produced on her by the striking resemblance he bore to Mr. Edgar Percival and his son, particularly the latter.

"You see what a silent company you would have had gathered round you, if you had remained here to-night," said Mrs. Grey, as they entered the chamber.

As she spoke, she drew aside one of the window-curtains, admitting the sunshine, which lit up one of the portraits with a sudden effulgence. Bessie involuntarily stepped quickly back; for while it seemed to have been quickened into instant life, she almost thought that Wilton Richmond stood before her.

"Whose portrait is this?" said she, having for some time regarded it in silence.

"Thomas Percival's."

"And this?" pointing to the next.

"His father's."

"They would either of them answer for Wilton Richmond's portrait. You surely couldn't help noticing the resemblance when he was here?"

"I *did* think he looked like them."

"Isn't it singular?"

"Perhaps it is, but we often meet with things there is no accounting for. I am sorry that I didn't think of them sooner; you might then have examined them at your leisure."

"I should like to look at them longer, but I've no time to spare now."

Bessie found that the luggage referred to was hers, and selecting a few things which she could not well do without, she and Mrs. Grey left the chamber. In a few minutes supper was ready, and Withers again made his appearance.

"I hope you haven't been lonesome?" said he, addressing Bessie. "It cannot be possible that you have regretted more than I my inability to give you my poor company."

This was said in a mocking way, which Bessie did not think herself called upon to answer. Little was said during the meal. It was with feelings of dismay, when they rose from the table, that Bessie saw Withers seat himself in a chair near the fire, as if he intended to remain for the evening.

Time went on. It was more than half an hour since the old clock in the hall struck seven. Bessie began to grow alarmed, as well as impatient.

"You look tired, Miss Hamlen," said Mrs. Grey, wishing to give her an excuse to retire.

"I *am* tired," she replied. "I should like to go to my room."

"I sha'n't excuse you till nine," said Withers.

Before Bessie had time to say anything in answer to this, old Elsie opened the door and thrust her head into the room.

"You are wanted," said she. "Come—come now," and she beckoned to Withers.

"What does the old hag want?" he muttered between his teeth.

"What is that you say?" said she, sharply.

"No matter what," he replied, rising from his chair.

"Did you hear what I told you? You are wanted."

"I must humor her, I suppose," said Withers; "but I will be back soon."

It was with evident reluctance that he left the room, but for some reason, he did not seem as if he considered it prudent to disobey Elsie's request, or rather command. After he was gone, Mrs. Grey rose, listened a moment, and then softly opened the door, which he had closed behind him.

"Couldn't you have waited an hour or two?" demanded he, in angry accents, as could be plainly distinguished both by Bessie and Mrs. Grey.

"I could wait, but fate wont," was the answer.

Mrs. Grey remained at the door a few moments longer, and listened, then softly closed it.

"They've gone to his room," said she. "Now is your time. The soldiers are at supper in the hall, so that you will be free from the danger of encountering them."

It took Bessie but a short time for preparation. Numa was near at hand, waiting for her. There was brief time for the interchange of friendly adieux; a fervent clasp of hands, and the words, "God bless you, my child!" uttered with heartfelt emphasis by Mrs. Grey, and Bessie turned away, and joined the faithful Numa.

It was very dark, the sky so clear in the morning, being now nearly blotted from view by dark, drifting clouds, through the skirts of which, only now and then, a star was visible.

This was considered favorable, rather than otherwise, for through gloom so dense, even should any one chance to look from a door or a window, there would be little danger of being seen. Numa was familiar with every inch of the ground, and with steps so firm and elastic that they would have done no discredit to a much younger man, while he cautioned Bessie to keep a firm hold of his arm, he pursued his way.

They soon reached the belt of woodland, on the opposite side of which was the spot where Wilton had told Bessie he would wait for her. They were obliged to keep along the edge of this for some distance, the trees and shrubbery being so thick and tangled that a rabbit could have scarce found space for ingress.

"A few rods more and there's an opening," said Numa. "I came before dark and cleared away a few straggling branches which crossed the path."

At the moment he ceased speaking, voices were heard in the distance, and looking back, they beheld the red glare of torches.

"My flight is discovered," said Bessie.

"Never mind; ten more steps, and we shall reach the path."

"But if Wilton shouldn't have come?"

"There's little danger of that. Here's the opening."

"Leave me, and let me find my way alone."

"Not till I can leave you in as safe hands as mine."

"Wilton! Wilton!" cried Bessie.

"I am here," was the answer to her call.

He had heard them coming, and had met them midway in the path which led through the woods.

"Now, Numa," said Bessie, "you must return, and take with you my heartfelt thanks."

"Yes," said Wilton; "they may not have missed you yet. You can manage to go back a short distance without being seen, and then mingle with the pursuers."

"Yes—yes," replied Numa; "there'll be no trouble about that. Good-night, and I hope still to see the day when I shall again see a Percival at the head of yonder house."

In a minute from the time they parted with Numa, Wilton and Bessie stood on the bank of the river.

"Barefoot!" said Wilton.

"Close at hand," was the answer, and a boat shot from behind a clump of tall reeds, and almost in the same breath, the keel grated on the silvery sand.

"We must be quick, Bessie, or they'll be upon us," said Wilton; and snatching her up in his arms, he placed her in the boat.

The same moment, was heard a crash of brushwood, and the opposing limbs of trees, and then more than a dozen men, one after the other, dashed into the little area. The torches had been extinguished, as otherwise they could not have broken through the barrier of interlacing branches, which had to be forcibly turned aside, or cut away at every step.

"Seize him—seize him! Down with him, Tiger!" exclaimed Withers, speaking to a large, fierce mastiff which he had taken with him.

The dog darted forward with an angry growl, but the boat was already afloat.

"Fire upon them!" he cried, in a voice half choked with rage.

"But the lady, sir," a voice was heard to remonstrate.

"Who cares for the lady? Do as I bid you!" was the angry response of Withers.

"If we fire, it will be at random. We can't see the boat."

"Wait, then—wait a minute. Some one is coming with a torch."

He had scarce ceased speaking, when one of the servants with a torch, who knew where the path was, stood in their midst.

"Spring forward, and let its light fall on the water," commanded Withers, "and let those which were put out be relit."

In less than half a minute, the red glare of a dozen torches was thrown on the river, revealing the fugitives. The boat had already nearly reached the middle of the stream, and was skimming like a bird over the waves.

"They are within musket-shot yet," said Withers. "Is there no one among you who can send a bullet through that fellow's head?"

"Which one?" inquired one of the men.

"The one at the right hand. If you will do it, more gold shall be counted out to you before the rising of another sun than you were ever the owner of in your life."

"I could do it easily, sir, if the light of the torches wasn't so unsteady."

"Waste no time in words. Do your best."

The order was obeyed, but the boat still kept on with the same speed as before, and the monotonous dip of the oars, in the momentary silence that ensued, could be distinctly heard. Withers uttered a bitter imprecation.

"If one bullet wont do, let us see what a dozen can do. Take true and steady aim, all of you, at *him*. If the girl is hurt, it wont be your fault nor mine."

As far as could be seen to the contrary, in the flickering, uncertain light, the command was obeyed to the letter. Not a single shot, however, took effect, more than one having been purposely caused to swerve by the hand that sent it. Had this not been so, there would have been little chance for the fugitives to escape unharmed; for though they distinctly heard the order given by Withers, the small, shoal boat, with the exception of Bessie, left them fully exposed. For her alone there was room to crouch down in such a manner as to be partially screened, though had not Wilton's strong arm directed the movement, she would have had no other thought than to share the danger.

Although, as has been said, not a single shot took effect, more than one bullet whistled by, within a few inches of Wilton's head, and one, after dancing along the waves, struck the oar which he held with so much force that it must have been hurled from his hand had his grasp been less sure and firm.

"From these leaden messengers, we have nothing more to fear now," said Wilton; "for although the opposite shore, even, is hardly at a safe distance, before they can reload, we shall have time to round yonder point, when a bold shore will be interposed between us."

"Do you think we shall then be out of danger?" asked Bessie.

"They may pursue us, for there's a bridge half a mile further up the stream; but our horses are fleet, and do their best, we shall have a good start of them. But I hardly think that Withers will run the risk of implicating himself as far as that. Some powerful, though secret cause, must have urged him to take the course he has, and if I am not mistaken, it will need all the cunning and duplicity, of which he is doubtless master, to escape the reward he so richly merits."

A few more vigorous strokes of the oars, and they had swept round the sheltering point. They were already close to the shore, and at a little distance from it, secured to the branches of some trees, three horses stood waiting.

"I hardly need ask you, Bessie, if it is your wish to go to Mrs. Woodhull's," said Wilton, as he assisted her to the saddle.

"That is where I should certainly like to go," she replied; "but if were inclined to be superstitious, as I have twice failed to reach there when I imagined I was fairly on my way, I might now bear in mind the adage that exhorts us to beware the third time."

"We will brave the warning, for the sake of your being with those you can call your friends."

"Are you sure that you know the way?"

"I am to guide you," said the Indian lad.

"Yes—he is to be our guide," said Wilton; "for though I could find my way by daylight, I could not trust myself so dark a night as this."

"Have we passed the place yet where the bridge crosses the river?" said Bessie.

"No, though here it is, right at hand. After passing by that, our course will no longer lie by the side of the river."

Soon afterwards, on attaining a spot more elevated, they looked back. The mansion whence Bessie had fled, could now be descried, looming up, shadowy and indistinct, against the leaden sky; while in an adjoining court, by the red and gloomy light of several torches, horses were seen, and men hurrying to and fro.

"They are preparing to pursue us," said Bessie.

"There can be no doubt of it," was Wilton's reply. "Withers will do that in a solitary place, and under cover of night, which he wouldn't venture on in open day."

They had, by common consent, when they found that preparation was making to pursue them, quickened the speed of their horses, as much as the roughness of the way would permit. Before long, however, the path became comparatively smooth.

"Do you think, Bessie, that you could ride still faster?" said Wilton.

"Yon shall see," was her answer, nnd she broke into a hard canter, which, her horse being natnrally the fleetest of the three, gave the others enough to do to keep up with her.

In a minnte more, there would be a turn in the road, when the mansion of the Percivals could no longer be seen. Wilton checked his horse and looked back. The thought would force itself upon him that the name of Percival, rather than Richmond, was the one he was properly entitled to. All was now wrapt in gloom. From one window alone, shone a light. Those who had been seen preparing to pursue them, he well knew were already on their way. In a few minutes they could be heard crossing the bridge, but the sonnd, muffled and dnlled by the distance, was more like the muttering of distant thunder than the sharp clatter of steel-shod hoofs.

Bessie, who had reined in her horse, when she saw that Wilton had checked his, well knew what the sonnd meant.

"Can they overtake us?" said she.

"If they do, they will have to heat a good mile first. Will they not?" said Wilton, appealing to their youthful guide.

"More than that," was the answer.

"Very likely, for I find that the road, since the last turn, again lies parallel with the river, so that the sound made by their crossing the bridge had a shorter distance to travel than they will have."

Once more urging their horses to their former speed, they proceeded in silence.

"We had better go more slowly now," said Wilton, at the expiration of something over half an hour. "You, Bessie, ns well as the horses, will give out at this rate."

"I could do very well still longer," she replied; "but if I mistake not, my horse begins to droop."

They listened. Not a sound, save the low moaning of the wind, could be heard.

"Even if they have lessened the space between us," said Wilton,—"which I hardly think they have,—we shall gain nothing by tiring our horses."

"We shall soon come to a place where two roads meet, which will perplex our pursuers," said the guide.

"How long will it take us to reach Mrs. Woodhull's?" inquired Bessie.

"An hour."

"Do you mean if we go no aster than we do now?"

"Yes—I think we can."

"By that time it will be twelve o'clock," said Wilton.

"No matter," remarked Bessie. "Mrs. Woodhull, if you claim admission in my name, will hardly refuse your request, though it should be at an unseasonable hour."

It did not exceed the time mentioned by Harefoot when they were at Mrs. Woodhull's door. It was well that they arrived as soon as they did, for in less than five minutes after they were beneath the sheltering roof, from the clouds, which for the last half hour had heen rapidly condensing, the rain commenced descending in torrents.

CHAPTER XVII.

A STRANGER'S WARNING.

For three months after an nnsuccessful attempt by General Wilkinson to dislodge a detachment of the British, who had fortified themselves at La Colle Mill, there was no hostile movement of the nrmies of either nation.

This repose of arms gave the American officers abundant leisure for relaxation and social intercourse, and such pursuits as were most congenial. It was during this time that Mrs. Hamlen, at the earnest request of her brother (Mr. Grosvenor) and his daughter, consented to make them a visit. Bessie, of course, accompanied her mother, and Wilton was stationed so near by as to be able frequently to enjoy with them a social evening. Sedley Austin, too, having, at the head of his company under General Jackson, acquitted himself in a manner highly honorable to himself, in the series of engagements which took place with the Creek Indians, came to the North, giving his friends a pleasant surprise, to rest on his laurels and reeruit his health.

But May had now come, and this golden episode in the heart-history of Wilton and Sedley and the two fair cousins to whom they were betrothed, was near its close. In a day or two, Wilton expected to join the army of General Brown, and a week or two later, Sedley was to return to the South.

The day was so bright, balmy and delicious that May seemed no longer a myth, but the dainty-footed, flower-crowned goddess celebrated in song. Wilton and Sedley were both expected at the farm-house by five o'clock. It was already three; and while Mr. Grosvenor and Mrs. Hamlen sat together enjoying a quiet chat, Edith and Bessie wandered away some distance from the house to a small and nearly circular bay, for its green borders approximated so nearly at the point where its waters mingled with those of Lake Champlain that it had often been a pleasant pastime for them, when they were children, to toss flowers across from one to the other.

The turf was soft and smooth as velvet, and the delicate sprays of some willows, which grew near the water's edge, drooped so low as, when swayed by a gush of the sweet May air, to brush the sparkles from the dancing waves. But these graceful willows did not all press so closely to the waters of the little bay. At one point, where a grape-vine had woven itself among their branches, they curved back so as form a little sylvan bower, where the white blooms of the wild strawberry and the large purple violets were earliest found.

Here Edith and Bessie, after their long walk, sat listening to the silvery murmur of the ripples that broke almost at their feet, and watching the interweaving and capricious play of sunshine and shadow which fell among them. It was not strange that footsteps at the onter edge of the willows, though firmly planted, should have been so muffled by the soft and yielding turf as not to be heard. When they paused, and a small though toil hardened hand clutched a portion of the feathery foliage and held it aside, nnd through the opening thus made, a pair of keen, almost fierce-looking eyes were fixed upon them, they still remained unconscious that any one was near. No wonder, then, taking into consideration the unsettled state of the times, that they were alarmed when an unfamiliar voice, scarce three yards distant, spoke to them.

"The name of one of you is Bessie Hamlen?" it said.

They both started to their feet. It was a woman's face which was peering at them so earnestly between the willow boughs, and when they saw this, their fears were somewhat relieved.

She repeated her question.

"One of you is Bessie Hamlen?" she said.

"Yes," replied Edith, who stood a little in advance of Bessie.

"Which?"

"I am the one you inquire for," said Bessie, stepping forward.

The woman remained silent for a few moments, and looked at her very earnestly. As she stood regarding her, Bessie and Edith examined her in return. She appeared to be about forty, and was coarsely though decently clad. She was not tall, and she seemed shorter than she really was, her form being rather full, with that appearance of compactness which is imparted by severe toil, when the health and muscular powers are such as not to sink beneath the burden. Her features were well cut, though her countenance was crossed by many of those harsher lines planted by a constant tax on the physical rather than the mental energies.

"You will hardly be willing to believe me," said she, when, at last, she appeared satisfied with her scrntiny, "but the time has been when I was as handsome as you are."

"I've not the least doubt of it," said Bessie, with a voice and manner which could not make the woman doubt her sincerity.

Her swarthy brow flushed, and a faint smile flitted across her features.

"I came to upbraid you," said she, "but I shall now only warn you."

"Of what?"

"Never to be the bride of Ishmael Withers."

"You hardly need warn me against that."

"I thought you were going to be married to him."

"No, never, with my own consent."

"Then he lied to me."

"Why should you feel so much interested about me as to wish to warn me against marrying him?"

"It wasn't that I cared for *you* that I came here to warn you. Once I was to have been his bride. He was then Mr. Percival's steward. When he came to be master instead of steward, he spurned me. It was then that I made a vow that no wife of his should ever pass the threshold of the princely mansion where *I* should now be mistress. No one knows—no one can ever know—the bitterness which, since then, I have carried with me locked up in my heart."

"That, then, is what made you come here?" said Edith.

"It did, though, at the same time, I had a longing to look on a face which he told me was the handsomest and the sweetest that the sun ever shone upon. I thought he said it to torment me. But she has a sweet face—one that almost any one might love."

"But this Withers—he is very ill-looking, as I have been told," said Edith. "How could you love *him?*"

"I thought him good then. It was before his vile and evil passions had set their mark upon him. His serpent nature had not shown itself. He did not fawn and crawl, and almost partake so far of the curse as to eat dust like one."

As she finished speaking, she bent down and looked earnestly forward.

"What do you see?" said Edith.

"Some young gentlemen are coming. I am no fitting company for you or them. Farewell."

Without waiting to hear what the girls said in reply, she turned away just as Wilton and Sedley, who had arrived sooner than was anticipated, approached at the opposite side of the willows. She turned awny, but this was only a ruse, for she experienced an uncontrollable desire to witness the meeting between the maidens and the young men who had just arrived. She saw Bessie's face brighten as she bounded forward to the side of him who first entered the enclosure.

"How could you know that we were here, Wilton?" said she.

"We didn't know; we only suspected."

"We supposed you would naturally be attracted to what we knew was a favorite haunt," said Sedley. "Besides, while yet at a distance, we heard voices."

"One of which, we thought, belonged to neither of you," remarked Wilton. "We expected to find some one with you."

"We must have been mistaken," said Sedley.

"No, you were not," replied Edith. "Some one *was* here. She left at the moment you came."

"Who was it?" inquired Wilton.

"She was a stranger," replied Bessie. "We neither knew her name, whence she came, nor where she was going."

"I intended," said Edith, "to invite her to go home with us, and remain all night, if her own home was distant, but when she saw you coming, she hurried away."

"Wilton, you look sad," said Bessie. "Has anything unpleasant happened to you?"

"I was thinking of Cavendish and Weston, two of my young associates," he replied. "They have both fonght by my side, and I was near Cavendish when he fell. Sedley and I had occasion to pass the place to-day, where they, and many others who fell with them, now rest. They lie side by side in a sweet, sequestered spot, something like this. Early flowers were blooming on their graves."

"I wish yon had been there, both of you," said Sedley, "to have heard Wilton repeat that beautiful ode by Collins. It was always a favorite, but I never realized half its beauty before. The lovely images which it brings np throws sach a charm around the spot of the warrior's last repose, that, while I listened, I could not help thinking that theirs was a happy, almost enviable lot."

"I wish we *had* been there," said Edith. "As we were not, Wilton must recite the ode for us. It is some time since I read it, and I am unable to recall it to mind fully."

"Yes—do, Wilton," said Bessie.

Wilton had one of those deep, mellow voices, full of pathos, which searches out and brings to view those finer and more subtile traits of fancy and feeling which could hardly have been realized so fully had the poem been read in the closet. A spell seemed thrown around them, as they listened to the perfect intonation and rich modulations of his voice as he recited the ode:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

The woman, who, unbeknown to them, had stood looking through the willows, when he had finished, turned away.

"She did not deceive me," she murmured to herself. "She had rather marry the poor soldier with his handsome face, than the rich villain with his handsome house. It may be that the handsome soldier and the princely mansion will, one day, both be hers."

That evening, at eleven o'clock, Wilton bade them all farewell, not expecting to meet them again for a number of months.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROBBER TRIBES IN INDIA.

The Punjaub frontier, in the northern part of Hindostan, has for a long time been infested by robber clans, who, dwelling in miserable villages among almost inaccessible rocks, have until recently bade defiance to all the efforts of the British government to arrest their career of robbery. Recently, a band of these outlaws descended from their mountain fastnesses, and after murdering nineteen peasants, carried off a considerable amount of property. The English commander of the troops in the neighborhood therefore resolved to try a new expedient, rather than to advance against them as heretofore, in force. He established a strict blockade, stopped their trade, seized their supply of salt, caught a chief or two, and all their bullocks, and waited for distress to do its work. The tribe submitted. They possess much wood on their bleak hills; and they were ordered to bring in fifteen thousand maunds of firewood, and stack it on the scene of the murder. The savages found the labor almost intolerable. They pleaded for permission to pay in cash, but the request was refused, and for three months the tribe must work like convicts for the benefit of the public works. The wood was saleable in Kohat, so that they are paying the debt both in person and in property, and with interest. When this task is complete, the chiefs must be ransomed. This is a point of honor, and the ransom, like the fine, must be worked out. The lesson will not be speedily forgotten. While the clans have gained the plunder of a few houses and the pleasure which may accrue from nineteen successive murders, they have lost their chief and all their cattle, three thousand rupees, and the severe labor of three long months.—*United States Gazette.*

FINDING MONEY IN EGYPT.

A villager lately found some money in the bank of the Nile by accident, but not by happy accident; for what is good fortune in the West, is a misfortune in the East, so reversed is the order of things in the latter. The villager was in a boat, with three others, and running their boat into the bank of the river, stove in an earthen jar buried in the soil and containing money. Three of the trovers took some; the fourth, being a cautious man, and having his doubts as to the consequences, did not. The circumstance, of course, came to the ears of the nearest governor, and the men were all put in prison. First, they were all bastinadoed for keeping the thing from him; and next, because they did not produce as much as the governor considered they must have taken. The poor fellows gave up all; but why should the governor believe they had given up all, or that one of them had taken none? A little more beating and a little more imprisonment had the desired effect of producing more money, the unlucky finders being glad to take some from their own stores at home, besides what they had taken from the accursed jar in the bank, to satisfy the hungry and cautious governor.—*G. T. Lowth's Egypt.*

A MORAL WELL POINTED.

Sophronins, a wise teacher, would not permit his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "you must think us very childish if you imagine we would be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it." She did so, and behold, her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress, too. We cannot be too careful in handling coals—even if they do not burn, they blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious.—*Hervey.*

Decision of Character.—Without it no man or woman is ever worth a button, nor ever can be. Without a man becomes at once a good-natured nobody; the poverty-stricken possessor of but one solitary principle—that of obliging everybody under the sun merely for the asking.

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM.

The good looking young man, whose portrait, engraved from a photograph, faces us on this page, is Prince Frederick William of Prussia, an object of some interest just at present, from the fact of his being affianced to the Princess Royal of England, to whom he is to be married about a twelvemonth hence. These princely marriages are rarely affairs of the heart, the bride and bridegroom being merely the figures moved by statesmen on the great chessboard of politics. Yet these alliances are sometimes not purely dictated by policy, but are also affairs of the heart. We believe that the union of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria was a love-match; that of Louis Napoleon and the Countess de Montijo certainly was, for it brought him no political strength. The engagement between their prince and the daughter of Queen Victoria is very favorably received by the Prussian courtiers and people. They see in it another tie to a country whose name is powerful no less for its strength than its integrity. They boast of the virtue, uprightness and honor of the prince who is now the suitor; they laud the princess royal, and heap compliment upon all who strove to bring about the union. With the Prussians, the idea of this alliance causes quite a rage; with Britons, such matters are treated in a different way. The fire of the German is lost in the cold calculations of the Englishman, who resolves most matters to a condition of pounds, shillings and pence; and so soon as the proposition is put forward that the royalty of England be further alloyed by the royalty of Prussia, argues that as Prince Albert brought nothing in with him, the princess royal should take nothing out with her. These notions may be very mundane and coarse, but upon these points we are not at present expatiating. It is sufficient for us here to state facts. Another order of the public look with anxiety to the future bearing of the union; they fear lest the low political morality of Prussia embroil the English in disturbances neither necessary nor advantageous. These, however, are counterpoised by those who believe that if the princess royal be united to Prince Frederick William, the sympathies of the two countries will be more congenial, and the reasons for a peaceful and unanimous policy more urgent. In short, the opinions of England are so evenly balanced that, as a whole, she will neither be sanguine nor sorrowful. But on this side of the water, the matter is regarded simply with curiosity; for, fortunately, the marriages and divorces of royal families do not concern us in the least. We sympathize with the joys and sorrows of crowned heads only as they are members of the same human family, rank being with us a matter of perfect indifference.



PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

WARWICK CASTLE, ENGLAND, FROM THE AVON.

We recently presented our readers with a view of this famous old castle as it appeared in the pomp and glory of feudal times, and we now sketch it in its present condition, with its towers rising above the wooded shores of the classic Avon. The point of view from which our sketch is taken is a favorite one with artists, as they have here a charming landscape with all the features arranged in perfect harmony. The history of the old pile is quite interesting. Warwick Castle stands on the northern bank of the river, some eight miles from Stratford. The era of its first erection is doubtful; and Dugdale, though he speaks but doubtfully, from the authority of Rous, ascribes it to a daughter of King Alfred, who, according to that monk, in the year 915 caused the dungeon to be made, which was a strong tower, raised on a high artificial mount of earth, near the river. "It appears," says the author of the "Memoirs of the House of Greville," "by Domesday Book, that the castle belonged to the crown in the time of King Edward the Confessor, as a special stronghold for the defence of the midland parts of the kingdom, and that Turkill was governor thereof for the king." Some remains of this ancient work were visible in Dugdale's time; the mount is still to be seen on the west side of the present castle. At the conquest, William employed Turkill de Warwick to enlarge and fortify it; for which purpose four (Rous says twenty-six) houses belonging to the monks of Coventry were destroyed; but on its completion, he entrusted it to the custody of Henry de Newburgh, his countryman, whom he created Earl of Warwick. George Plantagenet, created Earl of Warwick by his brother Edward the Fourth, resided here, and began to strengthen and beautify this castle, and proposed many magnificent improvements; but being prevented by his imprisonment and death, it came to his son Edward, during whose minority John Hugford was appointed constable; and in the second of Richard the Third, Humphrey Beaufo, his son-in-law, was joined with him in that charge. From this time it continued long in the possession of the crown; but Edward the Sixth, in the first year of his reign, advanced John Dudley to the earldom of Warwick, granting him this castle, with divers lands which had belonged to the former earls. All these, on his attainder escheated to the crown, were, by the favor of Queen Elizabeth, in the fourth year of her reign, granted, with the title, to Ambrose, his son; he dying without issue, it reverted to the crown, and there rested till the second year of James the First, when that king granted it in fee to Sir Fulk Greville, Knt., whom he afterwards created a baron. The castle then being in a very ruinous condition, the strongest part serving for the county gaol, Sir Fulk expended £20,000 in its reparation and embellishment. From him it descended to Francis, created Earl Brooke, of Warwick Castle, in the twentieth of George the Second, and Earl of Warwick on the 27th of November, 1759. In the civil war it was made a garrison for the parliament by Lord Brooke, and besieged by Lord Northampton in 1642, who surprised the artillery and ammunition bringing down from London for its defence. It was then commanded by Sir Edward Peito, who, though he had only one small piece of ordnance and a few muskets, defended it sixteen days, until it was relieved by Lord Brooke. The prisoners taken at Edge Hill were confined here. Robert, Lord Brooke, in the time of Charles the Second, much embellished the whole building, and particularly fitted up the state apartments. The rock on which this castle stands is forty feet higher than the Avon; but on the south side, it is even with the town. From the terrace there is a beautiful prospect. The rooms are adorned with many original paintings by Vandyke, and there is one apartment not inferior to any in the royal palaces. Across the river, near the Castle Bridge, is a stone-work dam, where the water falls over it as a cascade, under the castle walls. Warwick Castle, among many other objects of interest, contains a most magnificent marble bacchanalian vase, of astonishing dimensions, it being seven feet in diameter and twenty-one in circumference, which is encircled on the outside with fruit leaves and branches of the vine, the latter being entwined so as to form two massive handles with grotesque masks at the end of each; the whole being in exact proportion to the magnitude of the vase. This unique specimen of ancient sculpture was discovered in the baths of the Emperor Adrian, and presented by the Queen of Naples to Sir William Hamilton, the British ambassador at that court, by whom it was forwarded as a present to the late Earl of Warwick, who erected a splendid greenhouse for its reception. This fine old feudal castle is an object of interest to all travellers in England.



WARWICK CASTLE, ENGLAND, FROM THE RIVER AVON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD MILL WHEEL.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

There's music in the glen,
 Where the bright water tosses,
 As the rocky shelf it crosses,
 With a never-ending song
 That the echoing hills prolong,
And give back again and again.
 From the dam on the hill
 Pours the white wave at will,
But the old mill wheel stands still.

There's a rushing in the glen—
 A movement of life
 In the wild waters' strife,
 In the tossing of the trees
 In the arms of the breeze
That shakes them again and again;
 There's life and there's will,
 The deep gorge to fill,
But the old mill wheel stands still.

There's sunshine in the glen—
 It glitters on the branches,
 On the white wave as it launches
 Like an arrow from the bow,
 Or an avalanche of snow
Ever falling, falling, falling—but then
 Though the pleasant sunbeams fill
 The gorge beneath the hill,
Black and cold stands the wheel of the mill.

It stands a thing apart—
 A shadow in the brightness,
 A spectre in the lightness,
 Amidst the music dumb
 In the sunbeams black and numb;—
Like a sorrow-stricken heart,
 That no pulses ever thrill,
 That no joys of life can fill,
So the old mill-wheel stands still.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OUR ALLIE.

BY ELLA DAVIS.

There never was but *one* such child as Alice Leighton, and we who have known her from her babyhood, numbered among our everyday blessings of free air and sunshine and showers, always "our Allie." She was not a beautiful child, as artists count loveliness. No golden curls imprisoned the sunbeams, or brilliant lips tempted the stranger's kiss—"to common eyes a common child,"—to us a child-angel was our Allie, whose life was a new evangel. To have seen her, sitting in some hidden corner of a crowded room, one might carelessly have passed by the little drooping form, and dull, colorless cheek, unless, indeed, some chance word started her into life and interest; then the soul-lit glance of those large, earnest gray eyes, with their dark, heavy fringes, and the delicate tracery of the blue veins on that broad, calm brow, would defy forgetfulness.

No one at whom Allie ever looked with those mirror-like, truth-telling eyes of hers, ever did forget her. And it was thus Mark Lee, our minister's son, first saw her, when she was but a tiny child, and he a youth in the first flush of early manhood. It is true, he had often before, on his way to college at morning, passed a little pale child, carrying a store of books, and on Sunday recognized the same wan face, rendered more wax-like under the deep black of the mourning dress, in the farther corner of the Widow Leighton's pew; but it was at the children's gathering at his father's house, he first *saw* our Allie as she was. He was passing her low seat, when something he said, but a sentence carelessly uttered, waked an echo in the depth of her soul, and for a moment those heavy lids unveiled their treasures, and she met his glance. From that time Mark knew our Allie, or I should say he began to learn her; for all the strange contradiction of her wondrously blended nature, still attuned to its own perfect harmony, one could only learn gradually. Her shrinking sensitiveness to slight, of tone or look, and her modest, firm confidence of action when responsibility rested upon her; her childlike innocence and winsomeness that caressed its way to our hearts; and her marvellous womanliness, giving a quaint, odd propriety to her little old-fashioned ways, were only to be reconciled by those who knew and loved her. And they trembled as they studied her; for in the low tones of her sweet voice, the quick coming of the rosy blood to the pale cheek, and the tear that a word might call to the soft eyes, were "woman's tenderness—how soon her woe."

Allie had few playmates among the children, for though she was always gentle and kind with them, and loved to watch them in their sports, she rarely joined them. When they romped and shouted on the green, she chose her cool, shady seat under the old oak; where, in breathing the fragrant air and pleasant sunshine, listening dreamily to the melody of birds, the silvery rustling of leaves and the laughter of childish, merry voices, she traced the blended shadows of the wind-stirred leaves on the long grass with the sun-flecks peeping between, unconsciously daguerreotyping on her heart refreshing sights and sounds that memory in after days would give back to obscure the sterner realities of the present. If a garland were to be woven, a knot of daisies and buttercups to be tied, or a little hand or foot, wounded by a thorn, to be bound up, no one could do it half so well as Allie Leighton.

They all loved her, and were proud to be her friends, but when she bade them "good-by," and came slowly over the meadow toward home, they all seemed to think it better she should be alone, for they would say, as they saw her at the east window peeping out between the heavy honey-suckle clusters, "Allie is resting, she so soon gets tired."

Mark Lee wasn't a child though—so very often, after that memorable evening, he found his way to the Widow Leighton's cottage, and a pretty picture Allie and he made, as they bent together over the same book or slate, his well-developed, manly form contrasting finely with the fairy-like fragileness of her symmetry, and the calm mildness of his clear blue eye, with the eager, wondering restlessness of hers, for Allie often found her school-tasks wearisome enough, till Mark's careful, patient renderings and gentle teachings rolled some great stone of difficulty from her path. Then how lightly her low laugh rang out as her bright face met his look of earnest love so fully, so frankly; for it was but a child's gratitude that beamed from her eyes, a sister's love for a dear brother that looked out from their clear depths, so purely that angels might have smiled on it.

How often in her artless innocence, and how thankfully, Allie spoke of "dear Mark's kindness in devoting so many evenings to her, it must be so dull, so wearisome for him." Little knew she of the rich reward he reaped even while he sowed, as he took so often her tiny hand in his and lingered, teaching her school-tasks, and conning the while—all unconsciously—for himself a bitter life-lesson, with the small white fingers almost enveloped in his own. In the changeful light of her speaking eyes, the gleaming of her sunlit hair, the touch of her childish hand, the tones of her well-known voice, and the sound of her light footfall, were a soul-thrilling charm to him; her very presence was a fount of happiness, so quiet and calm that he could not but drink often of its thirst-creating waters. Little, indeed, dreamed she of the priceless treasure her *being* was to him.

Allie seldom now carried the store of books herself. It so happened that Mark was often near the gate when his little friend came out at morning, and the evening found him *always* making smooth the rough paths of learning for her. Very often on the weekly holiday Mark's carriage waited at the door till Allie, in her spotless sunbonnet and snowy dress—for white was a fancy of hers and they indulged her in it—appeared on the door-stone, her little basket swinging on her arm, already equipped for a day's journey.

With a laughing good-by, he lifted the small, light figure to its seat, and springing up beside it, they rolled away over the hill. Mark always knew where the ripest, sweetest berries grew, and when the lake was most thickly strewn with the Lotus lilies; may-hap, he knew too when Allie was most herself, and would chatter away unrestrained, telling all those childish fancies, to the ear alone that best loved to hear them, away in the strawberry meadow kneeling over the low vines, her little sunbonnet thrown back from her pure brow, shading to a darker hue her brown hair, her cheek flushed with the sun's kiss, and the excitement of pleasure, and her glorious eyes so fearlessly meeting his, for he had often seen her thus; or, gliding over the lake's still bosom, strewn with the broad green leaves, and starred by the snowy blossoms, their perfume rising like an incense about her, with those tiny hands outstretched, eagerly grasping for her treasures, meanwhile his loving, almost adoring glance, telling that to *him* she was the purest, loveliest flower of all. With what gentle force he clasped those outspread hands and folded them with a quiet "I'll get them, Allie—you must not endanger yourself, for I promised to give you back safely to your mother at evening."

The widow was always at the door listening for the sound of wheels, and looking anxiously over the brow of the hill for the first glimpse of her darling. Gratefully she clasped her as Mark lifted his little lady to her side, then returning for her basket, laden with its fragrant burden of bright berries and peerless blossoms, with an almost reverent kiss on the child's hand held out to receive them, he bade her good-night.

Pleasant seasons rolled by in quick succession; and many rides Mark gave his little friend when the summer days were long; through green lanes, by flowering hedges, by whispering streams, brightly gleaming in the golden sheen of sunlight, through the soft dim twilight of leafy old woods, and as often, when lanes were white with snow, crackling and sparkling beneath them, the woods were gemmed and crested by the frost king, and the little streams were silent at his icy touch. It were a difficult question to decide which was the happier then, the gleeful, careless child abandoning herself to the impulsive physical delights of her new-found pleasures, or the strong man, forgetting for the time the great world, alike its cares and joys, living only in the life of his little spirit-like companion—for surely none other than elfin were the changes that came over her in those pleasant days. Now a merry, laughing child, lightly tripping on before him, gaily flinging back flowers on the air; again a self-possessed tiny woman, uttering only strange, quaint thoughts and feelings, till he gazed on in very wonder at the fair young face beside him, so demurely upturned to his, almost expecting to see it visibly change into a similitude of the old, old thoughts beneath it.

Very glad and happy was the Widow Leighton to see them thus together, for she knew our Allie would shortly need some other guide and protector than herself. Care and suffering had made the language of her heart like one of old, "Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage;" and only for Allie's sake would she have had them lengthened. Therefore, as she noted, with the quick eye of a mother's love, the tender, cherishing, almost womanly care of the minister's son for her only one, she calmly and trustfully thanked the God of her widowhood that one so well fitted to guard and keep the sacred treasure had chosen to wear on his heart her life's one gentle blossom. And so peacefully, joyfully, one blessed summer morning she waked among the white-robed throng in the New Jerusalem. By the side of the mound where the forget-me-nots dotted the grass over the resting-place of the companion of her youth, they buried her.

Poor Allie, the sunlight seemed forever shut out from her spirit's sky, and her rare, sweet smile became rarer and sadder. Now it was that the deep, pure unselfishness of Mark's love became so beautifully apparent. The unobtrusive kindnesses which strewed her way were numberless; now it was a cluster of the rarest flowers from the rectory garden, a basket of choice fruit, or a book of gentle, soothing thoughts and heart-reaching truths, marked in diverse places by his familiar hand, till it seemed they must find their way to her heart's holiest of holies. As the first bitterness of her desolation wore away, she learned to look for *his* coming, to know *his* step on the gravel-walk from the host of kindly friends who daily came to her; to love to wander with him at sunset to the churchyard; and she did indeed repay Mark's noble devotion with earnest, heartfelt gratitude, that was *love* in all but its sacredly guarded secrecy—its shrinking timidity; for Allie's frank, loving greeting and warm clasp of the hand was only sisterly.

But changes came. Mark could linger no longer to gaze on her pale cheek and snowy, blue veined temple, at the vine-wreathed east window, as she bent daily over her mother's book—the best of all—conning its sacred pages, for Allie had left her native village for a distant city, where her mother's only brother had offered her a home.

She had just learned to look out upon the dusty streets and into the windows of her opposite neighbors, whose tall dwellings seemed longing to shut out even God's sunshine from her—just learned to banish from her rebellious memory the green hillside and broad meadows of her village home—when she recognized one evening among the hurrying throng on the pave, a familiar form and step. In a moment, "Dear Mark!" "Dearest Allie!" sealed her recognition. Mark, too, had come from the quiet woods and hills to make the crowded Babel his home. Allie had left him closely pursuing his studies; for the sacred calling of his fathers, for generations back, had been also the choice of his life. "To proclaim glad tidings of great joy" from the desk from which for nearly half a century his father had preached the everlasting gospel, had been the holy dream of his childhood—the longing aspiration of his boyhood—and strong in the glorious determination of his youth, he little thought that even here, in the very citadel, the tempter so soon would overthrow him.

But Allie went from him and with her the light of his soul. His love for her had strengthened with his strength, and even *he* knew not its power till he found that life itself was an insupportable desolation without her. He must see more of the world and men, he argued—his heart whispered the while that it was more of Allie. He wrote to a friend of his father's, one of the merchant princes of America, expressing a wish to come to the city. A place in the counting-house was offered him and he gladly accepted it.

Not daring to ask his father's blessing, he left the home of his childhood, and with it its calm content and joy. If his sin was great, so great was his temptation, and sad his expiation. To Allie, alone and a stranger as she was, Mark's familiar face became doubly dear; and he, making few other friends, resumed the evening comings as of old. Allie, no longer "little Allie," but a fair, graceful maiden, was wondrously changed since the evening of the children's party. The little frail form had expanded to the rounded beauty of early womanhood; the dull, pale languor of her cheek had given place to a fresh, clear whiteness, just tinged with the warm bright blood; and then those eyes, that grew in witchery with each year of her life, there was no fathoming their lustrous depths, unless, indeed, they chose to reflect for a moment the true heart that lived beneath them; the silken masses of brown hair, arching away from the calm, pure brow, and gracefully disposed around her small, exquisitely formed head; all these gave her a rare, high beauty even to a careless eye; how must, then, their charm have bound one who, like Mark, had watched daily their budding and slow ripening into perfection? Noiselessly, but surely, through the long years, the silken web had been woven that now so inextricably entangled the fibres of his life, and a victim most hopelessly and pitiably resigned he was.

Again he rendered himself indispensable to Allie. He brought to her the newest and the oldest books, and taught her when and where and how to read them. He unveiled before her enraptured gaze the fairy-builded worlds of painting and poetry. He bore her nightly to brilliant halls, where voices of heavenly melody held entranced strong man and peerless woman, while her heart-strings trembled and thrilled to the wondrous harmony; and in her gladness he was glad. To have seen Allie happy for an hour was a fount of happiness for days; and this perfect love it was that beamed in every feature of his, that trembled in his voice, and lingered in his touch, till all but Allie read aright that the worship of his life was offered at her shrine. To her its very unguardedness was its most effectual concealment; for Mark's ceaseless kindness and tireless devotion were as necessary to Allie, and as free as the air, and she partook of both with gratitude and gladness, unfettered by a thought of repayment. She had been an ailing child, and he a strong man, who in the fullness of his love and pity, had made for her the joy of her happiest hours—she a simple girl and he her loved and revered brother. Had she for one moment thought of him as otherwise, had she dreamed that one so noble, so glorious in goodness, could have loved and wooed "little Allie" for his wife, her heart would have answered all her unspoken questions. But happily, unconsciously, she lived and loved her *brother* Mark more and still more day by day.

As time wore on, Mark rapidly grew in favor with the men with whom he daily mingled, and so made many friends. Among these there was one whom he most frequently mentioned to Allie, as the truest, noblest man of all, often exclaiming, with the gener

ous enthusiasm which characterized him, "I'm sure, Allie, you would love him if you knew him;" while she smilingly replied, "Surely, Mark, if he is worthy of your confidence he would be of mine."

Poor Mark! little recked he of the fatal truth he uttered, for was not Allie his own treasure, a part of his soul's life? and must not she love what he loved always, and *as he loved*?

Running in hastily one pleasant evening, he exclaimed:

"Quick, Allie, get your bonnet. I've something new to show you, and I'm sure you want to see it."

"Never a moment to be wasted, with you, is there Mark?" said she, laughingly, as she left the room to obey him, and soon they mingled in the human current on the moonlit pave.

Hasting on to the crowded thoroughfare, where the gaily lighted windows eclipsed the moon's rays, they paused before the well-known entrance to the Gallery of Arts, where they passed so many happy hours. Once in the brilliant hall, Mark threaded his way till they stood opposite the celebrated group, "The Moral, the Physical and the Intellectual."

"Now, Allie," said he, "this painting is what we have come to see, and I must know what you think of it before I commit myself by an opinion. The impersonations are from your own sex—now as a woman, are either of them your ideal, and which one?"

"Mark, Mark! you bewilder me," said Allie. "Give me at least time to ascertain the subject of the picture, the artist's idea, and five minutes to think, before you compel me to answer."

As she turned from him, and stood silently and earnestly contemplating the painting, his eager eye was bent as earnestly on her. Passingly lovely indeed was the perfect flower that had blossomed from the pale bud of the widow's cottage. The snowy whiteness of her flowing dress as it fell in soft folds upon her graceful form, alone was the same. A mantle of blue silk fell carelessly from her shoulders, and her straw bonnet with its simple ribbon, shaded a brow more purely beautiful to him than the most heavenly of the trio her spirituelle eyes were gazing on.

At this moment a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a familiar voice saluted him with a whispered:

"Mark Lee, you are among closer observers than books and trees now, and should learn to carry your secrets in your *heart*, not in your *eyes*."

At the sound of Mark's name in a stranger's voice, Allie turned quickly round, and Mark, recovering himself in a moment, presented to her:

"My friend, Mr. Graham, Allie; his name, at least, is not unfamiliar to you. Mr. Graham, Miss Leighton."

With a faint blush, she returned, by a smile and a bow, the marked empressment of the stranger's salutation, and turned again to the picture. Frederick Graham had been spoken of so often by Mark that, unconsciously to herself, Allie had entertained a strong desire to meet him, and as he now appeared, few men could have made a more favorable impression upon her. He was tall and gracefully formed, with a well-carried head, adorned with heavy masses of hair, raven black, thrown from and contrasting finely with a brow singularly fair; dark "magnetic" eyes, and a fascinating smile disclosing treasures of teeth, faultlessly regular and white. These, with a manner of rare ease and elegance, and a soft, musical voice, made the charm of his presence complete to her. To a more practised observer than Allie, however, or one less true and single-hearted than Mark, the very perfection of the polish of his manners, and the careful modulation of his silvery voice, would have suggested a lack of what would have more than compensated for these external graces—an honest, manly heart.

"Well, Allie, said Mark, after a slightly awkward pause, "what conclusion have you come to?"

"I scarcely can tell," she replied, "what I really think of the picture, and if I could it would be mere presumption in me to express it, but since you have demanded an answer, I must hazard the admission that neither of the figures is perfect, to my taste; from the fact that the idea of the picture is entirely distasteful to me. I cannot, in my own mind, so entirely disconnect the one from the other as the artist has striven to do." Her color deepened as she hastily proceeded, for she felt that the stranger's eye was bent upon her with increasing interest; "and I fancy even he has not succeeded, for the face of the intellectual is not that of a De Medicis, and implies the moral—the moral, without either of the others, could be but a pure thought, a hymn, or a prayer—and the physical alone would be a beautiful idiot. So to me the picture could only be made lovely, or true to my ideal of my own sex, by reducing the trio to a unit, and blending the three in one."

"Will Miss Leighton allow me to thank her for her better expression of my own idea of the group? And were the artist present I might be able to suggest an impersonation from the company this evening, which should be the most perfect possible blending of his ideal attributes."

The tone in which this was said was not more marked than the strictest etiquette would allow, but a glance of his keen black eye applied it well; or, why did the bright blood so quickly crimson Allie's cheek and brow?

After a short exchange of opinions, they left the hall together, and the stranger bade them good evening. As his step died away behind them, they walked on in silence, until Mark hesitatingly said:

"Allie, Frederick Graham is anxious to know more of you; shall I give him the opportunity by accompanying him to your home, some evening?"

"Certainly, Mark," was the reply; "any friend of *yours* would be a welcome guest."

Were not these the first insincere words Allie had ever spoken to her childhood's friend? But by these the die was cast, and together they then entered the shadow of a great coming grief. A few evenings after brought the gentlemen together, and though at first Allie and Mark conversed almost exclusively together, some expression of her thought or opinion very often drew from the stranger that silent, expressive approbation which speaks so loudly to the heart, and more than once she met the gaze of those deep, dark eyes fixed steadily upon her.

After a short interval the visit was repeated, till it soon happened that Mark rarely came alone, and when he did, Allie and he were not as they had been; they talked only on indifferent subjects, and no longer soul to soul.

Time wore on; and a change came over both. Mark's face grew paler and Allie's brighter; a new light and life beamed from her glad eyes, while his grew mournfully sad day by day. It was only in his presence that a remorseful sorrow banished her joy as she remembered his numberless kindnesses from her childhood, his patient, faithful, unselfish love, that had showed itself only to brighten her life, and never to claim its own well-earned reward, and in unutterable humiliation she avoided the silent questionings of his heart-searching eyes.

Often when he had quietly left her after bringing some new token of his constant care for her, she flung herself upon her knees, and in an agony of regretful tears prayed God to comfort the one she had so surely stricken. As she remembered how he had striven to foster all nobleness and good in her—how he had taught her that love itself is only perfect as it approaches that of the Deity—seeking only to confer, never to receive happiness; as she recalled the look and tone with which he had said, "Perfect love sacrifices itself for the best happiness of its object," she bitterly repented her "perverse blindness and unwomanly cruelty," as she termed it, and rebuked herself for not loving, where every trait was so purely love-worthy, as if, poor child, her heart's affections were in her hand, to bestow where and upon whom she chose.

The reactions from these intervals of agony were Frederick's coming—now alone—and while listening to his low-breathed tones of manly wooing, or the deep, full richness of his voice in poetry or song, earth had not a care or sorrow for her; for the time, his presence was her *world*, a world of wild, dreamlike joy. As the months flew by, the strong love of her woman's heart, nay, the over-mastering passion that had bound her, overcame all else, and she blended her praises to the Giver of this fullness of her joy unutterable, with whispered prayers for the suffering brother of her heart whom she now so seldom saw.

With the unerring instinct of affection, Mark foresaw all this, and strove bravely to school himself to see Allie as another's, but the manly effort told on his haggard face; and one evening as Allie sat listening for other footsteps, he came quickly in, and clasping the small hand he had taken so often in happier days, said, in his own kindly tone:

"You love him, Allie, dear; I see it all now, blind fool that I was, to hope it would be otherwise. The prayer of my life is for your happiness. God's choice blessings rest upon you, darling; but remember, Allie, if sorrow ever should reach one so carefully guarded and so well loved, your best friend is always your brother Mark. Till I can increase, not cloud your joy, farewell!" And so before Allie could speak, he was gone, she knew not whither.

A letter from her old home, soon after, mentioned casually "Mark Lee has returned home, and resumed his studies. He is looking very pale. The close confinement of mercantile life made sad work with him, and we think it was well that it did so, for it was but a passing fancy of his, and he was never fitted for it. We hope to have him filling his father's place among us, for the good old man fails fast, and will soon be taking his last rest."

Gradually her remembrance of his grief died out in the light of her great happiness, and one glad day followed another as joyful, till her heart trembled from the excess of its own deep ecstacy. The dream was all too blissful to linger long, and even ere its rosy light had grown familiar to her, its first glow had faded, for Frederick came not as Mark had, *always* with the setting sun. It sometimes chanced that several evenings were heavily away without him; and though his plea of unavoidable engagements was always softly whispered, and sealed by a loving caress, a strange sadness stole into her heart with the sound of his voice. Once, a week came and went without him, nor line to tell when she might expect his coming. As she wearily counted the long days of suspense, she remembered Mark's faithful coming through wind and storm, never failing lest she should have an anxious thought, with a bitter pang, but with unshaken confidence in her heart's chosen one. When he came, even *his* keen eye fell before the confiding, truthful gaze that met his; and when he told her of his father's claim upon his time, she knew him as the son of an old and haughty house, and argued well from his filial reverence and devotion.

But even her holy confidence and patient blindness served not to avert the blow; and it fell with a crushing weight upon her, as stunned and bewildered, she read the letter which followed a long absence and silence. With the quiet nerve of despair she re-read the terrible words that seemed burned on her brain, yet conveyed no meaning to her aching heart. Slowly the light dawned upon her; she—Allie—was betrayed, basely deserted by the false craven who had won her love; forsaken, and with the flimsy fabrication that a haughty father had forbidden his union with a penniless orphan, and selected for him a richly portioned bride. Cursing the "adverse fortune that had separated him from one he loved so well, and hoping she might find one more worthy of her, and more blest in being able to win and wear her," he closed by subscribing himself "ever her friend and well wisher."

For a time, Allie bowed beneath the stroke, and gave way to the wild grief, the agonized tears that welled up from her quivering, bleeding heart; but soon, summoning her woman's pride to her aid, and forcing back the scalding tears, she calmly resumed her every-day duties.

The truth was this: he, a gay worldling—satisfied with the pleasures of earth, its brilliant trappings and gilded falsity—had met her, a simple wild flower, blooming by the wayside of life, and for the moment charmed by its fresh, pure loveliness and reviving fragrance, had stopped to pluck it, but ere it withered in his clasp, cast it lightly from him, for a rare exotic, forced into a gorgeous blossoming by the false light and air of the hot beds of fashion.

Nobly Allie strove with her heart-blighting sorrow, and but that her cheek was paler and her eye had lost its short-lived, wondrous brightness, a stranger would have known nothing of the struggle within; for when she had found her idol "clay," she ruthlessly tore it from its shrine. At times, in the solitude of her chamber, when the rush of agony flooded her soul, and she knew the bitter sting of wasted affection, the memory of other days and other love came over her, and the cry of her wrung heart was, "Mark, dear Mark!" Then she felt how sore had been the chastisement for lightly rejecting the gift of a heart so nobly true as his.

And he, in the peaceful quiet of his holy life, did he forget his loved one? Never for one moment, and his true heart bled more for her wound than for his own. When he heard of her paling cheek and failing strength, he resisted no longer the strong impulse of his deathless love, and as at evening he had left her, so at evening again he stood before her. With a cry half joy, half woe, she sprang to the sheltering arms outstretched to receive her; for her heart was yearning for the sure support of his strong cherishing love. And now, with the holy light of that love, the love he had long ago told her of, that joys to confer, not to receive blessings, irradiating his noble face, he gathered her to his heart and solemnly, tenderly said:

"Allie, my best beloved, my heart's idol, listen to me. Long ago I sinned for my love of you—in dust and ashes have I repented. You have suffered deeply, but without sin, and your stricken heart has not where to seek a shelter; orphaned and alone, be mine the glorious trust, henceforth, till death alone part us, ever to pillow your throbbing head in sorrow, and minister to your joy, and may He seal my life-long efforts by his all-hallowing blessing."

The response of her heart was an unuttered "amen;" for the low, solemn tone of Mark's voice, and the clear light of that moment, dissipated the mist of years, and she saw the past in its true light. The wild, fevered dream of her passion was over; her chastened spirit went gladly back to the faith of her childhood's trust; she humbly and reverently rested her head on the heart that had beaten always so true to the melody of her name.

Now again the long deserted cottage of the Widow Leighton re-echoes children's footsteps. A calm, matronly face looks out from the vine-covered east window, lovingly watching a dear, familiar form that is searching the grass for hearts-ease for another white-robed Allie, seated on the door-stone, or raising a monster kite for a little romping Mark. Here Alice Lee lives, happily as of old, in the cottage home of "Our Allie."

BRILLIANT TO THE LAST.

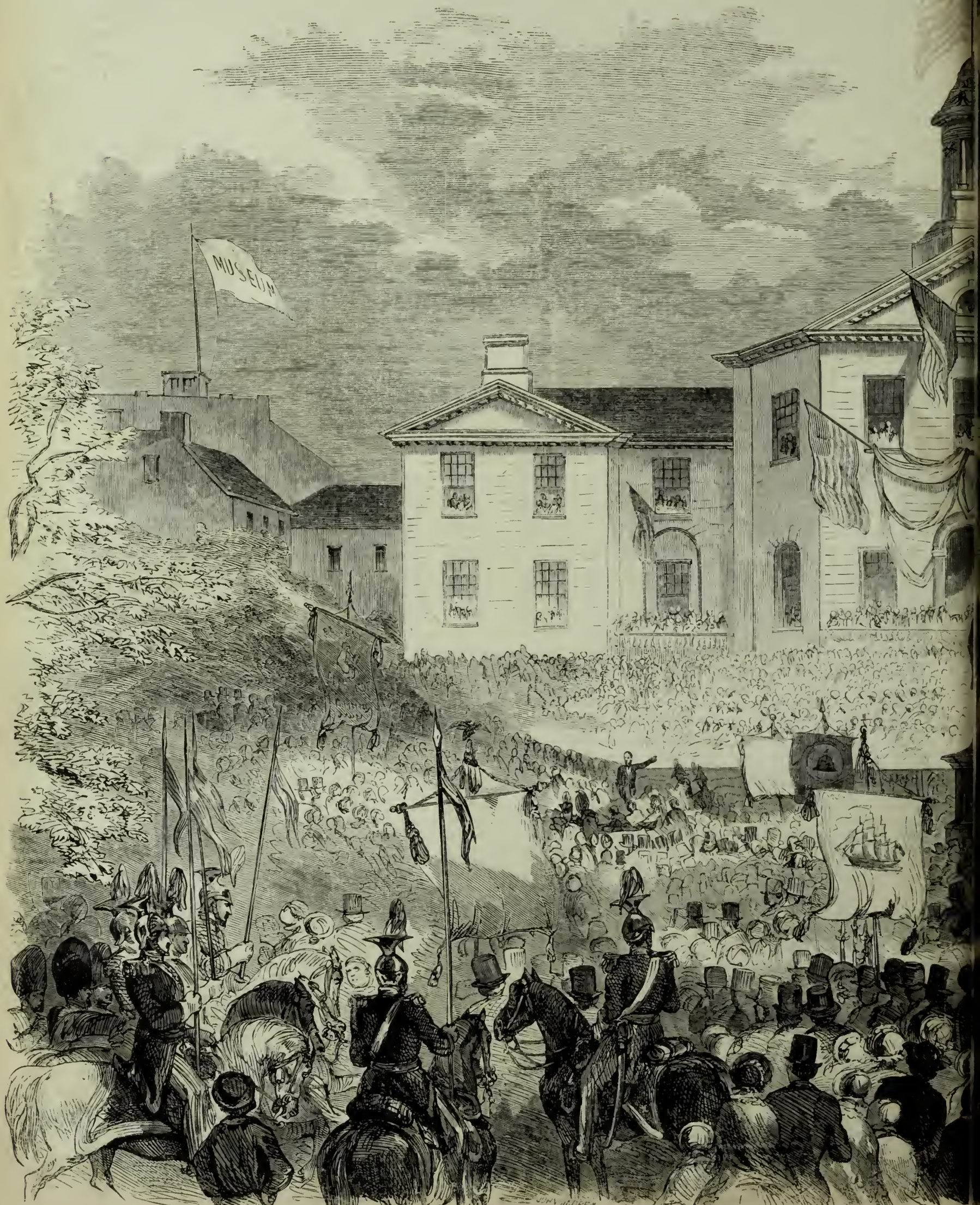
A gentleman writing from Paris, states that M. Place, the French banker who recently failed for the immense amount of sixteen million francs, gave, on the evening before the grand catastrophe, a splendid dinner, to which were invited all the celebrities of a certain grade upon the *Bourse*, together with an equal number of ladies. The feast was of the most *recherche* kind—the cost probably being not less than twenty five dollars a head; and the buoyant spirits of the liberal host were the theme of general admiration. When the enthusiasm was at its height, a magnificent dessert was placed upon the table, having in the centre a vase of silver gilt, which M. Place ordered the waiter to pass round to the ladies, as it contained a few nuts for their especial cracking. Every lady then plunged her hand within the vase, and drew forth whatever chance bestowed in the shape of some rare jewel, the cheapest of which could not have been worth less than sixty dollars, while some of them were of great price. After this delightful ceremony the generous host took his leave amid the reiterated applause of his guests. The next day his house was silent and deserted, and a defalcation of sixteen millions was announced before the Tribunal of Commerce.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

A USEFUL ANIMAL.

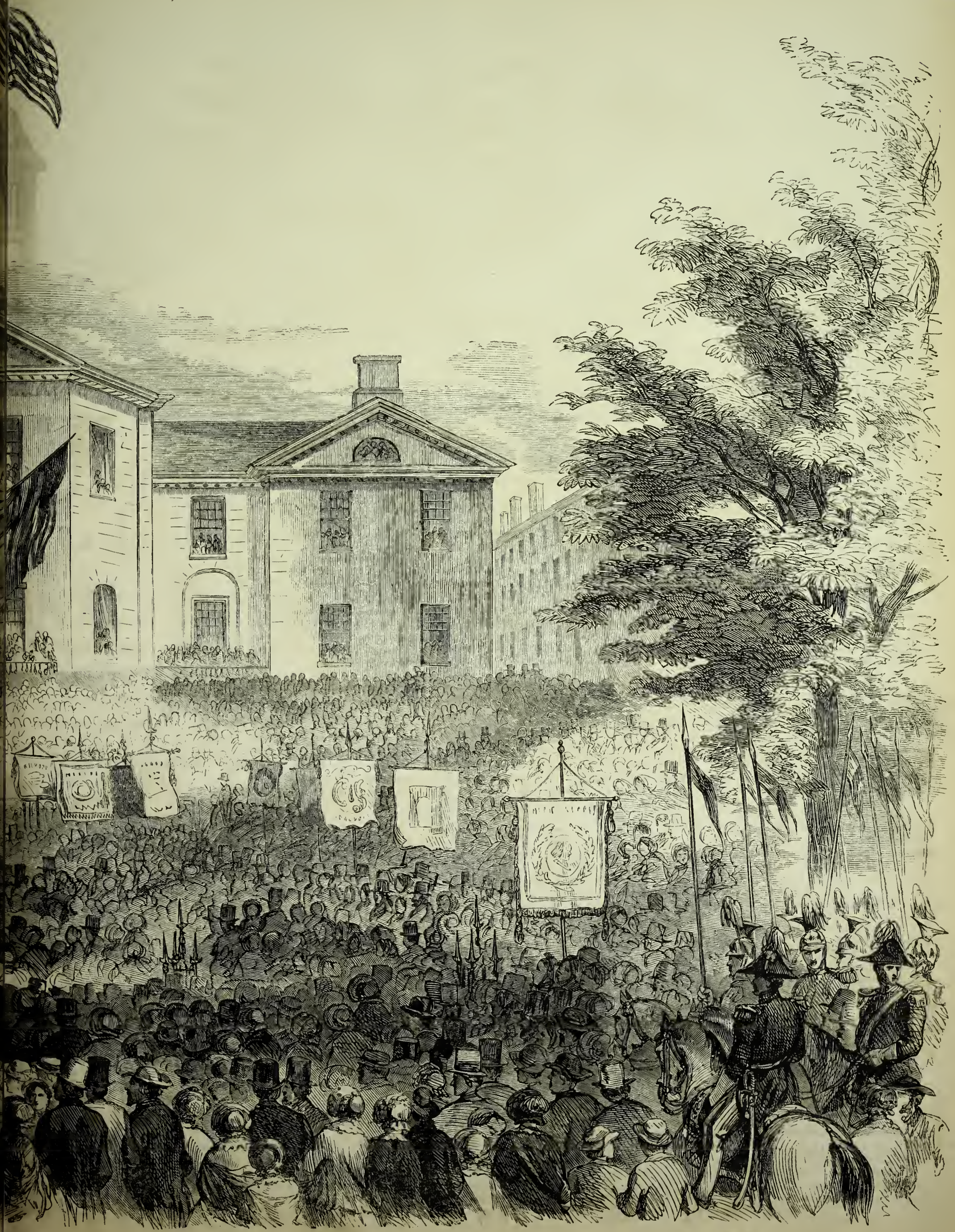
The success which has thus far attended the attempt to domesticate the camel in this country, is calling the attention to other useful animals, which may be profitably introduced. One of these animals is the Yak of Thibet—an animal which Buffon, with the enthusiasm of a naturalist, declared "is more precious than all the gold of the New World." This animal actually combines in a remarkable degree, the qualities of the horse, the ass, the cow and the sheep, since it bears heavy burdens, draws large loads, supplies milk, has flesh which is excellent, and hair which is wrought into warm clothes. The fact that the Yak is far from being a handsome animal, since it is short and shaggy, with an exaggerated horse's tail, need not hinder its being generally used, since it is as cheaply raised as the mule, bears the intensest cold with ease, and forms in every respect just the animal for poorer farmers.—*Portland Transcript.*

THE PASSION FLOWER.

This flower is thus named, on account of the points of coincidence between its various features and the chief circumstance of Christ's passion. The leaves are thought to resemble the spear that pierced Christ's side; the tendrils, the cords that bound his limbs, or the whip that scourged him; the petals, the apostles; the pillar in the centre, the cross or tree; the stamina with the anthers, the banner; the three styles, the nails: the triple crown upon the filaments, the thorny coronet; the radiance, Christ's glory; the white in the flower, emblematic of the purity required; the blue, the azure type of heaven. The flower continues three days open, and then disappears, typifying Christ's death and entombment.—*Flower Garden.*



INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF FRANK



RT SQUARE, BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 17, 1856.

[For description, see page 237.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FAITH AND PRAYER.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDRIDGE.

When dark clouds are gathering o'er us,
Let our hopes be fixed above;
When life seems all dark before us,
Let us seek our Father's love.
He's all pity and compassion,
We are prone to go astray,
He will still each rising passion,
He will be our guide and stay.

Can we doubt God's power to shield us,
Since the thorn-crowned Jesus died?
Since his blood was spilt to heal us,
Need we stronger proof beside?
There are joys too pure to perish,
They are won by faith and prayer;
Joys that Christians shrine and cherish,
When the heart is worn with care.

Come, ye sad, and tired, and weary,
Come, and taste the bread of life;
Friends may fail, and life seem dreary,
There's a balm for care and strife.
Seek for gems all pure and peerless,
Set in diamonds bound to shine;
Faith will never leave thee cheerless,
Prayer will soothe the downcast mind.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SNAKE-HUNTING.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"When the stars went out, and the night grew dim,
And the gray dawn peered from her misty hood,"

the hurricane, that for twenty hours had swept the ocean and the coast, was among the bygones, and a stark and sultry calm brooded over the waters. But the heavy swell still rolled in sullen, foaming masses over the reef, and the little schooner, with both anchors and ninety fathoms of cables ahead, plunged bows under with every succeeding wave. Immediately upon the subsiding of the gale the night before, all hands, overcome with fatigue and the violence of their exertions, had sought their hammocks, and in profound slumber buried the recollection of the dangers they had passed. With the first glimpse of morning, however, Captain Flukes lowered his ponderous body from his swinging bed, and with a roar, awakened the crew:

"Seven sleepers, ahoy! Turn out, turn out! You don't want to snooze all day, do you?"

"What in thunder is the good of heaving out so soon? I haven't had above thirteen winks since I turned in," growled Mr. Midships, the mate, sleepily rubbing his eyes, and yawning fearfully.

"Go to thy nunt, thou sluggard!" responded the captain. And fishing out from a locker a big demijohn and a tin cup, he administered a "moderate quencher" all round, as we turned out—a proceeding which materially accelerated our movements.

"When did you sound the pumps last, Chips?" asked Captain Flukes, as the carpenter tossed off his pannikin of "O, be joyful!"

"Not since yesterday morning," replied the wood-spoiler, holding out the dish for another go.

"Well, you'd better 'tend to it at once, for the old boat seems a trifle below her bearings; and by the plashing underneath, I wouldn't wonder if there was considerable water in her."

Chips, arming himself with a short iron rod attached to a long piece of spun yarn, disappeared up the companion way, while we lazily drew on our boots, and completed our toilet. A couple of minutes had not elapsed, however, before he rushed back to the booby hatch, and in a tone of voice expressive of no little excitement and alarm, exclaimed:

"By the powers of Moll Kelly, if there isn't four foot and a half of water in her hold, I'm a cherubim!"

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the skipper, turning out and swallowing three horns from the demijohn in rapid succession, so completely overcome with surprise as to be unconscious of what he was doing—perhaps.

"It can't be!" exclaimed the mate, following the captain's example, and briskly handling the demijohn.

"Impossible!" we all vociferated, following suit to the mate.

"Fact!" responded the carpenter, sliding down the companion ladder and imitating us.

"Come, boys," continued the skipper, leading the way on to the deck, "fist the breaks and give her a jig out; she must have strained 'mazingly last night to open her seams this way."

The double break was shipped, and with both pumps in operation we rattled away merrily to the tune of a lusty pump song, the name of which I have forgotten, if indeed it ever had a name at all. The first few lines I remember were something after this fashion:

"Gin-*ral* Taylor, so-o they say—
Heave ho-o, my lads, heave ho—
Made Sun-ta An-na run a-way,
All on the pla-a-ins of Mex-i-co."

But though our pumps were of large size, and kept several stout streams running from the scupper on both sides, yet after an hour's constant pumping, it was found upon again sounding the well, that we had not gained an inch—indeed, the depth of water in the hold had increased if anything. This unwelcome discovery sent the mate and carpenter into the hold by the run, to ascertain, if possible, where the trouble was; while the crew kept the pumps jigging, to prevent the water gaining on us.

"Well, did you diskiver any something?" asked the skipper, as Chips, after a short absence below, projected his countenance above the combings of the main hatch.

"That's just exactly what I did do," replied Chips; "the water comes in all along the garboard streak, from the forefoot chock to the waist, and can't be stopped nuther. In my 'pinion, there's a plank started, and she'll have to be hove out to come at it."

A careful examination by the captain in person, assisted by all hands, confirmed the carpenter's suspicion that a plank had started. There was nothing for it but to make a harbor at the earliest possible moment.

A protracted consultation resulted in a decision to run for the mouth of the Calabar River, a branch of the Niger, which finds its way to the sea at the southern and eastern extremity of the slave coast, where we could find a quiet harbor, in which to heave the schooner down and overhaul her bottom. The starboard anchor was at once hove up and catted, and the larboard bower hove short, in readiness to trip as soon as the sea subsided, or a breeze sprung up. But of this latter there seemed no present prospect; noon passed without bringing so much as a breath to stir the dog-vane, and the afternoon wore wearily away, as we continued our monotonous labor at the pumps, any interruption of their working causing the water to gain upon us rapidly. The heavy waves, however, no longer driven by the storm, gradually grew less and less, until they settled into a long, regular, unbroken swell, reflecting from their glassy surface the burning rays of an African sun with almost intolerable brilliancy and fervor.

Toward nightfall light cats'-paws began to ruffle the smooth water around us with indications of a coming breeze. Our loud and joyous shout of gratification at the pleasant and wished for sight, aroused the captain, who, having "striven mightily with the enemy" in the demijohn during the day, had found it convenient to stretch himself out under the henroop to recuperate. Rolling over, and recovering his perpendicular, he stuck his forefinger into his mouth, and having apparently with some little difficulty succeeded in moistening it, he held his hand aloft to ascertain which side dried first, as indicating the quarter from which the wind might be expected.

"Hurra, boys," he exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "drop your pumps and man the windlass; fair wind in about an instant and a quarter."

And almost as he spoke, the water began to ruffle and curl upon our starboard bow, and a cool, strong breeze swept down from the nor'ard and east'ard. Our windlass flew swiftly round to the tune of "Johnny Tameringo, John Tamaree," and the anchor, that had been atrip all the afternoon, was speedily hanging by the ring-stopper. The jib was run up, the schooner's head fell off, and under foretop and mainsail we dodged slowly along the coast—the bright moonlight enabling us to avoid the reefs that made out from the coast; and though the old craft rolled clumsily from the great body of water in the hold, we found ourselves at daybreak abreast the mouth of the Calabar River, when, rounding in the starboard head braces, and flattening the main sheet, we headed up stream nearly three miles between sedgy shores overgrown with mangroves, until we came to a bend in the river where the lofty banks, rising abruptly from the water, were covered by an innumerable variety of the tallest forest trees, from whose summits a trailing network of vines and gorgeous, many-colored flowers floated down till the pendant foliage was laved by the gently flowing current of the majestic stream.

Here was the place for us. A perfect natural dry dock, combining the advantages of a good harbor, plenty of timber, and magnificent scenery. Running so closely to the bank that we disturbed the soft mud at the bottom, our water and provisions were removed to the shore, the sails unbent and formed into tents beneath the trees; the schooner moored head and stern, and a purchase rigged from both mast-heads to the trunks of two gigantic trees, when clapping luff upon luff, we soon had the vessel down on her larboard beam ends, with her keel above water. An "autopsy" held upon her hull revealed the fact that the first two planks on the starboard side were thoroughly decayed, and must of necessity be replaced by new ones.

We were not in the least disheartened by this discovery, for there was no earthly reason why we should be in haste to quit so pleasant a locality. Our wages were going on, and the comfortable aphorism of "more days, more dollars," with which a sailor solaces himself in a calm or head wind, was a source of great consolation to us in our exhausting labors of nearly three hours per diem, one third of which time was generally consumed in making suggestions as to the best mode of proceeding with the work, and another third frittered away in going to and from the schooner to the shore to light our pipes and wet our whistles, by which time the sun would get above the trees, when of course it was too hot for a white man to think of doing anything beside hunting, fishing, sleeping or playing backgammon. Sunday being a day of rest throughout all Christendom, we were particularly careful not to interfere with the established order of things by doing any useful thing on that day. Moreover, two of our crew professed to have conscientious scruples about violating the Jewish Sabbath; so we piously refrained from labor on that day also, for there was no use of part of the gang working while others remained idle.

Blue Monday has always been a lazy day since a time to which the memory of man runneth not back, and it was really surprising how many holidays we discovered. If I remember rightly, Christmas, Saint Washington's day—as sailors call the birthday of the patriot—Thanksgiving, and the Fourth of July, all occurred within the space of three weeks, besides numerous other feast days and fast days which were never heard of before. It was no unusual thing upon turning out of a morning, for one of the men to remark, "This is saint such a one's day, and I'm blowed if I going to work;" and stretching himself on the grass, he would remain deaf to all arguments to the contrary, so there was no other course to pursue than to keep him company. It would occasionally happen however, that we were wholly at a loss for a saint upon whom to throw the responsibility of our idleness, as was the case once when visited by a deputation of the natives—masculine, feminine and neuter—with whom we spent the entire day in dancing beneath the trees. A lucky thought of the mate's, however, convinced us that it was undoubtedly a legal holiday, for, as he shrewdly remarked, the fact of our having all felt such an irresistible desire to dance for such a length of time, was of itself convincing proof that it was St. Vitus's day, and no other. There was no refuting such an argument, and we slept that night the sleep of men who have performed a good work.

The sight of our camp would have charmed a lover of the picturesque. With our sails stretched between the trunks of trees, large and commodious tents were formed, carpeted by the fresh short grass, and festooned with vines and flowers, while from the overhanging branches depended our cool hammocks. Every article of convenience, comfort and luxury that the schooner contained had been landed for our accommodation; and the place, moreover, had been dignified by a sounding title, which was formally adopted at the laying of the corner-stone, which last was a smooth pebble about the size of a man's hat, beneath which was deposited with great ceremony, a plug of tobacco, the schooner's name written on the back of a ten of diamonds, and an old pipe; when the name by which the spot was thenceforth known was announced to be "The great African Hurra's Nest."

We had not been located at the nest many days before being joined by a neighbor—an American sinver under Brazilian colors, that, having been chased by an English cruiser, fled for safety up the river and moored a mile or two above us. We had exchanged visits pretty often, so we were not at all surprised upon turning out one morning, to observe one of the sinver's boats making for our camp with all possible speed, while her crew appeared to be in a high state of excitement.

"Hulloa, Captain Flukes," shouted the person who acted as coxswain, when the boat came within hail, "have you got any powder and shot knocking about?"

"Lots on it," replied the skipper.

"Will you sell us half a dozen pounds or so?"

"No, I won't!" said Flukes. "'Taint mine, it belongs to the owners."

"O, confound your owners! Will you give us some?"

"Certain," responded Flukes, with alacrity. "Pitch a keg or two aboard that boat, boys. But I say," he continued, as the boat touched the bank, "what d'ye want of powder at this time of the morning? Anything turning sour up the river?"

"No, nothing of the kind," replied the sinver; "but we sighted a thumping big boa constrictor about a mile above here, and not an ounce of ammunition in the boat, or we should have probably brought him along with us."

"A boa constrictor!" exclaimed the captain, rubbing his hands with delight at the prospect of sport.

"A boa constrictor!" ejaculated the mate, seizing his rifle and slipping a charge into the barrel.

"A boy constructor!" muttered the carpenter, in a dubious tone. "What'n thunder's that?"

"Why, you notorious fool," replied the captain, "don't you know?"

"No, I don't," responded Chips, with a bewildered look; "leastways, I dunno whether I do or not."

"Why, it's an allfired great snake, as big over as the mainmast, and as long as the jib halyards; and is called constrictor, because it kills its prey by pinching on 'em—the poor creeters having to cave in to an 'outside pressure,' as the saying is."

"O, I see," replied Chips, with an air of relief, "a sort of a long shore sea serpent. You see I was never much of an astronomer among reptiles, and aint so familiar with snakes as some folks."

The invitation of the boat's crew to join them in the hunt was joyfully accepted; and having divided our party—the captain and half a dozen men armed with guns and clubs, which last is considered the best weapon in a close encounter—going by land, while the rest of us tumbled into the schooner's jolly and followed the sinver's boat. There was always plenty of natives hanging about the camp, and were willing to take any hard work off our hands for the mere sake of being with "white folks;" so taking three or four stout fellows on board with us, we kindly allowed them to pull the oars, while we "bossed the job."

The scenery upon either side of us, as we passed up the river, was perfectly enchanting, and well worthy an extended description. But as I have lately been reading Brantz Mayer's excellent book, in which he describes African scenery so many ten thousand times better than I possibly can, I fear if I made the attempt, I should be compelled to plagiarize a page or two; and as that sort of thing is not considered pretty—if, indeed, it is not absolutely naughty—the reader must take my word, that the view was decidedly and most bewilderingly bunkum.

The oars were dexterously handled by our sable allies, whose smooth, tight-fitting, black jackets—which, by the way, are all the go in Africa—glistened in the sun like the bottom of a japanned tea tray. A short pull brought us in the vicinity of the spot where the "snaik" had been seen. Upon one side, the bank rose precipitately, and was covered with gigantic trees, as at the "Hurra's Nest;" while upon the other side, the shore was flat and marshy, and overgrown with a dense thicket of canes, at least a dozen or fifteen feet in height.

The monster had not moved from the spot—and a most disgusting reptile he certainly looked, as he lay coiled in massive folds

upon the ground, his ponderous tail swinging gently to and fro among the grass. He was something more than forty feet in length, of proportionate thickness, and covered from head to tail with tawny spots, like a dirty leopard. I have observed that the mention of so many feet, in describing the dimensions of any object, conveys but a very indefinite idea of size to the generality of readers—and particularly is this the case with young ladies, to whom the word feet is suggestive only of their own little trotters, which, as Punch justly remarks, are always encased in shoes at least a mile too big.

Let me endeavor, then, by a familiar illustration, to assist you to form an adequate conception of the magnitude of a boa constrictor. Just imagine, my dear young lady, that if the reptile's tail was made fast to the eaves of that magnificent four story brick house, with green steps and marble blinds, in which you will undoubtedly reside after your marriage, which must speedily occur, if the men have any taste at all, its head would reach to the sidewalk, and rest upon the very spot where your husband's footman will stand as he assists you in and out of your thousand dollar carriage; while its body—not your husband's, nor the footman's, but the snake's—would be fully as big round as that fat Mr. Smith, who lives just round the corner, and whose daughters, although such nice girls, wear such terribly dowdy dresses.

I think I see you now, my fascinating young friends, as your mind takes in and comprehends the immensity of the monster, and you raise your little hands, with an air of pretty wonderment, and exclaim, "O, my, isn't it dretful?" while your younger sister, who is thinking of the carriage and footman, and husband and things, merely casts a little glance at the mirror, and modestly replies, "Te he."

Having sighted the reptile, we laid on our oars, awaiting the shore party, who had not progressed so rapidly as ourselves.

"So that's what ye call a boy constructor, is it?" asked Chips, gazing with an air of intense disgust at the many hundred weight of snake that lay coiled upon the bank. "Well, he looks old enough to have been the identical old serpunt that supplied Mrs. Adam with apples a while ago. I wonder how the critters travelled afore they were condemned to crawl on their belly, as we read about?"

The appearance of the captain's party on the bank abreast of where we were laying, deprived us of the opinion of the boat's crew upon the interesting question, and drawing in to the shore, a council of war was held upon the best method of commencing the attack. All being arranged, the boat was again pulled into the centre of the stream to cut off retreat in that direction, while the others advanced towards the scene of action from different directions, so as to bring the enemy in the centre of a half circle of about an acre in extent.

The snake, as I have said, was coiled upon the bank, the voluminous folds overlaying each other in such a manner as entirely to conceal its head. To produce a change of position, without sufficiently alarming the reptile to induce him to attempt a retreat or show fight, was decidedly essential to our success. A simultaneous shout resulted only in a slightly increased motion of the tail; but at length a small stone skilfully thrown into the centre of the coil, produced the desired effect. The enormous pointed head of the animal was at once reared some twelve or fifteen feet into the air, its mouth wide open, its forked tongue darting in and out like lightning, while its basilisk eyes glared upon its assailants with no very loving expression, and a loud and horrible hiss betokened its irritation at being thus unceremoniously disturbed.

"Hissing, aint ye? Want to make us ashamed of ourselves, don't ye?" said Captain Flukes, bringing his gun to his shoulder, and taking deliberate aim. "Take that, my long acquaintance;" and pulling the trigger, a charge of duck shot was lodged directly in the reptile's open mouth. Our worthy commander being somewhat unfamiliar with this description of game, and not aware of their tenacity of life, supposed that his well aimed shot must have been a settler; and clubbing his musket, he rushed through the smoke of the discharge, which prevented his having a view of his antagonist, eager to give the finishing stroke, and secure the honor of capturing the reptile with his single arm. The scattering charge of shot, however, had no other effect than to rouse his formidable opponent into a furious rage. Darting its head some ten feet further into the air, and bringing its jaws together with a flap, it seized upon a large limb overhead, and began rapidly drawing up its body.

The captain, brave as brass, in his ignorance of the danger, rushed boldly on to the encounter, heedless of the warning cries of our African allies, until coming within reach, the serpent with a flourish of its tail brought him a tremendous crack on top of the white beaver hat he wore, "sacking" it as effectually as it could have been done by a practised Bowery boy, the rim resting upon his shoulders on either side; while at the same instant a mass of the trailing vine becoming detached by the contortions of the snake, fell over and completely enveloped him in its folds, which he very naturally took for the serpent itself.

"Fire, murder, rape and robbery!" roared the extinguished captain, his voice muffled by the hat which he vainly struggled to raise above his chin, to which it pertinaciously clung. "Take this tarnal snake off on me, somebody, wont ye? O, Lord! O, dear! Shoot him some on ye, can't ye?" he yelled, in an agony of spirit, rushing wildly hither and thither, dragging the vine along with him—his ponderous body and frightened cries reminding one strongly of the fat knight at Gadsbill—until with uncertain steps, in his benighted condition, he approached the brink of the bank, over which he tumbled, freeing himself from the vine, his head and body disappearing beneath the soft mud of the bottom, his stout legs executing the most extraordinary evolutions above the surface of the mud and water in which he stuck fast.

Our first duty was of course to extricate our unfortunate companion from his uncomfortable predicament, even at the risk of losing our game—one fat captain being, to our thinking, of more value than many serpents. A dozen strong hands at once grasped the captain's agitated continuations and gave a jerk. It was unsuccessful; another—the clinging mud and clay held him fast. At last with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, as Byron said, the devoted commander came out of the tenacious soil with a bung, and was laid in the stern sheets of the boat. In obedience to his energetic pantomimic directions, and muffled spluttering, his hat was jerked from his head with no little difficulty, the crown being torn from the rim in the operation, leaving the latter hanging about his neck, not unlike the monstrous collar we see about the neck of Governor Winthrop, in the pictured representation of that ancient worthy.

"O, dear me, suz a day!" gasped the half-smothered victim, wiping his pallid, muddy countenance. "What a scare I've had! Mercy sakes alive! I wouldn't hev been so frightened for all the snakes south of the Arctic circle. It's a wonder I didn't bust a vessil! Where has the consarned old likeness of the adversary got himself to now, any way?"

"Look sharp there, boys; he's going to cross the river," shouted the shore party, who had been worrying the enemy, and succeeded in putting two or three shots into him.

Leaving the captain to his reflections and his mud, we shot the boat quickly up stream to intercept the retreating animal, who, with elevated head, and mouth wide open and bloody, was swimming with many convulsions of his long carcass across the stream. A few strokes of the oar brought us directly in his path; but he still continued to advance, raising his head and neck more and more from the water as he approached, with the apparent design of throwing himself on to, and passing over the boat. But the mate had prepared a slight surprise for him, which materially altered his plan of the campaign. Seizing his rifle, Mr. Midships sprang upon the thwarts, and thrusting the muzzle of the gun almost into the serpent's open throat, he fired. Simultaneously with the report, the snake settled in the water and disappeared below the surface.

"There now, he's gone, and we shall lose his hide," was the exclamation of disappointment that broke from all, while the mate, looking rather sheepish at the unexpected result, silently reloaded his rifle.

"No, he haint *gone*, neither; he's only going," suddenly exclaimed the captain, with animation, pointing to the opposite side of the river.

Turning our eye in the direction indicated, we had the satisfaction of perceiving our elongated enemy slowly emerge from the water, and take refuge among the canes and reeds of the opposite shore, crashing the slender vegetation beneath his weight, and opening a broad path by which he could be tracked.

All hands were speedily ferried across the stream, and preparations made for a decisive battle. In single file, with loaded guns and drawn knives, we entered the soft and spongy trail, the mate taking the lead, with one of the negroes as a special aid. We had penetrated perhaps a couple of hundred yards, when we came suddenly upon him. The mate raised his rifle to his shoulder, and was about to fire, when he was checked by his native aid, who gave him to understand that such a proceeding would be attended with much danger in such a confined locality, where escape would be so difficult; and further intimating that if permission was given him, he would alone capture the snake without any difficulty or danger.

The desired permission was accorded, and club in hand he quitted the direct trail, making a considerable circuit among the canes, succeeded in getting close on to the animal, whose attention was occupied in watching us. Swinging his club high in the air, he brought it down with tremendous force upon the reptile's head, with a sound such as might be produced by striking two old fashioned leather fire buckets violently together. The first blow completely stunned him, and two or three repetitions of the same caused him to stretch himself out at full length and give up his snaky ghost.

With a rope around his neck, he was speedily triced up to the limb of a tree, and his "peel" taken off, which, amid great rejoicing, and more bragging, was conveyed to the camp at "Hurra's Nest," where for several days it remained an object of universal admiration. But sad to relate, under the influence of an African sun it soon began to emit a peculiar and not very agreeable odor, which disgusted us with the trophy. So taking it to the water's edge, we inflated the skin to its utmost extent, tied a string tightly around the throat to prevent the escape of air, and set it adrift on the wide ocean, a strong east wind taking it rapidly seaward, the motion of the waves communicating to it an excessively lifelike appearance; and it is by no means improbable that being seen by some imaginative ship's crew, it was reported as the veritable old sea serpent himself.

AN OWL'S RETALIATION.

Some time since one of my servants brought me an owl which he had captured. It was a fine, vigorous bird. I placed it on a side-table, where it sat with the solemnity of the judge; but a cat, that happened to be in the room, eyed his lordship with no sort of reverence, and watching her opportunity, when she thought he was wrapped in his intensest day-dream, she sprang on the table, and seizing the breast of the dignified bird, was about to devour him. But with surprising activity he instantly liberated himself from the claws of his antagonist, and rising into the air a few feet, darted down rapidly on the back of the astonished cat, who ran round the room in agony, with her assailant riding triumphantly upon her back, and pinching her severely with claws and beak.—*Andrew Crosse, in the Field.*

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here.—*Young.*

THE LAST HOURS OF WASHINGTON.

He died as he lived, and what a beautiful economy there was in his death! Not a faculty was impaired, not an error had marred the moral of his life. At sixty-six, not quite threescore and ten, he was taken away, whilst his example was perfect. He took cold, slighted the symptoms, saying, "let it go as it came." In the morning of the 14th December, 1799, he felt severe illness; called in his overseer, Mr. Rawlings, to bleed him. He was agitated, and Washington said to him, "don't be afraid." When about to tie up his arm, he said with difficulty, "more." After all efforts had failed, he designated the paper he meant for his will, then turned to Tobias Lear and said, "I find I am going; my breath cannot continue long. I believed from the first it would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my military letters and papers; arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlings finish recording my other letters which he has begun."

Between five and six o'clock he said to his physician, Dr. Craik, "I feel myself going; you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly; I cannot last long." Shortly after, again he said, "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed from my first attack I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long." About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to Mr. Lear, and at last said, "I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead." Lear says, "I bowed assent. He looked at me again and said, 'Do you understand me?' I replied 'yes, sir.' ''Tis well,' said he." And these were his last words. Just before he expired he felt his own pulse; his hand fell from his wrist, and George Washington was no more.—*Portfolio.*

IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.

This famous crown, now preserved in one of the chapels of Monza Cathedral, near that city, has adorned the brows of forty-five sovereigns. One who has recently seen it says: "On entering the cathedral I found the crown chapel decorated with crimson hangings, the candles lighted, and incense burning. A scaffolding had also been erected before the altar, for the convenience of the priest who was to take the crown from its resting-place, at the back of the bronze altar-piece. He soon arrived with five huge keys hanging at his girdle, with which he proceeded to turn as many locks. Finally, after throwing open two or three doors, drawing back a silk curtain amid a great waving of incense and constant genuflections, I saw the Iron Crown in its case of crystal, supported in the hands of two bronze cherubim. At my request, the priest took it from its resting-place, and I had leisure to examine it carefully. I found it to consist of six links of pure gold, perhaps two inches or more in width, and very thin. In fact, it resembled very much a highly ornamented dog-collar. Its outer surface was beautifully enamelled with green leaves on a white ground. It was also set at regular intervals with emeralds, garnets, and sapphires. Running round the inner circumference, and riveted to the gold links, is the iron band which gives the crown its name. Tradition declares it to be one of the nails employed in our Saviour's crucifixion, hammered out into a thin fillet. Indeed, the Italians call the crown *Il Sacro Chiodo*, or the holy nail. To the sanctity of this bit of iron is due all the decoration and ceremony I have alluded to.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

AN INCIDENT IN THE WAR.

A few Sundays since, says the Cork (Ireland) Examiner, a young and interesting country girl, plainly but neatly dressed, was standing among a group of anxious and agitated people, on the steam-packet quay, evidently awaiting the arrival of the London boat, which, it was expected, would bring home a portion of the troops returning from the Crimea. As the boat approached the quay, the young woman of whom we speak recognized him for whom she evidently was anxiously and impatiently waiting, and in a few minutes was recognized in return. Kind and friendly greetings passed between them; the young woman waved a cordial and heart-felt welcome, and her husband acknowledged her salutations. When the ship touched the quay she rushed on board, and, eagerly making her way to the place where he stood, she reached out her hand to bid him welcome again to home and friends, when the poor fellow faltered for a moment, unable to repress his emotion, turned away from her and burst into tears; both arms had been shot away! The poor woman hid her face in her handkerchief, and retired to the side of the ship, where she could indulge her grief without observation, and many of the spectators who happened to witness the scene were almost as deeply affected for the moment.

When an uninstructed multitude attempts to see with its eyes, it is exceedingly apt to be deceived. When, however, it forms its judgment, as it usually does, on the institutions of its great and warm heart, the conclusions thus attained are often so profound and so unerring as to possess the character of truths supernaturally revealed.—*Hawthorne.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY. By JOHN WM. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D. Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 8vo. pp. 649.

An admirable treatise on Physiology, delineating the conditions and course of the life of man. The subject is treated after the manner known as Natural Philosophy. The author is a man profoundly read in science, and possessed of a well balanced and original mind. The text, which is clearly and forcibly written, is illustrated by three hundred engravings in wood, in the very highest style of art. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE OLD REGIME AND THE REVOLUTION. By ALEX. DE TOCQUEVILLE, of the French Academy. Translated by John Bonner. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 344.

The author of "Democracy in America" has here presented us with his views of the men and the principles of the time just preceding the great French revolution. Its particular object is to explain why the revolution, which was impending over every European country, burst forth in France rather than elsewhere; why it issued spontaneously from society, and how the old monarchy fell so rapidly and completely. For sale by Redding & Co.

MODERN GREECE. By HENRY M. BAIRD, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo.

This very agreeable and useful book contains a narrative of a residence and extensive travels in Greece, with remarks on its antiquities, literature, language, politics and religion, with sixty excellent engravings, illustrative of scenery and architectural remains. For sale by Redding & Co.

MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 323.

Lamartine, like Goldsmith, adorns everything he touches. He is as brilliant a painter of history and character as Macaulay, and just about as reliable. In these biographical sketches his peculiar style is seen to advantage. His subjects are—William Tell, Madame de Sevigne, Milton, Antar and Bossuet.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson, the publishor, we have received "Lillie Bell," "Cheerful Voices" and "Ida Vane," songs; and the "Minnie Scottisch."

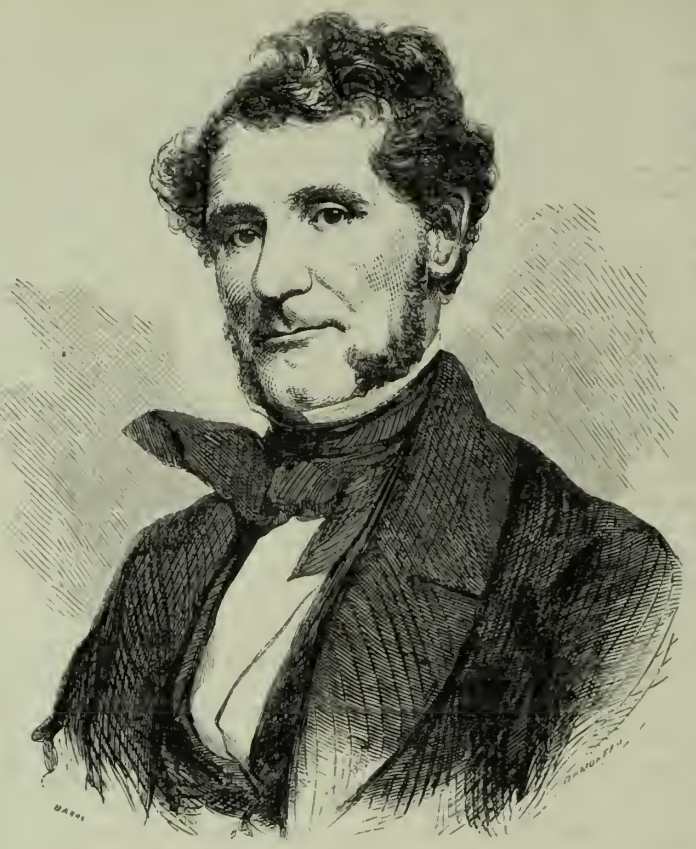
THREE PER CENT. A MONTH: or, *The Perils of Fast Living*. By CHARLES BURDETT. New York: Derby & Jackson 1856. 12mo. pp. 395.

A very clever story, written with great spirit, and showing up the folly of that extravagance, which is one of the besetting sins of the day. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

HENRY WILLARD, ESQ.,

LESSEE AND MANAGER OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry, from a fine photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city, and is a striking likeness of the energetic and enterprising manager of our National Theatre. Mr. Willard is a son of the late Dr. Moses Willard of Harvard, Mass., a gentleman of great respectability, and a patriot of the Revolutionary War. The subject of our sketch was destined for mercantile life, and at an early age was placed in a counting-house, in which he rose from a sweeping-boy to confidential clerk, in which capacity he served long and faithfully, and a brilliant future apparently opened before him. A disastrous revolution in mercantile affairs, however, brought on the failure of the house to which he was attached, and diverted his energies into another channel. In 1828 he became associated with the late J. J. Adams as theatrical manager and lessee, Mr. Adams then having charge of the southern theatres. In 1828 and 1829 Mr. Willard introduced for the first time to the Charleston, S. C. public, Miss Kelly, Clara Fisher, Mrs. Barnes, Booth, Cooper, Hamblin, Conway, and other theatrical stars of magnitude. In 1830 he was the lessee of the Richmond Theatre, and James H. Caldwell, while playing a star engagement with him, was so much pleased with his energy and tact, that he induced him to accept the situation of prompter at the St Charles, New Orleans (Caldwell's theatre), and also engaged the whole of Mr. Willard's company, who were accordingly transferred to the stage of the crescent city. There was a boy attached to the Richmond company whom Mr. Willard advised to return to his home in New York because he exhibited no talent for the stage. The advice was adopted, and the individual, now grown to man's estate, has reason to be grateful to Mr. Willard, for he is now mayor of the city of New York. Mr. Willard remained one season at Caldwell's Theatre, and then, removing to New York, was engaged as prompter to the Richmond-Hill Theatre, then building for Mr. Richard Russell. In 1833 Mr. Hamblin sent for him and gave him the entire control of the treasury of the Bowery Theatre. He remained at the Bowery until 1836, when he leased the then Opera House in New York, and fitted it up in splendid style, making it the best house in the city. At this time he brought out in the ship Europe, James Wallack, Jr., William Mitchell and wife, Charles Howard and Bengough, the great scenic artist. The theatre opened in August, and for the first twenty-six weeks the receipts amounted to $96,000—the largest amount of money taken by any theatre in this country during the same period of time. The property being sold by the stockholders to Messrs. Mauran and Hackett, was leased by them the following season to James Wallack, Esq. Mr. Willard's next step was building the elegant little theatre in Broadway, called the Olympic, where William Mitchell made a fortune and the projector lost one. His next ambition was to build the Chatham Theatre, now the National, which he sold out to Charles R. Thorne. After the lapse of a few years he leased the Howard Athenæum, in this city, and managed it for two years. He then took the Metropolitan, New York, at its enormous rent. Being one week in arrears, the house was taken possession of by Mr. Lafarge, the legality of which proceeding is now pending before a bench of judges on law points. During the present year Mr. Willard leased the National Theatre in this city, which he opened on the second Monday in September with a fine company, under the stage management of Mr. Henry Wallack. The *corps dramatique* embraces a variety of talent, adequate to the representation of the whole range of the drama, tragedy, comedy, spectacle, melodrama, operetta and farce. In the ballet department the celebrated Madame Ciocca, "la Ciocca delle belle gambe," is engaged for the season. The house has been re-modelled, re-painted and brilliantly decorated throughout. An agreeable feature is the removal of the parquette and substitution of an old-fashioned pit, capable of comfortably seating a very large number of persons. The energy, large experience, tact, liberality and business qualities of Mr. Willard lead us to anticipate with confidence a most prosperous career for his beautiful establishment.



HENRY WILLARD.

THE PENNY POSTMAN.

The accompanying picture is unmistakably English in the atmosphere, the buildings and the people. The central figure, the penny postman, has arrived at the dignity of a pony, more fortunate than most of his brethren who perform their rounds on foot. The milkmaid pauses to glance at him curiously as he sits in his saddle, taking forth a letter for the good dame who has come out from the moss-grown cottage, at the door of which her husband shows himself resting on the shoulder of a grandchild. In his left hand the Mercury of the post-office holds the horn whose notes give token of his approach. There is no one better known in his district than the village postman. "A stranger to those parts" knows him as they pass each other on the road to be a man of important charge, although his coat be of fustian and his leggings of leather, cut in the most yokel fashion. His gaudier fellows of the cities do their spiriting unnoticed and unknown to any one but the lacqueys and servant-maids who open the door, and wish them now and then at the centre of gravity. Not so the village postman. Every one has a cheery "good day" for him and he has for every one. He is as well known and welcomed at the hall as he is at the cottage, and the mug of home-brewed is never denied to the postman. It is quite as well to be on good terms with him, for no one knows more of what is going on in the village than he does. Do you think if pretty Miss Fanny at the manor house receives six days a week a letter directed in a bold, manly hand, the envelope not "adhesive," but properly sealed with a mild-looking griffin as a crest, that he is not aware she has a lover? To be sure she has, or why does she sit every morning in the old bay-window which commands the path leading from the high-road; and, though affecting to be embroidering a pair of slippers for nobody knows who, never takes a stitch but her pretty hazel eyes look for the advent of the postman? Or, if poor Susan stands at the cottage door each morning as he passes, and still looks after him with glistening eyes if he has shaken his head in token of having no letter for her, or, what is better, if she has run down to the garden gate, with her face one smile, to receive a packet on which her name is rudely scrawled, and sealed with a patch of wax as large as half a crown, impressed with a pair of scissors open to indicate "We part to meet again," do you think he does not know that Tom Brown, who was apprenticed to Jackson, the village butcher, is still faithful to his early love, despite the smart caps and pretty faces of the London servants? Or if Mr. Pauperton, the genteel nobody who came to settle in the village last autumn, has many letters with only gum or wafers to fasten them, and the superscription engrossed to look as severe as possible, do you think that he does not know that Mr. Pauperton is in the toils of the lawyers and will very soon be devoured? During the past two years of war the English postman's task was not always a pleasant one. How many hearts beat quicker when he came! How many paused in their throbbing when he passed by! The well-known hand brought joy before the writer's words were heard or read. The strange, unknown character on the long-expected letter told the story within that all was over, and dreadful war had slain the loved one. The postman's commission often made him the bearer of tidings that threw the pall of grief over the hearthstone.



THE VILLAGE POSTMAN.—AN ENGLISH SCENE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

HEROISM OF PRIVATE LIFE.

The terrible catastrophe at Last Island, Louisiana, will long be remembered. In this tragedy there were many dramatic episodes in which individual courage shone with peculiar brightness. Delicate ladies, amidst all the horrors of the tempest, displayed the utmost fortitude and presence of mind. Mrs. Cropper, of Iberville Parish, is one of the heroines of this modern deluge. She remained with her children in the kitchen when the main part of her house had been swept away. A skiff passing, she made use of it to gain a point where the water seemed shallower. Abandoning the frail boat, which the waves would have soon swept into the gulf, she told her children and servants to join hands and form a solid barrier against the current. She had previously made them take off their shoes that they might have a firmer foothold on the sand. They faced the point of the horizon whence the wind blew. Whenever a wave rolled towards them, they stooped forward at a signal from Mrs. Cropper, and the wave swept over their heads, without their losing an inch of ground. They passed the entire night in this dreadful position, beaten by the tempest, constantly swept by the waves, and seeing nothing around them but a furious sea. In the morning, they were all safely taken on board the "Star." Mrs. Troffier, of Bayou Goula, floating with her mother and brother on some boards, had an infant in her arms. In a few hours it gave no signs of life; but Mrs. Troffier persisted in clinging to it, at the risk of being swept into the gulf, and to administer from time to time some drops of nourishment. They were all saved, after passing the night in the water, and the child lived. What a thrilling example of maternal tenderness and courage!

KOSSUTH.—The great Hungarian is living with his family in Vethor, Isle of Wight. It is said that he is regarded in England as a "mercenary political charlatan who played a bold game for riches and won the stake." We do not believe it. We believe him to be a sincere enthusiast, injudicious, perhaps, at times, but a true lover of liberty and of his country. We cannot afford to place him among our fallen idols.

A BRILLIANT SCENE.—The New York Academy of Music on an opera night presents one of the most dazzling scenes that the eye can rest on. There are ladies there who wear quarts of diamonds, but they don't look like quartz.

DIGNIFIED MAGISTRATE.—An English sheriff lately sang "Villikins and his Dinah" at a county dinner, and was encored. Fancy our mayor, Mr. Rice, executing "Dance, de boatman, dance," in Faneuil Hall!

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—In Newark, N. J., there are twenty-four watchmen to a population of 60,000, consequently burglaries are not infrequent there.

☞ MR. F. GLEASON has removed his office from Tremont Street to No. 292 Washington Street.

SPLINTERS.

.... It is said the expression the "height of the fashion" is obsolete—changed to the "full of the fashion."

.... Society, like changeable silk, must be viewed from every point to ascertain its true colors.

.... The German opera has been fairly inaugurated in New York, the most cosmopolitan of cities.

.... Abstracting feathers from beds and selling them, is a newly-discovered fraud of house-servants.

.... The singers Grisi and Mario have one of the most magnificent villas in the world, near Florence.

.... Miss Nightingale has modestly refused all public demonstrations since her return to England from the East.

.... Mr. Macaulay is handled severely by Frederick Devon in a pamphlet on the first Lord Darmouth.

.... Mr. Barnum has taken Cordelia Howard, the child-actress, to Europe, to make a fortune for her.

.... Parodi and Strakosch will make a tour through the United States this winter, giving a series of concerts.

.... Miss Emma Stanley's "Drawing-room entertainment" is everywhere successful. Her changes of dress are marvellous.

... Benson J. Lossing has written a "Family History of the United States," complete in a single volume.

.... Laura Keene expects to open her new theatre in the course of this month. She has hosts of friends.

.... One hundred thousand francs have been sent from New York for the relief of the French sufferers by inundation.

.... "Belle Brittan" describes a lady at New York with a fine dress over which "a pint of diamonds was poured."

.... Some rogues in England have lately been selling heavily plated lumps of course metal for pure gold.

.... At Burlington, Mass., they had a picnic at which three bushels of berries were used in one pie.

.... Peaches have been selling in Chicago at fifteen cents apiece, or seven for a dollar.

.... Professor Morse received a very polite invitation from the Emperor Alexander to attend his coronation.

.... Recent advices from Nicaragua state that Gen. Walker's prospects are improving. No sickness there.

INAUGURATION OF THE FRANKLIN STATUE, BOSTON.

The large picture which occupies the whole of pages 232 and 233 of this present number, drawn for us by Billings, and engraved by John Andrew, represents the appearance of the City Hall Square, School Street, during the imposing ceremony of the inauguration of the statue of Benjamin Franklin, which took place on the 17th of last month. The background is formed by the plain and unostentatious façade of the City Hall, richly decorated, however, for the occasion, with banners, emblems, streamers and devices. In the centre rises the familiar figure of the distinguished man, who was at once printer and philosopher, statesman and poet, a man venerated next to Washington, with a fame co-extensive with civilization, known wherever his country is known, and gifted as few men have been gifted who have figured in the pages of the world's history. Around are grouped the officers of the day, of the different associations, the members and representatives of the various trades, assembled to do honor to the occasion, with their various banners, together with the military and spectators. The narrow space in front of the City Hall could contain, of course, not one thousandth part of the vast multitude drawn together by the occasion, which produced a display, in point of numbers and character, far surpassing the most brilliant parades that ever graced any previous occasion.

The statue of Franklin was the work of Greenough, the sculptor. It is of bronze, and of a golden hue, which time will subdue and modify. This work, modelled by an American artist, was executed throughout by American mechanics, and is a pleasing specimen of the perfection to which art and skill have been carried by our countrymen. It was cast at Ames's foundry, Chicopee, Mass. The weight of metal employed was about 2000 pounds. The figure is eight feet in height, and the total altitude of the group, including the completed pedestal, is twenty-seven feet. The whole cost of the work will be about $10,000. This sum was raised by subscription. A committee was formed by the members of the Charitable Mechanics' Association, to which was united a committee of private citizens, to whom was entrusted the task of raising, by voluntary subscription, the necessary amount. The statue, completed under their auspices, was given in charge of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, by whom it was presented to the custody of the city, the association, in case of the barely possible necessity of a removal at any future time, resuming charge of the work.

Our readers have been already apprized, through the medium of the papers of the day devoted exclusively to the circulation of news, of the circumstances attending the inauguration; of the splendid procession which filed through our streets to the music of innumerable bands; of the ceremonies in the square, so solemn and impressive; of the multitude of visitors that thronged our streets, to the number at least of 100,000; and of the various other features and incidents of the great gala day. We have performed our part in placing on record a most graphic delineation of the great centre of attraction—a representation worthy of preservation, as it will be one of historical importance. In the vast procession, imposing in numbers, brilliant with banners and devices, with emblematic figures, and everything that the ingenuity of man could contrive to typify art, labor and principle, impressive from the character of its component elements, the feature which impressed us with peculiar satisfaction, was the display made by the worthy brethren of that craft of which Franklin was an illustrious brother. To the printers of the city a conspicuous place was properly assigned. Franklin's own old press, which he had worked with his own hand, was carried in state, while a metrical life of the hero of the day from the pen of the printer poet, B. P. Shillaber, Esq., was worked off and distributed from numerous presses as the procession moved along. But it would require pages even to catalogue the features and the doings of this memorable day. In a word, it was worthy of the occasion and of the city. No one could find fault with the programme, or the manner in which it was executed. Good taste and liberality, and an earnest spirit on the part of all engaged, rendered it a truly worthy and memorable celebration.

"NEVERFAIL."

The remarkable story of wild life in the West, now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*, entitled "*Neverfail; or the Children of the Border*," is fully equal to Cooper's famous Leather-Stocking tales of the frontier. The author—Dr. J. H. Robinson—shows great knowledge of character and woodcraft, as well as the startling characteristics of pioneer life, upon which the interest of the story mainly depends. So large a number of the readers of Ballou's Pictorial are also subscribers to The Flag of our Union, that we need hardly refer to the brilliant novelettes which are regularly appearing in its pages. The Flag and Pictorial we send together for $4 00 per annum to one address.

NATURAL HISTORY.—A St. Louis paper says that the grasshoppers have eaten up the entire tobacco crop of Franklin county; and the last that was heard from them, they were seated on the corners of the fence *begging every man that passed for a chew.*

We cannot too highly commend *Ballou's Pictorial*. No family can be in the weekly receipt of this admirable illustrated paper without constantly realizing fresh impulses to love all that is beautiful in art, and also attaining to a vast fund of exceedingly valuable information of localities, and of eminent characters throughout the world, to be obtained in no other way.—*Vermont Watchman.*

EQUILIBRIUM.—The Durham University has just had built an eight-our boat, which is so exactly poised, that the rowers are obliged to part their hair down the middle to keep their balance!

JUST SO.—Wit should be a shield to defend yourself, but not a weapon for the injury of other individuals.

THE SOLDIERS' RETURN.

The fine engraving on our last page represents one of those episodes of which history takes no account. Its stately pages record the entry of victorious generals and armies into the capitals of nations, and deal with the movements of masses, but the emotions and the lives of untitled individuals are without its sphere. It is the province of art to delineate scenes which the muse of history overlooks. Our picture takes us into the heart of an old-fashioned French provincial town, with its narrow streets, its queer, old, thatched houses, and its ancient church tower in the distance. The tidings of the return of some of the Crimean soldiers has spread like wildfire, and their families, friends and neighbors are pouring out to welcome them back. Look at that house on the right, from which its entire inhabitants, young and old, seem to be rushing down the stone stairway. The central figure in the principal group is an officer. His wife is hanging round his neck. A brother is clasping his hand—a little child toddles forward to greet the long-absent. The noble dog leaps up to claim notice and caress. Sisters are springing forward to join in the glad welcome, and the old grandmother, bent double with age, and supported by crutches, tottles forward with the rest. Alas! that gallant soldier in the prime of life will need the crutch, too, for he has left a limb in the Crimea. The little *gamin* in wooden shoes has noticed it—and so has the dog that is curiously scanning the rude wooden substitute. Close by is a gallant Zouave, with his picturesque Algerian costume, clasping to his own the faithful heart that has beat with anxiety and love for him for so many long, weary months. Farther off, another hero, with all his worldly goods strapped upon his back, is delivering to an admiring crowd of rustics an oration on the subject of some of the hard actions in the East—perhaps describing the storm of the Malakoff, or the "infernal fire" poured on the fortress of the czar. Other bearded and bronzed faces are seen in the distance, mingled with those of the villagers, over whose heads an extemporized flag is waving, in honor of the heroes, in the hands of a young enthusiast. In a French village, among a people enthusiastic, passionate, fond of arms and military glory, such a scene as that we have depicted is indeed an event, rising almost to the dignity of historical importance in the annals of the place.

SMOKING IN CHURCH.—One of the missionaries at Ningpo, in China, describing his interesting congregation, says: "The men bring their pipes, tobacco, and flint: they strike fire, fill the room with smoke, which they blow through the nasal orifices, and make remarks about our words, dress and appearance. The women bring their work, and sometimes their tea-pots, thrusting the nose into their friend's mouth, as the men do their pipes."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. George Wilson to Miss Isabella Hazlett, both of Cambridge; by Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. Alfred Stebbins, to Miss Harriet L. Brackett, both of Brooklyn, N. Y.; by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Robert A. Nicholas to Miss Sarah J. Marsh; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. William A. Smith to Miss Ellen F. Chase; by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. E. L. Frothingham, Jr. to Miss Elmira S. Rice, of Rindge, N. H.; by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. William A. Holmes to Miss Ellen O. Green.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Henry Lyon, Esq. to Mrs. Elizabeth T. Hurd.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hoppin, Dr. Charles F. Foster to Miss Mary J. Wells.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Bradlee, Mr. Charles Carswell to Miss Lucy Jane Pierce.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Manning, Mr. Joseph S. Nutter to Miss Emily C. Carter, both of South Danvers.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Hugh Parkhurst to Miss Eliza S. Parsons, both of Gloucester.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Robert Sharp to Miss Jessie Bright.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. George E. Langley to Miss Eliza Ellen Fletcher.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Maltby, Mr. Francis G. Lindsey to Miss Mary A. Wither.—At Attleboro', by Rev. Mr. Alden, Mr. Lowell B. Wilmarth to Miss Mary A. Bates.—At Lancaster, by Rev. Mr. Bartol, Mr. Henry C. Kimball to Miss Harriet C. Fisher.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. George W. Macomber to Miss Corlista M. Wilbur.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Sophronia D. Page; Widow Catherine O. Hall, 78; Mr. Henry Lyman Whitney, 22; Mr. Osgood O. Carleton, 44.—At Charlestown, Miss Rachel Bassett, 64; Mrs. Caroline Oakman, 51.—At Chelsea, Widow Mary Ann Short, 50.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. William Parkin, 34.—At Roxbury, Widow Apphia Brackett, late of Newburyport, 72.—At Medford, Miss Nellie A. Bangs, 18.—At Waltham, Miss Caroline M. Wyman, 21.—At Watertown, William Stone, Esq., 75.—At East Lexington, Ell Roberts, Esq., 70.—At Dorchester, Dea. Edward Sharp, 83.—At Lynn, Mrs. Eliza Dulap, 34; Miss Jane M. Richardson, 18; Mr. George B. Harney, 48.—At Salem, Mr. John Cunningham, 30; Mrs. Frances Celestine, 26.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Harriet E., wife of Rev. John B. Richmond.—At Westboro', Widow Sarah Fay, 75.—At Woburn, Mr. Thomas F. Plummer, of Newburyport, 21.—At Cohasset, Mrs. Caroline Augusta Stoddard, 21.—At Georgetown, Mr. Eleazer P. Goodwin, 31.—At Middlesex Village, Eben Adams, Esq., 81.—At Newburyport, Col. Robert Robinson, 73.—At Taunton, Rev. Josiah Tucker, 65.—At Attleboro', Widow Huldah Pierce, 91.—At Leicester, Mr. Waldo Whittemore, 42.—At Uxbridge, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Rev. Samuel Clarke, 59.—At Worcester, Mrs. Ann G. Washburn, 52.—At Nantucket, Capt. David Paddock, 79.—At Claremont, N. H., Hon. Edmund Parker, of Nashua, 73.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHARTER OAK.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Thou wort nobly reared, O, heart of oak.—MRS. HEMANS.

For years and years, till centuries had fled,
Sweeping their terrors o'er thy form,
O mighty oak! thou braved the storm,
And boldly reared thy high-brow, noble head.

The forest child had looked with solemn awe
Upon thee, ere the white man trod
New England wilds to worship God
As holy men had worshipped him of yore.

And they—the red men—when the axe was heard
Amid the forests, came and plead
That *thou* might'st stand! to rear thy head
Still in thy majesty, all undisturbed.

"For"—this their plea—"our fathers in the chase
Had made the old oak tree their guide;
They rallied here from far and wide,
And loved the tree; O, spare it this disgrace."

The white men heard. They did not scorn the prayer;
And year by year in strength it grew,
And still a broader shadow threw,
Standing a thing of strength and beauty there.

And then, when tyranny its iron hand
Would place upon the pilgrim's right
Thy final mission loomed in sight,
And made thy name illustrious through the land.

That name from history shall not depart;
Won when that charter famed of old
Was held by thee—as lover's hold
Their ladye's memory—within thy heart.

The storm of revolution soon swept by!
And underneath thy wide spread arms
Free from the fear of war's alarms,
Brave men and fair maids basked 'neath freedom's sky.

So generation after generation came
To gaze upon thee, blessing as they gazed,
Thy monarch form, in air upraised,
Sacred by revolutionary fame.

But rocks must crumble, and the firm grow frail;
Thou, like thy kindred, must lay low;
But not by woodman's humble blow—
It took the giant death-stroke of the gale.

Thy death was glorious, as thy life had been;
The fragments of thy noble frame
Will yet perpetuate thy name,
And with it keep the "charter hiding" scene.

Thy trunk remains, fearing no tempest's frown;
Standing the treasure of the land;
Sacred from touch of spoiler's hand,
Girt with the buckler of thy great renown.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CATCHING A MINISTER.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

WHEN the reverend and quite young Mr. Markov came to preach with us at our village, it was generally supposed that he would either be obliged to bring a wife along with him, or consent to suffer martyrdom at the hands of the gossips of the town. Many people esteemed it a highly inconsiderate thing, that he should have the audacity to come among us without so much as declaring his intentions on the subject. It was hardly what was expected from a "beardless boy," but a little time from the seminary, and of course profoundly ignorant of the ways of the world of our village.

But come he did, whether it was presumptuous in him or not; and come without a wife, or a word about a wife, too. And he had scarcely been installed in the place where he expected to pass the vigor and the strength of his life, when the inquisition began its labor in downright earnestness. The moment they understood him well enough to know how to take him, they did "take him" with a vengeance.

Of the multitudinous sheeps' eyes that were thrown at him in the desk from behind hymn books, fans, and other Sunday ornaments of a like character, it is unnecessary here to speak. What precise effect they had upon him, no human being seemed to know. He endured them as stolidly as one of the Egyptian pyramids would endure the gaze of a party of blinking and winking travellers.

But of all those who set their hearts on the poor man, on their own especial account, none excelled, in point of perseverance and enthusiasm, Miss Ann Tippit. She had the ill fortune, besides, to be pretty well advanced beyond the years when a young lady is supposed to be most charming, and still she assumed airs that would have been a fair topic of satire even in a giddy young miss of sixteen. To be short, her aims and her age were at sixes and sevens with her. She wanted bad enough to marry a young candidate, but still she never would remember that she herself was growing old. It was unfortunate for Miss Ann; but pray, whose fault could it be?

Next in order, in point of tenacity of purpose, came the Widow Duke; not on her own account, I beg to be understood, but solely and altogether on that of her only daughter Fanny.

Ah, but Fanny Duke was a "young thing," though; and she was shrewd and obedient enough to do as her mother bade her, and she understood something of the influence of coquetry besides, and the secret fascination of smiles. Fanny knew in a moment upon whom her mother had her eye, you may be sure, and she put her eye on the same spot, just as quick as she could get it there. There was quite a difference, too, between herself and Miss Ann Tippit, in point of years; a circumstance that very often has more to do with a match, or anything of that sort, than almost any other. Fanny was fresh and blushing, like a rosebud in June; whereas in Ann's face a very close observer, such as a lover would be rather likely to be, might possibly detect a stray blemish or wrinkle.

In *our* town the ladies kept a sewing-circle ageing, especially during the winters. It is then that they come out in all their individual demonstrative force. Mrs. Slocum was the president; Mrs. Somebody-else (she always made me promise I would not lug her name into the newspapers) was vice; Miss So-and-so, treasurer; Mrs. What-d'ye-call'-em, secretary; and a handful of Mrs. and Misses jumbled together indiscriminately as executive committee, and so forth, and so forth. This sewing establishment was one of our largest institutions; and that is all there is to be said about it. Second only to the church itself in its scope and aims, it assumed even to lead the church in matters of immediate worldly moment.

Mr. Markov was forthwith elected an honorary member. He was expected to be on the ground at every meeting, and to offer a brief exhortation and prayer. With this kind of ceremony, the various members deemed themselves safe against all charges of scandal, and perfectly free to pursue their own female sociability. Once having secured the priestly services of the Rev. Mr. Markov, the ladies began to settle themselves to their weekly tasks. Mrs. Duke, the widow, too.

"You must feel lonely here, in a measure, she said to him, as she dropped a piece of her work on the floor for him to pick up. "I know what it is to go into a strange place to live myself; for when dear husband brought me here to live, I was just as much of a stranger as you are."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Markov, not knowing how he could very well say any less.

"I've often wondered whether you received quite all the attention you deserved here," said she.

"O, Mrs. Duke, the people are very kind; very kind to me, indeed."

"But what I am going to say," she pursued, dropping her voice and nudging her chair nearer his, "was only this—and I hope you'll take it just as I mean it. Any time you feel as if you'd like a home, or more of the comforts and attentions than a man like you generally gets in a boarding-house, please make my home your house, will you? I should be *very* happy to add to your enjoyment here, I'm sure I should."

Mr. Markov thanked her with undisguised sincerity, and said he would gladly accept her kind offer whenever the occasion might present.

"And don't be ceremonious with us, Mr. Markov," she added. "I beg you wont be *that*. If there is anything in this world that I dislike, it's ceremony and formality. It's all so cold. There's no *friendship* in it, you know."

And her eyes kindled with her sentiments in an instant.

When he came to go home one evening, who should stand in the door but Miss Ann Tippit! Mrs. Duke was on the lookout for him that day, but she happened just at that critical moment to lose him. So there stood Miss Ann, as if she was just ready to venture out into the snow and the night, but still waiting for our young minister to take her along with him.

Being a gallant gentleman, it was no part of his breeding to refuse. So he crooked his elbow with great politeness, and out they went together into the illimitable dark—Miss Tippit as tickled as a boy with a new whistle, and Mrs. Duke as chagrined as a general after a defeat and overthrow.

Thus matters see-sawed between these two rivals, the victory inclining now to one, and now to the other. One day, Miss Tippit was the winner; the next, the artful widow believed that Fanny was booked for a minister's wife for certain. This time, Miss Ann was sure she had got him; the next time, Fanny was in ecstacies over her own good fortune.

Till one day—some considerable time having now intervened—Mr. Markov was seen to come out from Ann Tippit's house. He had been there a pretty good while, for Mrs. Duke had watched the whole proceeding by the clock; and if ever a woman sat all that time on pins and needles, she was the very woman. She observed, as she peeped through the blinds, that Ann was remarkably gay as she took leave of the minister at the door, and that she curtsied and bowed, and bowed and curtsied, a great many times before he stepped down from the broad stone step before the door. This did not suit "my lady" at all. She went back into the kitchen in a jiffy, and resolved to invent *some* performance that would take the vertebræ out of Miss Ann's prospects immediately.

The very natural result was, in less than a week Fanny Duke gave a party; and to that party the minister was invited before anybody else was thought of. The rooms were full, though they were small affairs in themselves; and it would be no very great trouble to fill them. In the evening, at the ninth hour, in came Mr. Markov.

It is impossible to describe the delight of the ambitious Widow Duke. Her countenance, anxious and unsettled before, wore a changed look then. She was wreathed with smiles. Now she commenced the display of her generalship, and calculated on carrying off the laurels of the season.

Desirous of having Miss Tippit a witness of her triumph, she had purposely invited her in with the rest; and as soon as Ann had learned that the minister was to be there, she was not slow in making up her mind as to what was best to be done. She put on her things and went.

It was "How do you do, Mr. Markov?" and "I'm glad to see you, this evening, Mr. Markov!" and "You're always welcome to *this* house, Mr. Markov!" from the moment he put foot over the threshold, till the moment he stepped over it again on his way home. Fanny was brought out before him in all the brilliancy of her beauty. It was the widow's last and best card. She believed it was the only "trump" left.

When Fanny, therefore, was not in his company for the rest of the evening, Mrs. Duke herself was. And Ann Tippit was standing back all the while, and watching her own chances. In this triangular sort of play there was a good deal of excitement.

Mrs. Duke delighted, however, to throw her darling daughter and the minister together; and then she would retire to a knot of her friends, and ask if the two did not make a "beautiful couple." This was her game all the while.

"Only see how partial our minister is!" she would go around and say. "Really, I'm little afraid of something, after all. But aint they a handsome match, though?"

Almost everybody heard her say as much as this, and many caught a great deal more. No one who did not consider her in as high ecstacies as ever a man was who had made his supper off of "laughing gas."

You must have read of the milkmaid, however, whose hopes came tumbling down from the top of her head one morning, while she was on her way to market; then you can get an idea of the feelings of Mrs. Duke, when, after wringing an affectionate "good night" out of Mr. Markov's hand, she had the mortification to behold that gentleman, for whom in truth this whole thing was got up, marching off home with Ann Tippit on his arm! Aha, the crafty old maid was too much for the widow! She laughed in her sleeve, as the good man innocently piloted her along, and wondered about what time Mrs. Duke's *next* party would come off!

After that event, there was an out-and out scratch. The widow felt that she had been driven to the wall by her active enemy, and then she turned to bay. No one can describe with what desperation she fought, nor how severe was the encounter on both sides. Ann was not going to give in, neither would Mrs. Duke any sooner. It was a drawn battle, out of which each came off second best and bloody.

For a time, by mutual agreement, as it were, there was a cessation of hostilities. During the armistice, Mr. Markov got leave of absence for a couple of weeks, and left the place. While he was gone, each party exercised increased vigilance, and made ready to renew the warfare with greater spirit than ever. They had just got ready for their performances, when he returned.

But O, what confusion and dismay did not that return bring along with it! Mr. Markov came back *with a bride!* A married man!—having in this way cut the knot that neither of them could untie!

From that day forward, both of the hostile parties were the best of friends; and if ever *he* had any enemies in town after that, they were the ones! They hated nobody but him.

WEALTHY BUTCHER OF LONDON.

Mons. Francis Wey, a French writer of distinction, who passed some weeks in London during the great exhibition, has recently published, in Paris, his impressions, under the title of "The English at Home." On one occasion, while riding in an omnibus, he formed an acquaintance with a fellow-passenger, from whom he derived many explanations of the strange things he saw. One of these we give:—"I addressed a few words to him concerning a carriage which just drove by. It was too fine to be elegant, and was drawn by two magnificent horses. On the box, adorned with beautiful fringe, sat a black-coated coachman; there was not a wrinkle in his white cravat—his snowy gloves were spotless. In the vehicle, on downy cushions, carelessly lounged a man without a coat, his arms bare, his sleeves turned up to the shoulder; an apron, with the corners turned up, served him as a girdle. Mr. W. asked his neighbor who and what was the strange-looking occupant of the carriage. 'The richest butcher in London,' was the reply. 'He is returning in his carriage from the slaughter-house to his residence. His forefathers were in the same business; his father left him a fortune of more than two millions, and he follows his profession—a very honorable old custom. This gentleman butcher possesses four millions.'"—*Newark Advertiser.*

The heart of man is older than his head. The first-born is sensitive, but blind; his younger brother has a cold, but all-comprehensive glance. The blind must consent to be led by the clear-sighted, if he would avoid falling.—*Ziegler.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The expenses of Congress for the current year will amount to $2,678,000. —— The present postmaster at Jamestown, Lebanon county, Pa., was appointed under Thomas Jefferson's administration, by Gideon Granger, then postmaster-general, on the 23d of September, 1802. He is eighty-one years old, and does all the business himself. —— Stalks of sugar cane ten or twelve feet in height, have been grown in the neighborhood of Winona, Minnesota, the present season. —— The cocoa tree furnishes the Indian with bread, water, wine, vinegar, milk, oil, honey and sugar. And from its leaves, branches, and the shells and husks of the fruit, they obtain thread, clothes, vases, cups, baskets, paper, boat-sails and ropes. —— One million and eighty thousand silver coins were struck at the New Orleans mint in the month of July—value, $218,000. —— The ensign of Nicaragua consists of three stripes, two of sky blue, with a white stripe in the centre. In the midst of the white is a circular device of the seal of the State, and the representation of seven volcanoes, in token of the volcanic range of Nicaragua. —— A subscription paper is now in circulation to raise a sum to erect a new monument on Lexington Common. It should certainly be done. —— The Boston, or Channing's system of fire alarm by telegraph, is on exhibition at St. Louis, and the Chamber of Commerce in that city has reported favorably on it. —— At Davenport, Iowa, prairie hay is selling for $7 and $8 per ton. —— The authorities of Philadelphia have numbered the police—the figures being engraved upon the badge stars. The arrangement, says the Ledger, is a good one, as it will enable those who have complaints to make against policemen, to single out their man, and obtain his name. —— Experiments made in the south of California, in the culture of broom corn, flax and tobacco, have proved successful beyond all expectation. —— Some of the aged fig trees of India are said to cover as much as two acres of ground by the simple extension of branches, and regiments of soldiers have taken refuge under the shadow of a single tree. —— B. P. Shillaber, Esq., has just perpetrated a peculiar "pome," which he will hold in readiness for the lycenms of the coming winter. —— It is said of one of the shrewdest and wealthiest of the business men of the city of Washington—a gentleman now upwards of 70 years of age—that he has never set his foot in a railroad car, a steamboat, or a grave-yard, and that he has never been so far from Washington as the city of Baltimore. —— There are 21,000 pianos made in the United States each year, affording employment to upwards of 3500 workmen. —— The Davenport (Ia.) Democrat states that in grading a street in Montezuma, a few days since, a sum of $230 was found, in ten and twenty dollar gold pieces. It is supposed to have been stolen, and buried there for safe keeping. —— Mr. Joseph Stillson, a wealthy farmer of Bethlehem, Connecticut, was recently killed by a colt which he was attempting to catch in a pasture. He was very much mutilated and had been sometime dead when found: he was about 80 years of age. —— Emma Jane, daughter of Daniel Elliott, of Smithfield, R. I., died lately of hydrophobia. Her age was three years. She was badly bitten in the arm by a mad dog some five weeks since. —— It is stated as an evidence of the abundance prevailing, notwithstanding the high price of flour, that the Virginia Central Railroad has been unable to supply cars enough to transport to market the wheat and other produce which is offered at its various depots.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.

A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times, writing from Tully, Lewis county, Missouri, says—"I saw yesterday one of the greatest natural curiosities now extant—a snake with two heads, one at each extremity. The body is about two feet long, and two inches in diameter in the centre. The snake is well formed, large in the centre, and gradually tapers to each end, with two perfect heads in every respect. But the most novel thing to witness was its actions towards the gentleman that caught it, running one way with as much ease apparently as the other, with both tongues out, each raging apparently with anger. I have no doubt many of your readers will look upon this as a snake story, but it is a fact, and can be vouched for by many of our most respectable citizens."

The Great American Staple.—In many quarters cotton is regarded as the great American staple production of the United States, but it falls far behind several other articles. The crop of corn in the quantity produced and the market value, far exceeds that of any other agricultural product, being worth more than *three times* as much as the cotton raised in the country. The wheat crop also exceeds in value the production of cotton, while that of hay approaches within two million of dollars only, the aggregate value of the cotton raised in the United States.

Martin Luther.—The leader of the Protestant reformation is a prominent fact in the history of the world. About few men have so many books been written. Several years ago, there were collected at the great Luther Festival in Berlin, in a single room of the Royal Library, more than eight thousand volumes relating to the great reformer and his works.

A Bugbear.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Post informs us that the droshky-drivers of the city frighten their horses when they are refractory by shouting out the name of Lord Palmerston, and he is the great terror of the equine race from Lake Ladoga to the Caspian.

Shakers.—The number of Shaker societies in this country is eighteen, in seven different States. There are none in any foreign country. The denomination was founded through the instrumentality of Ann Lee, who was born in 1736.

Wayside Gatherings.

About $5000 worth of blackberries were sold in New York, during the late season, from one town on Long Island.

The wheat crop in Wisconsin, of the present year, it is estimated will not fall short of fourteen million bushels. The average yield per acre will be about twenty bushels.

Mr. John Rice, a New York produce dealer, has recently become insane, and it was found necessary to send him to the Utica Asylum. His property, valued at $100,000, has been placed in the hands of a commission.

The Ottawa newspapers speak of a starch factory in that city, eight stories high, covering an area of 150 by 250 feet; and of a dwelling-house of one of its opulent citizens, which, when finished, will cost from $60,000 to $70,000.

Mr. Ira Stratton, of Cambridgeport, on the occasion of the jubilee of the Alumni Association of the Academy at New Salem, August 27th, subscribed one thousand dollars as a gift from himself for the benefit of the academy.

A census of Nebraska has just been taken by the United States marshals. The returns were to be made by the first of September, and would, it is thought, show a population of between fifteen and twenty thousand civilized white inhabitants.

The United States frigate Macedonian, which has been undergoing an examination as to her condition, is pronounced unseaworthy, her timbers being found to be much rotted. She will have to undergo very thorough repairs to make her fit for sea.

Miss Margaret L. Cooper, of Covington, La., had a lover whom her friends threatened to shoot; so she dressed herself in boy's clothes, and travelled all the way alone to Monticello, Mississippi, where she met and married him, and his name is John Rogers.

One Sunday, lately, John Baker entered the M. E. Church at Philadelphia, walked up the middle aisle, and when in front of the altar drew a pistol, and presenting it to his breast, pulled the trigger. Fortunately the cap exploded, and the madman was taken in custody.

The General Association of Congregational Ministers of New Hampshire, at their late meeting in Exeter, took measures to erect a monument to the memory of Whitefield, who nearly ninety years ago closed his earthly labors by the preaching of his last sermon in that town.

A neighbor of ours on Clinton Avenue, says the New York Times, has an item of news that ought to be passed around for the public good. He reports that he obtained a fresh domestic yesterday, and this morning she is *non est*, ditto *one gold watch and eighteen silver spoons!*

The Newburyport Herald says that several letters containing valuables, which were posted at that office, one containing $200, but never reached the persons to whom they were directed, have been traced by Mr. Holbrook, the mail agent, to a dishonest clerk in the office at Providence.

At a distillery in Auburn, New York, one thousand hogs have lately died of distemper. One physician pronounced the disease cholera, and another erysipelas. Five hundred more, which were driven off at the commencement of the epidemic, were fed on buttermilk, and are rapidly recovering.

The Louisville Journal says Mr. Alexander, of Woodford, has purchased the celebrated race horse Lexington. He met Mr. Ten Broeck, in England, and the purchase was made there. The price paid was $15,000. This, we believe, is the highest price that was ever paid for any horse in the United States.

A splendid ship, designed for the East India trade, and launched on the day that the Dudley Observatory was dedicated at Albany, has been named "Blandina," in honor of Mrs. Blandina Dudley, the liberal and public spirited lady, who lately gave fifty thousand dollars towards the endowment of the Observatory.

W. Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina, has enrolled himself among the lecturers for next winter's campaign. His subject will be "Rural Life at the South;" and the novelty of the theme treated by a Southerner, as well as curiosity to hear the author of "Guy Rivers," etc., will ensure large audiences.

According to the returns of the industry of Massachusetts, there are two crops—hops and tobacco—that are having an increased cultivation. There are seven counties in which hops are raised to the value of nearly $50,000. The tobacco crop is chiefly in the valley of the Connecticut, and valued at $60,000.

Benjamin Lombard, Esq., of Illinois, has removed to Cambridge, having purchased the palace-like edifice recently erected in that city, at a cost of forty or fifty thousand dollars, by J. M. Doe, Esq. Mr. Lombard is the founder of the Lombard University at Galesburg, Ill., an institution under the patronage of the Universalists.

Miss Mary Virginia, daughter of Samuel P. Hawes, Esq., of Richmond, was united in marriage to the Rev. Edward P. Terhune, of Charlotte county, lately. Miss Hawes is the accredited authoress of the novels, "Alone," and "The Hidden Path," both of which were published over the *nom de plume* of "Marian Harland."

The Green Bay Advocate of the 28th ult., says that black and gray squirrels are now visiting the corn and wheat fields in the vicinity by thousands. Farmers are complaining bitterly of the destruction they make among the crops. This is accounted for in a great measure by a scarcity of most all kinds of nuts in the woods this season.

The Empress Dowager of Prussia has been named chief of the 6th regiment of cuirassiers. When the officers of that regiment were presented to her majesty, lately, at Sans-Souci, the empress wore a costume which, to a certain degree, resembled the uniform of the regiment. With the exception of the queen, no lady has ever received such a command in Prussia.

Mr. George Francis, of Hartford, has a young oak tree (ten years old, nineteen feet high, and twelve inches in circumference near the surface of the ground), raised from an acorn of the famous Charter Oak which was recently blown down. This young oak, which he calls "Charter Oak, Jr.," he has presented to the Hon. I. W. Stuart, who has undertaken to transplant it, at the proper season, to the site of the old tree.

A family living in the back part of Watervliet was nearly poisoned recently. Arsenic had been laid around the house to poison rats. The rats ate the arsenic, and feeling very thirsty under its burning operations, ran to the water-pail. The poison was communicated to the water, and the family made use of it the next day. The whole of them were taken sick, but were saved from death by promptly calling a physician.

An Albany editor says that a mouse, which had several times been caught in the act of nibbling the nice things in his pantry, was the other day traced to its nest, which was found to contain seven or eight cunning little "responsibilities." The parent rogue was arrested, and executed for larceny. On one side of the nest, a piece of an old Bible was found, on which the following words were distinctly visible: "Thou shalt not steal." What a hypocrite!

Foreign Items.

Douglas Jerrold is about to visit the United States—to lecture.

Sir William Temple, minister at Naples, Lord Palmerston's only brother, is dead.

The annual debt of Great Britain now is but little rising thirty-eight hundred million dollars.

The English grocers now adulterate their pepper with hard wood raspings. O, the discoveries of the age!

The Austrians are carrying things with a high hand in Hungary, and the Hungarians are furious at the indignities they suffer.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon and family were at Biarritz, and letter writers continue to assert that the emperor is suffering much from disease of the liver.

The harvest of Portugal is over, and is even less than had been anticipated. The vines will prove a total failure, and disease has broken out among the cattle.

According to the Allegemeine Zeitung there are 12,000 Jews in the Austrian army, of whom more than 500 are officers, surgeons with the rank of officers, and members of the auditing department.

A dinner to the Guards was given in the Surrey Garden, London, on the 25th, of which 2000 partook. Sergeant Major Edwards, the oldest in the army, presided. The lord mayor proposed Edwards' health, and the whole affair passed off pleasantly.

A Paris correspondent says: "By dint of building houses in Paris, the city has become uninhabitable." Rents are so high that people at their ease are obliged to fly, and poor families trying to move into the suburbs, by the very competition which their influx excites, raise lodgings to the same price as in the capital.

Sands of Gold.

.. Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.—*Channing.*

What you leave at your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs.—*Osborne.*

.... There is an alchemy of quiet malice by which women can concoct a subtle poison from ordinary trifles.—*Hawthorne.*

.... There is no disguise which can long conceal love where it does, or feign where it does not, exist.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... Prescribe no positive laws to thy will: for thou mayest be forced to-morrow to drink the same water thou despisest to-day.—*Fuller.*

.... Whatever that be, which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine; and, upon that account, must necessarily be eternal.—*Cicero.*

.... There are very few original thinkers in the world, or ever have been; the greatest part of those who are called philosophers, have adopted the opinions of some who went before them.—*Dugald Stewart.*

... Passion is the great mover and spring of the soul; when men's passions are strongest, they may have great and noble effects; but they are then also apt to fall into the greatest miscarriages.—*Sprat.*

.... Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption.—*Johnson.*

Joker's Budget.

Pitch darkness has been so improved as to read "bituminous obscurity."

In reference to ladies' dresses, it is no longer customary to say "the height," but "the *breadth* of fashion."

The man who thought he coaxed a lawyer to take a dollar less, is now trying to set fire to an iceberg with a cigar.

Look out for your dogs. A person has invented and patented a machine for making guano out of dogs and other animals.

A well-known wit says: No Yankee is satisfied with the truth, unless you can prove to him that it is worth eight or ten per cent.

A friend says he's either head and ears in love, or else he's got the colic—he can't tell which, as he is not certain which he tasted last, kisses or watermelons.

"Doctor," said a loquacious lady, "why have I lost my teeth?" "You have worn them out with your tongue, ma'am," replied the dentist. The lady vamosed.

The change of a single letter makes a curious difference in a word sometimes. A paper copying from "Benton's Thirty Years," calls it "Thirty Bears in the United States Senate."

The young man who was crossed in love last week, says if it were not for getting wet he would drown himself! He will probably compromise the matter by shooting himself in a looking-glass.

A stupid fellow being seen one day in a singular attitude, stooping down with his head between his legs, was asked the reason, to which he replied that he wished to see how the pain at the back of his head looked.

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THE FRENCH SOLDIERS' RETURN FROM WAR.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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STATE OF WISCONSIN.

The emblematical picture on this page is from the pencil of Billings, and designed expressly for the Pictorial. In the upper part are the State arms, embracing a plough and wheat sheaf, with a steamboat ploughing the water in the distance. On the left, at the door of a log-cabin, the wife of a settler with a young child in her arms and a boy and girl beside her, are gazing at the river, on which a party of Indians are seen rowing their canoes. A boy in the distance is calling the attention of his father to the same spectacle. In the foreground are seen a house-dog, a pig, fowls, and other indications of an agricultural settlement. Wisconsin, or Ouisconsin, was admitted into the Union as a sovereign State July 9, 1848. The French settled portions of the territory as early as 1670. From the French it passed into the hands of the British in 1763, and thus remained till 1794. It was successively connected with and separated from the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, but was organized as a distinct territory of the United States in 1836. A portion of it was set off in 1838 to form the territory of Iowa, and in 1849 it was still further curtailed to form that of Minnesota. It now extends from the Illinois line, in north latitude 42° 30', to latitude 45° 20', and reaches from Lake Michigan on the east, to the Mississippi River on the west, with an area of 53,924 square miles. It may be described generally as on an elevated, rolling prairie—there being no mountains, properly so called, within the State. Many minerals are found in the State, including lead, iron, some copper, and marble of various tints and varieties. Besides Lakes Superior and Michigan, which wash its eastern and northern shores, there are a number of small lakes within the limits of the State. The Wisconsin is the principal river, about 200 miles long, but there are several other streams of magnitude, though few of them present many facilities for navigation. On these rivers are numerous picturesque falls which would afford endless variety of subjects to landscape painters. The climate is free from sudden changes, though the winters are severe and long. A portion of the State is well adapted to agriculture The staple products are wheat, Indian corn, oats, potatoes, butter and live stock, besides considerable quantities of rye, wool, beans, peas, barley, buckwheat, maple sugar, beeswax, honey, cheese and hay, with some sweet potatoes, tobacco, fruits, wine, grass-seeds, hops, flax and hemp. In 1850 there were 20,177 farms in Wisconsin. In the same year there were 1262 manufacturing establishments. In January, 1855, there were 322 miles of completed railroad in the State, and 707 miles in the course of construction. In May, 1855, Milwaukie was connected by completed railroads more or less directly with Chicago, Madison, Janesville, Watertown and intermediate points. The State enjoys great facilities for internal trade with the lakes and Eastern States. Education is well provided for in this State. Out of a total population of 305,391, there were 95,293 in attendance on school. 46,080 acres of public land have been granted for the support of a State university. There are also other colleges and academies.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

—OR, THE—

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

BATTLE OF BRIDGEWATER.

NOWHERE else is nerve so well tested and skill displayed as in small bodies of men drawn up in the open field. Victory, which depends on united exertion, seems suspended on the prowess of each individual. Every man becomes a hero. The events on the Niagara frontier, from the third of July to the twenty-third of September, 1813, strongly illustrate our principle.

The battle of Chippewa naturally led to that of Bridgewater, and the siege of Fort Erie, and the sortie of Brown, followed as consequences of the latter. They were a series of hand to hand encounters, in which every soldier emulated the officer, and the officer forgot safety in the excitement of the struggle.

Had the skill which devised them been less, defeat must have followed; had the arm which executed relaxed for a moment, destruction awaited the victors. These triumphs were purchased with an effusion of blood which cannot but remind us that next to defeat, victory is most to be dreaded.

The sun had almost gained the western horizon, and Niagara thundered prelusive of the coming onset, ere the hostile forces met. The moon, full-orbed, looked fitfully down; now surveyed the carnage, now veiled her face from slaughter. The commotions of nature were hushed amid the wilder strife of men. The eternal voice of Niagara was heard only in the pauses of the battle.

Wherever the Americans made an impression, the British artillery, advantageously posted on an eminence, vomited death among their ranks. Brown and Scott are severely wounded, and Ripley succeeds to the command. A glance at the field pointed out the danger and suggested the expedient. The height must be stormed, or the sun rise on discomfiture and defeat.

The answer of Miller to the question, "Can you take that battery?" has become as memorable as his services were eminent.

"I can try, sir," was the heroic reply.

The command is given to the columns to move on. They are on the hill, the artillerists about firing their pieces bayoneted, and the guns turned against the enemy. The British move on to the rescue, and the Americans rally to the defence. The enemy recoil under the seathing fire poured from the height. A second and a third attempt, and the tide of battle rolls back, leaving the Americans in possession of the height and masters of the field.

Wilton Richmond had ascended the eminence, at the head of one of the columns, when the storm of battle raged wildest and fiercest. Amid the glare of its lightnings, and the deafening crash of its thunders, he led his men steadily on, and when he saw them falling by his side, mortally wounded, he dared not stay his hand, that he might even for a moment bend over them to soothe their last moments.

He had remained till the last of the enemy were dislodged, and then with the handful of his brave soldiers who still survived, had turned to pursue the flying enemy. He had proceeded only a short distance, when he heard his own name pronounced in a faint, moaning voice. He stopped, and only a few feet distant, beheld Hammett supporting himself on his elbow.

"Are you much hurt, my poor boy?" said Wilton, bending over him.

"Not dangerously, I believe. I was wounded in the side, and fainted from loss of blood. When I came to myself and attempted to rise, I found that my leg was broken. It must have been done while I was insensible."

"Most probably," said Wilton, "by one of the cavalry horses. I saw several that were riderless pass this way."

"Don't stay any longer with me," said Hammett; "you are needed elsewhere."

"The enemy appear to be completely routed," replied Wilton, "and I sha'n't leave you till I see you in a place of safety."

While these few words were passing between Wilton and Hammett, a man, who had already emerged from some distant place of concealment, stole towards them and crouched down behind one of the pieces of British artillery.

"Dorson, is that you?" said he, speaking to a man who stood at a little distance with his back turned towards him.

"Yes," replied the man, turning and stepping up to the place where he was crouching behind the cannon. "How came you here, Withers?"

"Hush! Don't speak my name. He's close by, and will overhear you."

"Who will overhear me?"

"You know."

"If you mean him we were speaking about before the battle, you're mistaken. I've done for him. He wont trouble you any more."

"You dealt with the wrong man. That is he."

"Where? Which way?"

"There—directly in the range of that oak."

"Yes, yes—I have him in my eye now, and will cool his courage if cold lead will do it. But are you sure it is he? I could have taken my oath that I shot him through the head."

"I am not mistaken."

"And yet you never saw him but once, and that was by torchlight."

"His birthright is written in his face. I could read it by a fainter light than this full moon gives. Mind, or he will escape you."

"I'll take him when he rises."

Dorson stood holding his rifle in such a manner as to take instant aim the moment Wilton, who was still bending over Hammett, should rise to an upright position. He did not have to wait long, and in the same breath that he rose, the rifle was pointed at his head.

"Mind! Make sure of him," said Withers.

"I've shot more pigeons on the wing than you could bag in a week. It will be a pity if I can't hit the fellow's head somewhere. If it was only daylight, I would shoot him in the eye."

"Now, then, or he'll be off," said Withers.

Before these words had fairly left his lips, a lithe, boyish form darted from behind a cannon close to where Dorson stood, and struck the rifle aside, causing it to explode. The bullet whistled by so near the ear of Withers that the concussion of the air, the same as a smart blow, for a few moments stunned and bewildered him.

"You shall have your pay for this, you young villain!" hissed Dorson, between his shut teeth; but on looking round to put his threat into execution, he found that the boy had disappeared as suddenly as he came.

"Again foiled!" muttered Withers, when he had come to himself.

"And you may thank yourself for it."

"Why so?"

"If you'd kept your tongue still, when I first took aim at the fellow's head, I should have been sure of him."

"There was no need of your stopping to listen."

"That's true. I might have considered that the fears of the coward are a hindrance to everybody else, as well as himself."

"But why don't you reload your rifle? If you have a mind to, you can have him yet."

"Well, I a'n't a mind to," replied Dorson, sullenly. "My mind was worked up to it then. I was in a fever, as 'twere. The din of battle was still in my ears. I could have taken him off then, and never thought of it again. Now, to creep after him and shoot him, would be the same to me as murder."

"Confound your casuistry! I make no such nice distinctions."

"I knew that before you told me."

Wilton, meanwhile, without having been in the least aware of the danger to which he had just been exposed, had, with the assistance of a soldier, conveyed Hammett to a small, deserted house, as a place of temporary shelter. He then went out, looked round and listened. It was evident that the enemy were in full retreat. For the present, there was nothing more to fear. By a fortunate chance, he fell in with an acquaintance who had some skill in surgery, who was able to bestow on the wounded boy such attention as was needful.

Ripley retired with his forces to Fort Erie, and Drummond, having received reinforcements, invested the fortress. The same foresight which planned, and the same valor that won the fields of Chippewa and Bridgewater, marked the defence, and gave success to the sortie which raised the siege, and closed the campaign on the Niagara frontier.

CHAPTER XIX.

PLOTTING.

"I AM glad to see you, Captain Richmond."

The speaker, a middle-aged man, and in every respect of prepossessing appearance, as he said this, stepped from the door of a hotel, where he had been standing some five or ten minutes watching for the arrival of the stage-coach, and gave his hand to Wilton, who had just alighted.

Wilton returned the greeting as cordially as it had been given.

"I have been waiting for the arrival of the coach with some anxiety," said the gentleman, whose name was Ritson, as he and Wilton entered the hotel together. "Shall you go on further to-night, or remain where you are?"

"I've not exactly decided, but think I shall go on to the next stopping-place, which will enable me to take an earlier start in the morning."

"There's no time to spare, then," said Mr. Ritson, looking at his watch. "I must see you alone a few minutes, before you go. Here is a place where we sha'n't be likely to be disturbed."

As soon as he and Wilton had entered the room referred to, he carefully closed the door, but did not notice that one of the front windows was open, it being shaded by a thick curtain.

"I have government funds," said he, pushing a chair towards Wilton and taking one himself, "amounting to five thousand dollars, which I am authorized to request you to take charge of as far as Burder's hotel, which, if you leave here to night, you will reach about sunset, next day after to morrow. There you will meet a gentleman, to whose care you can transfer the money, as your route thence, I understand, does not lie in the direction of the place where it is to be conveyed."

"What is the gentleman's name who is to meet me there?"

"Mercer. You are acquainted with him, I believe."

"No; I never saw him, though I have often heard him mentioned."

"Your being unacquainted with him is of no consequence, as he will be the bearer of a letter to you, containing all necessary directions and explanations."

"What am I to do, should he fail to meet me?"

"There can be so little fear of that, it is a contingency which hasn't been provided for."

"It may happen, however."

"Well, if anything should prevent him from going himself, you may be sure that he will employ some one to supply his place, in whom he has perfect confidence. Here are fifty one hundred dollar bills, I believe. Please see if I am right."

Wilton counted the money, and found it to be correct.

"Now just sign this piece of paper," said Mr. Riston, "that I may have something to show that I have fulfilled my engagement by delivering the money into your hands."

Wilton, after running his eye over the contents of the paper, and finding that all was correct, put his name to it. He then, after restoring the bills to their strong envelope, placed them in the inside pocket of his coat.

His indecision as to going further that evening was now at an end, as any delay on his part might subject Mr. Mercer to the inconvenience of waiting for him.

After he had taken his seat in the coach, which was at the door in a few minutes after the business between him and Mr. Ritson had been transacted, his eye happened to fall on a man seated on the piazza, apart from any one else. There was something in his countenance, and, indeed, in his whole appearance, which struck him as being peculiarly disagreeable. It was not until after they had started that he recalled to mind the description which Bessie had many times given him of Withers. It could, he imagined, apply to no other person than the one he had just seen, and he felt nearly certain that, for the first time, he had beheld him whom, above all others, he had the greatest reason to dislike.

Wilton was not mistaken; it was Withers, who, as may be remembered, had already on two occasions seen him, without being himself in a situation to be recognized by Wilton.

Withers had, for more than an hour, been impatiently waiting in his room for the moment to arrive when he could venture to leave the hotel without fear of encountering any of its inmates. For the last five minutes, all had been silent. Softly opening his chamber door, he stood and listened. The silence continued to be unbroken, and he was convinced that all had retired to rest.

He descended the stairs, opened the front door cautiously, and then, with similar caution, closed it behind him. For half a minute he remained standing on the doorstep, carefully looking in every direction, so as to be certain that no one was near, and then, with swift, gliding steps, pursuing his course along the high road for a short distance, struck into a by-path which, winding among some hills, was soon lost to view. The path was rough, yet he went on with the same celerity as ever, something like a mile and a half, when he again struck the highway, though at a place which must have been nearly or quite four miles from the hotel. A few rods now brought him in front of a plain, though decent-looking dwelling. After a minute's delay, he went up to an end window.

"Maxon—Maxon!" said he.

There was no answer, and after a short interval he repeated the call, and then gave three raps against the window. A voice now called out, and asked who was there.

"A friend," answered Withers.

"I don't always believe all that's told me," said the voice within.

"I'm your friend Withers. Don't you know my voice?"

"Yes, I do now, and might have known it before." He then murmured to himself, "He's come to make a cat's paw of me, or he wouldn't be so particular to style himself my friend."

"Are you alone?" asked Withers.

"Nearly so. Nobody but my daughter is with me, and she is in a distant part of the house."

"Let me in, then. I have something of consequence I wish to speak to you about."

Maxon unfastened the door with as little noise as possible and conducted Withers to his bed-room, as being the apartment most remote from that of his daughter.

"Have you a good horse, Maxon?" asked Withers.

"Yes, two."

"Well, you will need one of them."

"When?"

"To-night."

"What villanous piece of business have you in hand now?"

"Nothing so very villanous."

"Nor dangerous?"

"Not for one who has such a natural turn for things of that sort as you have."

"If a natural turn is all that's wanted, better try your own hand."

"I can plan, but haven't your talent to execute."

"You mean that you haven't the courage? You are willing that your dear friend should risk having his neck brought within the compass of a halter, but are determined to take special care of your own. You may chance to miss a figure, though, some day."

"What's the use in bringing up such horrible images?" said Withers, with a shudder.

"Best to get familiarized to them," said Maxon, with a sneering smile, which would have done no discredit to Withers himself. "But why don't you come to the point? What's the use of dallying with the matter in this kind of style?"

"Have you ever heard of a man by the name of Benjamin Mercer?"

"Yes, and seen him, too. What of him?"

"Wait and you shall hear. But, first, tell me if you know where he lives."

"I do."

"Does he know you?"

"Yes, by sight, but that is easily taken care of."

"As you know where he lives, you also know that the road a few miles from his house passes over a broad, open plain, destitute

of either tree or bush, which might serve as a lurking-place for man or beast."

"Yes, I know all that, of course."

"Well, this morning, soon after daybreak, he will have occasion to pass over this bare and lonely piece of road, and you must so manage, as, by the time he gets about midway, to overtake him and obtain possession of some papers he will have about him."

"In other words, you wish me to commit a highway robbery?"

"You may give it the name that suits you best."

"If I knew where he carried his papers, it might be done; but I might hunt half an hour for 'em, and not find 'em after all, and in the meantime, more lookers on might arrive than I should care about."

"That difficulty is easily settled, as I happen to know, if he has any valuable papers with him, he always carries them in his pocket-book."

"What am I to do with the papers after I get 'em? Deliver 'em up to you, though, I suppose?"

"Among the papers," said Withers, without taking any notice of either question or remark, "you will find a letter addressed to Captain Wilton Richmond."

"The fellow you've been trying to get Dorson to take off so long, eh?"

"This letter you must take to Burder's. You know where that is?"

"Yes."

"There you will find this Richmond, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Mercer."

"What next?"

"You must give him the letter, and at the same time hand him this one. I will read it to you. It is supposed to be written by Mr. Mercer."

"Yes, I understand."

"I regret that sudden and severe indisposition prevents me from meeting you at Burder's, as I had intended. Fortunately I have succeeded in engaging a friend of mine—Mr. Smith—to supply my place, to whom you will please deliver what was entrusted to your care by Mr. Ritson."

"Who is this Mr. Smith?"

"Why, you. Smith, you know, is a safe name. It would hardly do for you to call yourself by your own. Is all this clear to you?"

"Yes—clear enough; but I don't see what good it is going to do you, or anybody else."

"You have nothing to do with the good it is going to do. Bring the papers to me that Richmond will give you, and in return you shall receive better pay for what you have done than you ever did get for a week's or even a month's work. Will you undertake the business or not?"

"If I knew how to get the papers from Mercer, I would."

"I suspect you've managed more difficult things than that. You are stout enough to handle two such men as he is."

"Well, it is about time for me to be gone."

"Yes; 'twill be daybreak by the time you can reach that little thicket of trees, which is only a short distance from the place where the road enters upon that long barren waste he's got to pass over."

"It will be best for me to wait there till he passes, and then follow him at a convenient distance, and watch my opportunity."

"Neither your wit nor your strength will fail you, if you have a mind to make good use of them. You had better be at Burder's as early as you can. If you arrive late, Richmond will be obliged to stay at Burder's all night, which might not prove to be much in your favor or mine. Remember, the papers Richmond gives you are to be delivered to me."

"At what time?"

"Whenever you return."

"I think I can be back by Saturday evening."

"You may expect me, then, sometime between twelve and one o'clock."

They left the house together. Withers waited till Maxon went to the stable, and led out his horse.

"Are you known at Barder's?" inquired Withers.

"I never was there, but I sha'n't trust to that. I am going to wear this wig, which is so smooth and sleek that when I get it well plastered down on my forehead, I look nearly as much as if I might be canonized for a saint, when I shuffle off this mortal coil as you do. I don't believe there's a soul in the world that would take me for Ruffling Rube Maxon, as I sometimes have the honor to be called."

"You are properly prepared in other respects, I suppose? You know what I mean?"

"Yes, but you might as well ask me and done with it, if I've got my pistols with me. Every one must act according to his nature, though, and it's the nature of the snake to keep in the grass."

Withers thought it prudent not to resent a speech so flattering, and telling him that he would see him again at the time appointed, hurried back to the hotel.

Maxon, after parting with Withers, showed by the celerity with which he accomplished the first two miles that there was no danger but that he would have time to arrive in due season to the little piece of woods in whose covert he was to watch the passing of Mr. Mercer. He then, however, fell into a fit of musing, and his horse, finding that he was no longer urged, though he kept on at what might be called a good journey stroke, no longer dashed forward with lightning-like speed.

"Withers," said Maxon, to himself, "boasts how well he can work with his head; but he is a fool after all, or he would see that waylaying and robbing such a man as Mercer wouldn't be so safe a business as he imagines. I've a better plan of my own. The letter I have in my pocket, with Mercer's name signed to it, is as good in my opinion as half a dozen would be. I will, at least, try its efficacy; for I've no malice against Mercer, and he may go to Jericho, if he pleases, for anything that I will do to hinder him. I aint quite as bad as Withers is yet. That drop of black blood he has in his heart has venom enough in it to poison the ocean."

His soliloquy finished, he turned and looked towards the east. As yet, there was no appearance of day. All around was wrapt in that tranquil repose which makes it seem as if there was a "floating whisper" in the air. The deep, unclouded azure of the sky, the silver radiance of the stars, and the faint gleam of a distant river, all had a tranquillizing effect on his mind, and strengthened him in his new-formed resolution.

If it could only have influenced him still further, and induced him to entirely abandon the piece of business he had undertaken, it would have been well. But he was not aware of the grave consequences which would result from merely handing Wilton Richmond a letter and in receiving in return what he imagined—as Withers wished him to believe—a bundle of papers.

He arrived at the place where he was to conceal himself till Mr. Mercer had passed, and still there was no gleam of the golden sandals of morn glancing through the mist which hovered on the distant mountain tops. Knowing that he had plenty of time, as he had a long road before him, he wisely abstained from urging his horse beyond his natural gait.

Maxon arrived at Burder's earlier than he expected. He did not inquire for Wilton, but he soon obtained sight of a young man who, he doubted not, was he. All doubt on the subject was speedily removed by hearing some one call him by name. Wilton, at that time, was standing at the door of the hotel. Soon afterward he entered. Maxon followed him, and found that there was no other person in the room.

"Captain Richmond, I believe?" said Maxon, approaching him.

"Yes—my name is Richmond."

"Then it is to you that I am to deliver this letter."

"Mr. Mercer, I presume? I've been expecting you," said Wilton.

"No; but the letter is from Mr. Mercer, as you will see when you open it."

"I see that in consequence of being taken suddenly ill, he has employed you as his agent," said Wilton, when he had read the letter.

Maxon bowed.

"Your name is Smith, he tells me."

"It is."

"I am glad to see you, since Mr. Mercer is unable to come himself. You are in such good season that I shall be able to leave here, at least, two hours earlier than I expected. If you will come with me to my room, Mr. Smith, we will despatch the business at once."

Wilton hastily wrote a few lines, for the coach in which he wished to go was to start in a few minutes, and handing it to the pretended Mr. Smith, requested him to sign it. Wilton, had he observed him, would have seen him start, when, on reading what he had written, he found that, instead of a few papers, funds belonging to government were to be committed to his charge, amounting to five thousand dollars. Bad and reckless as he was, he faltered with a half-formed intention of confessing that he was employed by Withers instead of Mr. Mercer.

This better purpose was put to flight when the money was fairly within his grasp, and by Wilton's request he had removed the envelope and counted it. An alluring picture flashed upon his imagination, in which there was a confused medley of cards, dice-boxes and other appliances of the gaming-table. He had just put the name of John Smith to the paper, when the coach in which Wilton intended to take a seat drove up the door.

"All aboard, I believe," was heard the voice of the driver through the open window.

"Wait one moment," said Wilton, who had hastily risen and thrust his head out of the window.

The forged letter and the receipt lay close to the hand of Maxon, and the time, short as it was, while Wilton's back was turned, sufficed for him to snatch them up and put them in his pocket. When Wilton turned, he thought of the papers, but not seeing them on the table, concluded he had already taken care of them.

"Give my respects to Mr. Mercer, and tell him I regret that he is so indisposed. Good-by, Mr. Smith," and Wilton hurriedly left the room.

CHAPTER XX.

FAITH, DOUBT, AND THE PROMISE.

"It is not true, Edith,—I know it is not."

Bessie Hamlen, as she said this, started to her feet, and swept back the brown curls which, in careless disarray, had fallen over her brow, as for several minutes she had sat bent forward with her face buried in her hands.

"It is not true," she repeated, and her eyes, moist with tears, sparkled with indignation as she spoke.

"I hope it is not," was Edith's reply.

"Do you say you *hope*?" said Bessie, with a slight touch of anger in her voice. "You who know that Wilton Richmond is the very soul of honor."

"Had I not always believed him to be, after what Mr. Ritson has told us, I could not even hope that the accusation against him will prove to be false."

"I care not what Mr. Ritson has said, or may say, knowing, as I do, that Wilton would sooner plunge his hand into a caldron of molten lead, than to touch a single cent, with the intention of applying it to his own use, of what was intended for the compensation of those poor soldiers who have no other means of procuring their children bread."

"I don't blame you for your confidence in his integrity; I only wish that I could fully share it, for Wilton has ever been to me the same as a brother. But what can we think when we look at all the circumstances of the case? Five thousand dollars are entrusted to his care by Mr. Ritson, as is attested by an acknowledgment bearing his own signature. A gentleman by the name of Mercer, who was to meet him at Burder's tavern, and to whom he was to transfer the money, arrived at the time appointed, to find that he had been gone full two hours."

"Yes; but have we not also heard that a man by the name of Smith brought a letter to him from this Mr. Mercer, saying that he was prevented by sudden and severe illness from meeting him, and requesting him to deliver the money in question to this Mr. Smith?"

"Certainly; but he is unable to produce the letter or the receipt which he says was given him by this Mr. Smith."

"Edith—Edith, you but just now said that Wilton Richmond was the same to you as an own brother, and yet how eagerly you pick up every little incident which can tell against him!"

"Think not that it is without pain that I do it. I only wish that you may not deceive yourself with false hopes. When you see them swept away, your distress will only be the greater."

"I don't wish to blame you, Edith, but when one who has always conducted in a manner so irreproachable as Wilton Richmond has, it seems strange to me that you can doubt his word."

"I cannot help doubting it. You accuse me of picking up every little incident which can tell against him, but those I have named can hardly be termed little or unimportant incidents. To me, they appear only too direct and weighty. And then there are others."

"I have heard no others."

"I thought not to have told them to you, nor will I, if you prefer not to listen."

"Let me know all—the worst."

"His not appearing the following morning, after leaving Burder's, at the place where he lodged, to claim the seat in the stage-coach, which, by his desire, was reserved for him, is one. No one knew when he left, nor where he went. Subsequently, a number of fifty dollar bills, each of which bore certain private marks, which Mr. Riston took the precaution to place on all of those entrusted to Wilton, were proved to be won from a stranger at a low gambling-house."

"And you believe that stranger was Wilton Richmond, whom we have both heard say, never spent a moment at a gaming-table in his life?"

"I can hardly think it possible, and yet, how can we do otherwise than believe it?"

"My heart tells me not to believe it, Edith, and I will obey its promptings."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GREATEST DEPTHS OF MINES.

Wheal Abraham attained (rather more than twenty years ago) a depth of about 242 fathoms, 1452 feet, (a fathom being six feet.) Dolcoath Mine had reached 235 fathoms; Tresavean Copper Mine is gradually becoming extraordinarily deep, and it is last reported as being 2112 feet under the surface, and about 1700 feet below the level of the sea. The Consolidated Mines are 300 fathoms deep; and the United Mines 280 fathoms below the adit level. Let the reader realize these depths by imaginary pilings of the highest building, as St. Paul's and Monument, on themselves a sufficient number of times to attain the respective amounts!

Speaking of mines generally, the Eselsecact Mine at Kuttenberg, in Bohemia, now inaccessible, was deeper than any other mine, being no less than 3778 below the surface. Its depth is only 150 feet less than the height of Vesuvius, and it is eight times greater than the height of the pyramid of Cheops, or the cathedral at Strasburg. The bore of the salt works of Minden, in Prussia, is 2231 feet deep, and 1993 feet below the level of the sea. Mines on high ground may be very deep without extending to the sea level. That of Valenciana, near Guanaxuato in Mexico, is 1686 feet deep, yet it is 5960 feet above the level of the sea, and the mines of the Andes must be much more. For the same reason the rich mine of Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, though 2120 feet deep, has not yet reached the sea level. The Fire Springs at Tseu-hee-tsing, in China, are 3197 feet deep, but their relative depth to the sea level is unknown. How insignificant are the works of man compared with nature! A line 27,600 feet long did not reach the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.—*London Mining Journal.*

BREATHING AND THINKING.

Let any reader think for a moment of what he experiences when he breathes, and attends to the act. He will find that his whole frame heaves and subsides at the time; face, chest, stomach and limbs are all actuated by his respiration. Now let him *feel his thoughts*, and he will see that they, too, heave with the mass. When he entertains a long thought, he draws a long breath; when he thinks quickly, his breath alternates with rapid alternations; when the tempest of anger shakes his mind, his breath is tumultuous; when his soul is deep and tranquil, so is his respiration; when success inflates him, his lungs are as timid as his conceits. Let him make trial of the contrary; let him endeavor to think in long stretches at the same time he breathes in fits, and he will find that it is impossible; that in this case the chopping lungs will needs mince his thoughts.—*New York Mirror.*

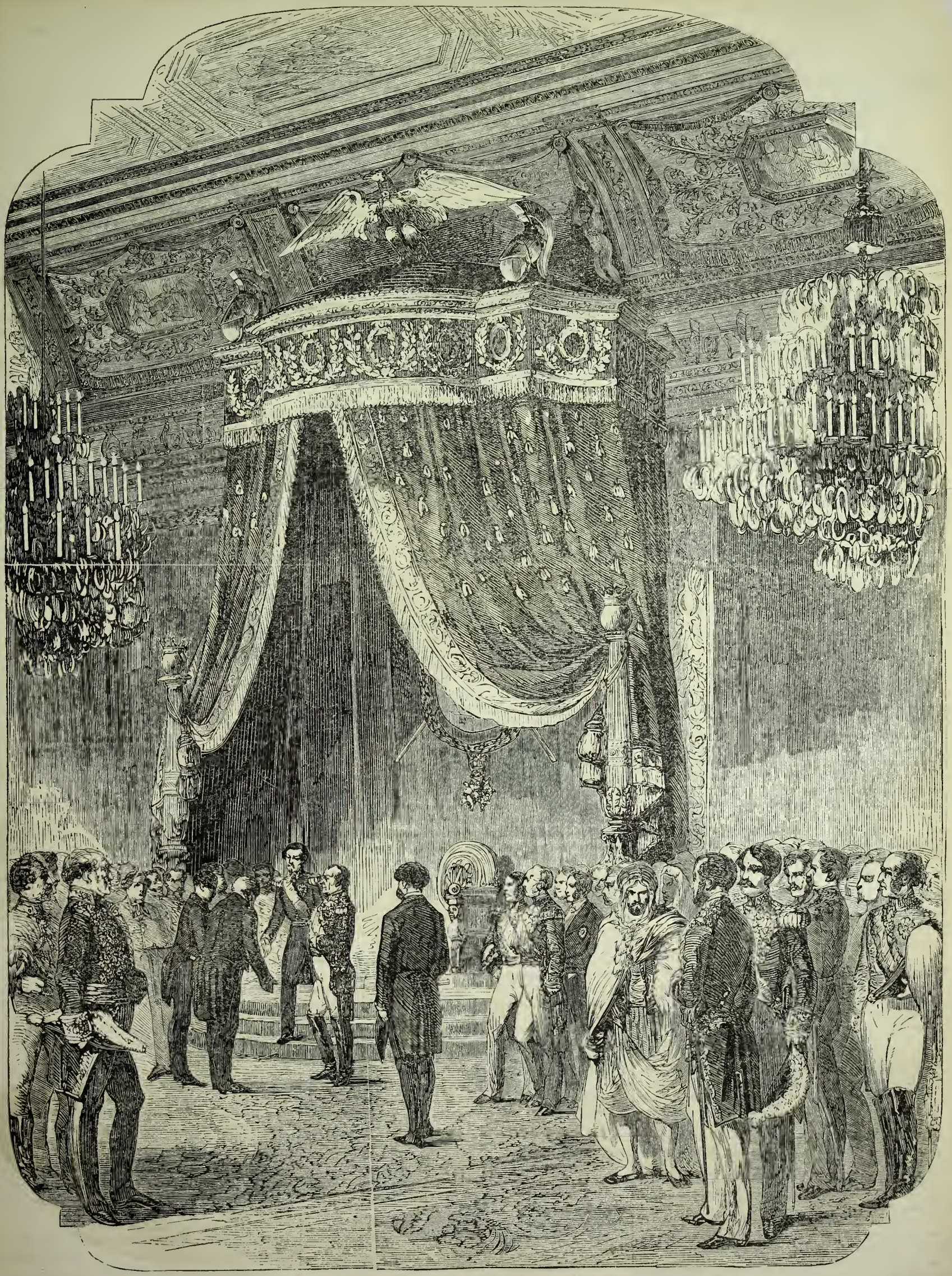
THE TEACHER'S HIGH VOCATION.

If that man deserves well of his country, who makes three spires of grass to grow where only two grew before, what praise does he merit who multiplies intelligence, who expands the slumbering faculties of the human soul, who calls forth into exercise powers capable of increasing the public stock of wealth, of virtue and happiness, and of exalting the possessor to his proper station of usefulness and importance? If that potter who has moulded the unresisting clay to forms of beauty and elegance has deserved our patronage, what glory shall be his who, faithful and diligent in his functions, has shaped the minds of men, and all to honor and virtue?—*Dr. Henry Hunter.*

TRIUMPHAL ARCH DE L'ETOILE, PARIS.

SCENES IN PARIS.

We present on this page a view of the famous triumphal arch de L'Etoile (the star), erected by Napoleon I., at the Barriere de L'Etoile, on the northwest side of the city of Paris. It is a noble portal to one of the most magnificent cities of modern days. Its summit commands an extensive view of Paris and its environs. Looking down in front of the arch, the eye sweeps along the avenue of the Champs Elysées, which runs nearly parallel to the Seine, the rich gardens of the Tuileries, taking in that famous old historical palace and the equally renowned Louvre abutting. As the arch appears to the greatest advantage on a gala day, we have delineated the triumphal entry of Louis Napoleon at the head of a powerful body of troops, and in the presence of a vast concourse of citizens. The designs for this useless but showy structure, which cost vast sums of money, were furnished by Chalgrin, the architect. The first stone was laid August 15, 1806. But a few of the lower courses had been raised, when, on the 1st of April, 1810, Marie Louise, the daughter of the emperor of Austria, whose marriage with the Emperor Napoleon had been concluded on the 7th of February in that year, made her solemn entry into Paris. To receive this princess worthily, and to give her a great idea of the capital of the French empire, the procession made a long sweep. Starting from the Chateau of St. Cloud, it traversed the wood of Boulogne, and took the Neuilly road. The triumphal arch, then showed, by means of woodwork and painted canvass, what it would be when completed. The foundation of this monument delayed its elevation. The calcareous strata of the soil presented no solidity. The workmen were obliged, after digging down 24 feet, to form an artificial soil, which might support without danger the enormous weight of this structure. This artificial basis was



THRONE ROOM OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

composed of many layers of hewn stone of large dimension. Each of these layers was arranged in such a manner that the joints of one should not correspond with the joints of another course, either above or below it. The stones of these courses presented irregular forms, so that the salient angles of some were received into the retiring angles of others. On this solid base rose the arch of Triumph. It is 133 feet high, 138 feet broad, and 68 feet deep. The central arch is 87 feet high, with 45 feet opening. This structure, which required eight years of incessant labor, is adorned with immense bas-reliefs, trophies of arms, etc. "A nobler and more commanding monument at the entrance of a capital," says J. J. Jarves, "no other city can boast. From its elevated position, it towers far above all that portion of Paris, conspicuous to a great distance in the country, like a colossal gateway to a city of giants. It is simply an architectural ornament, useful only as affording from its top the best coup d'œil of Paris. The glory of exhibiting this arch has cost Frenchmen two millions of dollars additional taxes. Even they, while boasting its possession, consider it an apt illustration of their proverbial expression in regard to prodigality, 'to throw money out of the windows.' Were American citizens called to decide between the appropriations of two millions of dollars to a similar construction or for purposes of education, the schools would get it. Not so in France. The gold goes for ornament, the copper for instruction." The engraving on this page represents a levée of Louis Napoleon in the throne-room of the Tuileries. The magnificent draperies which overhang the imperial throne are ornamented by the golden bees, the emblem of industry selected by Napoleon I. to indicate the means by which he had obtained his greatness. The figure of the present emperor will be readily recognized.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LUNDY'S LANE.

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

[The battle of Lundy's Lane was fought in Canada, almost opposite the Falls of Niagara, on the night of July 25th, 1814. The spot is now distinguished by two lofty observatories.]

The harvest moon arose with radiance bright,
Her form reflected in the river green;
But poured she not her soft and mellow light
On peaceful harvest scene.
Her rays disclosed a scene of fearful strife,
A battle-plain, a conflict fierce and dread;
And notes of martial drum and piercing fife
Were requiem for the dead.

Upon the fair and green Canadian ground,
The armies of two mighty nations warred
In work of death, and made the woods resound,
And piled with dead the wood.
The thunder of the mighty waterfall
Was drowned in cannon's roar and clash of steel;
The smoke hung o'er the field like funeral-pall,
Earth shook with cannon peal.

The darkness fled, dispelled by lurid flame,
And night was turned to day before the dawn;
While fierce Bellona with her furies came,
For Peace was far withdrawn.
The banners of our nation mingled there,
With those of Britain, tost by battle-wave;
The British lion, springing from his lair,
Our eagle combat gave.

At last the battle ceased, the strife was o'er,
And Luna pierced the smoky canopy;
She saw the field, all drenched with human gore,
And strown with dead the lea.
Here, where the red and blue together fell,
With broken sword and bayonet still bright,
The corpses thickly strown along the dell,
Proclaimed the fiercest fight.

But two score years have passed away—the spot
Is now as peaceful as 'twas ere that day;
The moon looks on that field, but sees she not
The battle's stern array.
So should it be, for peace is nobler far,
And should forever hold the verdant plain;
"The pomp, and pride, and circumstance of war,"
Must pale before her reign.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A TALE OF RETRIBUTION.

BY N. T. MUNROE.

I had had a hard day's work, and weary and tired at its close, sought my lonely bachelor's room. As I turned the key a dread of its loneliness and silence came over me, and I felt a longing for the sight of the human face divine to give me a welcome. I had passed my landlady on the stairs, who to be sure had smiled and bade me good evening; but I was nothing to her, the only interest she felt in me was to prepare my meals, to take care of my room and receive her regular pay for so doing. In passing she handed me a letter; I had been poring over letters and papers all day, and I threw the document down upon the table in disgust. It was not yet dark enough for a light, but it was just the worst time in the world for a lonely bachelor. I looked around my apartment—it contained nothing to interest me. In my survey my eye fell again upon the letter just thrown down, and as that was the only thing which could excite my curiosity, I took it up. The superscription was written in a delicate female hand; I knew it well, and rushing hastily to the window, broke the seal. A mere scrawl met my eye.

"Harry, come to me. I am dying!
Your poor brother GEORGE."

I staggered, for an instant the room swam around and all was dark. As my shocked senses returned, I looked again at the letter, but it contained no further information. The postmark was a small town in Indiana, the same from which of late his letters had been written. And he was dying—my only brother! I had few relations, and this brother was very dear to me, he was so good, so gentle, so unlike myself. He had always been delicate; he had gone away for his health, and, poor fellow, he was just married; indeed, the wedding had taken place sooner than it otherwise would have done, to give dear Mary the right to go with him as his wife, to take care of him. He had been gone some time—I had heard from him—he was better—he was stopping in the place from whence his letter was written because the air seemed to agree with him. And now he was dying, yes, perhaps he was dead!

I must go to him—yet how could I leave? The case in which I was engaged would be decided to-morrow; it was impossible to go till after the decision—I must wait.

All that night I never slept, I never closed my eyes. I seemed to see my brother pale and wasted to a mere skeleton, and his dear wife, our Mary, whom I could not have lived to see the wife of any mortal man excepting my dear brother. O the misery of that night. Seldom have I suffered greater agony. That night lies far back in my recollection like the shadow of a dark cloud. It seemed as if the hours would never pass. I had not undressed, I only flung myself upon the bed, and rising long before daybreak, I went and seated myself by the open window. The fresh, cool breeze fanned my heated brow and cooled somewhat the fever in my veins, and I sat there watching the day break over the city.

I remember now with strange distinctness, how the first beams of morning broke over the cold, gray sky, how the heavens grew brighter and brighter, how first came faint streaks of light, then the rich crimson clouds welled up, then they grew brighter and finally changed to golden. I remember how the city awoke to life, the rumbling of wheels, first at a distance, then nearer, the tread of pedestrians under my window, then the rumbling, the trampling increased, mingled with the sounds of human voices, and the city was wide awake and busy. How well I remember all these sights and sounds—and yet at the time I heard them and saw them as if I heard and saw them not.

Well, the day passed. O that crowded court-room, the heat, the jostle, the confusion, witnesses examined and cross-examined, the lawyers' pleas, the judge's charge and the jury's decision—how strangely they are blended in my mind. The day before so much depended in my mind on the decision of this case, and now its fate was nothing to me. I spoke, they said I spoke well; however that may be, the side on which I was engaged won the case. My friends crowded round me to congratulate me; I broke from them—reached my room—took my valise, already packed for travelling, and in ten minutes was in the express train bound for the West.

I had eaten nothing since the noon of the day on which I had received the letter; I had not closed my eyes to sleep through all that night, and on the following day my nerves had been stretched to the utmost; all this, joined to the close air of the court-room, the excitement, the anguish of my mind, was too much for me. I bought my ticket, took my seat in the cars, heard the whistle, felt the motion of the train as it started, and remembered nothing more till I awoke to consciousness in a strange place.

It seemed as though I had but slept in the cars, and I listened for the noise of the machinery, the rumbling of the car wheels—all was still. Then how can I describe my anguish as the truth rushed through my mind in an instant. I had been sick, I had been detained, how long I could not tell; the thought was bitter as death. I screamed aloud in my mental anguish. My scream roused my nurse, who was sleeping in her chair by my bedside, and also called in two or three persons from an adjoining room. They came to me.

"Tell me," I cried, "how long have I been here?" It seemed as if they would never answer me. "Tell me," I screamed with my remaining strength.

"A week!"

"A week! Good God," I groaned, and fainted wholly away. But I soon returned to consciousness; the bitter horror would not leave me. A week, and who knows but he is dead—is buried—and she; O, heavens! why had this been? Why had my miserable powers failed me just at this important time? Ever sounded in my ears the words, too late, too late. I was weak as an infant. How long would it be ere I should be able to proceed on my journey? I asked my physician. He could not tell; if I took care of myself, perhaps in a week or two, but I had had a brain fever of a very alarming character, and I must be patient and keep myself quiet.

Merciful heavens! Did he only know half what I suffered. I had a tremendous will, and I would exercise it. I would not lie there. If I chose, I could get up, I knew I could. My nurse had left the room for a few minutes—I raised myself in bed. Opposite me hung a mirror; I caught a glance of a ghastly figure, and in my weak state it appeared to me like the spirit of my brother. I reached out my arms to him—ah, how my heart failed me when I realized that the thin, unearthly figure was myself, reduced to such a wreck. I fell back exhausted. However, it seemed as if my will had triumphed, for I recovered wonderfully. I ate ravenously what was set before me, for I must eat to get strength. I forced myself to close my eyes and to sleep, and soon I began to feel returning strength. I thanked Heaven, paid my physician and my host and hostess, who had been very kind to me, and started once more on my journey.

As I drew near the place of my destination, my heart failed me more and more. It was a small, pleasant, western town. I knew my brother had boarded at the only public house in the place, so I directed my steps thereto. My summons at the door was answered by a strong, buxom-looking woman.

"Does Mr. George Bertran live here?"

"O, bless you, stranger," said she, "he has been dead more than a week."

I had expected it, yet my brain began to swim, and I leaned against the door for support. The woman saw my agitation, and with a great deal of kindness in her manner, she said:

"Perhaps you are a relation of his—a brother, may be—you look very like him. Will you walk in, sir? You look very unwell."

"I have been sick," I replied, "or I should have been here before. I am his brother."

"He spoke of you; he wished very much to see you."

"I thought him improving till I received his last letter, then I started to come to him, was taken sick, which detained me. Did he fail very fast?"

"He did; he seemed to grow worse all at once."

"But where," and my heart almost choked me, "where is his wife?"

"O, she went away with a friend who came the day her husband died."

"A friend? What was his name?"

"Jenkins, sir, Thomas Jenkins. The lady wished to wait till you came, for she told me that she expected you, but the gentleman told her that you wouldn't come, and that he would see her safe with her friends."

"Was Mrs. Bertran well? Was she able to take the journey?"

"She grieved very much for her husband, the night after his death. I heard her sobbing and crying in her chamber. I don't think she closed her eyes all night. She looked very pale and worn when she went away. The day she left she visited her husband's tomb—he lies in the churchyard which you can see from here—and when she came back I thought she would not be long away from him."

I went out to the little churchyard, but no tears came to my eyes as I stood by the spot where they had laid him. My brain was all on fire. What had so dried up the fountain of grief? He was dead; I had expected it, but this new blow was all unlooked for. She was gone; she was in the power of a villain who had hung around their track like a beast of prey. Deep, bitter, burning hate took possession of me, so that I had no tears for my best beloved brother lying dead at my feet. O, how I longed to meet the villain, wrest her from him and tell him I hated him. Better she lay still and cold by her husband's side than in his power. She did not know him as I did; true she disliked him, but she had no idea of his baseness, his perfidy. If he said he would carry her to her friends she would trust him, but O, I knew him better.

Thomas Jenkins had once paid his suit to Mary and been refused, for she loved my brother. Deadly hate was in his mean and sordid soul, yet he hid it all beneath a pleasant exterior. He professed friendship, and my brother believed him; and Mary, if she did not look upon him as a friend, was far from considering him an enemy. But I knew him well. I knew the meaning of his look when it rested on my brother and his wife, and I would not have considered my brother's life safe in his keeping for a single moment, for I knew he would pause at no action, however base or fiendish, to accomplish his purpose. What wonder, then, that I trembled with rage and fear, yes, fear, when I thought of our weak, gentle Mary in the villain's power.

But what could I do? How could I get track of them? I did not know, but I set myself to the work, and felt no weakness, the strength of my purpose gave almost supernatural strength to my body. I went back to the house, my first inquiry was:

"How long had they been gone?"

"But two days, for the lady had persisted in waiting for me."

Hope rose in my heart.

"To what place were they going?"

The woman did not know for a certainty, but supposed they had taken the train which went east, of course.

As I turned to go, the woman called to me, inquiring if I would not return to dinner.

"It was doubtful; I thought not."

"Will you not have something to eat now?"

I shook my head. I turned round after I had got some distance from the house, and she still stood there, shading her eyes from the sun and looking at me.

Arrived at the station-house, I asked the ticket-master if a gentleman, answering to the description I gave him of my brother's wife and her companion, had taken the cars two days previous for the east.

"No; he remembered no such persons."

A man standing near interrupted him.

"Why yes, I saw a gentleman buying tickets here, day before yesterday, and he had a lady with him, who might be the one the gentleman describes."

"He did not buy an eastern ticket; he was going further on."

"But it might be the same one for all that;" and my own heart echoed the man's reply. I inquired more particularly, and was confirmed in my suspicion that Jenkins had deceived poor Mary, and was taking her far from home and friends.

"How long before the train arrives that will take me out," I inquired.

"The noon train will be here in half an hour."

"Give me a ticket like the one the gentleman purchased," said I.

He handed me a ticket; I took it and turned and paced the platform for a while with impatient steps. The station-house was close to the river, and I paused in my walk and looked down into the dark, rushing stream. I had stood there but a few minutes when I became conscious of some one beside me. I looked up. It was the man who had been talking to the ticket-master. I had not noticed him much before, now as I looked up at him I saw he was a cautious, shrewd, intelligent looking man, with keen, bright eyes, which a lawyer's knowledge of physiognomy told me betokened a quick insight into human character. As I looked up, those keen eyes met mine.

"Were those people your friends?" said he.

"The lady was my friend, sir," said I, somewhat coldly, for I knew not how to take his interference in my affairs, and yet the man's countenance and manner were in his favor.

I turned to pursue my walk. He laid his hand on my shoulder with a western familiarity and a western kindness in his manner.

"Don't think me impertinent, sir, but I am of the opinion that that man was deceiving the lady, who thought they were to go east, and instead of that he has carried her further on. Was she travelling with him against her will?"

"No," I replied, "I believe not."

"Well, there was something very curious about them. The lady cried a good deal and seemed very sad; the gentleman seemed to try to cheer her, but she avoided him."

I grew interested and I suppose the man saw it, for he went on:

"I watched them narrowly, and came to the conclusion that something was wrong. Are you in search of them?"

Just then I heard the rumbling of the cars. I caught up my valise, and seized with a sudden thankfulness to the man who aided me even a little in my search, I extended my hand, and thanking him, told him that the lady was my brother's widow, her husband had died here in the neighborhood, she belonged east;

this gentleman had promised to see her safely to her friends; I had reason to doubt his sincerity. In fine, I thought him a villain, and should follow his track till I overtook him. The man pressed my hand in his honest clasp.

"I am seldom mistaken—I took the man for a villain. I hope you will overtake him and punish him as he deserves."

The train had now stopped. Bidding my new friend good-by, I jumped in and was soon whirled away. It was the express train I had taken, and we rushed along with lightning speed. I liked it, for it suited well my mood. On we went, rushing through the forest, screaming past the villages, pausing for nothing. The fresh breeze blew in at the car window and cooled my heated brain. On we went, through a land rich and beautiful, a land I had dreamed of and longed to see, but now I gave no thought to its beauty, had no eye for its surpassing loveliness. But one thought occupied body and soul—to find her and be revenged on him. So on through the forest, over the vast prairie, mile after mile, till as the sun was sinking in the west we stopped at a place within ten miles of my place of destination. Here the cars stopped to allow the passengers to procure some refreshment. I passed into the refreshment room with the others, took a cup of strong coffee, a sandwich and a piece of cake, and hurried back to my seat; for I had grown nervous and feared the cars would be off without me. In a quarter of an hour we were on our way again.

It was nearly dark when we went screaming into the depot where I must make further inquiry. I went up to the ticket-master and describing the persons of whom I was in quest, asked if he had seen them. He thought a moment:

"Yes, he had seen a gentleman and lady answering my description; he had noticed them because the lady was so melancholy."

"Did he know where they had gone,—what train they had taken?"

"No; they had bought no tickets of him; he rather thought they had not gone on, indeed, the lady looked unable to journey further; he thought likely I should find them at the hotel where the passengers usually stopped who were travelling west."

The train passed on, and I, following the directions of the ticket-master, sought the hotel. Here I asked if I could be accommodated with a room for the night. The polite landlord answered in the affirmative, and himself led the way to my apartment. To him I propounded my usual question.

"Yes, he had seen them; they had stopped at his house the preceding night and that day, indeed they had taken the very last train out, the one in which I came."

"But are you not mistaken? The ticket-master says he sold no tickets to persons answering my description."

"He did not; I bought their tickets, as the gentleman was unable to leave the lady."

"And why?" I inquired.

"He thought it not safe, you know, on account of her unhappy condition."

"Unhappy indeed," said I, thinking it not best to betray my ignorance of his meaning, but under pretence of knowing all, draw the truth from him. "Is she then indeed in such a state the gentleman could not leave her even to buy his tickets?"

"O yes, she is very bad at times, sometimes quite violent, and sometimes she will beg and plead so to be carried home, it is enough to break your heart to hear her. She begged me so hard to let her stay with me, I tried to soothe her, and told her the gentleman would take good care of her, and upon that she screamed and cried and wring her hands, till I was glad to get away from her it made me feel so bad."

"How long before they will arrive at the place where he is to carry her?"

"Let me see; they took the cars to-night; well, I suppose they will reach there to-morrow forenoon if nothing happens."

"Did the lady know where he was carrying her?"

"I think not—she expected to go home. I suppose he had told her so to keep her quiet; but I think she began to think he was deceiving her, though I don't know as she thought he was carrying her to the Asylum."

"Is it a good establishment," I asked, "where he is going to leave her?"

"I don't know; the gentleman said it was. I suppose you know where it is—in the town of I."

"O yes, I know the place well, or rather I have heard of it."

The man turned to go.

"What time does the first train start in the morning?" I inquired.

"There is one goes as early as four o'clock. Shall I call you?"

"Yes, be sure and do so; I wish to take it."

Left alone—how can I describe the emotions of my soul? O, had I but gone on in the cars, could I but have seen him and accused him of his baseness and rescued Mary from his power! How had I been so unfortunate as to miss them? Alas, poor Mary! who knew but she was indeed crazed—driven by sorrow, death, despair and villany into very madness? How could I sleep? how could I even stay in the house till morning?

But the night passed—four o'clock came. I took the cars and was again hurrying on at a speed which well suited my impatience. The gray light of the early morning gave place to glorious sunrise, and bright and beautiful as the garden of Eden looked the country through which the iron horse bore me on. We stopped at a town of some note where we took in a number of passengers; and where I learned from some conversation I overheard, that the train of the night before had met with some slight accident, which had detained the passengers some hours.

Just as we were starting, I saw my friend, whose acquaintance I had made at the railroad station, enter the car where I was seated. He came, and sitting down beside me, laid his hand on my shoulder, and whispered:

"Have you found them?"

"No," said I.

"They are in the train ahead of us, I saw them—he pretends the lady is insane, and never leaves her for a moment."

"The villain!" said I, between my closed teeth.

My friend went on.

"He gets out at the next station where he has a carriage waiting—I have one there also—he has to cross a wide prairie—we will follow him. God only knows where he intends to carry her."

I looked into my friend's face, and would have thanked him, but I had no words. For a moment I was faint and weak as a child, the next the blood rushed again to my heart and I felt the strength of a giant.

The next station was in a lonely, out of the way place, and no one got out excepting my friend and myself. We found a horse harnessed into a light wagon in waiting for us.

"Jump in," said my friend, and I obeyed.

He sprang up beside me, tightened the rein, and the horse was away like a bird.

"He has but two hours the start of us," said my friend, "and he must have a swifter horse than I think he has, if we do not have him in sight before an hour."

Our road at first lay through thick woods, where we could see but a short distance ahead. Our horse seemed to fly over the ground, and now we were out on the prairie stretching away mile upon mile as far as the eye could reach. My friend raised his whip and pointed to some object in the distance. I looked and saw a small, black speck—I wondered he had noticed it.

"I told you we would have him in sight in an hour, and there he is."

We gained on him so fast that in a quarter of an hour we could see them very distinctly. Jenkins was driving at a moderate pace, but when we were within a mile or so he turned around and saw us. Surely, steadily we gained on him, though he urged his beast to the utmost. It must have been his guilty conscience that caused him to flee, else why should he fear two travellers riding peacefully in his track?

The air had been very close and sultry all the afternoon, and now we heard the rumbling of thunder, and I noticed a heavy black cloud lying around the north.

"A storm is at hand," said I.

"Yes," said my friend, "and a prairie is not the best place in a storm. We must overtake them before it comes on," and he touched his horse with the whip.

Blacker and blacker grew the wrathful clouds, and the red lightning flashed across the heavens, and the thunder rolled and rattled above us, yet between the peals of thunder we could hear Jenkins urging on his steed, and the crack of his whip as it fell upon the poor beast. We gained upon him every moment, we were close beside him; I saw his face white with passion, for he had recognized me. I saw Mary beside him, pale, motionless as a statue. I think she had fainted. Just at that moment there came a flash of lightning which fairly blinded us, a peal of thunder as if the earth were opening at our feet, and Jenkins's poor beast, already goaded and whipped to the verge of desperation, plunged and reared, disengaged himself from the vehicle, and dragging his driver at his heels, entangled in the reins, went scared and frightened with desperate leaps over the prairie.

In an instant my friend reined in his steed, and we were both out on our feet. Pale and insensible upon the ground lay Mary, the object of our search. We lifted her, but she gave no signs of life, though we could see no hurt nor bruises upon her. Meanwhile the rain began to fall; my friend drew forth a blanket from the wagon, and protecting Mary from the rain by means of the shattered remains of the ill-fated vehicle, we tried again if we could discover any signs of life, but all seemed vain. All this while the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed and the rain poured down. We felt not the storm for ourselves, and Mary, surely she felt it not lying there cold and still. We protected her all we could from the storm; we still continued to chafe her hands and to try to bring back the vital spark.

By-and-by, when the thunder grew less fearful and the storm had somewhat abated, my friend rode away and was gone for half an hour; he said nothing but I knew well where he had gone.

For half an hour I sat at Mary's side looking upon her as one looks upon the face of the dead; surely she would never speak to me again, never again would those blue eyes meet mine. Ah, how thin she was, how worn, how haggard, how unlike the fresh, happy being who had left me as my brother's bride! Ah, why had all this been?

The rain had now ceased to fall, the thunder only rumbled at a distance, and soon the sun streamed out just at his setting, in one long, golden belt of light across the wide prairie, full upon Mary's pale face. It lit it up with a glow like life, and for a moment I fancied she only slept. I bent over her—was that a sigh, a breath? I put my hand upon her wrist; I held it tight and firm, and my own heart almost ceased its beatings the while, the pulse of life beneath my pressure flickered faintly and unsteadily, but it was there.

"God, I thank thee!" I exclaimed, and out on the broad prairie I poured out my thanks to Heaven.

I looked up, for I heard the sound of wheels. My friend was close beside me; his face was very stern and sad, and his strong hand shook as I took it in mine and pressed it on Mary's small wrist. He started, and a look of thankfulness displaced his sombre aspect, for he felt the beating of that feeble pulse.

"She lives," said he. "We will place this blanket in the bottom of our wagon; she can lie upon that, for we must be retracing our steps."

Even as he spoke he put the blanket in the vehicle and lifting Mary as if she had been a child, silently beckoned me to sit beside her and laid her head in my lap. We travelled some distance in silence, and I felt the pulse of life beneath my hand beat stronger. I wished to know the truth concerning Jenkins ere Mary should return fully to consciousness, but I almost feared to ask, for I knew it was something terrible. Just at this moment my friend stopped, and coming around looked down upon the pale face and laid his hand upon her heart.

"It was a narrow chance," said he.

"God has been very good," said I.

"Yes," said he, "and his justice is very terrible;" and the stern, sad look came back to his face.

"Is he dead?" said I, in a low voice.

"He is dead—mangled and torn so that even his mother would not have known him. May the Lord keep me from ever again looking upon a sight like that!" And he covered his face with his hands. And this was all we said concerning him.

Very slowly Mary returned to consciousness. When she opened her eyes they rested on my face. I expect that in her bewildered state, aided also by my pale and sickly appearance, she mistook me for her husband, for she threw her pale, thin arms around my neck and cried, "O, what a fearful dream I have had!" But all too quickly the truth came to her; the arms fell from my neck and the white hands covered the pale face, and I saw the tears falling between the pale, thin fingers. But after this burst of grief, she looked up at me with that sweet, thin, wasted face lighted up with thankfulness.

When we reached the town, which was not till a late hour Mary was lifted from the wagon and placed in a dry and comfortable bed, and entrusted to the care of the landlady, who seems to be a very kind-hearted, sensible person.

Mary was much better in the morning than I had expected to see her. Her face was pale and haggard, it is true, but it wore sweet, angelic expression, and was full of thankfulness for her delivery. She asked few questions concerning the affair. We told her about the horse being alarmed and her being thrown from the carriage, nothing of which she recollected, but it was not till long after that she heard the particulars of Jenkins's terrible fate.

In a few days we started on our homeward journey. My friend went with us as far as his home, where we left him with much regret. I brought Mary in safety to her friends, and returned again to my office and my business, which had suffered somewhat during my absence. My landlady had just given me up for lost, and was about letting my rooms to another occupant, so that I arrived just in time to save myself the trouble of looking up a new residence.

Mary's health long suffered from the effects of that season of bitter trial, and her face now bears a look purer and holier than ever rested there before my brother's death, sweet and lovely as I had ever thought it.

One day, some years after the incidents I have related, I told my landlady that I should be obliged to give up my rooms, and if she could find a chance in the course of a fortnight, to let the apartments, she had better do so. She opened her eyes very wide.

"Why, sir, do not my accommodations suit you?"

"I cannot say they do exactly, my dear madam."

"In what respect, pray, sir, allow me to inquire?" and she bridled up and looked very dignified.

"In the first place, they are very lonesome."

"And have you lived here all this time and just found it out?"

"In the next place, they are not commodious enough."

"Indeed, sir, they are as large as one ought to expect for the price."

"In the next place, I have secured rooms which suit me better."

"Indeed, sir, I think it is very unkind in you, after boarding with me all these years and never finding a word of fault before, for we have always got along pleasantly together—"

"Very pleasantly, madam," I broke in.

"And now to go and secure rooms and not say a word about it, when I would have been willing to have done most anything for your accommodation, is, to say the least, very unkind;" and the good woman, for she was a good woman though she had some little peculiarities, put the corner of her apron to her eye.

"But there is one other reason I have not mentioned," said I, very gently, "that will render it wholly impossible, as you will see, that I should keep your rooms. I am going to be *married*."

The good lady dropped her apron, lifted up her hands and her eyes, burst into a merry, ringing laugh, and exclaimed;

"Bless you, sir, why didn't you tell me this in the first place. I wish you much happiness I am sure, and all I have to say is, that I hope the lady will be as well satisfied with you as a husband as I have been as a boarder."

Mary, sitting by my side, looks up archly and wishes to know if bachelors never marry to save the expense and trouble of procuring a boarding-place.

SINGULAR MONUMENT.

Elkanah Watson, in his memoirs, states that the magistracy of Devizes, a large market town in England, erected a monument to commemorate a striking interposition of Divine judgment. A fact perpetuated by the inscription is this: A woman having purchased some commodities in the market, upon payment being demanded, an altercation ensued, and she uttered the imprecation—"May God strike me dead if I have not paid it!" She fell down and immediately expired, and in the clenched hand, which she had impiously raised to heaven to attest her perjury, was found the money in controversy. "Facts like this," says Mr. Watson, "bear fearful and powerful admonition of the interposition of an omniscient God in the affairs of man."—*Boston Transcript.*

LOUISVILLE, KY.

We present on this and the next page a series of accurate views of localities in the city of Louisville, Ky., drawn expressly for our paper by Mr. Kilburn, during his recent artistic tour in the West. Louisville is situated on the Falls of the Ohio River, at the mouth of Beargrass Creek, about 130 miles below Cincinnati. In a commercial point of view, it is the most important place in the State. It is the seat of justice of Jefferson county, and stands upon an extensive sloping plain about a quarter of a mile above the principal declivity of the falls, and seventy feet above high water mark. The falls may be seen from the city. In high stages of water they almost entirely disappear; but when the water is low, the whole width of the river, which is here nearly a mile wide, is covered with foam. The river is divided by a fine island, which gives a picturesque appearance to the scene. To obviate the obstruction to navigation caused by the falls, a canal two and a half miles long has been constructed around them. The Marine Hospital, presented on the next page, is situated on the outskirts of the city, and is a fine, commodious building. It was built, we believe, in 1823.



SPEED MARKET, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Our view in Sixth Street presents the general appearance of the Louisville streets, all of them being shaded with fine trees. The church on the right is the First Presbyterian; that on the left is the Saint Paul's, Episcopal. Market Street contains several markets, one of which, the "Speed Market," is given above. The sketch was taken from near the "Kentucky Market," which is immediately in the rear of the spectator, and not seen in the picture. The University of Louisville, given below, is situated on Chesnut Street, corner of Eighth Street. The buildings have a fine location, and are an ornament to the city. The left hand building in our view is the Medical, and the other the Law Building. Beargrass Creek is a picturesque locality, and is crossed by several bridges, one of which we present below. The buildings seen at the right of the picture are connected with the gas works. Another engraving represents the St. Joseph's Infirmary, a Catholic benevolent institution, situated on Fourth Street. Louisville was formerly considered unhealthy, owing to the stagnant waters in the vicinity, and subject to epidemic diseases; but these having been drained, it is now one of the most healthy places on the river. The railroads in course of projection will link Louisville yet closer with other important towns and cities. The situation and scenery of the place are truly beautiful, and some portions of the city command enchanting views. The streets are broad, well laid out, paved, shaded by ornamental trees, and lighted by gas. Eight of them run parallel to the river. Our artist has sketched those of the public buildings which appeared to him best suited to the purposes of illustration. The Medical Institute, shown in one of his drawings, ranks very high, and was founded by an ordinance of the city council, which appropriated $50,000 for the library, buildings, etc. The Mercantile Library Association, with its well-selected collection of books, and the Historical Society, deserve honorable mention. Louisville, it is stated, may be said to owe its existence to the Falls, which arrest the course of navigation at this point. The canal, to which we referred above, projected to avoid the Falls, was cut through the solid limestone rock at a cost of $75,000. The dimensions having been found too small to admit the passage of the largest New Orleans steamers, a railway has been projected on the Indiana side, the object of which is to transport such vessels round the rapids by means of a stationary engine and pulleys. In 1850, the entire trade of Louisville was computed to amount to $50,000,000. The wholesale business has increased rapidly since that period. There are now over one hundred houses engaged exclusively in the wholesale business, the amount of which is estimated in round numbers at twenty millions of dollars. The chief articles of export are tobacco, pork, hemp and flour. In 1852, the quantity of tobacco received was 16,176 hogsheads. The amount of revenue collected here, in 1853, was $48,307. The shipping in the port amounted in the aggregate to 11,891 tons, all of which was employed in steam navigation. During the year referred to, twenty-seven steamboats, with an aggregate burthen of 7313 tons, were measured. The new custom house will cost about $200,000. Although Louisville is devoted rather to commerce than manufactures, still the latter amount in value to about $6,000,000 annually. For a place which has been in existence but about three quarters of a century, its growth has been very rapid.



ST. JOSEPH'S INFIRMARY, LOUISVILLE.

EARLY PIONEERS.

Mr. Ferris, in his book on the Great West, thus sketches the character of the pioneers who began to spread themselves throughout the West, between the close of the Pontiac war and the commencement of the American Revolution:—"The pioneers, living in constant contact with the Indians, necessarily became more than half savages in appearance, habits and manners; and frequently the whole savage character was assumed. Their ordinary dress was too unique to be forgotten. A coon-skin cap, with the tail dangling at the back of the neck, and the snout drooping upon the forehead; long buckskin leggings, sewed with a wide fringed welt, down the outside of the leg; a long, narrow strip of coarse cloth passing around the hips and between the thighs, was brought up before and behind under the belt, and hung down flapping as they walked; a loose, deerskin frock, open in front, and lapping once and a half round the body, was belted at the middle, forming convenient wallets on each side for chunks of hoe-cake, tow, jerked venison, screw drivers and other fixings, and Indian moccasins completed the hunter's apparel. Over the whole were slung a bullet-pouch and powder-horn. From behind the left hip dangled a scalping-knife; from the right protruded the handle of a hatchet; both weapons stuck in leathern cases. Every hunter carried an awl, a roll of buckskin, and strings of hide called "whangs," for thread. In the winter loose deerskin was stuffed into the moccasins to keep the feet warm. The pioneers lived in rude log houses, covered generally with pieces of timber about three feet in length and six in width, called "shakes," and laid over the roof instead of shingles. They had neither nails, glass, saws nor brick. The houses had large slab doors, pinned together. The light came down the chimney, or through a hole in the logs, covered with greased cloth. A scraggy hemlock sapling, the knots left a foot long, served for stairs to the upper story. Their furniture consisted of tamarack bedsteads framed into the walls, a few shelves supported on long wooden pins; a chair or two, but more often a piece split off a tree, and so trimmed that the branches served for legs. Their utensils were very simple generally nothing but a skillet, which served for baking, boiling, roasting, washing dishes, making mush, scalding turkeys, cooking sassafras tea, and making soap. A johnny cake board, instead of a dripping-pan, hung on a peg in every house. The corn was cracked into a coarse meal by pounding it in a wooden mortar. As soon as swine could be kept away from the bears, or rather the bears away from them, the pioneers indulged in a dish of pork and corn, boiled together, and known among them as "hog and hominy." Fried pork they called "Old Ned." Unlike the French, who clustered in villages, and had their common fields, our Yankee settlers went their whole length for individual property. Each settler claimed for himself four hundred acres of land, and the privilege of taking a thousand acres more, contiguous to his clearing. Each one run out his own lines for himself, chipping the bark off the trees, and cutting his name in the wood. These claims, so loosely asserted, were called "tomahawk rights," and were respected by all the emigrants. Each settler went to felling the timber and chopping house-logs, sleeping, meanwhile, under a bark cover raised on crotches, or under a tree. It is said of one of them that he could hardly stomach his house, after it was done. The door way was open, the logs unchinked, and the chimney gaped wide above him; but the air was too "cluss"—he had to sleep outside for a night or two to get used to it.



BRIDGE OVER BEARGRASS CREEK, LOUISVILLE.



LOUISVILLE UNIVERSITY.



MARINE HOSPITAL, LOUISVILLE.

AN ADVENTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

The truth of the following thrilling tale of adventure is vouched for to us by a person who heard it from the lips of one of the party: A party of three men started from Sacramento on a prospecting tour, and, being well supplied with provisions, they penetrated much farther into the mountains than any other party, without meeting with any success. Being men of great perseverance, however, they determined to pursue their course still further, although they had nearly reached a point where it was believed the foot of white man never trod before. The party began to feel somewhat discouraged, as luck appeared to have abandoned them. They were many miles from any habitation, and their provisions were getting very low. A melancholy feeling pervaded the whole three, but they kept on until they came to a deep gulch. After making a thorough examination, they returned to Sacramento for ropes and provisions. Having procured these, and loaded their mules with as much as was thought necessary for their purpose, they proceeded again to the gulch. To get down this ravine was the next object. They tied a rope to a tree, and by this means one after the other descended to the bottom, after lowering down the provisions and tools. Here they found gold in abundance, and labored assiduously to secure their pile as soon as possible, not being particularly in love with their habitation. By a mere accident, after having been in the ravine for several weeks, they discovered that the rope had been cut by the Indians, or let loose by some other means, which cut off all hopes of escape. The ledges of rock were perpendicular for hundreds of feet, and climbing up was out of the question. Their provisions rapidly diminished, and starvation stared them in the face. The gold which they had secured was of no use. They had made up their minds that their end was near. Providentially, a party of friendly Indians came by, and hearing the men hallooing, they discovered their whereabouts, and immediately went to work to release them. Ropes were obtained, and let down, when they were drawn up one by one, and their gold also. Being released from their prison, they liberally rewarded the Indians, and went on their way to a more suitable location, thankful for their preservation from the awful fate with which they had been threatened.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

THE CAGED LION.

The Westminster Review, in a recent article on Gerard's (the celebrated lion hunter of Algiers) account of his adventures, relates the following anecdote of a pet lion, Hubert, which Gerard caught when a cub, and raised till he was big enough to be dangerous, when he was sent to the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. Hubert was sent to Paris and placed in the Jardin des Plantes, where, sometime afterward, Gerard went to see him. He was lying half asleep, gazing with indifference on all the visitors, when suddenly he raised his head, his eyes dilated, a nervous twitching of his face and agitation of his tail showed that the sight of the well-known uniform had roused him. He had recognized the uniform, but had not yet identified his old master. His eyes vaguely interrogated this vaguely remembered form. Gerard thrust his hand into the cage. It was a touching moment which followed; without taking his eyes from Gerard, he applied his nose to the outstretched hand, and began to breathe deeply. With every breath his eyes became more affectionate, and when Gerard said to him "Well, Hubert, my old soldier," he made a terrible bound against the bars of his prison, which trembled beneath his weight. My friends, alarmed, sprang back and called on me to do the same. Noble beast! thou art terrible even in thy love! He stood pressed against the bars, striving to break through the obstacles which separated us. He was magnificent as he stood there roaring with joy and rage. His rough tongue licked with joy the hand which I abandoned to him, while with his enormous paws he tried to draw me gently to him. No sooner did any one approach the cage than he flew out in terrible expressions of anger, which changed into calmness and caresses on their retreating. It is impossible for me to describe how painful our parting was that day. Twenty times I was forced to return to reassure him that he would see me again, and each time that I moved out of sight, he made the place tremble with his bounds and cries. Poor Hubert, this visit, and the long *tete-a-tetes* of subsequent visits, made captivity a little less painful to him, but the effect seemed to be injurious on the whole. He drooped, and the keeper attributed it to these visits, which, perhaps, made him languish for the camp and his days of liberty. He died, leaving Gerard firmly resolved to kill as many lions as he could, but to capture no more; death in the forest, by a rifle, being infinitely preferable to a pulmonary disease bred in a prison.

AN AMAZON.

Phœbe Brown is five feet six inches in height; is about thirty, well proportioned, round faced and ruddy; has a dark, penetrating eye, which the moment it fixes upon your face, sees your character, and that with precision. Her step is more manly than man's, and can cover forty miles a day. Her common dress is a man's hat, coat, with a spencer over it, and men's shoes. She is unmarried. She can lift one hundred weight in each hand, and carry fourteen stone; can sew, knit and spin, but hates them all, and every accompaniment of the female character, that of modesty excepted. A gentleman at Bath had recently treated her rudely. "She had a good mind to knock him down." She assured me "she never knew what fear was." She gives no affront, but offers to fight any man who gives her one. If she has never fought, perhaps it is owing to the insulter being a coward: for the man of courage would disdain to offer an insult to a woman. Phœbe has strong sense, an excellent judgment, says smart things and supports an easy freedom in all companies. Her voice is more than masculine—it is deep toned. With the wind in her favor, she can send it a mile; she has neither beard nor prominence of breast; she undertakes any kind of manual labor, as holding a plow, driving a team, thatching a barn, using a flail, etc., but her chief vocation is breaking horses, for which she charges a guinea a week each. She always rides without a saddle, is thought to be the best judge of a horse or a cow in the county, and is frequently employed to purchase for others at the neighboring fairs. She is fond of Milton, Pope and Shakspeare; also of music; is self-taught, and performs on several instruments, as the flute, violin, and harpischord, and supports the bass violin in Molloch Church. She is a markswoman, and carries a gun on her shoulder. She eats no beef or pork and but little mutton. Her chief food is milk, which is also her drink, discarding wine, ale and spirits as unwholesome.—*English paper.*

TRADING THE HAIR.

In most countries, the hair is regarded as one of the finest ornaments of the female head. Among the inhabitants of Brittany, however, in western France, a contrary idea prevails, and while the men wear their hair hanging over their shoulders in long tresses, it is considered a mark of immodesty for a woman to reveal a single lock or ringlet. A close fitting cap, which effectually hides the hair, is the height of propriety. But there are other prudential reasons for this, besides that of modesty. The female peasantry turn their hair to account in other markets than that of love, and make a good profit out of it. Shocking as it may appear, "many London and Paris ladies are indebted for the magnificent hair which adorns their heads, to the wilds of Brittany." A recent English traveller detected the travelling hair merchant in the very act of spoliation. He says: "Strolling through the scene, my attention was attracted by a crowd around a half-ruined house. Wedging my way to the entrance, I saw a man standing in the middle of a room, armed with a formidable pair of scissors, with which he was clipping the hair from a girl's head with a rapidity and dexterity bespeaking long practice. For not only was the operation performed with almost bewildering quickness, but when the girl was liberated, her head assumed the appearance of having been shaved. There was great laughing among the peasants, as she emerged from the house, leaving the long tresses in the hands of the hair-merchant, who, after combing them carefully, wound them up in a wreath and placed them in a basket, already nearly half full of hair. For, as I heard, he had been driving a highly profitable trade all the day; and girls were still coming in willing, and in some cases apparently eager, to exchange their fine *chevelures*—which would have been the glory of girls anywhere but in Brittany—for three poor little handkerchiefs of gaudy hues, scarcely worth a dozen sous! This terrible mutilation of one of woman's most beautiful gifts, distressed me considerably at first; but when I beheld the indifference of the girls to the loss of their hair, and remembered how studiously they conceal their tresses, my feelings underwent a change, and I looked at length upon the wholesale cropping as rather amusing than otherwise. Great was the apparent disappointment of girls, whose tresses, although seemingly abundant and fine, did not come up to the hair-merchant's standard; but the fellow had so abundant a market, that he was only disposed to buy when the goods were particularly choice. His profits, too, must have been great, as the average price of a good head of hair, when cleaned, is eleven shillings."—*Portfolio.*

KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

The origin of the soldiers of the Temple may be clearly traced to the wild enthusiasm of the Crusaders. On the capture of Jerusalem by the Christians, thousands, not of well-appointed warriors, but of old men, women, and even children, set forth toward the Holy City, from the most distant parts of Europe, unconscious alike of the distance and the dangers they should have to encounter. To alleviate the distresses to which these pious enthusiasts were exposed, to guard the honor of the saintly virgins and matrons, and to protect the gray hairs of the venerable palmer, nine noble knights formed a holy brotherhood in arms, and entered into a solemn compact to aid one another in clearing the highways of infidels and robbers, and in protecting the pilgrims through the passes and defiles of the mountains, to the Holy City. Warmed with the religious and military fervor of the day, and animated by the sacredness of the cause to which they had devoted their swords, they called themselves the poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ. This chivalric vow they subsequently ratified in the Church of the Resurrection at the city of Jerusalem, and they there pronounced the additional and monkish vow of chastity, obedience, and poverty. In the year 1118, Baldwin, the second king of Jerusalem, granted them their first possession, a dwelling within the sacred enclosure of the temple on Mount Moriah, which the ignorant and superstitious ecclesiastics had designated as the Temple of Solomon; and hence the "poor fellow-soldiers" received their name of "the Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon."—*New Orleans Commercial.*



VIEW FROM CORNER OF GREEN AND SIXTH STREETS, LOUISVILLE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ON A PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

BY H. WARD.

Majestic dignity—exalted thought—
A calm serenity, as if repose
From some dark storm of thunder, rested down
Upon a placid sky, and left no trace
Of the fierce lightning's revel, mark the lines
Of those mild features. Who can e'er forget
That noble countenance and brow serene
Of our loved country's Father—Washington?
Hast thou e'er harbored in thy reckless heart
One treacherous thought—one traitorous desire?
Hast thou e'er heard the maddening cry of rage,
Disunion, discord, civil strife and broil?
Gaze on that portrait: canst thou steel thy soul
To bear the silent awe—the stern rebuke
That seem to flash indignant from those eyes,
Now fixed upon thee? Canst thou even bear
That penetrating glance that seems to read
Thine every thought and purpose? O forbear
To look upon that picture, if thy heart
Be not the seat of high and holy love
For all that makes man noble,—country—friends—
Truth, justice, freedom, and the deathless weal
Of nations struggling yet to rise in might
Above the gloomy mists and iron cells
Of centuries of bondage—patriot zeal,
Forever burning like the glowing sun
Of summer's noon-day—these, all these, and more,
Should be thy guerdon, while thou turu'st thy gaze
Upon the portrait of the best of earth,
The great, the good, th' immortal Washington.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PIRATE'S WIFE.

BY HELEN WILDES.

In a palace, which for centuries had been the principal ornament of Seville, sat the Lady Inez. She was a perfect daughter of Spain. Her soft, olive complexion, and glossy black hair—those magnificent eyes and small feet, could only be found in that delicious clime.

The castle was anciently called Froila, in commemoration of a victorious battle fought by Froila against the Moors, in which 54,000 of the latter were killed. We will still call it Froila, although the name was a temporary one, given by a grandee, who had lived there in the year 1300.

At the time of our story, 18—, it looked ancient certainly, and that was all. It must have been glorious to have lived there in that old stony palace, that had outlived so many generations of men; that at one time had been the residence of a Moorish king, and subsequently the home of the haughty grandee, and still later of a lower order of nobility. To have sat there and thought of all the loves, and births, and deaths, to which these old walls had been witness, and of which the memory even had passed from every living being, must have roused all the Spanish ardor and romance of the Lady Inez.

Froila was surrounded on all sides, except the southwest and south, with a noble forest of chestnuts, and tamarisks, and birches, and pines, and the evergreen oak bearing edible fruit, and the cochineal oak, on which is found the false cochineal yielding a fine crimson color—trees indigenous to the country. On the south there was a circuitous road or broad path, made upon the principle of McAdam; and on the southwest was the beautiful Guadalquivir. The castle was elevated, and the terraces which led to the river were covered with the trees of the south—lemon, orange, pomegranate, almond and olive. At the very bottom of the garden was a small private quay, which was ingeniously concealed by foliage. The interior of the castle gave signs of age, and many of the apartments of desertion. But the principal room was of the amplest dimensions and luxuriantly furnished. The walls were covered with crimson drapery, which was here and there, at short intervals, drawn aside to bring to view immense mirrors, which multiplied the room a hundred times. It seemed as if the wealth and talent of the world had been laid under contribution to furnish the luxuries of this one room. There were the substantial comforts of America, the ingenious ornaments of China, painting and sculpture of Italy, the graceful frivolities of France, and literary productions of every language. In every nook and corner of this spacious hall was some object of beauty. But it seemed more a collection of things rare and rich, than the embellishments of a family drawing-room. Even the carpets that covered the floor, though gorgeous and beautiful, were of different material and pattern. In one recess, almost concealed by dark velvet drapery, stood an altar, upon which was a crucifix and a statuette of the Virgin Mary; her neck and hands bore jewels of value. There were several secret minute drawers about the altar, which were filled with gold, and silver, and jewels, either pious oblations to the virgin, or placed there for safe keeping, in expectation that even the lawless robber would respect the symbol of religion. The altar was covered by beautiful mosaic work; the spring by which each door was opened seemed the centre of a flower.

But amid all this, Inez sat sad and alone. She was very lovely, but anxiety had paled her cheek and subdued her spirits. Whence came this motley collection of valuables? Her husband, when he returned from his voyages laden with wares of every description, told her that they were the results of his traffic. But Inez had long had misgivings. She had observed an uncertainty about her husband's movements, which was totally inexplicable. He would often start on long voyages for distant ports and return in a few weeks; and after remaining with her some months perhaps, on the receipt of some news, he would start off before it were possible to obtain any cargo, apparently without the slightest premeditation, and come back in a longer or shorter time laden with wares of every description. Why were not these things sold? Indeed, why were they ever bought? Why were piles of velvet, and silks, and cottons brought there and left in the deserted chambers? Why did he enjoin upon her to live so retired? For two years she had not quitted the precincts of her garden; she had no communication with any one but her husband's old man servant and his wife. Why did he always return in the night, and come in a small boat to the quay in the garden? Why did he come stealing round to the window of her couch and make a signal, and wait for her answering password before making himself known? Why was he constantly changing the name of his vessel? She know it was all for the sake of secrecy—but why was secrecy necessary?

One day, when she put these questions to him, he replied:

"Wait a little, dearest, and I will take you and all we possess to some foreign country, where we will live for each other. Could you be content with only me, love?"

"I could go with you to the ends of the earth," said Inez, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "To live with you alone, would be to have my heart's content absolutely. Even in this stern old palace, with thee, and our books, and our beautiful grounds, I could be happy as in Paradise."

"So could I," he answered, the tears springing to his eyes; "so will I. Yes, Inez, I will yet live happy with thee and innocence."

It was the twilight of a soft autumn day, that Inez sat, as I have said, alone and thoughtful. Soon her quick ear detected a step in the garden; she started to her feet. In a moment the old servant, Pedro, entered the room, and removing his hat, said:

"Master will be here to-night about twelve o'clock, ma'am."

"Thank you, Pedro, thank you," said the lady. She glanced at the watch at her side. "It is not yet nine," said she; "those hours will seem ages." But ere one had elapsed, she heard the well-known step of her husband; she rushed to the door, and they were locked in each other's arms.

On this occasion, contrary to his wont, he had found means to convey to his servant news of his return, and receive intelligence of the safety of Inez, and therefore took not his usual precaution of waiting for a signal.

"Will you ever leave me again?" said Inez at length, after they had talked a long time without approaching this subject—always nearest her heart. "Will you ever leave me again?" There was a sadness in her tone which she could not wholly suppress.

"Once more, dearest, and by heaven, for the last time!" replied her husband. He knit his brows, and his face was dark with passion. Inez said not a word, but gently unclosed his clenched hand, and pressed it to her lips. "O, Inez," he exclaimed, with a softened voice, "you know not with what a power—infinitely stronger than fetters of iron—circumstances can bind one. Let the young man beware of yielding to the first (I will not say temptation, for it may not always be such), but to the first strong circumstance that rises upon one almost like destiny; it must be conquered, or it will subdue. But we will not waste these few hours that remain to us in sad retrospection or foreboding. Let me prophesy, Inez," he added, in a playful tone. "In a year and a day, love, you and I will leave Froila and Spain forever." Then, to avoid any inquiries, he walked up to the altar. "This is a safe bank," said he, opening one after another the secret drawers. "Here, old lady," he added, irreverently, "take care of this till I call for it." And he poured into an empty one a number of gold and silver pieces. It was evident that whatever confidence he felt in the superstitious reverence of others for these religious emblems, he had none himself. He resumed his seat. The morning twilight was just appearing. "Let us walk in the garden," he said.

Inez put her hand mechanically in his; a sadness which she could no longer resist took possession of her. Her hopes, that the darkness had seemed to foster, were now fleeing away with it. No word had been spoken of the time of his departure, but she felt that it was close at hand. He plucked an orange from the tree, and handed it to her.

"Tell me," said Inez, as she took the fruit, "tell me when you must leave me—let me know the worst."

At that moment old Pedro appeared at the quay, waving a small black and red flag. Her husband saw him and returned the signal.

"Now," he replied—"this moment. I thought to spare you the anticipation at least of sorrow, and to prolong till the last moment the happiness of being together, so I said nothing of parting. God bless you! He will take care of such as you! Keep a light heart; you will hear from me soon, and see me, perhaps—who knows?" He spoke in a cheerful tone; he clasped her to his heart an instant, and was gone.

Who knows, indeed! Happy for us, that the future is hidden! In how many hearts would the light of hope be quenched, leaving only darkness and despair, were it otherwise! None but the fool would seek to know the future. * * *

When the good brig M—— left the wharf at Boston one bright summer morning in June, 18—, with fair wind and cloudless sky, and "all right," as was frequently shouted back and forth, little did those on board reck of the fate that awaited them.

One thing had been omitted in provisioning the M——. Not a weapon of defence of any description had been furnished; not a man on board had so much as a pistol. It is not uncommon for a vessel of six hundred tons, with a valuable cargo, to go into regions infested by pirates wholly unarmed. This does not appear to be safe; though in a vast proportion of cases, guns would be a needless expense.

For thirteen days the brig M—— enjoyed uninterrupted good fortune. On the morning of the fourteenth, the captain descried a vessel, which he seemed to regard with considerable interest. As the day wore on, his watchings increased, and his interest seemed tinged with anxiety; but he spoke not a word of it. As night, which promised to be dark, drew near, he saw with evident satisfaction that the strange looking craft had partially altered her course.

I will not go into the details of the horrors of that night, which I heard from one on board. Suffice it to say, that in the dead of night, when deep darkness had settled over the waters, the M—— was boarded by a band of well-armed and disciplined ruffians. What resistance unarmed men could make in the first impulse of despair was made; but it availed nothing. They were soon overcome and secured. Some of them were forced to assist in searching the vessel for money and valuables. One of the crew, a Mr. R., of Chelsea, was ordered by him who seemed to be second in command, to handle over a keg of nails, to see that no gold was concealed there. Not working fast enough, the pirate that stood over him struck him a cruel blow on the head that nearly stunned him. The brig was robbed of all her available wealth, and the men of every dollar of money. The last and most atrocious act of the invaders was to force every man down into the hold, nail down the hatchways, and set fire in various places to the vessel.

As soon as the men became aware of the departure of the pirates, they crept round, faces downward, smothered the fire with their hands, made their way to a hatchway that led into a sort of cabin, which had been overlooked by the robbers, and succeeded in making their way to the deck. These strong-hearted men, grateful to Heaven for the preservation of their lives, but full of burning indignation for their dastardly invaders, set all sail for the nearest port. But meeting, the second day, a vessel from which they obtained some necessary supplies, and by which they sent forward the account of their disaster, they turned them homeward.

When they arrived at Boston harbor, they found the news of the piracy had reached home before them. Other vessels had been attacked by these robbers on the high seas, and already was an armed fleet sent in pursuit. Scarcely had these things ceased to be the daily topic among men, when the whole city was thrown into excitement by the announcement that one vessel had returned bringing in it four pirates. The crew of the brig M—— was summoned to identify them, which was easily done. Mr. R., with peculiar satisfaction pointed out the man who had struck him, and swore clearly to his identity. "For," he added to some friends near him, "that face has never been absent from my mind a waking moment since, and scarcely ever when sleeping. Even at the moment of the blow, when I was helpless and in his power, I swore that blow should be avenged—and it *shall*. Even at that moment, I fixed that face on my memory, never to be effaced till death." * * * * *

A few months after the departure of her husband did Inez remain in her usual listless solitude. Soon Pedro—the aim and end of whose existence seemed to be, to watch the course of his master—brought tidings that a vessel, answering in every particular to that in which the husband of the Lady Inez had last embarked, had been captured by a United States man-of-war, which was taking her to Boston. After, came accounts of his crimes, the excitement of the public mind against him and his company, and their probable fate. Then Pedro told the lady of all her husband's danger; of his lawless occupation, and that now perhaps his life was in peril. "Indeed," he added, as he saw she bore it more calmly than he anticipated, "we may say he is lost."

Inez sat as if turned to stone. The first shock had paralyzed her. To her quick perception, the whole breadth and depth of her calamity was seen and felt at once. She knew his crime; she knew the laws against it; she knew that even now he was in the hands of those who were swiftly bearing him to justice.

"How can we save him, Pedro?" at last issued from her white lips.

"You cannot save him, dear lady," said Pedro, gently; "but you can go to him, and see him, and comfort him before—" His voice trembled a little, and he stopped. They both knew what the laws would require of him.

Inez, touched by the sympathy of the faithful servant, burst into tears. It was well for her; it relieved her overcharged brain. She did not indulge long in the luxury of grief; she was soon ready for action. In a few days her jewels and valuables had been disposed of, her money and wardrobe collected, an American clipper, which happened to be in port at that time, was chartered, and she was on her way to Boston.

Meantime the trial came on. Those among us who were living then, will not soon forget the excitement of that time—the joy when the pirates were taken—and the sorrow, mingling with a sense of justice, on the terrible day of their execution.

One scene occurred during the trial, which I will mention. While Mr. R. was giving his testimony, he spoke of the brutal attack on him, as he was searching the keg of nails.

"I never struck him, your honor," said the prisoner.

R. turned upon him with a look of fury; all the power of mind and body seemed concentrated in his clenched hand, as, with one blow on the head of the prisoner, and, "You know you lie, villain," he threw him headlong on the court room floor. A spontaneous shout of approbation arose, which was soon checked, however, and Mr. R. was fined on the instant for contempt of court. The fine was immediately collected by the crowd in the court room, and paid over to the clerk. The trial was finished; three of the pirates were condemned to be hung—a fourth, a young boy, was acquitted.

When the Lady Inez arrived in Boston, she heard that her husband was in jail awaiting death. During her long passage she had laid her plan of action. She waited not even to see him, but proceeded directly on to Washington. "He must not die!" she

said to herself. "He shall not die; I *will* save him. I will go to the only one on earth who can pardon him, and I will beg of him this one little life that—O, God, I must succeed!"

She hurried on to Washington; she made her way without delay to the audience chamber of the president. How successfully she pleaded with the old general is a matter of history. She begged his life for her own sake—she the young, the innocent, to be widowed and infamous; for her husband's sake—he so young and so full of good. Yes, she knew he was; she knew him better than any one else, and she would pledge herself that his future life would be useful and honest; for the general's own sake—the remembrance of having saved a fellow-creature from an infamous death for a usefully honest, happy life, would be the sweetest of reflective age. She recalled to his mind a letter written to her husband, a few years before, thanking him for relieving an American vessel in distress off Havana, when other (American) vessels around dared not go to their suffering fellow-citizens. She prevailed. Men said that the general could not resist the prayers of a beautiful woman in distress. But he no doubt felt that good would come of it. Truth has a convincing power that nothing else has. Inez felt the truth of her pledge, and could make him feel it.

Inez sped back to Boston with a lightened heart. She stopped not till she entered the cell of her husband, with the president's pardon in her hand. Who can describe that meeting? She did not linger there long—but long enough to hear her husband's solemn vow that henceforth his life should be one of innocence and virtue; long enough to join her vow with his of never ceasing gratitude for the president's clemency; long enough to utter one fervent, heartfelt prayer to God for strength for the future.

When Inez left the prison with her rescued husband, their first task was to retrace her steps to the capitol, and pour out at the feet of their benefactor their gratitude, and assure him of their good resolves. De Soto procured a miniature of the president, which never after left his person for a day. The other two wretches condemned to death, had no wives to plead for them—they probably deserved none; they were hung.

It is but a few years since I met Mr. R., and as usual I asked, "Where is De Soto?" And as usual he answered with as much certainty as if the last mail had brought him the latest intelligence, "He is now master of a Baltimore clipper that runs from Baltimore to New Orleans. I never lose track of him; and but for my wife, I would have had his life before this."

It is perhaps needless to add, that the above tale is strictly true.

FOUR GREAT MEN.

It is a remarkable fact, that the career of four of the most renowned characters that ever lived, closed with some violent or mournful death.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another one for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps; after having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her very foundations quake—fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of our God, and called him Hannibal—died at last by poison, administered by his own hands, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his hands in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with tears and blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not or would not bring him aid.

Thus four men who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of all those whom the world called *great*—those four who, each in turn, made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one in lonely exile.—*Notes and Queries.*

ANECDOTE OF BEETHOVEN.

Nothing vexed Beethoven more than when anything went wrong in the performance of his works. He would thereupon fall into a state of excitement which knew no limit. At a large theatre-concert in Vienna, where, besides his pastoral symphony, a fantasia of his for the piano with orchestra and chorus was performed, the clarinettist, in the variations of the closing theme, accidentally made a repeat of eight measures. Beethoven sprang up furiously, and overwhelmed the members of the orchestra with abuse. At last he cried out, "From the beginning!" The theme was commenced again. All fell in rightly, and the result was brilliant. But when the concert was over, the artists could not forget the honorable titles Beethoven had conferred upon them, and swore never again to play when he was in the orchestra. But this only lasted till he came forward with some new composition, when the curiosity of the musicians got the better of their indignation.—*Musical World.*

MADAME TALLEYRAND AND DENON.

It is said of Madame Talleyrand, that one day her husband, having told her that Denon was coming to dinner, bid her read a little of his book upon Egypt, just published, in order that she might be enabled to say something civil to him upon it, adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study table. He forgot this, however, and Madame, upon going into the study, found a volume of "Robinson Crusoe" on the table instead, which, having read very attentively, she was not long on opening upon Denon, at dinner, about the desert island, his manner of living, to the great astonishment of poor Denon, who could not make head or tail of what she meant. At last, upon her saying, "Ah, dear Friday!" he perceived she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe.—*New York Mirror.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE STONE AT THE SEPULCHRE.

BY W. A. FOGG.

In the darkness of the night,
Undiscerned by mortal sight,—
That the buried form might rise
To its glories in the skies,—
From the tomb where Jesus lay,
Angels rolled the stone away.

From our tomb—which hides the Lord,
And dims the beauty of his word,
The mighty stone of care, or grief,
Or sect, or creed, or unbelief,
Father, grant thy angels may
Thus and over roll away;

Leaving thus our spirits free,
E'en as Christ's, to rise to thee;
From the deep and dismal tomb,
Holding others midst its gloom,
Helping, in our upward way,
Angels roll the stone away.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD FLUTE-PLAYER.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

In the fourteenth century, there was in the principality of Kalenberg a large town called Hamelen. Built at the confluence of the Hamel and the Weser, it received in its port ships from all countries, and afterwards distributed their cargoes throughout Germany. It was noted everywhere for its commerce, its wealth, its power; and the man who could say, "I am a citizen of Hamelen," was sure of finding everywhere protection or civility. So the inhabitants had become hard, unjust and proud, as it usually happens with those who can do whatever they desire.

Now, there entered one day into the port a foreign vessel, of a construction so singular that the most experienced sailors could not tell where it had been built. It moved without sails or oars, and its cargo was composed of precious merchandize, such as silken stuffs, perfumed leather, gold dust and oriental spices. One single man constituted the crew. It was an old man with white hair, clad in a robe of yellow velvet, fastened by a woollen girdle, and carrying suspended to his neck by a silver chain, two flutes, one of which was of ivory and the other of ebony.

All the inhabitants of Hamelen hastened, as we may imagine, to see the strange vessel and the unknown captain who commanded it. The latter received his visitors kindly; but to all their questions replied that he had come to do business with them, not to relate his history, and he pointed to his merchandize spread out on the deck.

Nevertheless all went away without purchasing, and each made his own supposition on the mysterious stranger; some said that it must be some oriental Jew, whom the desire of gain had attracted to these remote regions; others asserted that he had come from India, pursuing an unknown route by the north; some suspected him to be a pirate who had enriched himself by getting rid of all his companions.

This last opinion prevailed because it was the most unfavorable one. It spread throughout the city, and it was soon universally believed that the old man with the flutes (as they called him) was a skimmer of the seas, who sought to sell the fruit of his piracies. Some of the inhabitants then ventured to say that it would be prudent to interrogate this man, in order to learn the truth; others insisted that they had even a right to arrest him; at last, a merchant, who feared his business would be injured by the stranger, exclaimed that the wisest course would be to seize his merchandize as the property of a suspected man. This last opinion was immediately adopted by everybody. They addressed the council who then governed Hamelen, and some of the magistrates were despatched to the ship in order to seize its contents.

The old man in vain attempted to oppose them, remonstrating that they despoiled him without reason and contrary to all justice; the magistrates replied that the merchandize should be restored when he had proved that it belonged to him lawfully, threatening, if he resisted, to throw him into prison.

The stranger then comprehended that they were determined not to listen to him; he therefore seated himself beside the helm, and suffered them to remove the cargo, without saying a word. At last, when everybody had gone, he rose, detached the rope which moored the ship, and allowed it to descend the stream.

The curious crowd had assembled to see him depart, and the magistrates themselves had remained near. The old man, who perceived them, bent over the side of the ship.

"I am going, unjust men!" said he, in a threatening tone; "I am going, driven away and despoiled by you; but I leave behind me what will punish you and avenge me."

At these words he opened the red bag which he carried at his girdle, and they saw come out of it three rats of different species. They jumped into the river, swam across it and reached the shore; after which the ship continued its course.

The inhabitants contented themselves with laughing at the singular vengeance of the old man, but they soon discovered that it was a serious one. The rats multiplied so prodigiously that they ended by taking possession of the whole city. They had driven all domestic animals from the houses, and made their nests in the corners of the windows, in the places once occupied by swallows. Scarcely was a table set, when they all ran to eat the repast prepared for the family. They penetrated by innumerable companies into the granaries, consuming in a few days the food which should have sufficed for a year. The result was a famine, which rendered them more dangerous by making them more hungry. They spread throughout Hamelen, destroying all the merchandize, and gnawing the sails and cordage of the shipping. Afterwards they attacked the beams of the houses, which began to fall into ruins; at last, the rage of hunger which tormented them became such that they even attacked men during their sleep, and devoured infants in the cradle.

The inhabitants, who had vainly employed all known means, were at a loss how to escape this calamity. Their warehouses were empty, and foreign vessels no longer dared enter the port. It would have been all over with Hamelen, had not the council resolved to offer a reward of a hundred thousand gold pieces to him who could deliver the city from the animals which were devastating it.

This notice had already been published for some time, and no person had yet presented himself, when one day, the ship without sails re-appeared, commanded by the old man with the two flutes. He did not enter the port, but sent to the supreme council a letter in which he proposed to deliver Hamelen from the scourge which he had sent upon it, for the hundred thousand gold pieces offered. After having read it, the magistrates hastened to the port and summoned the old man to land, declaring that they would pay him the sum if he had really power to save them. The old man, confiding in this oath, landed, and taking his ivory flute, began to traverse the streets of Hamelen, playing a singular air, unlike any known music. As he played, the rats ran towards him from every direction and followed him like an army; when they had thus assembled, he returned to the port and made them all enter his ship, which departed alone, and quickly disappeared at the mouth of the river. Then turning towards the magistrates, he said to them: "You see I have kept my promise; now keep yours."

But the magistrates, having no longer anything to fear, began to find reasons for violating their pledged word.

"The compensation," said one of them, "ought to be proportioned to the trouble, and an air on a flute cannot reasonably be estimated at a hundred thousand gold pieces."

"Give him two hundred, and he ought to think us generous," added a second.

"Two hundred!" repeated the merchant who had finally advised the confiscation of the old man's cargo; "have you forgotten that this man is the original cause of all our sufferings?"

"True!" exclaimed all voices.

"Far from being indebted to him, we ought to inflict a severe chastisement," resumed the merchant; "let him esteem himself fortunate in being allowed to depart without having been called to an account for the past; for our pardon is a sufficient recompense."

The old man remained standing in the same spot, until the last of the inhabitants had crossed the threshold of the council-room; then, seizing his ebony flute, he cried, in a terrible voice: "Let them then be rewarded according to their works!"

Then he began again to traverse the streets of Hamelen, playing his black flute, and this time, all the children came out of the houses, and began to follow him, drawn by an irresistible power. He passed thus before each door, and his company constantly increased; finally, when it was complete, he returned towards the river.

Meanwhile, the inhabitants were praying in the church; but suddenly a gloomy voice resounded beneath its vaults, saying: "The curse of the fathers shall be punished in their children."

And rising in terror, for they had recognized the voice of the old man, they issued forth in crowds and hastened to the port: the old man was no longer there; but every wave of the river rolled to the shore the corpse of one of their children.

A chapel was built in commemoration of this great disaster. On the windows were painted mothers in tears, traversing the shores of the Weser, in the midst of which appeared little heads floating and little hands elevated to demand help; in the distance was the old man playing the ebony flute, and beneath it was written: "To our children, destroyed by the malice of the demon."

But the same evening an invisible hand effaced, it is said, the last words of this inscription, and the next day the inhabitants read, with fear and surprise: "To our children, destroyed because of the injustice of their fathers."

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

COL. WILLIAM HEATH SPOONER.

We present herewith a portrait of Col. Spooner, a gentleman as well known and as popular as any of our citizens, drawn for us by Barry, from a lifelike daguerreotype. Colonel Spooner was born in the State of Virginia, in the year 1798. His father, Rev. John Jones Spooner, was a graduate of Harvard University, engaged in mercantile business in this city, and for many years was one of our leading merchants. One of those reverses, however, so common in mercantile life, caused him to abandon trade, and he removed to Virginia, where he studied divinity, and was settled as a clergyman of the Episcopal church. His wife was the only daughter of Major-General William Heath, of Roxbury, one of the distinguished officers of the Revolutionary army. The subject of our sketch was but a year old when his father died, and being brought to the north by his surviving parent, received his education in the schools of Brookline and Roxbury. On the completion of his studies, he entered a counting-room, and was for some years engaged in mercantile pursuits. Taking an interest in public affairs, and being much esteemed by his townsmen, he was elected a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives from Roxbury, and served his constituents acceptably in that body. For about five years he was also an officer of the customs in that city. From an early age he manifested a great interest in military affairs, and for a period of twenty years was connected with the militia in various official grades. For several years in succession he was colonel of the first regiment; and it was in a high state of discipline and drill when under his command. His last service was in command of the brigade as its senior colonel. He was exceedingly popular in the regiment and the brigade, and his resignation of his commission caused a deep regret. He refused to accept the office of brigadier-general, though six times elected to that rank. For the past six years Colonel Spooner has been known as the landlord of the United States Hotel, one of the largest establishments of the kind in the country. He had previously had charge of the Winthrop House. All who have had the good fortune to be his guests, will bear willing testimony to his affability, his care, his tact, and his skill as a manager. It is no light task to preside over such a house as the United States—a world of itself, with an army of attendants, and a multitude of guests to provide for. Col. Spooner has done this successfully, and has completely identified himself with the establishment. A finished gentleman, kind-hearted and generous, it is not surprising that he is surrounded by "troops of friends," who esteem and regard him as he deserves to be esteemed and regarded. He is one of the most deservedly popular men in our little village of Boston.



COL. WILLIAM HEATH SPOONER.

ARRIVAL OF A BURMESE ENVOY AT CALCUTTA.

The accompanying engraving was sketched on the occasion of a recent visit from a representative of the emperor of Burmah to the British authorities at Calcutta, and conveys a vivid idea of the manner in which eastern dignitaries travel. The carriage and its pair of horses present nothing remarkable, but the ambassador himself blazes with jewels, and, arrayed in gorgeous robes, is the centre of attraction. Behind him rides a detachment of native cavalry, and the sepoys who line the street receive him with military honors. A peculiar feature of the affair is found in the running footmen who accompany the carriage, holding umbrellas on long handles over the sacred head of the envoy. Of course it would not do to have a covered carriage, and so these poor fellows must keep pace with the horses through the broiling sun of a long journey. These Burmese runners have wonderful endurance and speed. One of them will tire out a horse, and there are more frequent relays of the latter than the former on a journey. Burmah was once the most extensive and popular state in Farther India, but since the war with the British, in 1824–26, it has been materially "curtailed of its fair proportions." It is enclosed on all sides by lofty mountains, and its soil is fertile but sadly neglected by the inhabitants. In the year B. C. 300, at which period the Boodhist religion was introduced, the government was permanently fixed at Prome, where it continued for 395 years, under the reign of twenty-four princes. After this it was removed, under a new dynasty, to Pugan, where it continued nearly twelve centuries, under a succession of fifty-five monarchs. In A. D., 1300, the seat of government was established at Panyah, and continued there fifty-six years, under three sovereigns. In 1364, it was removed to Ava, where it continued 369 years, and first became known to Europeans in the 16th century. About the commencement of the last century, the Burmans were conquered by the Peguans, a people they had themselves enthralled and kept in subjection for the two preceding centuries. At this period Alompra founded the present dynasty. He was succeeded by his son, Uparaja, who made Pakaing his capital. On the death of Uparaja, three years after his accession to the throne, his brother Sembuen succeeded to the sovereign authority, and removed the seat of government to Ava. In 1776, Sembuen was succeeded by his son, Senknsa, who, after a reign of five years, was succeeded by Paougkacha, who removed the capital to Amarnpoora. After a reign of thirty eight years, Paongkacha was succeeded, in 1819, by Nunsun, who removed the court once more to Ava; but on the almost total destruction of that town by an earthquake, in 1839, Moncholoo became the seat of government. In 1837, on the death of Nunsun, his brother Serawa succeeded to the throne, to the exclusion of the rightful heir. The British governor of Madras, in the 17th century, made friendly advances to the Burmese monarch, which, being graciously received, in 1709, Captain Alexander Hamilton paid him a visit, the details of which he recorded in his "New Accounts of the East Indies." In 1757, the British were allowed a site for a factory within the empire, but subsequently, aggressions on the part of the Burmese, and insolence to British ambassadors, provoked a collision, which terminated in the subjugation of the greater portion of the Burman empire to the British arms.

THE GRAVE OF STEUBEN.

About five miles from the village of Steuben, and in the town of that name, is the grave of Baron de Steuben. In a five-acre woodland, on a hill, and fenced in so that the field cattle cannot enter, quietly rest the remains of the Prussian patriot and hero. The grave is in the middle of the wood, and was once covered by a monument—a plain slab, with the following simple inscription:—"Major-General Frederick William Augustus Baron de Steuben." We visited the grave a few days since, and found the monument tumbled down, and things going to ruin and decay. It was an unpleasant sight to stand by the grave of that great man, and think how negligent our country had been of her heroes. There in the wild woods, far from the city's crowd, and by the "fair forest stream," reposed the remains of a gallant patriot, with nothing but a ruined mass of mortar and stones to mark his resting-place. Baron Steuben was aid-de-camp to the king of Prussia—he was receiving a salary of about $5000 a year at the time of our Revolutionary struggle—his sympathies were enlisted in behalf of the infant colony, and he left his home and situation to serve in the American cause, and take the lead of our armies. He was an able general, and an experienced tactician, and rendered invaluable service to our country. Soon after the close of the war, Steuben retired to private life, and for seven years endeavored in vain to prevail on Congress to remunerate him for his services. At length he received a salary of $2500 a year, only half of that which he had relinquished thirteen years before, to risk all in her service. He located himself on the farm, and in the township where he died, given him by the State of New York. He cleared off sixty acres of land, erected a log house, and sat down for the remainder of his life. With his trusty servants and a few friends, who still clung to him with more than filial affection, he watched the current of his years drift peacefully away, without a sigh for the splendors of royalty he had left behind him in the old world. A tree near the spot where his house stood, was a favorite of his; and under that tree in summer he used to pass many of his hours. He expressed a wish to be buried, when he died, under the tree where he had so often rested while living. On the 25th day of November, 1797, he was struck with paralysis, and lived but three days afterwards. He directed, just before his death, that he should be buried in his military cloak, with the star of honor, which he always wore, placed on his breast. His weeping servants, and a few rustic neighbors, formed the procession to his solitary place of burial; and there, in the still woods, "with the military cloak around him," and the star flashing on his breast, they laid the old warrior down to the rest. He sleeps well beneath the soil he helped to free. His stormy career was over, and he who had passed his life on the battle-field, had not a flag to droop over the hearse, or a soldier to discharge a farewell shot over his grave. A nation seems to have blotted him out from its memory, and left him to die alone, forgotten and unhonored. A "republic may prove ungrateful," and refuse to erect a monument to the memory of the departed patriot and warrior, but the people of the land which he helped to free will cherish his many virtues with filial tenderness and affection. In 1854, his remains were taken from the place where they were first deposited—a highway having been laid out there—and removed some fifty or sixty rods distant. As we stand by the grave of the baron, amid the tall trees of the forest, standing like so many sentinels around, the following touching and appropriate lines of the poet Collins, which have been so often quoted for their beauty and effect, came clustering to our memory:

"So sleep the brave, who sink to rest
With all their country's honors blest.
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck the hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To deck the mould that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

[*Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.*



ARRIVAL OF A BURMESE ENVOY OF DISTINCTION AT CALCUTTA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE UMBRELLA AND THE THRONE.

Who that ever "toted" a blue cotton umbrella, one of those heavy, old-fashioned things with a world of cloth and timber in its construction, being beguiled thereto by a prospect of rain, while leaving home in the morning, ever thought of an umbrella as a stepping-stone to the throne? In fact, it was considered rather fatal to royal hopes. Louis Philippe always carried an umbrella, and Louis Philippe lost his crown—cause and effect. But the philosopher knows that the same causes do not always produce the same effects. It seems that in the Maleva, in India, there is a certain precipice ever so many feet high, and springing from a base of sharp-pointed rocks, from the summit of which the Rajpoot women sometimes cause their firstborn to precipitate themselves in pursuance of a vow. In last February, a young man whose mother had been kind enough thus to dedicate him to the gods, led him to the precipice to accomplish her vow, in the presence of a vast multitude. The young gentleman was very docile, but at the moment of leaping, he snatched a huge umbrella from the hand of one of his uncles, and sprang into the gulf. At the moment of his descent, the umbrella opened, and forming a parachute, buoyed up the adventurer in such a manner that he lighted gently and unharmed on the rocks beneath. The multitude exclaimed that it was a miracle, and an evident proof that Vishnoo and Brahma designated a successor to the reigning prince. The cry went up that it was their duty to massacre the rajah and his family. So the crowd rushed to the residence of the prince, stoned him and his whole family by way of "putting them out of their misery," and proclaimed the young gentleman with the umbrella Rajah of Oukar. The Bombay Gazette informs us that this young Rajpoot was an adventurer, who, having witnessed a balloon ascension at Calcutta the year previous, had instinctively caught at the laws of aerostation, and had made use of them to dethrone the rajah of Oukar-Muudattah. Our friend Godard himself could not have done it better.

A DILEMMA.—A horse dealer in Chicago has contrived an ingenious method of preventing the intrusion of constables on his premises to serve civil processes. On one side of his doorway is a savage bulldog, whose chain reaches half-way across the opening, and on the other side, an untamed bear, with a similar extent of chain. Of course there is "no thoroughfare."

NO TRAVELLER.—A wealthy and shrewd business man of Washington, D. C., has never in his life been as far as Baltimore, and never set foot in a railroad car, a steamboat, or a graveyard. He is over 70 years old.

RAIN.—Nature raises water for refreshing the earth from 13,000 to 14,000 feet for some of the mining districts of South America, and not less than 16,000 feet for the highest inhabited regions of Thibet.

SWEETS.—Elwanger & Barry of the Mount Hope Nurseries, near Rochester, N. Y., have two acres of roses in a single block, and seven acres of the queen of flowers in all.

SPLINTERS.

.... A man in Brantford, being unfeelingly taunted with having just come out of jail, took laudanum and died.

.... At the last accounts from San Francisco, the Vigilance Committee had disbanded their forces and abdicated their powers.

.... The oration at the inauguration of the Franklin monument was delivered by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.

.... A firm in New York city sold a quarter of a million of dollars worth of wheat in one day. A heavy transaction.

.... Eight thousand seven hundred and nineteen persons died in the city of Mexico during the year 1855.

.... Politeness has been likened to an air-cushion: there's nothing in it, but it eases the world's jolts wonderfully.

.... At the Webster mansion in Marshfield, the names of about four thousand persons are registered as visitors.

.. Punch assures us that there are bores in the best families: the oldest houses have leaden spouts.

.... No sooner does a fool get into trouble of his own seeking, than he proclaims himself the victim of fate.

.... The old Stuyvesant pear-tree in New York, two centuries old, this year bore more than a bushel of fine pears.

.... The Tentines, an ancient people drank honey and water at weddings—hence the phrase honey-moon.

.... If an heiress is worth one hundred thousand dollars, rumor speedily magnifies the amount to five or six millions.

.... The theatrical campaign in this city is being carried on with great vigor by the several managers.

.... Laura Keene's splendid new theatre in New York is on the eve of completion. Laura is a gem.

... The scene of Mr. G. R. P. James's new novel is not located in Virginia, as was reported at one time.

.... Miss Emma Stanley, with her elegant drawing-room entertainment, wins fame and money wherever she goes.

.... The artists of New York and Boston have come back from the mountain regions with numerous sketches.

.... The New York Herald will soon be enabled to throw off from its presses sixty thousand sheets an hour.

.... The Cunard company are about to build a vessel to surpass the Persia. It will be a marvel, if they do.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

A few weeks since, the London Times, in its search for material to create a sensation, or perhaps from a higher motive, pounced down on an unlucky Italian opera, *La Traviata*, and tore it all to pieces. The ground of attack was not the poverty of the music, or of the performance, but the immorality of the *libretto*, which, in fact, deserved all the censures of the critic. To be sure the Times was silent during the performance of many operas, whose immorality is veiled only by the cobwebs of long custom; but we are thankful it has waked up at last. There is Don Giovanni, for instance. The hero is anything but an exemplary gentleman, and the bad effect of his example is not obliterated by the fact of his tumbling through a trap-door in the last scene. Ardent and ingenuous youth dwell rather admiringly on the velocity of his career, than in the little circumstance of his being finally overtaken by "Bogy."

But we are glad the London Times took the matter in hand. The stage has been purified, to a great extent, by the force of public opinion. The drama is now, on the whole, presentable and acceptable; and we must see to it that immorality does not return to the boards, under cover of the sweetest music and the most insinuating of modern tongues. What a mass of horrors and atrocities is Lucrezia Borgia! That woman never should have been selected as the heroine of drama or opera. History furnishes examples of purity, of lofty heroism, of heroic daring and generous deeds, to awaken, in the hands of an able writer, interest and enthusiasm, without touching those dark shadows that chequer its pages.

If this movement of the London Times is followed up with vigor, it will be well for managers, actors and the public. Honest and fearless criticism is what we stand in need of. Indiscriminate puffery and indiscriminate blame, based on personal preferences or prejudices, are too apt to be given us instead of honest opinions. And since, for a long time to come, we fear, we must be dependent for our dramatic entertainments on England, it would be well for us, if a rigid censorship should be established there as a barrier to the wretched stuff which has been imported thence in cartloads for our consumption, simply because the garbage had been stamped with the seal of European puffery. It is for the interest of managers and actors to court and solicit fearless, honest criticism, instead of puffery. The stage is rising again into a power—a power felt and acknowledged. If it is permitted to sink once more into its late state of degradation, then it falls

"—— like Lucifer,
Never to rise again."

The English press, in the palmy days of Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt and the "Examiner," was famous for the fearlessness, intelligence and impartiality of its criticism. And in the century beforehand, criticism was in the hands of men above all suspicion of venality and favoritism. The stage was then a model of elegance of deportment and of purity of pronunciation. No such thing as slovenly English was ever heard from the lips of an actor—no such thing as "gaggery." Talent found its fitting appreciation, and imbecility and dulness were restrained to their proper spheres. The dignity of art was upheld by the dignity of criticism.

A YOUTHFUL COLONY.

Not long since a number of children, under the charge of Rev. Mr. Van Meter, started by railroad from New York for the great West. They were brands snatched from the burning by the noble ladies of the Five Points' Mission. These ladies paid all the expense of the expedition. The children and their guardian occupied a car by themselves; and at the moment of departure the spectators gathered about the station were thrilled with emotion on hearing all those little childish voices mingling in the song of "Happy Land!" May Heaven bless them and their generous protectors! May the future of their lives be as bright as its beginning was dark and dreary. The establishment of the Five Points' Mission in the very heart of the worst moral corruption and physical degradation of New York, was one of the noblest philanthropic movements of the day.

"PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," NEW YORK.—We cordially welcome this new sporting journal recently established by the founder and editor of the old "Spirit," in connection with Mr. George Wilkes, a successful and able journalist. Porter seems to have renewed his youth and vigor with his new garb. The brilliant spirits of the olden time cluster around him with many a new recruit; and his sporting and dramatic journal blazes with intellect, wit, fun, humor and criticism, from end to end. Its permanent existence is already a fixed fact.

UNLUCKY.—The dowager queen of Oude came to England on a bootless errand—that of bribing the British government into a restoration of her son to his kingdom. She ought to have known that the British lion never relaxes a prey in which he has once firmly fixed his claws. The old lady started with jewels valued at a quarter of a million of dollars as presents, but they were stolen from her on the way—an Oude-acious robbery!

POWERFUL ENGINE.—The Detroit Tribune states that an engine, costing $50,000, is in course of erection, which is to be used for pumping water into the reservoir of that city. This engine is guaranteed to raise 1,000,000 pounds one foot with 100 pounds of coal—less than two pounds of coal per hour for a single horse power—the highest guaranteed duty of any engine known.

CHIVALRIC DARING.—A milkman in this vicinity, who has grown rich by his business, has set up a carriage, and has had painted on one of the panels a pump, and on the other a cow. Between the two he gets along very comfortably.

POLITICAL GOSSIP.

It is refreshing to step out of the circle of our own political affairs, now involved in the boiling and feverish excitement of a presidential election, and glance at the doings of our transatlantic neighbors. We can afford to keep cool when we are reviewing their difficulties, and certainly cannot be charged with partizanship when we are discussing them. We predicted long ago that a coolness would before long arise between the great governments so lately allied in arms against the ambition of Russia. It is reported that such a state of feeling does actually exist, and that very sharp notes (by the way, these diplomatic notes are sometimes three or four hundred pages long) have passed between Louis Napoleon and the English ministry, "concerning everything in the world and something besides." France is patting Russia on the back while turning the cold shoulder on England. And lately some curious hints have been thrown out, which accounts for the precipitancy with which the treaty of peace was hurried through at Paris. About that time, it will be remembered, the vast, fertile and wealthy kingdom of Oude was annexed to the British possessions in the East—they didn't call it annexing, but absorbing, by the way. Louis Napoleon, who was seeking for a pretext for ending the war, in which he had reaped glory enough for his present purposes, eagerly caught at this fact—inquired very politely how John Bull could be so inveterate against the encroachments of Russia in Europe, while Johnny was setting the example in the East on such a gigantic scale. He hinted that consistency would not permit his good friends to prolong a bloody contest, of which he himself had had about enough, etc., and so, adroitly harping on this string, created a flurry, under cover of which the treaty was rushed through. It will be well if matters remain simply in this negative, frigid state; but John Bull is sturdy, and Johnny Crapeau is fiery, and we should not be at all surprised to wake up some fine morning and find them at loggerheads with each other. It would not be difficult to rouse up the old hereditary hate of both countries—each of which, has in turns, been invaded and subjected by the other. Then England would again become the "perfidious Albion" of the old French journals, and Louis Napoleon the unmitigated villain which the London Times called him at the time of the *coup d'etat*.

THE REASON.—It is an acknowledged fact that plays are always popular in which the principal character is a villain. Balzac explains the fact by saying, "We like to see a greater scoundrel than ourselves, and console ourselves with the idea that, with all our imperfections, we are not quite so bad as he is."

AN OLD 'UN.—An old oak tree in France, planted in 1070 by the Count of Champagne, was lately struck by lightning.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Richard Stanley to Miss Maria Blois; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. William Wilson to Miss Ellen Grindell; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Amasa T. Thompson to Miss Phebe Stoddard, both of New Bedford; by Rev. Dr. Blagden, Mr. T. F. Shattuck, of Dedham, to Miss Annie L. Learned; by Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Capt. Nathaniel Gammage to Miss Mary A. Eustis; by Rev. Mr. Strickland, Mr. Francis T. Marshall, of Deer Isle, Me., to Miss Nancy J. Joy; by Rev. Mr. Kallock, Mr. Geo. W. Hildreth to Miss N. J Weed.—At Lexington, by Rev. Mr. Staples, Mr. Oliver C. Robinson, of Madrid N. Y., to Miss Adeline Viles.—At Newton, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Timothy D Taylor, Esq. to Miss Mary M. Kendrick.—At Acton, Mr. Moses A. Noyes to Miss Emeline Hosmer.—At Lowell, Robert Clark, Esq., of Stow, to Miss Louise S. Goodnow.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. William W. Cameron to Miss Mary F. D. Harrington.—At North Bridgewater, Mr. Rufus C. Freeman to Miss Marianna Stoddard.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Maltby, Mr. Frederick A. Harrington to Miss Evelyn Soper.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Stetson Thomas M. Stetson, Esq. to Miss Caroline D. Eliot.—At Harwich, by Rev. Mr. Dunham, Mr. Matthew McKenzie to Mrs. Aehsah Taylor.—At Pittsfield, by Rev. Dr. Porter, Mr. Charles W. Potter to Miss Laura M. Persip, of Hinsdale

DEATHS.

In this city, Hon. Elijah Vose, formerly of Dorchester, 67; Mrs. Elizabeth Davies; Mrs. Elizabeth J., wife of Mr. J. W. Hobbs, 38; Mrs. Catherine Fahay, 35; Mrs. Ellen Carr, 72.—At Charlestown, Miss Sarah A. Rogers, 22; Mr. Rufus J. Fenerty, printer, 29.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Harriet Macarty, 53.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Olive Bradford Jenkins, 56.—At Watertown, John L. Dimmock, Esq., 60; Mrs. Mary Melina Packard, 34.—At Newton Upper Falls, Mrs Mary Abby, wife of Hiram Studley, Esq., of New York, 28.—At Dedham, Mrs Hopestill, wife of Dr. J. Stimson.—At Lynn, Mrs. Hannah Wood, 41.—At Hull, Mr Charles W. Turner, 41.—At Framingham, Mrs. Deborah Herring, 77.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Johanna Jackson; Mrs. Ann, wife of Rev. Thomas Tracy, 70.—At Dunstable, Mr. Asa Butterfield, 55.—At Uxbridge, Mrs. Sarah wife of Rev. Samuel Clarke, 50.—At Fall River, Miss Lucia B. Tillinghast, 18.—At Barnstable Mrs. Sarah, wife of Capt. Caleb Sprague, 42.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Susan, wife Mr. Daniel Vincent, 71.—At West Tisbury, Widow Mary Hancock, 47.—At Pittsfield, Miss Catharine Berry, 17.—At Nantucket, Mrs Betsey Barker, 61; Mrs. Priscilla Swain, 72.—At Exeter, N. H., Mr. John B Kidder, formerly of Charlestown, Mass., 51.—At New York, Mrs. Caroline W wife of Mr. Lewis H. Morris, formerly of Boston.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHERE I WOULD LIE.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

When I am gone to that far spirit land,
From whence to earth no soul hath ere returned,
To lift the mystic veil that hides our view,
When naught is left of all that once I was,
Save the icy form, the tenement of clay:
I would be borne to my last resting-place,
In some green spot beneath the blue of heaven,
Where the delicious breath of the balmy spring
Might float around me, and the dirge-like winds
Of sighing autumn, in low, solemn numbers,
Chant o'er my grave their mournful requiem.
Lay me not in the cold and cheerless tomb,
The prison-house of death: but place my form,
Silent, and as though of marble made,
In the kind bosom of my mother Earth,
Where once again my dust shall mix with hers.
Not many circling years shall roll around
Their onward orbit to the far off bounds
Of time, before, methinks, my life's frail bark
Shall have launched forth upon the great unknown,
Perchance to sink within some fearful depth,
Or safely wafted by angelic hands,
To some fair haven of the better land.
When this soul of mine has winged its flight,
I would that the frail tenement of clay,
Where once it dwelt, might peaceful lie among
Its kindred dust. And lo! when pealing far
Through earth and heaven, shall sound the trump of God,
May it arise from the long clasp of death,
Clad in the garments of celestial brightness,
And joining there the choir of angel harpers,
Traverse with them the golden streets above,
And evermore through heaven's high arches peal
The grand and glorious song of earth's redeemed.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FOOLISH TOM HORN.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

Impulse raises the old cat with many and many a young man. He may be safe just now, for he knows where he is; but to-morrow, or in the course of the next hour, he is liable to be in the maze of a difficulty from which nothing but bruss or a good sword can ever extricate him.

Thus it chanced to be with our misguided friend, Tom Horn. A cleverer fellow, in the common acceptance of that word, probably never passed you his cigar case; nor a jollier one, upon occasion; nor an easier, freer, more careless, or trust-to-luck individual. He always lived, when he got a dollar, as if he should never need another. And in spite of his improvident habits, he managed somehow to keep always with the rest of the world, too.

There is no trying to tell how many hearts he broke, here and there, nor into how many scrapes he got in consequence. It would be nonsense to think of reckoning up his conquests, whether against the efforts of other men, or over the more delicate natures of the female sex. Wherever he was he was proud to be esteemed a lion.

His impulses led him into all manner of difficulties. He had hardly extricated himself from one before he found himself over head and ears in another. Perplexities, especially of the amatory sort, he never failed to be mixed up in. He invariably had an exhausting affair on his hands. And all this simply because he was run away with by his sudden feelings. They were like wild horses hitched to him, without curb or rein.

Last summer Tom took it in his head to make a little excursion into the country. So taking down a large map of the State, he studied over it, and studied over it, till he fixed his thoughts on Obed as the very place where he wished to sojourn. It was exceedingly inland, it had public houses of one kind and another, and it was understood to be a locality full of the delightfulest rural associations.

Accordingly, on the twentieth day of July, he crammed his summer effects into a good-sized carpet-bag, bade his anxious landlady "good morning," and sallied forth. First to the cars. The cars took him within two miles, or such a matter, of Obed, and a coach, such as you cannot find anywhere except in the country, trundled him on the rest of the way.

Once installed in his little seven-by-nine room at the hotel, he began to look industriously about him. On investigation, he discovered that there was another establishment for summer boarders right next his hotel, and easily overlooked from his own little window. Here was a subject for him to study. His curiosity was piqued, as usual. And down he sat, with open window, day after day, and for so many hours each day, to watch for any stray developments that might offer.

It was not long before he thought himself paid for his trouble. For nearly opposite, at a window always open and with the curtains drawn completely aside, sat a beautiful young creature with dark curls and fair complexion, who to appearances was engaged in embroidering, but in fact was occupied with throwing glances over at our friend Tom.

There he sat, making everybody but her believe he was reading; and there she sat, trying to impose on the world the idea that she accomplished a deal of fancy work every day. They grew tender very soon with their eyes, and finally came to exchanging smiles. At this stage of the proceedings Tom certainly supposed he must be crazy.

By-and-by he bowed to her. What was his delight to find that she stared fixedly yet pleasantly at him a moment, and then nodded back as gracefully as a spirit! Now he was beside himself in truth. He wished he had wings, that he might fly straight across to her window. He wanted to throw himself out of his own window and go in some way through the air over to her, and hover about her charming face.

One day after another went along, Tom more a victim to his feelings than ever. She sat and looked at him and he sat and looked at her. In the course of his life, Tom had picked up, among other things, a sort of knowledge of the language of mutes. So he bethought himself that he would try an experiment with signs and dumb show.

He made a few letters in the air. She immediately replied in the same way, making other letters in return. He was delighted more than ever, and found he had finally "struck a vein." If they could in this way arrange it so as to *talk* with one another, the business was a safe and profitable one. By means of his signs he asked her Christian name.

"Bessy," answered she; "short for Elizabeth."

"Mine is Tom," he rejoined. "What is the color of your eyes, Bessy?"

"Black,"—with a hesitating smile. "Yours are blue; I can tell from here."

"Are you a stranger in these parts?" asked Tom.

"Yes; came out to pass a few weeks with some friends."

"Friends boarding in the house with you?"

She nodded yes.

"I wish I had taken rooms there too," communicated Tom. "Why didn't I?"

"We are full here now," returned his fair friend.

Throwing a kiss to her from the tips of his fingers, as he heard some one rap on his door, he closed half his shutter and sprang up to let in the applicant.

Next day he returned to his exciting occupation, taking care to secure himself against sudden interruption. This was an adventure that occupied his thoughts and his heart. He was in for it in good earnest. This time he found his new *inamorata* punctual at her post, and apparently awaiting him. Her face lit up with a smile, she bowed, and, in response to his own advances, kissed her hand to him. This, surely, was getting on bravely. With his thumbs and fingers he went to work again.

"I think you are beautiful," said he. "I feel as if I had known you always. Are you from the city?"

She nodded yes, as a quicker way than by signs.

"Parents?"

"No."

"Brothers?"

"Not here. One in town; the other in California."

Tom half wished they were both in California.

"Relations with you?"

"An uncle and aunt. That is all. But they watch me, you know."

Tom here clasped his hands across his breast, made up a face of the most deeply sympathetic pretensions, and declared that he would like to tie them both up in a bag and hide them down cellar together for a month. She shook her head and curls at him playfully, as much as to say—"That never would unswer in the world; for they are going to leave me something one of these days!"

"Rich?" pursued Tom.

"Yes,"—with her head only.

Tom could have clasped the dear creature in his arms only for the distance that lay between them. "Now," said he to himself, "this girl's a prize. I'll have her or die in the attempt! Let *me* once handle the bonds and stocks that her Jew of an uncle is going to leave her, and I think I can make a different thing of life entirely!"

"I wish we could meet," he went on, "I have so much to tell you. I want to see you closer; take your hand; and talk with you. I want to hear your voice; to look into your eyes; and watch the play of your countenance. Can't we meet somewhere?"

She hesitated. At length she gave a timid assent to his proposal. Tom could have died that minute, for joy. Thrice he kissed his hand to her, rising to his feet and bowing. His manner was already that of a most passionate lover.

"In the orchard," he suggested, "down the lane below," pointing in the direction of the locality that was thus to be made sacred. To that she agreed also.

"What time?" he inquired.

She dared not suggest herself. She would leave that to him.

"To-morrow afternoon?" said he, in the form of an interrogatory.

"Yes; that would answer very well."

"At three o'clock?"

"Yes," again.

And so it was arranged.

Tom could scarcely sleep at all that night, and no wonder. To a person of an impulsive and nervous temperament, like himself, a matter of this sort was a great affair. It made his pulses flutter and trip a good deal faster than those of people in more ordinary circumstances.

In the afternoon, and at a little past three o'clock, he stole off for a stroll down to the orchard in the rear. His way was through a pleasant lane, shaded here and there with a broad-spreading apple-tree, over long strips of most delicious green grass, and through a gate or two that kept out vagabonds and stray cattle.

Arrived, finally, at the spot designated, he leaped the bars that stretched across his path, and looked carefully all around the enclosure. Old stone walls shut it in on every side, and the grass was as thick and vigorous as in June. The apple-trees stood in dense order, their shadows giving an almost forest-like look to the whole orchard. The sun glistened in through the leaves, and touched up with a yellow brilliancy the young fruit that had begun to make its boasts to the eye of the proprietor. Altogether it was a very beautiful rural scene, and just the place that youthful lovers would select for the exchange of vows or admiration.

Tom went strolling about here and there, almost at random, gazing all around him, and wondering whereabouts he should find his friend Bessy. For some minutes he inclined to the opinion that she had not yet arrived. But suddenly catching a glimpse of a white dress beneath a distant apple-tree, and seeing that the person's back was turned to him, and leaning against the tree, he took heart and inwardly returned thanks for his luck. He went nearer, to satisfy himself of the identity of Bessy. Yes—there were those long, dark curls, and that same black hair. He was certain of her now. His suit was accepted, and his fortune was made for his lifetime.

In order to afford her a delightful surprise, he resolved to creep stealthily up behind her, and then to rush forward and throw his arms around her neck. All of which would, no doubt, constitute a very pretty arrangement.

So up he stole a tiptoe, working his way slowly through the tangled grass, till he came very near to the tree; then, with a laugh and an exclamation of tenderness, he threw himself down on the ground beside his fair one, wound his arms about her, and began uttering protestations of his devoted attachment. Instead of reciprocating this sort of sentiment at all, the lady threw down the newspaper she had been reading, and screamed out at the very top of her voice: "Alfred! *Alfred!* Alfred!"

It was a scream of terror and desperation.

In an instant almost, up sprang a man from the grass and shadows somewhere, in his shirt sleeves, carrying another newspaper in his hand. He looked to see what the matter was, and flew to the rescue as swift as lightning.

Before Tom could begin to recover from his astonishment at the lady's screams, he found himself set on by the fists of the gentleman in summer afternoon undress, pounded till he could not see one from the other, kicked all about the grass, and ordered to take himself out of the orchard in no time at all! So different a reception from what he had expected. The difficulty was, he had mistaken another man's wife for the girl of his heart. They were a couple who boarded in the same house with young Bessy.

Blind, bloody and swollen, and mortified even more than he was disfigured, he dragged himself away without a word of explanation, and started for his room by the most private way. In the lane he met Bessy herself. He could just recognize her; but she did not know him, though so much surprised at his appearance. She thanked Heaven that she did not know him, and passed quietly on. It was a sad termination indeed to prospects that ten minutes before were so golden.

The same night he paid his bill at the hotel, hired a conveyance to the cars, and slipped off to parts unknown to the dwellers of Obed. The story got about very soon. Only one person really understood the secret of it, and that person was Bessy; but she was prudent when it was absolutely necessary, and nobody was ever the wiser for what *she* knew on the subject.

It was said that Tom Horn was cured of his amatory impulses; but there is no telling how that is. As likely as not, he will get into a worse scrape, ten times over, when the next summer shines over our heads. Such sad dogs never *will* learn a new trick,—not even when it will protect them against the results of the old ones.

SAGACITY OF DOGS.

Among many curious yet well authenticated anecdotes, illustrating the wonderful sagacity, or reasoning powers of the canine race, the following deserves a place: A large Newfoundland dog, belonged to the captain of a ship engaged in the trade between Nova Scotia and Greenock. On one occasion, the captain brought from Halifax a beautiful cat, which formed a particular acquaintance with Rover; and these two animals of such different natures were almost inseparable during the passage. On arriving at Greenock, the cat was presented by the captain to a lady of his acquaintance, who resided nearly half a mile from the quay, in whose family she remained for several weeks, and was occasionally visited by her friend and fellow-passenger, Rover, who seemed not a little displeased at the separation which had taken place between them. On the day, however, when the ship was to leave the port for another voyage, the usual bustle on board gave Rover a hint of what was going on, and he decided on his course of conduct without delay. He jumped on shore, made his last visit to puss, seized her in his teeth, much to her astonishment, and carried her through the streets to the quay, just as the ship was about hauling off. He made a spring, cleared the gunwale, and fairly shipped his feline friend in good order and well conditioned, in and upon the good ship called the Nancy of Greenock; and then ran to his master, wagging his tail, as if entreating that she might remain on board.—*N. Y. Albion.*

FEEDING FISH.

The last efficient sea-fish pond we chanced to examine is situated near Port Nesson, Wigtownshire. It was constructed in 1800. A flight of steps leads downward to a small platform, by the water's edge, and the moment the old woman, who was our conductress, showed herself in the act of descending those steps, the whole body of codfish moved toward her, just as a flock of poultry follows a housewife. She had in her hand a basin filled with sand-eels and limpets; and when we neared the surface of the pond, and were seen by the fish to be manipulating the contents of the basin, as many as could press themselves close in shore raised their heads, or at least the anterior portion, quite out of the water, opened their mouths wide, and made a gurgling and occasionally a snapping sound, the latter occasioned by the sudden shutting of their jaws when they felt or fancied that something had dropped between them. As we stood on the lowest step, *au niveau* of the water, some of them laid their large, languishing faces over our feet, allowed us to put our hands beneath them, and roll them over, or even raise and replunge them—as nurses do children—out of, and then beneath their native brine. The species were chiefly cod, with a few lithe, a gurnard, and a small grilse or sea trout.—*Blackwood.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The total export of treasures from California ports for the last seven months is rising $30,000,000. —— Paper-making in the United States has become one of our greatest productive interests, in consequence of the unrestrained liberty of the press, the prevalence of common school education, and the appetite for literature of all descriptions. —— The Chicago Times states that 3750 buildings have been erected in that city since the commencement of the year. —— The Philadelphia Journal says that there is considerable commotion just now existing among the police of that city, arising out of the recent stringent orders of the mayor. Many of them threaten to resign in a body, and a party from one of the upper districts have already presented themselves at the mayor's office for that purpose. —— They have had a lady at Sharon Springs, so they say, who would ring the bell with a pistol eight times out of ten. —— A ludicrous mistake recently occurred in San Francisco. The citizens had held several enthusiastic meetings, appointed committees, marshals, president, etc., and made ready for a grand celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lafayette, on the 6th of September, when all at once it was discovered that Lafayette was born Sept. 6, 1757, instead of 1756, as was supposed, and the hundredth anniversary does not occur until *next year*. —— The Joint Library Committee of Congress have ordered a full sized statue of Hancock to embellish the capitol.——A man named Bonar, at Kennet, England, was lately fined for using a steel-yard which was found to be incorrect, and though it turned out that the inaccuracy of the steel-yard used had defrauded Mr. Bonar himself, the penalty was enforced. —— In the year 1800 there was not a single railroad in the world. —— Lord Campbell, in his Lives of the Chancellors, says that Lord Tenterdon, the celebrated judge, expired with these words on his lips: "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict." The last words of Lord Hermand, the Scotch judge, were equally striking and professional: "Guilty, but recommended to the mercy of the court." —— It is estimated that fourteen thousand Africans have been landed in Cuba within the last eight months. —— It is said that sole leather (instead of iron) boxes about the axles of omnibuses and other vehicles relieves them, almost entirely, of the deafening noise which the iron ones make, and that they will outlast those of iron. —— John Bray, a farmer of Bleinham, Canada, poisoned himself and five children with strychnine, during the absence of his wife. —— The next expedition to Liberia will sail from Baltimore early in November, in the Colonization Society's new ship, John Stevens, now being built in that city. The ship, it is supposed, will accommodate about 300 passengers. —— In Canada West, where certain species of wild grapes are very abundant, the manufacture of wine, recently introduced, has been attended with the most signal success. —— A Clarkesville paper speaking of the low water in the Tennessee, says that a rise of three feet came down a few days previous, but could not get over the shoals! —— Thomas Jefferson was but 23 years old when he draughted the Declaration of Independence. —— The commercial tonnage of the United States exceeds that of Great Britain by the amount of ten per cent., and exceeds that of all other European nations (excluding Great Britain) by the amount of over nine hundred thousand tons. —— Mr. Kennedy was bitten by a rattlesnake near Wakulla, Florida; he applied the white of an egg and salt to the wound, drank abundantly of spirits, and the next day was about his business. —— The population of New York is dying off at the rate of one every seventeen minutes, day and night, all the year round. What a steady succession of agonies! —— The great bell for the clock-tower of Westminster Palace has been cast at the village of Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees. The metal employed amounted to eighteen tons. The ringing of that bell must be very gratifying to invalids residing in its vicinity.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.—Professor Olmstead lately spoke of Percival as the "most learned man in the country at the time of his death." His poetic talents, in connection with which we commonly think of him, formed but a single item in the vast resources of his mind. He possessed a deep knowledge of medicine, was acquainted with nearly all the modern languages, and was pronounced by Sir Charles Lyell to be one of the most extraordinary men in geology whom he had ever met. Yet this brilliantly gifted and accomplished man lived and died in poverty.

PAVEMENTS AND HEALTH.—Every city should endeavor to have its streets well paved, because health and pavements have an intimate relationship. In the city of Rome the utmost watchfulness is exercised respecting the pavement of the streets, because it has been found that malarian fever is sure to visit every unpaved locality in it. In the city of Liverpool, England, narrow and unpaved streets in which the typhus fever used to rage the year round, were rendered healthy by paving.

TOLERATION IN TURKEY.—Since the publication of the new law in Turkey, 106 Christian churches have been repaired or constructed. The Sultan alone contributed $5000 to one, building in the island of Candia. In fact, everything is done by him and his government to conciliate his Christian subjects, and to improve the condition of the empire.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.—John Brougham is rapidly making a fortune at the Bowery Theatre. He richly deserves it, and no one would adorn a fortune better.

WELSH CHURCH.—The Welsh Presbyterians intend to erect a house of worship in Philadelphia, where the gospel will be preached in Welsh and English.

Wayside Gatherings.

The St. Paul Pioneer gives the intelligence of a threatened war between the Sioux and Chippewa Indians.

"The Medical World" is the name of a new weekly publication in this city, edited by Dr. J. V. C. Smith.

A panther was killed at Chesterfield, New York, lately, measuring six feet in length, and with claws an inch long.

A young man named John Curtis was shot dead lately near Cincinnati, by a gentleman, whose house he entered for the purpose of robbing it.

It is understood that, owing to the unsettled political condition of affairs in Nicaragua, no new minister for that country will, at present, be received here.

A young girl, about six years of age, residing in Albany, in a state of somnambulism went to the window and fell out head foremost. The fall and slight injury she received awoke her.

St. Paul, Minnesota, is now said to have a population of 10,000 souls. In 1849 it did not contain 500. During the present season, 28,000 persons stopped at three of the leading hotels.

A woman at work in a flax mill in Patterson, N. J., while engaged in cleaning some of the machinery before leaving at night, caught her long hair in a shaft, which tore her scalp entirely off.

Harrison Randall, an esteemed citizen of Mercer county, Ky., was in good health, excepting that he was very fleshy and very sleepy—so he went to sleep, and died after a nap of several days.

A paper published in British India publishes a letter from a person at Karrachee, who says that he is determined to export 120,000 salted rats to China. The Chinese eat rats, and he thinks they may sell.

A large flouring mill, called the Cairo City Mill, has just been completed at Cairo, Ill., at a cost of $25,000. It is expected that it will grind and pack two hundred barrels of flour per day when in full operation.

There are no male descendants of the family of Franklin to perpetuate his name. The celebrated Professor Bache, who has been spoken of as "the nearest descendant of Dr. Franklin living," is one of many great-grandchildren.

Russia, notwithstanding her reverses in the late war, seems as powerful and vigorous as ever, and will soon be ready to make another struggle for power and territory, especially if other European powers get together by the ears.

Notwithstanding the beauty of his consort, the empress, Napoleon is reported to be desperately in love with two other persons—the Countess Castiglione, a Florentine of great wealth and beauty, and the celebrated Miss Neil, of England.

The Register general estimates that there are nearly 40,000 surnames in England. Among them there are 51,000 families bearing the name of Smith, and 51,000 that of Jones. The Smiths and Joneses alone are supposed to include about a million of the population.

Among the inmates of the Maryland State Hospital there is an old man whose derangement has taken a very peculiar character. He has great horror of anything in print. He steadily refuses to read any printed matter, alleging that it is not reliable, and perverts and misleads the mind.

The library ought to have the same attention as the greenhouse; light, air and equal moisture ought to be imparted to the leaves in either case. Light without injury to color, moisture without mildew, and air without soot, are as necessary to the librarian's as to the gardener's charge.

Another expedition is about to be undertaken to discover the source of the White Nile. It will be under the command of the French Count D'Escayrac de Lauture. It will be fitted out at a great expense, and will comprise twelve European, and three hundred Egyptian soldiers, with interpreters, boats, steamers and other conveniences.

Two boys were playing in one of the rooms of the Pacific Mills, at Lawrence, Mass., lately, when one of them, Michael McDonnell, was accidentally pushed into a tub of water heated to 165 degrees, in which he was immersed to his neck. He was immediately rescued and plunged into cold water, but died the same night in the greatest pain.

A grand celebration has just been held in Leipsic, of the jubilcum in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the house of Brockhaus, booksellers and publishers. In commemoration of the event, Henry Brockhaus, the head of the firm, has presented a thousand dollars to the Schiller foundation, and a thousand dollars to the "Institution for Decayed Booksellers," in Dresden.

So far from the Sultan's having abolished the slave trade, according to promise, its mischief has been so much accelerated of late, that white slaves can be bought to-day in Constantinople for twenty-five dollars each, and black ones for almost nothing. In a country rooted in tradition, the only reforms easily effected are those upon paper; such is commonly the end of reformation in Turkey.

The latest advices furnish reason for believing that the relations between France and England are not as friendly as formerly, in consequence of some misunderstanding in relation to Spanish affairs. On the other hand, it is thought that England is very desirous of being on the most friendly terms with the United States. A rupture between Great Britain and France before many months would not be surprising.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from Baltimore, says:—The yellow fever is originally miasmatic, produced by atmospheric influences, becomes then contagious, and is terminated by other atmospheric influences. The symptoms are those of nervous and putrid fever. The real yellow fever confines itself between the equator and the fortieth degree of north latitude, and never penetrates more than eighty miles from the sea-coast.

The new electric cable to be laid down between Sardinia and the coast of Africa has been lost. Its length was above 120 miles, and it was insured at Lloyd's for £30,000. The vessel which was paying out the cable had reached Galate Island, when a tremendous storm came on, and in order to save the ship and the lives of those on board, they were obliged to drop the cable. This is the second cable lost in the attempt to establish the communication at this point with Africa.

The English papers announce the death of the celebrated Arctic navigator, Sir John Ross, rear admiral in the British navy, at the advanced age of 80. Having entered the navy in 1786, he took an active part in the war of the end of the last and beginning of the present century. In 1818, he accompanied Sir Edward Parry in his expedition to the Arctic seas, and subsequently spent upwards of four years there, from 1829 to 1833, in command of another expedition to these inhospitable regions, and on his return received the honor of knighthood from William IV., for his distinguished services.

Foreign Items.

Paul Julien, the violinist, is about to leave the United States for Europe, agreeably to a royal invitation from the court of France.

Madame Thillon has retired from the stage, and an action for divorce is now pending between the charming vocalist and M. Thillon.

The London Post estimates the cost of the war with Russia at £80,000,000; and recommends that an annual sum be applied to converting personal annuities into terminable ones.

France is comparatively tranquil on the surface, but there are, nevertheless, many causes of anxiety and apprehension. The people of that country are at once impulsive and impatient.

Venice contains the largest collection of archives in the world. They occupy eighteen miles of shelves, which are distributed through no less than two hundred and ninety-eight apartments.

In Italy discontent is spreading in the legations, and alarm is manifested at Naples in consequence of the now ascertained movement of the Muratist party. This party has been circulating a programme or proclamation at Naples with secrecy and activity.

A very large quantity of wheat has been shipped this season in the Sea of Azoff. Up to the middle of August about a million chetwerts, or 720,000 quarters, were shipped at Taganrog and Rostoff; and it is estimated that a similar quantity has probably been shipped at Berdiansk and Marioupol.

Accounts from Hungary mention that within the memory of man there has not been such a luxuriantly abundant promise for the vintage as during the present season; and contracts for the supply of wine have been entered into by German and French houses with the proprietors of vineyards.

Sands of Gold.

.... He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.—*Fuller.*

.... Volatility of words is carelessness in actions; words are the wings of actions.—*Lavater.*

.... Reason cannot show itself more reasonable, than to leave reasoning on things above reason.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

.... To judge by the event, is an error all abuse, and all commit; for, in every instance, courage, if crowned with success, is heroism; if clouded by defeat, temerity.—*Colton.*

.... No man's body is as strong as his appetites, but Heaven has corrected the boundlessness of his desires by stinting his strength and contracting his capacities.—*Tillotson.*

.... Life is the jailor of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death: what we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death is a passport to life.—*Colton.*

.... The passions are the only orators that always persuade: they are, as it were, a natural art, the rules of which are infallible; and the simplest man, with passion, is more persuasive than the most eloquent without it.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... The most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face: and true proportion the beauty of architecture: as true measures that of harmony and music.—*Shaftesbury.*

.... Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receives.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

There is a time for all things. The time to "leave" is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

Never, perhaps, are children dearer to their parents than when, as at present, the price of bread and meat is excessive.—*Punch.*

The man who can crack a joke in half a minute after a fifty-two pound weight has fallen on his toes, may be called excruciatingly funny.

Talk about "mysterious knockings," what is more mysterious than the knockings of two human hearts, set in operation by the magnetism of youthful love?

Somebody thinks that if nature had designed a man to be a drunkard, he would have constructed him like a churn, so that the more he drank, the more firmly he would stand.

They have a new way of hatching chickens in the west, by which a single maternal fowl is made to do the duty of a hundred. They fill a barrel with eggs and place a hen on the bunghole.

My opponent, Mr. Speaker, persists in saying that he is entitled to the floor. Whether this is so or not, I shall not inquire. All I have got to say is, that he will get floored if he interrupts me again.

An old gentleman who had dabbled all his life in statistics, says he never heard of but one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this, by the singular fact of one of the questions being, "What is your age?"

An old revolutioner says that of all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the Widow Bem's, after being told by her daughter Sally that he "needn't come again," was the most solemn.

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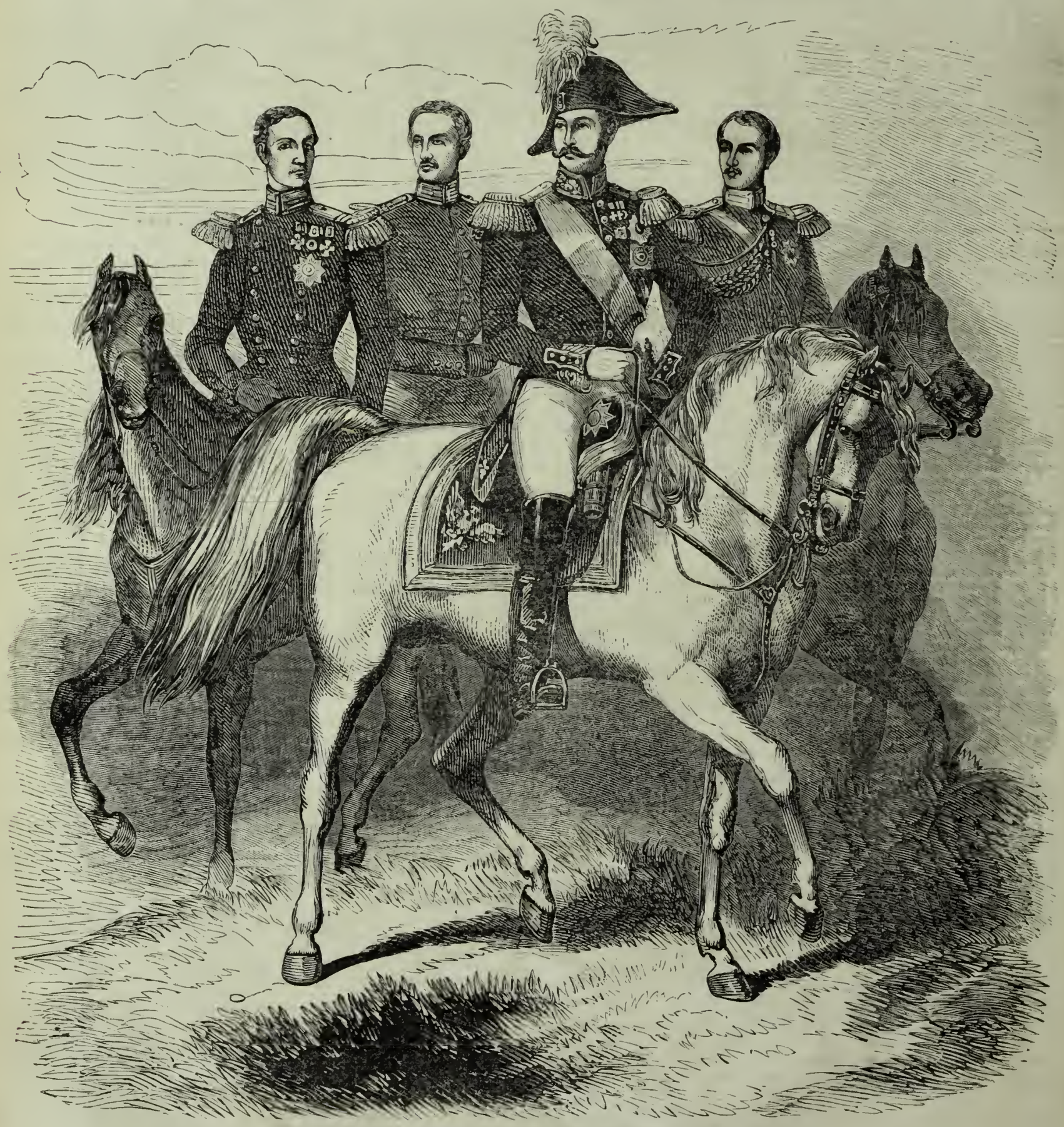
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THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND HIS BROTHERS.

The spirited engraving on this page presents us with equestrian portraits of the present emperor of Russia, Alexander II. and his brothers, the grand dukes Constantine, Nicholas and Michael, who appear as we have named them, in order, from left to right, the mperial group being depicted as they exhibited themselves to the loyal eyes of the populace of Moscow on the recent grand gala of the coronation, with the details of which the papers are now filled. The young emperor looks "every inch a king." The eldest son of the late Czar, Nicholas, he is about thirty years of age. He is said already to have given proof of energy and ability, and he passed through a training well calculated to fit him for the important station he occupies. On his accession to the throne, he found the empire involved in a terrible struggle, comparable only in its magnitude to that in which it was engaged in the memorable year 1812, when Napoleon, at the head of the greatest army of modern times—an army that might be said to embrace nations in its ranks—undertook to "conquer a peace" in the capital of all the Russias. Though trained to arms, and the chief of a military nation, still it is said that Alexander does not love war for the sake of glory, and certainly the fall of Sebastopol is not calculated to inspire him with any great enthusiasm for military campaigns. The Grand Duke Constantine, who, from his fierce, daring and impetuous character is the hero of the Russian nobility, was born in the year 1827, after Nicholas had ascended the throne; and the circumstance of his having been thus "born in the purple," according to Petersburg gossip, raised, in their youthful days, a dispute between the brothers, Constantine asserting that *he* was the eldest son of the emperor, since, at the date of Alexander's birth, Nicholas had only been grand duke. So late as the past summer, there were apprehensions of a revolution, with the object of dethroning Alexander and substituting Constantine in his place. The danger seems, for the present, to have blown over. Constantine is inferior in stature and personal appearance to his imperial brother. His features are regular, but bear marks of premature care; and, if the expression of his countenance be taken in evidence, his temper is the reverse of angelic. He was educated for the navy, trained on board ship, performed a voyage round the world in company with his governor, Admiral Lutke, seemed to identify himself with the maritime power of the empire, and is distinguished by manners and speech as bluff as any sailor need possess. He is reputed to hold England in the most cordial detestation, though he visited that country in 1847, and inspected its naval arsenals and dockyards in the most minutest details, and with the most careful attention. He is said to be surrounded in St. Petersburg by a band of followers known as the "old Russian party," and is suspected to govern the empire over which his brother nominally reigns. Hitherto, however, he has given no proof of eminent talent. Speaking of the Grand Duke Constantine, the author of that interesting work, "Nine Years in Russsia," says: "It has been insinuated that he rules the empire over which his brother nominally reigns; such statements, however, like those which affirm the existence of powerful opposing parties in Russia, must be received with great caution. As long as the czar, in the absoluteness of his authority, can, by a word, consign his nearest relative, like any other subject, to a dungeon, or send him into exile, or appoint him to a distant and sterile command—and of such family discipline there are precedents abundant in the history of Russian sovereigns—so long will it be impossible for any Russian liegeman to exercise aught but a delegated authority, or to foster a party that would have more than a semblance of influence, or, indeed, of existence." The czar's younger brothers, the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael—one born in 1831 and the other in 1832—are chiefly known to the public by the part they took at the battle of Inkermann. Previous to the conflict, the Grand Duke Michael, a fine, stout young fellow, who was noticed on several occasions riding about with a white dog for a companion, informed the soldiers that the czar had issued orders that every Frenchman and Englishman should be driven into the sea ere the year was closed; but when the grand dukes heard of the slaughter of their men, they turned pale; and when the day was irretrievably lost they burst into tears, retreated with their staff, and implored Menschikoff to make the best capitulation he could and abandon the hopeless struggle. Such, at least, is the English account of their behaviour, which must, of course, be received with due caution. The Grand Duke Nicholas has recently been appointed chief of the division of the pioneers of the cavalry of the guard; and the Grand Duke Michael chief of the second division of the artillery of the guard. Promotion is rapid when one's brother is emperor and commander-in-chief. Over how vast an empire has Alexander II. been summoned to preside—the largest, probably, that has ever existed in ancient or modern times. All this vast territory, and more than sixty-five millions of people, are ruled by the will of the one man whose portrait faces us on this page.



ALEXANDER, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, AND HIS THREE BROTHERS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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SPANISH MINSTRELS.

The picture on this page is well executed and highly characteristic. It is a group of two Spanish maidens, one of whom is striking the chords of the national guitar, bending over it in the excitement of minstrelsy, her parted lips indicating that she's singing; while her companion accompanies her with the tamborine and voice. Fair they are not—these bronzed daughters of the sun—and yet theirs is a wild and gipsy style of beauty, not without its fascination. Dark hair, dark eyes, pearly teeth and rounded contours are their heritage. There is a charm about the Spanish women which the coldest hearts acknowledge. Their figures are generally supple and elastic; their movements full of grace and witchery. Their walk is a study; but it is as much impossible to imitate the walk of a Spanish senorita, as to copy her manner of managing the fan. In their gait, and in their fan exercise, they certainly surpass all the daughters of Eve. Doomed by the jealousy of the "lords of creation" to great seclusion, and to a forced silence, except among themselves, they find in the fluttering of their fans an eloquent mode of expressing their sentiments and emotions, as the ladies of the East make of a bouquet of flowers a most expressive dragoman. But we should forget the principal accomplishment of a Spanish girl, if we omitted her dancing. The stage gives us a faint, though fanciful idea of the character of the Spanish dancers. The *bolero*, and the *cachucha*, and the *Jalio de Xerres*, must be danced by the daughters of Spain, to be fully understood and appreciated. Even Fanny Ellsler lacked a certain something, which only nationality could give. Nor are the Spanish women wanting in the higher qualities of devotion and heroism. If France has her Maid of Orleans, Spain can point with equal pride to her Maid of Saragossa, whom Byron's pen and Wilkie's pencil have immortalized. The characteristics of the women of Spain are preserved in their colonies and in the revolted provinces of Spain with singular fidelity. The women of Lima and the ladies of Havana and of Mexico have the same features, the same fascination of manner, and the same habits, as their sisters of the country of their origin.



SPANISH MINSTRELS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

OR, THE

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

Before Edith had time to say anything more, she was called from the room. The door by which she went out had hardly time to close behind her, when another communicating with the hall was thrown open, and Ishmael Withers entered.

"You are in trouble; allow me to offer you my sympathy," said he, advancing towards her and holding out his hand.

"I wish for none of it," replied Bessie, shrinking back and burying her hand within the folds of her dress.

"You wont even shake hands with me, for old acquaintance sake, after so long a separation?"

"We avoid the viper for fear of its sting, even more than from its loathsomeness."

"I understand a part of your taunt, at least," said Withers. "If my features were not cast in one of nature's fairest moulds, it is no fault of mine, and now that you have seen to your sorrow that a fair outside may conceal a depraved heart, you might, I think, for the sake of common courtesy, be more chary in the choice of your words."

"I know whom you allude to, but there is not wealth enough in the wide world to tempt Wilton Richmond to the commission of a deed at once so wicked and so mean as the one he is accused of, and you, incapable as you are of appreciating anything which is true and honorable, know this. Nothing low or vile could ever harbor in a nature so open and frank as his. As soon might foulness and corruption be concealed in a crystal vase."

"You would do to deliver a Fourth-of-July oration, Miss Bessie," said Withers, with a sneering smile, "but facts are stubborn things."

"Yet stubborn as they are, they may be warped and twisted by cunning hands."

"This is all folly," said Withers, changing his tone. "Nothing is gained by bandying words. One thing is certain: this Captain Richmond, immaculate as you hold him to be, whenever he is brought to trial, to say nothing of the disgrace, will be found guilty of a crime involving a heavy penalty."

"Whenever he is brought to trial, do you say? Has he not already had his trial?"

"He isn't yet even arrested, for which you may thank me."

"Why should I thank you? What good can result to him from delay?"

"Delay might not be of much use. What I wish to do is to prevent his being arrested. If he is brought to trial, there will be no chance for him whatever."

"How are you to prevent his arrest?"

"As yet, the affair is known only to a few. To none, in fact, besides you and your immediate friends, except Ritson and Mercer. There has been a vage rumor afloat, it is true, bearing a distant similitude to the truth, yet nothing has transpired which can seriously implicate him. For this, too, you are indebted to me."

"You appear to possess great influence."

"The truth is, I went earnestly to work, and at once. I sought an interview with Ritson and Mercer, and obtained a promise from them that they would give me a chance to investigate the matter, previously to their disclosing anything which might implicate him."

"It appears to me as singular as it is unnatural for you to interest yourself so much in behalf of one whom I know you regard with such bitter enmity."

"I should not, of course, go to so much trouble without what I considered a sufficient reason—without the expectation of some reward. You can certainly be at no loss to guess what that reward must be."

"How should I guess? I have no aptitude at tracing the artful and crooked policy by which some like to bring about their designs."

"What I require is merely for you to obey what was your late father's wish."

"You may not know as well as you think you do what that wish was."

"I believe I understood it perfectly; but you may think his death releases you."

"No—it makes it doubly binding."

"All you have to do, then, is to obey it, and within twenty-four hours, Wilton Richmond shall be conveyed to a place where the arm of the law cannot reach him."

"A place of safety?"

"Yes."

"You have the power to do this?"

"I have, with the aid of that all-powerful talisman—gold."

"And is this place of safety one that an honorable man can accept?"

"That is a matter of opinion, and opinion may be modified by circumstances. If Wilton Richmond, or any other man of common discretion, holding a commission in the army, was required to choose between a place of safety and the disgrace of being cashiered, and then imprisoned for life, or even shot—for the severity of martial law may demand such an expiation,—I think there can be little doubt but that he would be of the opinion that he might accept the first alternative, and still be an honorable man."

"Though I may not clearly understand you, I believe that I can see that your notions of what is honorable differ so widely from Wilton Richmond's, that he would reject your offer of safety with disdain."

"The more fool he, then."

"Do you *know* that the penalty of such a crime is what you mentioned?"

Withers faltered a moment, for he had spoken at random, and merely with a view to intimidate her.

"You dare not say that you know it," said she, observing his hesitation.

"I fain would have spared your feelings a little," he replied, quickly recovering himself. "I said that he might be doomed to be shot, whereas I should have said that hanging is the punishment for treason, which I think will appear to you, as it does to me, far more dreadful and ignominious than the one I first mentioned."

"Treason did you say? Surely the crime he is accused of cannot be called by that name."

"He has been guilty of an act of treachery against government, which he would hardly have committed had he not renounced his allegiance to that government. It can, moreover, be proved that he has renounced it."

Withers, on this subject, was somewhat at home. Having himself ventured on slippery places, he had taken the precaution to inform himself as to what really constituted the crime of treason, in the full confidence that he could at will refrain from overstepping the limits of safety. He found that he had deceived himself. Almost before he knew it, he had taken the dangerous step, which, had he been betrayed by his reckless coadjutors, would have branded him with the name of a traitor.

Withers waited to give Bessie a chance to reply, but finding that she remained silent, he went on.

"You know now," said he, "what this Captain Richmond has to fear, as well as hope. His fate is in your hands. Do you think that he will thank you for permitting him to suffer the death of a traitor, when you had it in your power to prevent it?"

"If I only knew what I ought to do," said Bessie, in a low, moaning voice.

"It is plain enough, I should think. We are commanded in a certain book, which you profess to hold in great reverence, to preserve our own lives and the lives of others."

"Not by unlawful means—not by taking on ourselves vows which we know it will be impossible for us to fulfil," said she, with a touch of the old spirit which she had manifested at the beginning of their interview.

"Let him die, then, and remember that his blood will be on your head. I shall urge you no more."

He turned to leave the room.

"Stay one moment," said Bessie.

He turned towards her, but did not speak.

"Let me be certain," said she, "that Wilton Richmond is out of danger, and I will do as you wish."

"I shall not trust to that. When once the knot is fairly tied, his safety shall be cared for, and not till then."

"Let it be so, then, and may Heaven forgive me if I have done wrong!"

"Will you give me your written promise?"

"No; if my word cannot be trusted, neither can my written promise."

"When I see you again, which, I expect, will be to-morrow, everything will be so arranged that Captain Richmond can at any moment be placed beyond danger of arrest. You will bear in mind that the ceremony is first to be performed, for which purpose I shall bring a few friends with me."

"But if you should fail to make the arrangement which will secure his safety?"

"Why, then, I shall not claim the fulfilment of your promise."

Half an hour after Withers had gone, Edith, who had been detained longer than she expected, re-entered the apartment. Bessie, who, when she returned, sat bent forward, leaning her head on a table, seemed under the influence of a kind of stupor. She neither looked up nor spoke.

"Come, Bessie," said Edith, laying her hand on her shoulder, "this is wrong."

"I have promised," said Bessie, raising her head from the table and looking up.

Edith was startled at her extreme paleness.

"Promised what?" she asked; for, not knowing that Withers had been there, she feared that her reason was forsaking her.

"That I will marry him."

"I don't understand your meaning, Bessie."

"I have promised to be the wife of Withers."

"You never told me that before."

"It is only half an hour since."

"I didn't know that he had been here. But did you reflect well on what you were doing?"

"Yes; I did it to save Wilton's life."

"I didn't suppose that his *life* was in danger."

"If he is arrested, it will be."

"I think Withers has deceived you."

"No; he made it appear all plain to me, and yet I am unable to tell you how he made it appear so."

"Didn't he explain to you how he could save his life?"

"He says that he can cause him to be conveyed to a place of safety, and has given me his promise that he will."

"Have you faith in his promise?"

"If he does not make it appear to me that he can place him beyond the reach of danger, I am to be released from mine."

"When is Wilton to be conveyed to this place of safety?"

"As soon as it can be accomplished after the ceremony is performed."

"I regret that you have done this."

"What could I do? He would promise to save him on no other condition."

"The sacrifice, I am afraid, will prove to be a vain one."

CHAPTER XXI.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

The rumor, mentioned by Edith to Bessie in the preceding chapter, that Wilton Richmond left the inn, early in the morning, where he stopped the night after leaving Barder's, was correct. He rose at an early hour, while the morning star was still shining brightly in the east, and finding that no one was yet stirring, strolled away among the distant hills, intending to return by the time the people belonging to the house had risen.

He had ascended one of the higher hills, whence, in the distance, could be seen a broad, green valley bounded on one side by a river.

"I've surely seen this valley before now," thought he, and looking in the direction of some tall oaks and chestnuts, he could see, gleaming through the foliage, portions of a large and ancient mansion. He knew, then, that he was not mistaken. It was the estate now in the possession of Withers, and as he fully believed, his own ancestral domain. "Yes—it is mine, I have no doubt, but how am I to prove that it belongs to me?" said he, unconsciously giving utterance to his thoughts.

"When the right time comes, proof may not be wanting," said a voice behind him.

He looked round, and beheld a woman he had never before seen.

"You speak as if you knew what I was thinking of," said he.

"The knowledge of no forbidden art is required to tell people's thoughts when they think loud," said she.

"Did I speak?"

"Certainly, otherwise I could not have known what was passing in your mind."

"I was not aware that I did, and even if I had been, I should hardly have expected any one to be within hearing."

"I am in pursuit of my cow. She strayed away last night—a thing I never knew her to do before. I was vexed when I found she was gone, but have now reason to be glad, as otherwise I should have missed seeing you."

"You speak as if you knew me, and yet I am certain that I never saw you before."

"You have many a time, but you were a wee thing then—too young to remember me, even if I had not changed from a handsome girl of seventeen to what you now see me."

"You must have seen me since then. How else could you recognize me?"

"Yes, I have."

"When and where?"

"Near a little bay which opens into Lake Champlain. Bessie Hamleu and two others were with you."

"I remember the time, but didn't see you."

"I was close by, and I heard them call you Wilton Richmond. If I hadn't, I should have known you by your looks. I must go now, for I see old Cloudy-face, and she may stray still further."

"Wait one minute. Why did you speak as you did in answer to the words which unconsciously escaped me?"

"I will tell you if I can see you in my own home. It will soon be time for people to be abroad now, and it wont be best to excite curiosity."

"Where is your home?"

"Do you see the smoke curling upward from behind that piece of woods?"

"Yes."

"The smoke comes from the chimney of a small house where I live whenever it suits me."

Wilton had a strong desire to hear what she had to say, and as there was no absolute necessity for him to be at Mrs. Hamlen's, whither he was going, at precisely the hour he had named in his letters to Bessie and Edith (the latter was spending a few weeks with her aunt and cousin), he told her she might look for him in the course of half an hour.

When he arrived, she had just finished milking her cow.

"I have sat on this door-sill many a time," said she, as he entered the house, "and held you in my arms."

"You have lived here many years, then?"

"Yes, but I did not live here then. Old Elsie, as she is called, lived here, and I often called to see her, and when your nurse would let me, used to bring you with me."

"Who was my nurse?"

"Her name was Anstis Fay. We both of us lived in the large house the other side of the woods."

"Where a man by the name of Withers lives?"

"Yes; but your grandfather, Mr. Edgar Percival, was alive then, and Withers was his steward."

"Mr. Edgar Percival was my grandfather, then?"

"As truly as you are a living man."

"Are you the only one that knows it?"

"There are others who suspect, or I might rather say, are satisfied in their own minds who you are; but there are some circumstances unknown to any one except myself. Even Withers is ignorant of some of them, and they will go further towards proving your identity than any of the rest. As I have already said, when the right time comes, proof will not be wanting."

"As I am the person most interested, you surely don't intend to keep me in suspense. Having excited my curiosity, you should gratify it."

"It may be as well. I thought to defer it awhile, lest by the impatience natural to the young, you might mar the good fortune which I hope is in store for you. Life is uncertain, and I may not have another opportunity. There was one who knew as much as I do, but his lips now have that seal of silence on them which will ever remain unbroken."

"Who was it?"

"A bad man, though not so bad as his employer."

"And his employer was Withers?"

"Yes. There was another—old Elsie—who had some faint knowledge of what took place, but Withers browbeat and threatened her so, that if she had had any inclination to speak of it, she wouldn't have dared to. After her mind became disordered, she used occasionally to say something to me about it, but what little truth there was in what she told, was mixed up with a great many wild imaginations of her own. I was to have been married to Withers, but he broke his solemn troth-plight, which may be the means of restoring you to your rights, and of exposing his guilt, as you shall hear.

"It may seem strange to you—it does to me now,—but I liked him then, and when he said to me that if ever he married, it would be some one richer and higher than I was, his words fell on my heart like a heavy blow. After he left me, I went and sought a solitary place in the woods, for I thought I could neither bear to be seen nor see any one. The spot was just back of Elsie's cottage, and so walled in by trees and tangled vines that I was perfectly screened from view, though I could easily see what was passing without.

"I don't know how long I had been there, it might have been only a few minutes, or it might have been hours, when I heard footsteps coming along the path which led to Elsie's cottage. I knew those steps, though they were so soft as to be hardly audible. I looked through an opening among the leaves, and saw Withers as he turned the bend of the path which led directly to the door. The windows were open, and by creeping as near to the house as I could, still keeping beneath the shelter of the trees and vines, I could hear all that was said. He spoke to the old lady more pleasantly than usual, and told her that he wanted her to send for Anstis. He had previously taken her close to a window at the back part of the house, not more than a dozen feet from where I was concealed. This was to prevent the girl Elsie called her granddaughter from hearing what he said.

"'Anstis,' said he, 'is in the little glade at the entrance of the wood, where she goes every pleasant day with the child. He is asleep now, and as I've already said, you must send for her to come here.'

"'I don't suppose she will come, if I do,' said Elsie.

"'Tell the girl to say to her you are sick—dying, you are afraid.'

"She dared not refuse to do as he bid her. She sent the girl, who was much frightened, for she really thought that she was taken suddenly ill, and might even be dying. I didn't wait for her to return, but by a path less direct than the one she had taken, hastened to the glade. I was just in time to see Withers enter it. Anstis had gone. I could hear the voices of her and the girl, as they hurried towards the cottage. The child still slept. Withers took him in his arms, and then crept along close to the edge of the woods till he reached the river. I had so managed as to keep within short distance of him, and when he stopped at the side of the river, I crept still nearer. He gave a low whistle, when a small boat shot out from beneath the shelter of an overhanging rock. There was no one in it, except a coarse-looking, ill-dressed man. Withers handed him the child, after taking off his little blue cap, and then tossed something into the boat.

"'There's your reward,' said Withers.

"'How do I know but what you've cheated me?' said the man.

"'Because you know I aint a fool,' replied Withers. 'Don't forget that he is to be lost overboard. It mustn't be very near the shore, though, for I've heard it said a young one like him can swim like a duck.'

"The man promised, and Withers turned away and plunged into the woods.

"While witnessing all this, I seemed to be under the influence of some horrible dream. Apparently, I had lost the power of volition, and a heavy weight seemed to be placed on my head, crushing me to the earth. When Withers was out of sight, I remember of thinking that I would go and tell Mr. Percival, the grandfather of the child, all that I had seen and heard. What happened to me afterward, I never fully knew. When I awoke from what I imagined had been a few hours' sleep, I was told that I had been dangerously ill of a brain fever for a long time.

"As the light of the past by degrees entered my mind, I recalled the incidents which I have now related to you. Subsequently, when it was thought safe to let me know the truth, I was told that for many months my reason was entirely gone. Much had taken place during the interval. Your grandfather had died, and given the whole of his property to Withers, unconditionally, it was then said, though afterward this was found not to be true."

"And did you mention what you had seen to any one?"

"Yes; but those I told it to shook their heads and whispered to each other that my mind was not yet exactly right. I thought you were dead, and as I found that no one believed what I said, I let the matter rest. About two years after my health was restored, I fell in with a cousin of mine by the name of Hendrick Richmond. He had a child with him, who at once attracted my attention from his strong resemblance to the Percival family. I asked him many questions concerning the boy, in answer to which he told me that between two and three years previously, just as he was ready to start on a fishing voyage, a man came aboard the vessel with a child who appeared to be two or three years old, whom he pretended he found by the shore of the river. Nobody would own him, he said, and he begged Richmond to take him to sea with him. He didn't believe the man's story, but he thought he was no person to have the care of a child, and the boy was so handsome and appeared so well pleased when he took him on his knee and spoke kindly to him, that he told the man he might leave him.

"I didn't tell my cousin that I believed I knew who the boy was, for then, as I thought that you could hold none of the property Mr. Percival had left, I supposed you would be better off to remain with him. I feared, too, that your life might not be safe, if Withers found that his evil intentions towards you had been frustrated. But the time has now come when you can vindicate your own rights. Whenever you need it, the testimony of the man employed by Withers to put you out of the way, may be had. It was written by a man procured for the purpose, at his earnest request, and signed by him a few hours before he died. Christina Burman was present, and witnessed it. It is now in her possession. What more it may be necessary for you to learn, that will show."

"And to whom am I indebted for this valuable information?" said Wilton.

"My name is Margaret Rustan."

"And he, whom till within a short time since I supposed to be my father, was your cousin?"

"Yes; his mother and mine were sisters."

Wilton rose to take leave, but as she had busied herself in preparing breakfast while relating her story, she now so earnestly invited him to stay and partake of it, that he could not well refuse.

As he had, the evening previous, in expectation of leaving before breakfast, paid his bill at the tavern, he decided not to wait for the afternoon coach, but to proceed on foot as far as the residence of an old college friend. He, therefore, wrote a note to the landlord, which Margaret said she should have opportunity to send, in the course of the day, requesting him to forward his baggage.

On reaching the residence of his friend, he found him preparing for a journey on horseback, and as Wilton's route lay in the same direction as his, he offered to furnish him with a horse for the sake of his company. Thus, by a series of unforeseen incidents, he was prevented from continuing his journey by the public conveyance, as he had expected, though subsequently, when those circumstances transpired, relative to the disposition of the money confided to his care, a very different reason was naturally assigned for his changing his mode of travel.

CHAPTER XXII.

TWO PERSONS TROUBLESOME TO WITHERS DISPOSED OF.

Maxon did not meet Withers according to agreement, to deliver to him the *papers* he had received from Wilton. When he found that Withers had intended to deceive him, the anger attending this discovery made him determine to appropriate at least one of the fifty dollar notes to his own use, in a way most gratifying to his tastes. For this purpose, he made the best of his way to a little hostelry, where he was pretty sure to meet some of his boon companions.

Though, to appearance, it was the same as other second class wayside inns, Maxon knew that, besides the little bar-room with its sanded floor, there was a comparatively large, and in his opinion, splendidly furnished apartment, where he could indulge in the excitement of the gaming-table, and in the choice wines and brandy provided by the host, who could change him a fifty or even a hundred dollar note, and would ask no questions. Withers, he knew, would not dare to openly call him to account, as it would implicate himself. He could not see that there was much danger of detection, and there probably would not have been, had not Mr. Ritson placed private marks on the bills. When Withers first became aware that Maxon had made free with some of the money, he was much alarmed, till he found that, as yet, the suspicion of Mr. Ritson was excited against no one except Wilton Richmond.

"This Richmond has done me one or two shrewd turns," said Withers, when speaking to Mr. Ritson on the subject, "and if you will leave this matter to me, I will engage that every dollar of the money shall be refunded. When this is accomplished, you can proceed against the culprit as you think honor and justice demand, but at present you will see the necessity of keeping the matter close, or he will steal a march on us, and find safe quarters in the British camp."

This and more was said in such a plausible way, Mr. Ritson was persuaded that the best thing he could do was to remain quiet, as Withers recommended. He also undertook to caution Mr. Mercer against spreading the affair abroad, lest Wilton, as Withers had said, should take alarm and steal a march upon them.

When Withers left Bessie Hamlen, it was with the determination to give himself no rest till he had found Maxon. Until he *did* find him, he felt that his situation was little better than that of Damocles, when sitting at the feast with a sword suspended above him by a single hair. He did not dare make any inquiries for him, but he knew him well enough to be tolerably well convinced that the temptation to return to his favorite haunt would be too strong to be long resisted. After a little reflection, he decided to go directly thither, and if he did not find him, to make an arrangement with the landlord to send him word the moment he came.

The inn was situated on a lonely, unfrequented road, no habitation of any description being nearer than half a dozen miles. He was still full four miles distant, when he saw, a little ahead of him, a man, who, like himself, was travelling on horseback. It was beginning to be quite dusk, so that he could not see him distinctly, though there was something in his general appearance which made him think it must be Maxon. He quickened his pace, and in a few minutes overtook him.

"Well, sir, I've found you at last," said he, riding up close to his side.

"And you'd have found me before, I reckon, if you'd happened to come where I was."

"I went where you promised to be. How did you dare to deceive me?"

"I think I can ask you the same question and with a better grace. By what you told me, I believed I was to receive from Wilton Richmond nothing more nor less than a roll of papers, not worth a red cent to any one but the owner, and if Captain Richmond had been as mean and underhanded as you are, I shouldn't have known to the contrary, but *he* knew what was due from one gentleman to another."

"We will discuss that question some other time, if you please. What I wish to know now is, how much you have spent of what you received from him."

"A mere trifle: five hundred dollars, lacking a few odd shillings, in the whole."

"And you have the rest with you?"

"Every dollar of it, safe as a thief in a mill."

"You may just hand it over to me now, if you please."

"And supposing I don't please?"

"Now, Maxon, what is the use in supposing any such thing? You know if you should keep it, you would be no better off at the year's end."

"There you are mistaken, for I should have had my money's worth in good cheer. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll go halves with you."

"Come, no more of this foolery; this is neither the time nor the place for it."

"For my part, I was never more in earnest in my life. I've as good a right to the money as you have, and better, too, as to that matter, for the risk in getting it all fell on me. My offer is a fair one, and you may accept it or not, just as you please."

"But don't you see that the whole affair will come to light, if the money isn't forthcoming?"

"Well, if it does, I shall stand as good a chance as you, I reckon, and a little better."

"But I am not going to keep the money; I shall restore it."

"That *would* be bright."

"You supposed that it was for the sake of the money that I engaged in this business?"

"Why, at first, I supposed it to be a little petty piece of malice against Richmond or Mercer, but when I found what a large sum of money you expected to get into your hands, I changed my mind."

"Do you know what the consequences will be, if you persist in keeping the money?"

"Yes; I shall have the pleasure of spending it."

"Can I say nothing that will persuade you? Are you determined not to listen to reason?"

"Listen to reason yourself. I have got four thousand five hundred dollars sewed up in this neckerchief—"

"Which will soon be exchanged for a hempen collar, if you go on in this reckless way."

"I'll give you one half of it, and when we get to Crawson's, I'll stake my half against yours, and play any game you choose."

"I am no gamester, and besides, to be seen at Crawson's would be staking my reputation as well as the money."

"If the reputation was mine, I shouldn't consider it worth the snap of my finger."

"You wont give me the money?"

"Not on any other condition than the one I've named."

"I bid you a good-evening, then."

"But now that you are within two miles of Crawson's, you surely wont turn back? I bear no malice against you, Withers, if you do refuse my offer, and if you'll go and spend a few hours there, you shall have the privilege of drinking as much wine as you please, and at my expense."

"I want none of your wine," he replied; and as he spoke, he wheeled round his horse towards the opposite direction.

"I'll go slowly," said Maxon, "so if you change your mind, you can soon overtake me. But go or come, remember I lay up no malice against you. I never hoard malice nor money."

As he finished speaking, Withers again turned his horse in the direction of Crawson's, with a loaded pistol ready in his hand. Maxon, as he had promised, was proceeding slowly.

"The fool has forced me to this!" muttered Withers, between his shut teeth, as he raised his pistol and took deliberate aim at the unsuspecting man's head.

Maxon's horse, frightened at the report of the pistol, plunged madly forward, while his rider, after reeling a moment in the saddle, fell, though with a convulsive grasp he still retained his hold of the bridle. Withers, who, the instant he fired the pistol, dismounted, ready to secure the money, stood watching, expecting every moment to see him released. But this did not seem likely to happen as soon as he had anticipated, and remounting his horse, he determined, as long as he considered it safe to do so, to follow in the wake of the terrified animal. But still, through the deepening shadows of twilight, he could see by the light-colored clothing of his victim that he was still dragged along by the side of his horse. A glimpse of Crawson's tavern, though still half a mile distant, could now be seen through the trees. He dared go no further. Already, as he feared, he had ventured too far. He

stopped his horse and peered uneasily around through the thickening gloom, half expecting to see some one start up from behind a rock or bush, and accuse him of the crime he had just committed. But he neither saw nor heard anything. The hush of evening had fallen on all around, unbroken save by the clattering hoofs of the flying steed, already growing faint in the distance. It was only for a moment that he stopped, and then turning, he urged his horse to the top of his speed, till he came to a cross-road which led to the more frequented highway.

Meanwhile, Maxon's horse dashed wildly on till he arrived at Crawson's, where, giving a plunge towards the stable-door, he stopped short, quivering in every limb. The landlord and several others stood watching in front of the inn, for they knew, while the horse was yet at some distance, that no animal under the control of bit and bridle, would rush onward at such headlong speed.

The next moment, a traveller on horseback arrived from the opposite direction, who, springing to the ground, joined Crawson and the others, who were already gathered round the terrified and panting steed standing at the stable-door.

"It is Rube Maxon's horse," said the hostler. "I can see well enough to tell that, if it is getting dark."

"And this is Maxon himself, I believe," said Crawson, who, turning to a stable boy, ordered him to bring a light.

"There's one already here," said a man, who had reached in at an open window and taken a lamp from a table that stood near.

"Yes—it is Maxon," said the landlord, taking the light and holding it so as to fall on the ghastly face. "His horse must have thrown him, and he supposed that by holding on to the bridle he could succeed in stopping him."

The traveller just arrived, who was no other than Mr. Ritson, bent down and with some difficulty released the bridle from the grasp of the hand, already beginning to be cold and rigid. It was not till he had been carried into the house that it was found he was shot through the head.

"Whoever did this meant to rifle his pockets," said Crawson, "but I reckon they wouldn't 'ave found much of anything," he quickly added.

A coroner's inquest was held, Mr. Ritson and others, who had, in passing, been attracted by the stir and bustle, composing the jury. During such examination as was necessary to enable them to render a correct verdict, the forged letter and the receipt signed "John Smith" was found in one of his pockets, together with a purse containing a few shillings in silver and copper coin.

"There must be more money than this somewhere about his person," said Mr. Ritson, after examining the letter and receipt.

Diligent search was therefore made, and four thousand five hundred dollars, as Maxon had told Withers, were found sewed in his neckerchief, which was readily identified by Mr. Ritson, as the same he had confided to the care of Wilton Richmond. This, in Mr. Ritson's mind, fully exonerated Wilton from the foul charge which Withers, without appearing to do so, had labored to fasten upon him.

This malicious scheme of Withers had now arrived at that point where all might be lost by a few minutes' delay; and though burdened with the guilt of his recent crime, he hastened to seek the commander (General Cockburn) of the powerful squadron in Chesapeake Bay. In two hours he was in the cabin with him, "whose name will ever be considered a stain among the officers of his country." The two had already met several times.

"How do you prosper, Withers?" asked he, when they were left by themselves.

"I've had ill-luck, and a plenty of it."

"This Captain Richmond you spoke to me about—what of him?"

"He must be aboard one of your vessels before morning, or all my labor will prove to have been worse than in vain."

"It isn't my fault that he wasn't aboard one of 'em a week ago."

"Stratagem must be resorted to; there's no other way."

"Well, you may plan, and I will see that you have the means to put your plans into execution. But first, you may as well put your name to this bond."

"The sum you demand is a heavy one."

"Nothing more than a fair percentage on what your estate is valued at, which is much better for you than for the heir to step in and claim the whole. You know where he is to be found, I suppose."

"Yes; so far I am fortunate. He isn't over two or three miles from here."

"Isn't there some way to entice him to the shore near here—to meet some friend, for instance? If that can be accomplished, a boat and two or three stout men will be all that's necessary to place him in such snug quarters that he wont be likely to be in your way again very soon. How long will it take to get him here?"

"It might be done in two hours, or less, if he should prove to be manageable."

"Two or four will make no difference, if it can only be done under cover of night. Here's the bond I spoke of. You may not have another so good a chance to sign it. It can do you no harm, you know, for I can claim nothing unless I come up to my part of the agreement."

"I'm aware of that."

"Why, Withers, how pale you are! I didn't notice it till you came forward into the light. And your hand shakes like an aspen. What has happened?"

"Nothing—but I don't feel quite well. I'm fatigued, and haven't slept well for two or three nights."

Something like an hour after this colloquy, Wilton Richmond was roused from a sound sleep by a loud knocking at the outer door of the house where, as Withers had previously ascertained, he intended to spend the night. Wilton raised the sash and inquired who was there.

"A messenger from Mr. Grosvenor to Captain Richmond," was the reply.

"You may deliver the message to me, then. My name is Richmond."

"Mr. Grosvenor has met with an accident, and wishes you to come to him. He is about two miles below here."

"What accident has he met with?"

"I haven't heard the particulars, but he was thrown from a carriage. There was a lady with him, but she was not injured."

Wilton knew that Mrs. Hamlen had taken the opportunity to go some distance from home, where her presence was required on account of some business connected with her late husband's affairs, while Mr. Grosvenor and his daughter were at her house, that she might have the benefit of his protection and counsel. Hence the answer to his question was considered satisfactory, and without any unnecessary delay, he prepared to accompany the messenger. The distance being short, he thought he should probably be able to return early in the morning, and finding that no one except himself appeared to have been disturbed, he left the house with as little noise as possible. Finding a horse had been sent for him, he suffered his own to remain in the stable. They had proceeded about two miles, when the man with him reined in his horse.

"We must leave our horses here," said he, "and cross this creek."

"Why?" demanded Wilton.

"Because, to follow the windings of the shore, we should be obliged to go half a dozen miles, while it will take only a few minutes to clip across this narrow creek."

Wilton could discern a house on the opposite shore, from one of the windows of which shone a light, and concluded that it was there he should find Mr. Grosvenor. Without saying anything more, he stepped into the boat, in which were two men, who were, as he was told, to convey him across. The messenger followed him, first telling a boy who stood near to take care of the horses. Not a word was said, and the men commenced pulling hard at the oars. Wilton, unsuspicious of any fraud, leaned his head on his hand, and gave himself up to his own thoughts. Suddenly it occurred to him that they must have nearly reached the opposite shore. He looked up, and found that they had struck out into the broad waters of the bay, and were already alongside of a vessel belonging to the British flotilla.

"What's the meaning of this?" he inquired, starting to his feet.

"You'll have plenty of time before morning to find that out," was the gruff reply.

Something like the truth flashed upon his mind, but he knew that to remonstrate would be alike foolish and futile. Bitterly upbraiding himself with his carelessness, as well as credulity—for he had neglected even to take his pistols with him,—he submitted to his fate, and stepped aboard the vessel.

The following morning, there was a story afloat, which, before evening, was known far and wide, that Wilton Richmond, after shooting a man by the name of Maxon through the head, who undoubtedly had been his accomplice in an affair relative to the embezzlement of certain funds belonging to government, had, as was supposed, sought safety among the enemy, a person answering to his description having been seen, as it was said, riding at furious speed, late in the evening, in the direction of the British camp.

The intelligence carried sorrow and dismay into the abode of Mrs. Hamlen, and revived in full force those doubts of his integrity and patriotism entertained by herself, Mr. Grosvenor and Edith. Bessie alone refused to believe anything which could criminate him, though this did not detract from her anxiety for his safety. In another piece of intelligence received shortly afterward, there was comfort. Withers was so unwell as to be confined to his room, and Bessie was, therefore, for the present relieved from the hourly apprehension of being molested by him.

It had been decided that Edith should remain with her aunt and cousin the remainder of autumn, if not the coming winter; for now that a large naval force was on Lake Champlain, her father, who was obliged to be absent much of the time, did not think it prudent for her to return home in its immediate vicinity.

A number of weeks after Wilton Richmond disappeared, Hammett sought an interview with Bessie. He had, he informed her, just parted with Harefoot, the young Indian, who told him that Captain Richmond was not at the British camp, as had been reported, but that he had by stratagem been conveyed aboard one of the vessels of the British flotilla in Chesapeake Bay, and that he was on the lookout for an opportunity to escape, which, he thought, he should before long be able to effect. This was all that Hammett had learned, yet it was enough to lighten the burthen of anxiety and suspense, which had so long weighed down her spirits.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE TWINKLING OF THE STARS.

According to M. Arago, astronomers and others have failed to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the twinkling of stars on account of their failure to give an exact definition of the term scintillation. He affirms then, that, in so far as naked-eye observers of the heavens are concerned, scintillation, or twinkling, consists in very rapid fluctuations in the brightness of the stars. These changes are almost always accompanied by variations of color and certain secondary effects, which are the immediate consequences of every increase or diminution of brightness; such as considerable alterations in the apparent magnitude of the stars, and in the length of the diverging rays, which appear to issue in different directions from their centres. It has been remarked from a very early age that the phenomenon of twinkling is accompanied by a change of color. It is asserted that the name of Barakeach, given by the Arabians to the star Sirius, signifies the star of a thousand colors. M. Arago also asserts that the planets twinkle.

MARTIN LUTHER.

A coarse, rugged, plebeian face it was, with great crags of cheek bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite! But in his dark eyes were floods of sorrow, and deepest melancholy, sweetness and mystery were all there. And often did they seem to meet in Luther the very opposite poles in a man's character. He, for example, of whom Richter had said that his words were half battles, he, when he first began to preach, suffered unheard of agony.

"O, Dr. Staupitz," said he, to the vicar-general of his order, "I cannot do it. I shall die in three months. Indeed, I cannot do it."

Dr. Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said, upon this: "Well, Sir Martin, if you must die, you must; but remember that they need good heads up yonder, too. So preach, man, preach, and then live or die, as it happens."

So Luther preached, and lived, and he became, indeed, one great whirlwind of energy, to work without resting in this world; and also before he died, he wrote very many books—books in which the true man was—for in the midst of all they denounced and cursed, what touches of tenderness lay! Look at the table-talk, for example. We see in it a little bird, having alighted at sunset on a bough of a tree that grew in Luther's garden.

Luther looked up at it and said: "That little bird, how it cowers down its wings, sleeps there so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces, and the great, blue depths of immensity! Yet it fears not—it is at home. The God that made it too is there!" The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in other passages of his books. Coming home from Leipsic in the autumn season, he breaks forth in living wonder at the fields of corn. "How it stands there," he says, "erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head in it—the bread of man sent to him yet another year!" Such thoughts as these are as little windows, through which we gaze into the interior of the serene depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see visible, across its tempests and clouds, a whole heaven of light and love. He might have painted, he might have sung—could have been beautiful like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo. As it was, the streams of energy and modesty met in his active spirit. Perhaps, indeed, in all men of his genius, one quality strongly developed might force out other qualities. Here was Luther a savage kind of a man, as people thought him—a wild Orson of a man—a man whose speech was ordinarily a wild torrent that went tearing down rocks and trees—and behold him speaking like a woman or child!—*Records of the Great.*

THE BITER BIT.

After the restoration in 1814, among the titled followers of Napoleon, who were the most anxious to obtain employment at the court of Louis XVIII., none showed more servility and assiduity to accomplish his purpose than Fouche, Duc d'Otrante. He at last had a private interview with the king, when he expressed his desire to dedicate his life to his service. Louis replied: "You have occupied under Bonaparte a situation of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing everything that passed, and of gaining an insight into the characters of men in public life, which could not easily occur to others. Were I to decide on attaching you to my person, I should previously expect that you would frankly inform me what were the measures, and who were the men, that you employed in those days to obtain your information. I do not allude to my stay at Verons, or at Mittau; I was then surrounded by numerous adherents; but at Hartwell, for instance,—were you then well acquainted with what passed under my roof?" "Yes, sir; every day the motions of your majesty were made known to me." "Eh, what!—surrounded as I was by trusted friends, who could have betrayed me! Who thus abused my confidence? I insist on your naming him immediately." "Sire, you urge me to say what must wound your majesty's heart." "Speak, sir; kings are but too subject to be deceived." "If you command it, sir, I must own that I was in correspondence with the Due d'Aumont." "What! De Pienne, who possessed my entire confidence? I must acknowledge," added the king, with a malicious smile, "he was very poor; he had many expenses, and living is very dear in England. Well, then, M. Fouche, it was I that dictated to him those letters which you received every week; and I gave up to him twelve thousand out of the eighteen thousand francs which you so regularly remitted to obtain an exact account of all that was passing in my family.—*Halifax News.*

DUTCH CUSTOMS.

In Broeck, no one enters a house by the front door, nor is any one seen at the front window. The front of the house is where the best "parlors" are, which are sacred to cleanliness and solitude. Irving's description of such an apartment is rigidly true:—"The mistress and her confidential maid visit it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning and putting things to rights, always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling the floor with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids; after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up till the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day." The people of Broeck always enter their houses by back doors, like so many burglars; and to insure the front door from unholy approach, the steps leading to it are removed, never to be placed there but when three great occasions open the mystic gate, and these are births, marriages and funerals; so that to enter a Dutchman's house by that way is indeed an "event."—*Art Journal.*

STORM OF AN ENGLISH CASTLE.

The large illustration on the next page depicts one of those sanguinary episodes in the civil war of England in the 17th century. A party of Puritans, or "Roundheads," as they were termed by their adversaries, are rushing to the assault of a castle held out by the cavaliers against the Commonwealth. No siege artillery is on the ground, and the adventure is a desperate one, to be decided by endurance and valor. From the battlements and from the loopholes of the strong towers, a close fire of musketry is raining down bullets on the steel head-pieces and iron corslets of the assailants, while huge rocks are precipitated from above, falling with crushing weight. Many of the besiegers have already fallen; but still they press onward with indomitable valor. They have planted their ladders against the curtain flanked by the square towers on the right, and appear determined to make good their way into the interior of the fortress. Once there, those terrible swords, wielded by iron hands, will sweep away opposition, and the flag of the Commonwealth usurp the place of the royal banner of England on the "outer wall." The desperation of battle is well depicted in the thronging figures of this startling scene. The wars of the Commonwealth in England, like all civil wars, were excessively sanguinary and productive of great domestic misery, yet still not disgraced by atrocity, like the civil wars of France.



STORMING OF AN OLD ENGLISH CASTLE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DREAM-THOUGHTS OF KATIE.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Tricksy, gladsome little sprite—
Laughing wild in sheer delight—
Dancing ever, morn till night—
 Dainty little fairy!
Clinging curls of golden brown
Circling round thee—nature's crown—
Lips so rosy—eyes so brown—
 Long may thou be merry!

Eye so sparkling, bright and gay,
Scintillating liquid ray;
Even in thy tricksy play
 Genius is out-beaming;
And I start, and thrill, and sigh,
At the gleaming of thine eye;
Silently I seat me by,
 Of the future dreaming.

Glance I at my life of old,
Ere my heart was grown so cold;
Ere the sorry tale was told—
 Life is sad and weary;
Was I once so like thee, child?"
Joyous? gleesome? glad and wild?
Smiling back as fancy smiled—
 Like thee—little Katie?"

Life was lesson hard to me—
I would make it light for thee;
I would rather have thee be
 A true, loving woman,
Than aspire to visions high—
Feed the lamp and burn it dry—
Make the spirit mount the sky—
 Scorning all that's human:

So I bid thee—*fly the lyre!*
Touch it not—it burns like fire—
Making life a funeral pyre—
 And we're not long merry.
Surely—as they fly the bowl—
Fly the lyre! it drains the soul;
Quick enough thou'lt win the goal,
 Dainty little fairy!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MAGICIAN'S DOOM.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

It was about the time of the feast of the Grand Lama, when Guiscard, the young French traveller, made his entrance into the city of Belkar in Western Tartary. Turning aside into a by-street to avoid the crowd of comers, he was beset by two Chinese runners, whose loud invitations to the "world-renowned inn of Taledh," as they termed it, he quickly disappointed by taking refuge in an ancient but respectable looking hotel which stood near at hand. Its master, grave and portly, and wearing a turban on his head, met him in the middle of the great apartment which served the fourfold purpose of kitchen, dining-hall, reception-room and sleeping apartment.

"Welcome, hadji," said the host. "Wilt thou place thyself on the derven till the repast is ready?"

The derven, as it is termed in Western Tartary, is a raised platform of stone or brick, lying back of, and somewhat elevated above the ovens. Here the better sort of the inn's guests sleep, eat and drink, or amuse themselves by smoking or conversation. On this platform was soon placed a repast of beef, goat's flesh and curds, with soft butter and other accompaniments, served in platters of coarse, white earthen. As the guests attacked it with their fingers, helped by spoons of mixed metal, they kept up among themselves a running discourse, partly jocose, partly serious, of which Guiscard heard but now and then a word, till the raised voice of a greybeard Tartar overtopped the rest.

"O, Hassan," he said, "beware lest Azef himself come to a hearing of thy slander. Surely thou art aware that he is able, if he will, to return thee to the shape which was thine before a human form was bestowed upon thee. Alas, if the magician overheard thee, thou wilt immediately become an ape once more!"

Guiscard's attention was fully aroused by the name of Azef, whose reputation as a performer of magic feats had already excited his curiosity. In answer to his inquiries, an old Bukharian merchant informed him that the sorcerer was in the city, and that he was presently expected at that very inn. Busying himself with the various humors of the guests, Guiscard awaited the arrival. A half hour had thus passed away, when one of the servants rushed in, exclaiming in a low voice:

"El Azef, El Azef!"

There now entered a man rather past the middle age, of clear, tawny complexion, and features that would have been pleasing had it not been for the expression of a pair of small, glittering eyes which gave to the whole countenance a sinister intelligence. The magician had two companions, or assistants; the one a female, veiled, and clad in loose drapery; the other a young and good looking lad. The latter bore in his arms a small chest or box, curiously inlaid with pearl and metallic ornaments. The magician and the girl, or woman, whichever she might be, also bore some small articles in their hands. Without a word of preparation, the wizard formed a circle on the inn floor whose curve encompassed himself and his attendants. Placing a brazen vase in the centre, he lighted a lamp which was held in the lower portion or pedestal. The box was taken from the arms of the boy, and being opened, was seen to contain a small mirror and several strangely formed implements, of which only one or two were selected for present use. A smoke began to ascend from the vase, and a sharp pungent odor diffused itself through the apartment.

"You were in error," said the sorcerer, now for the first time speaking, and turning toward the host. "You supposed me to be a juggler or necromancer of the common order, only unusually skilled and expert. You were in error. Neither am I wont to go to inns and the houses of strangers, to display for money the secrets of nature. But fear not; I have answered your summons in order that I may convince a profane disbeliever who has never witnessed and is therefore incredulous concerning the wisdom which is revealed to the sages of India."

Guiscard was startled at encountering at this instant the penetrating glance of the wonder-worker, but immediately composed himself to observe what might follow.

"I have power," continued the sorcerer, "to present to whomsoever I will the secrets of his past life. Is there any one here who chooses to put my assertion to the proof?"

Guiscard was amused by the awe which suddenly seized the company. Each seemed desirous that one of his companions should test the assertion of the juggler, but none were quite willing to accept the offer in person. At last, however, a sprightly young fellow stepped forth.

"Here I am, father Azef," he cried; "and now for your promise."

Azef turned to the female figure which stood by his side.

"Chant me the mystic chant of Hieros."

Some strange words, sung in a low, musical voice, followed the command thus given. The smoke ascended higher and higher.

"Place thyself close to the edge of the circle," said the magician; "but beware how thou attemptest to cross it. Gaze fixedly toward the centre of the vapor, and thou shalt soon behold that which thou desirest."

The young man obeyed his directions in silence. Placing himself at the outer edge of the circle, he gazed intently towards its centre. In a moment after his face lighted up with a smile. Then he uttered a rapturous exclamation, stretched forth his arms, and threw himself forward into the forbidden area. An immediate and deafening explosion ensued. The hall was filled with turbid vapor.

"Mash Allah!" exclaimed the frightened inn-keeper, as soon as he had partially regained his senses. "In the name of the prophet, why comest thou hither with magic arts which are to destroy us all?"

"Hist!" replied the sorcerer, in a stern voice. "It is not I who am to blame, but this foolish youth, who chose to despise my caution. Let him rejoice that he has not suffered more harm from his ignorant intrusion. Bathe his face with water, and presently he will be as usual. And now if any other desire to make trial of my art, let him first promise to obey the directions which I have given."

Although the young Tartar quickly recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen, nevertheless, the spirits of the company were somewhat dampened. Silence was, for the time being, the only reply. The magician looked around with a smile, half of triumph, half of contempt, and was about to remove the brazen vase, when Guiscard leaped from the derven, and came towards the circle.

"Hold!" said the Frank. "I wish to try the power of thy magic."

"Dost thou promise to follow the conditions?" inquired the juggler, regarding him with a look of fire.

"I do;" replied the traveller, placing himself in the required position.

"Your wishes lead you to a scene of your childhood. Behold!"

Guiscard was astounded, even while striving to regard the vision before him as an illusion of the imagination. Amid the light-blue vapor he saw, as it were, a picture filled with moving figures. It was the household field of the good pastor of Marien, in his own native valley of the Loire. The village youth, just let loose from Father Guillaume's school-room, were bounding along in joyous glee. The gazer distinguished the well-known features of his schoolmates, and even his boyish self; and, more vividly than all the rest, one childish face, whose lineaments remained imprinted on his memory, hallowed by the sadness of early bereavement. Guiscard stood spell-bound, while the vision faded away into the surrounding vapor.

"Desirest thou another scene?" asked the magician.

"I wish no more;" answered the traveller, sadly. "I will own that thou possessest an influence over the minds of others which I cannot at present comprehend. But that thou or any other man hath power over things superhuman, I believe not."

"Sayest thou thus!" exclaimed Azef, with a look of indignation. "Thou wilt then be obliged to disbelieve the evidence of thy own senses. Thou disbelievest? Come, then, to my own abode; where, if thou choosest, thou canst be fully convinced. But I cannot remain here longer. There are those who at this moment await my return with impatience."

At the time when the events of our story had action, the boundaries between philosophic truth and superstitious fantasy were even more uncertain than at the present time. To the mind of an ardent and enthusiastic seeker after knowledge, there were many fields of bewildering inquiry. Guiscard had now entered on one of these. He had heretofore listened with an incredulous interest to stories of the wonderful feats of the eastern jugglers. But in Azef he now met, not merely a skill altogether incomprehensible, but a mind and a grasp of intellect which he had scarcely known in the most favored societies of Europe. Since the opening scene of our narrative, the young Frank had been for a fortnight an intimate in the mansion of this eastern magus. At the close of that period he had become, as it were, almost completely fascinated by the learning, the eloquent discourse and the artful sophistry of Azef. And truly the latter had exerted every power of sensible and intellectual novelty to bewilder his intended convert and bring him into submission to the mastery which he desired to exert over him. And now, having conceived that the mind of his pupil was ripening for further action, this master of magic began to hint at the rise of a mighty realm in the East, the initiation of which was soon to take place. He darkly indicated the fact that he was the agent of a vast conspiracy which was daily gathering strength and growing to its completion. He compared the fertile plains of Cashmere with the jaded lands of the West, oppressed by a race of tyrants whose dominion was too firmly fixed to admit of revolution. He commended to his hearer the smart and agile natives of the border mountains. Brave and faithful of purpose, they wanted only the proper leaders to accomplish the foundation of a powerful nation. The tendency of events was such, that to those who willed it, there would soon offer an opportunity of gaining fortune and honor.

Thus the wily Azef plied the young Frank with varied allurements. Curiosity, intellectual thirst and ambitious desire were in turn aroused to exertion. And it needed only that Guiscard should behold Erenthe, the beautiful pupil of Azef, to awake a passion stronger than all the rest. By such attractions as these, was the youth bound a willing captive in the toils of the magician. Yet not altogether so, since Guiscard's glance never met the small snaky orbs of the master without an innate feeling of repulsion. Sometimes, too, there were words of doctrine uttered, at which even the blunted perception of the student recoiled indignant. Still, these undertones of discord were sedulously suppressed. A glimpse of the queenly figure of Erenthe was sufficient to dispel the lingering doubt which for a moment might assert itself. "For how," said he to himself, "could such purity and loveliness be found associated with evil influences?"

It was on a night when the magician had exerted more than usual fascination over Guiscard, that the latter retired at a late hour to his chamber. Music and converse had wielded unwonted power; and wearied with the play of various emotions, he threw himself at once on his couch, and gave himself up to a dreamy reverie. He had already sunk into unconsciousness, when a rude touch recalled him to himself. Opening his eyes, he saw imperfectly, through the glare of the lamp, the dark, high-cheeked features of a Tartar gipsy. At this moment of astonishment, a soft voice, scarce above a whisper, fell on his ear.

"I am Erenthe. Rise and follow me. Make no noise. Take your valuables, but delay not a moment unnecessarily."

Surprised at this command, but without an instant of hesitation, Guiscard obeyed. Through secret passages and a corridor, damp with mouldering decay, Erenthe, just visible in the dim light which hovered in the unhealthy atmosphere, moved onward in advance of her companions, till all three at length emerged in the open air.

"You wish to know the reason of my conduct," exclaimed Erenthe, suddenly pausing, and turning towards Guiscard. "You shall be satisfied. I was, but the other day, your fellow-pupil and your fellow-dupe. I am so no longer. This so called magician veils the basest designs under the garb of the noblest offices. To me the veil has fallen forever. He is a daring and skilful villain. I have sought to warn you, and it may be, rescue you from the net which he is drawing about you. If you mistrust me, return. Make your decision at once, for there is no time to be lost."

"It is made," replied Guiscard, quickly; "if you will but allow me to follow you."

"The path lies before us," answered Erenthe.

Without other word, they proceeded on their way, sheltered by the shadow of neighboring walls. The chance gleams of moonlight occasionally touching the face of Erenthe, displayed features faultlessly regular, of a noble and even somewhat haughty expression. Soon they gained the open country, and, striking across the plain to a distant wood, entered within its shadowy depths. Presently the gipsy companion of Erenthe uttered a sharp, hissing sound, which was immediately answered in like fashion. Then Guiscard was led to an open space, or lawn, encircled by evergreen and oak, in which stood an assemblage of tents and hastily erected huts. In and about these moved forms of motley shape and costume. Guiscard saw before him a gipsy camp.

"Behold the people whereof I am a princess royal!"

Guiscard looked at the fair speaker with a puzzled air; but the pleasant smile which lingered on her lips re-assured him.

"You are pleased to jest," said he. "Were it not so, I should congratulate the tribe on the genius and beauty which in some degree presides over them."

"There was more seriousness in my words than you suspect," returned his guide. "These are indeed my people, with whom my lot is cast, and of whom I am the rightful superior; as I also am of all the gipsies (as you call them) at present sojourning in Western Tartary. And though regarded, by the world at large, with such undistinguishing scorn, yet there are some among us who have received a knowledge which should rather be prized than jeered at by those who are thus deeply prejudiced against our unfortunate race. My father left me not wholly uneducated. Eager for improvement, I sought to avail myself of the teachings of Azef, renowned through the whole East as a master of the mysteries of nature and art. I deny not his learning nor his ability. It is true that he possesses these; but, unsuspicious as I was at first of his true character, I learned at last its real baseness. I deem myself indeed fortunate that I have escaped from his wiles unharmed. Woe to the wretch over whom he may obtain his full

and desired mastery. Body and mind alike are desolated by his pernicious seductions, his stimulating drugs, his poisonous perfumes. You he had pitched upon as one who might be fashioned into an efficient instrument of his ambitious purposes. I have warned you; and I must add that the more quickly you remove yourself from his neighborhood the better will be your security. His influence is secretly and widely diffused; and you can scarcely be said in any case to be safe from the pursuit which he will surely contrive against you, as well as against myself. On the highway you would be at his mercy. If you choose, I can send forthwith to your inn, and remove hither such packages as you may have there; that done, I can make your passage from hence comparatively safe."

Guiscard's countenance betrayed a momentary embarrassment, and the pride of his companion took instant alarm at his hesitation.

"Nay," she added; "on second thought it were better otherwise. Yonder is Hamed, who may accompany you to the inn, and who shall guide you on the by-roads whithersoever you may choose. I will pledge my word for his trustiness, when commissioned by myself."

"You mistake my thoughts," replied Guiscard, feelingly, but with composure. "It is not readily, nor even to avoid danger, that I would wish to part from you forever. There is no better moment than this to tell you that I have already learned to regard you with an honest and true devotion. I would almost choose to give up all my aims in life, and become one of your own wandering subjects, rather than henceforth to be banished from your presence. Pardon my bold abruptness. I will say, Erenthe, join your fortune with mine. Let us leave these scenes, and this people of yours who cannot, whatever may be their merit, truly appreciate one like yourself. In the far West I have a pleasant and an honorable home, Erenthe; will you not make it yours as well as mine?"

"You indeed speak abruptly," answered his fair companion, with a countenance flushed and half averted, yet by no means displeased; "yet I distrust neither your honor nor your sincerity; nor will I deny that I have received your words with emotion. But while these people are true to me I must be true to them. Till contrary fate order it, a gipsy I am, and a gipsy I must remain; doing my poor best for those who have certainly, heretofore, regarded me with love and confidence. Nevertheless, frankly I say it, I cannot be displeased with what you have said; and let this finish the subject, for mark you, we approach the tents. Yonder, at the door of her canvass dwelling, sits Mother Berbice, who, I mistrust, would have no objection to assume in her own person, complete supremacy over the tribe. We shall meet her face to face, for a little way beyond lies the hut wherein you must need for the moment establish yourself."

Entering the gipsy hamlet, they came to the tent where Mother Berbice, a malicious-eyed, kiln-dried beldame, sat crouching at the doorway. Erenthe gave her greeting, which was acknowledged by a sort of ungracious mumbling on the part of the old witch-woman, who moved scarce a single muscle as Guiscard and his companion passed by. As the latter moved forward, however, a stout young fellow, wearing a tunic striped with rather pretentious-looking colors, came forward from the back of Mother Berbice's tent, and stood by her side.

"Have no fear, grandson Milov," said the hag, "she shall be yours. Have I not cast my spell? As for this dog of a stranger, his broth shall be poison in his vitals. Do you hear, grandson Milov? Such a dinner as he shall make of it!"

"No, no!" replied the other; "I like not that way of managing it. It will bring ill luck, I tell you."

"You are a fool!" retorted Berbice, with a spiteful look. "You and your cronies think nothing of an old woman like myself. He! But you'll rue it, some fine day or other."

"Softly, good Mother Berbice. What is it that I have said? I meant no harm. Besides, you know young people must talk; no doubt you did the same, when you once stepped the fairest of all the Romany maids."

"He! he!" chuckled Berbice. "That's true. Not many now who are equal to what I once was. You shall have the girl, Milov; you shall have her, even though I should call in the aid of Azef himself, who pretends to such a knowledge of magic. I have said it."

Not more than two days had passed since the return of Erenthe, when she became convinced that a complete revolution had taken place in the feelings of a majority of the tribe. In fact, she was openly informed that they no longer owned the authority which she had formerly exerted. It needed little observation to prove to her that Mother Berbice had been busy in her absence, and that she had fully succeeded in arraying against their mistress the superstition and prejudices of these malcontents. Moreover, the uncouth advances of Milov declared themselves too plainly to be mistaken. Guiscard himself had narrowly escaped an attempt on his life. Erenthe's resolution was formed accordingly. Secretly collecting the remnant of the tribe who remained attached to her, she set forth by night for the mountains. On the morn after their departure, they were ascending the highlands which border on the plains of Thibet, and which are tributary to the Himmalayas. Like these last, the mountains of Thibet and Cashmere present a series of climes, forming a cosmorama of the vegetable productions of different and widely separated lands. The bamboo, the orange and the luxuriant parasites of the torrid zone are found at the base. The towering palms, the Indian oak, the cedars and plane trees occupy their special territories; and the landscape varies continually with the ascending steps of the traveller. The rudest and most frightful crags, the softest and most verdant lawns excite the surprise and delight of the beholder, inspiring him with sensations of the rarest novelty. The air is fierce and sultry, or full of pure and balmy fragrance; or again, at loftier heights, it braces the system with grateful strength. The mood of the skies is as changeful as the scenery of the earth. Storms burst in sudden fury on the unwary wanderer, and floods, unknown before, dash down the devastated steeps.

Into these regions, Guiscard and Erenthe entered with feelings of pleased astonishment. On the minds of their followers were produced emotions of equal but different wonder, in which superstitious ignorance bore its full proportion. The attention of the lovers was, however, soon engaged by other considerations. For, gazing down the precipitous descents, Erenthe, with an exclamation of alarm, caught Guiscard by the arm and pointed to an opening in the wooded slopes far below. Her companion followed with his eyes the direction which the movement indicated, and beheld a cluster of forms moving slowly upwards, and for the most part scarcely to be particularized by reason of their distance. Nevertheless, the white turban and the crimson-colored tunic of one of them sufficiently distinguished him to the eyes of the observers.

"It is Azef, the magician," exclaimed Guiscard. "He pursues us with his satellites, and as I now perceive, with many of your own people, whom doubtless he has cajoled into furthering his ends. Have a care, or we shall be seen by them."

Although instantly acted on, it was plain that the caution had come too late; and that Erenthe and Guiscard had been perceived by their pursuers. The latter gathered in haste around the magician, whose orders they appeared to receive, and then, again putting themselves in motion, pushed onward up the undulating acclivities. Guiscard took from the pocket of his coat a small travelling glass, and turned it on the crowd below.

"Behold," said he, delivering the instrument to Erenthe. "Yonder is Mother Berbice, borne on a litter in the midst of her people. Mark how she urges on the tribe with frantic gestures of her thin, bony arms. Nearer is our friend Milov, as stolid-looking as ever. And Azef; observe you not his evil countenance, and the serpent-like glimmer of his eyes, watchful for their prey? Erenthe, in these rude regions, and among your untutored wanderers, there is no safeguard against such influences as those of the magician, and old Berbice, the witch-mother of the tribe. Come then, fair Erenthe, relinquish the poetic dream of your tutelary dominion, a fancy no longer tenable in reason. In our southern Europe there are brighter skies than these, and, indeed, a fairer field for the intellect and the imagination. Thither let us fly at once, and leave these regions of baleful influence, whither an unsatisfied curiosity no longer attracts us."

Erenthe sighed, gently returning the hand pressure by which her lover added emphasis to his earnest pleadings. Meanwhile, they and their companions delayed not retreat. They pressed on through forest depths and sunny glades, over rocky shelves and greenswards bright with flowers unfamiliar to European eyes. Ever and anon, the sound of voices borne to their ears, warned them of the vigilant and untiring quest which Azef directed, and which Berbice and Milov eagerly encouraged. To add to the peril of the lovers, the gipsies who had hitherto accompanied them, began to manifest signs of dissatisfaction. Their sullen looks, their murmurs of displeasure at being thus separated from their fellows, remained not long concealed from Erenthe. An interchange of glances passed between Guiscard and herself, significant of the action that was now to be taken.

"Children of Romany," she said, addressing herself to her little band of followers, "I will no longer divide you from your kindred. As you cannot now accompany me with willing hearts, it is better that you and I now separate. I am to accompany this stranger, to whom I am now betrothed. Only I entreat you not to strengthen the hands of Azef, my enemy, who leads on your fellows in pursuit of us, making them the ignorant instruments of his own evil purposes."

The gipsies received this somewhat unexpected announcement with embarrassment and hesitation. They were governed by different emotions. Some were filled with sorrow and regret; others, on the contrary, appeared at first to meditate mischief. After a few words among themselves, however, they agreed to abide by the proposition made them. One or two even sought to exculpate themselves to their former mistress; and a little, pleasant-looking young fellow came forward and offered his services as a guide, promising to show the lovers a way of escape which their pursuers would be unable to discover. Erenthe and Guiscard accepted his offer; a bestowal of confidence which was received with the most lively satisfaction.

"It is odd," said the guide, as he proceeded with agile steps just in advance of his companions, "it is odd, surely, that I am the only one who knows of this curious cavern passage through which I am going to lead you. I found it one day when hunting among the hills for fox skins. I thought I would keep the thing to myself a while, just to punish my mates, who have often said that I am the only Romany in the tribe who cannot keep a secret to himself."

Amusing them thus with his simple chat, he brought them to a thicket of young palms. Forcing his way among a growth of underbrush, he pushed aside the thick foliage, and revealed the entrance of the cave, a gloomy and forbidding portal. But Tokel (as the guide was called), producing a little tinder-box, kindled some shavings of balsam-wood from which he lighted sticks of the same material.

"Now, then, for the cavern," exclaimed Tokel. "I know not that I should have had courage to explore it, had it not been that I remembered some old story of my grandmother, concerning a cave which existed in the mountain passing through to the other side; so as I had no great fear of the demons, whom I don't so much believe in after all, I thought I would see what was to be found in the place.

As Guiscard and Erenthe followed the gipsy into the cave, the baying of a dog faintly reached the ear of the young Frenchman, and sent a thrill through his bosom.

"Can it be a bloodhound?" he said to himself; "if so, the wily mountebank has indeed an unerring guide."

For the present, he thought it best not to communicate his apprehensions to the guide, otherwise than by urging his advance as much as possible. Tokel pushed forward at a pretty rapid pace, waving his torch from side to side, throwing the light in fitful gleams over masses of rock and fantastic petrifactions. Presently he stopped.

"Hold there!" he cried. "We must now move more cautiously, for we must be nearing the pit, which I call the Bottomless Well."

At this moment, the baying of the hound was heard near the mouth of the cave. Tokel started at the sound, and in his agitation dropped his torch. Its sparkling cinders, dashed on the floor, sent forth a momentary brilliancy in which the edge of the abyss was vividly marked out before them.

"Move on," said Guiscard, taking up the torch and restoring it relighted to the guide. "There may yet be time for us to gain the end of the cave, when it is possible that we may have our foes at some advantage."

Tokel hastened forward with redoubled speed; but soon he encountered an obstacle altogether unexpected. A huge mass of fallen rock, filling up the whole passage, denied them further progress.

"An earthquake, an earthquake!" exclaimed Tokel, in despairing accents. "The roof of the cave has fallen in."

The barrier was complete. No possible means of surmounting it could be found. The noise of the pursuers was already approaching. Drawing from the bosom of his frock a pair of pistols, Guiscard examined their condition; and while thus doing, the glare of torches saluted his eyes, and Azef and Milov made their appearance with a crowd of gipsies and retainers.

"Lo, the hunt is up at last!" exclaimed the magician, surveying his victims with an air of malignant triumph. "Men of Romany, it is this vile Frank who had conjured away your fair mistress by his wicked spells. Seize him, lads, and bind him fast."

"Stand back, at your peril," cried Guiscard, aiming a pistol at the foremost.

Heedless, however, of his menace, they rushed on him. The fall of one of their number did not prevent Guiscard from being immediately overpowered and bound hand and foot.

"Drag him to the edge of the pit, yonder," said Azef, advancing to point it out. "Meanwhile, let some of you see to your mistress; look you, she is ill."

"My lad," he continued, turning to the trembling Tokel, "you are not the only one who has visited the cavern passage, and looked into its fathomless pit. I am truly obliged to you for having served my purposes so well in coming hither."

Azef now bent over the motionless Frank, holding the torch in such manner that he could view him face to face.

"See!" he cried, suddenly pushing forward his captive, so that the head of the latter lay over the edge of the pit. "Behold the fate which awaits thee, miserable wretch!"

Gloating over the silent agonies of his victim, he knelt and lowered his torch to display the gloomy abyss into which the Frank was about to be launched. An instant, the flame glittered feebly above the deep; then, swift as sheeted lightning, a fiery volume sprang from below, enveloping the form of the magician. Starting, and stumbling blindly, with a cry of horror he fell over the precipice. With one impulse, the crowd rushed to the edge of the pit; and there, far below, impaled on a projecting point of rock, they saw Azef writhing in ghastly fire. Shuddering, they drew back to escape the view. Then quickly releasing Guiscard, they turned toward Erenthe, vying with each other in humility of respect. They entreated pardon for their past conduct, declaring that they had been enticed by the sorcerer and Mother Berbice into a course which they now sincerely regretted. But Erenthe, though uttering no reproaches for the past, had been fully warned of her danger in longer remaining dependant upon their caprice. After a short season of delay, therefore, she bade them a kind farewell, and with a single attendant, set forth with Guiscard, her betrothed, for her future home on the shore of the Mediterranean. But doubtless it will be long before, from among the traditions of the wandering people over whom she once held authority, will have vanished the memory of the gipsy princess, and the sudden doom of her enemy, the magician.

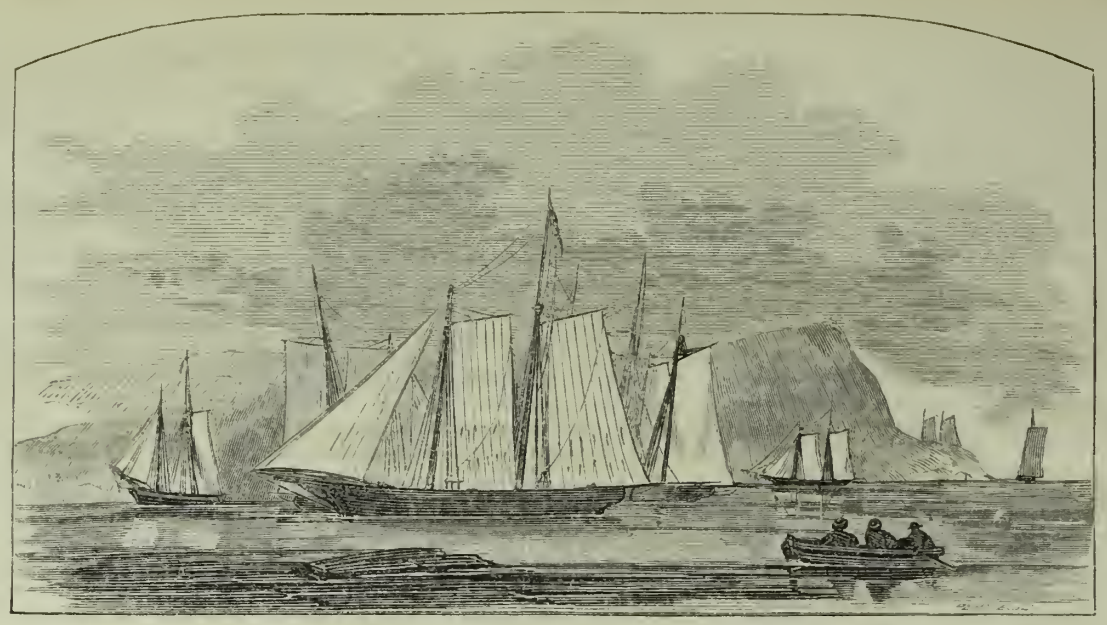
ARMIES IN EARLY TIMES.

In 1682, Kara Mustaphe commenced his fatal enterprise against Vienna. A revolt of the Hungarians, under Count Tekeli, against Austria, which had been caused by the bigoted tyranny of the Emperor Leopold, now laid the heart of that empire open to attack; and a force was collected by the Grand Vizier, which, if ably handled, might have given the house of Hapsburg its death blow. Throughout the autumn of 1682, and the spring of 1683, regular and irregular troops, both foot, horse, artillery, and all kinds of munitions of war, were collected in the camp at Adrianople, on a scale of grandeur that attested and almost exhausted the copiousness which the administration of Kuprili had given to the Turkish resources. The strength of the regular force which Kara Mustaphe led to Vienna is known from the muster roll which was found in his tent after the siege; it amounted to 175,000 men. Perhaps not less than half a million of men were set in motion in this last effort of the Ottomans.—*Athenæum.*

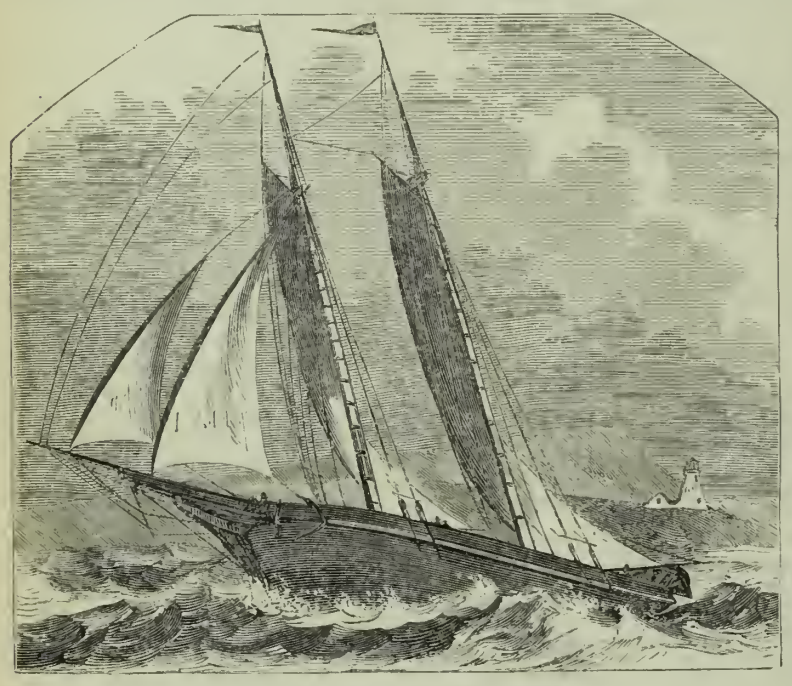
A statesman, we are told, should follow public opinion. Doubtless—as a coachman follows his horses; having firm hold on the reins, and guiding them.—*Hare.*

THE MACKEREL CRUISE.

MR. BALLOU:—To the accompanying illustrations, drawn expressly for you, I add an explanatory text, the materials for which, as well as the sketches, were the result of a trip undertaken the past summer for health and recreation. Every summer the mackerel fishermen of Gloucester and fishing ports of lesser note, send out their tidy, trim built vessels to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Bay de Chaleur. The fleet is mostly composed of fore-and-aft schooners, varying from 60 to 120 tons. They are fitted out by their owners, and provisioned for a ten or twelve weeks' cruise. The small craft carry from six to ten hands; the larger ones from ten to twenty. The men are shipped on shares with the owners—consequently each individual is interested in the well doing of his vessel. The captain, or skipper, as he is called, is usually part owner, and spares no pains to make the voyage not only profitable but pleasant. We left New York July 4th, and started for Gloucester, the largest fishing mart in the United States, where we were so fortunate as to procure a passage in one of the fastest sailers of the fleet, the "Republic," owned by parties in Gloucester, and commanded by Capt. George Friend, of the same place. After a mackerel season, many of these little vessels outride the winter on the Western and George's Banks, returning into port occasionally to discharge their cargoes of cod and halibut. Subject to much violence from the heavy northeast storms, they become badly damaged in both hull and rigging, making it necessary to overhaul and completely repair previous to the departure for the fishing grounds in the spring. The "Republic" was in this dilapidated condition when we stepped on board of her; therefore, we will begin at the beginning, and open the record of the adventure with the first important business—washing decks and discharging ballast, in order that the schooner may be beached for painting. The schooner is represented in this condition in the last engraving on the next page. She is floated broadside to the shore, and is left at low water high and dry upon her beam ends. A coat of thin verdigris is then applied to the sides and bottom below the water line, to prevent any injury to timber by the destructive sea-worm. After which, the hull, masts, decks, etc., are painted to suit the fancy of the skipper. It was a glorious summer morning, wind and tide favorable, when our saucy little schooner, with her crew of sixteen hands, left the harbor of Gloucester for the town of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, our first stopping-place, where we dropped anchor early on the afternoon of Saturday, after an extraordinary passage of fifty-one hours. The picture of the schooner under way gives a correct idea of her appearance. Our object of the visit accomplished, the following day, with a spanking breeze, we were again on our course, making Cape Canso—the easternmost land of Nova Scotia, distant about four hundred miles from Cape Ann—on the afternoon of the following Tuesday. Leaving this point, our way was changed, and the vessel headed for Pirate's Cove, a romantic harbor midway in the Gut of Canso, where we arrived in good time, and remained a few hours to obtain wood and water. On Thursday, the wind, which had been favorable, suddenly left us becalmed in the Bay of St. George (this interesting incident is depicted in our first engraving), when active preparations were at once made for moulding jigs, setting knives, reeling lines, etc., each man striving to excel his shipmate in mechanical ingenuity. Jig-moulding, especially, is one of the fisherman's delights, and is entered into with great zest by all hands. They are formed of the best quality of hooks of different sizes cast into sinkers of block tin and pewter. One of our sketches delineates correctly the "mackerel jig." After all necessary appurtenances for catching the fish are completed, the right rail of the schooner is divided, according to the number of men, into what are called berths, or stands for fishing. The best of them are then sold by the skipper to the highest bidder. One of our engravings shows the amusing scene of the auction. This proceeding is always productive of the greatest excitement. Fun and frolic are the order of the day; rare jokes are perpetrated, and original *sells* are conceived for the benefit of each impatient bidder, making the scene one of uncommon interest. Thirty, fifty, and even sixty dollars premium is often paid for the "high line position." Barrels of bait are now drawn from the hold and ground by a machine for the purpose into requisite portions for feeding. This is done from troughs securely fastened to the fore and main rigging. Bait is constantly thrown to entice the mackerel to the surface of the water. They rise in vast schools, and are fed continually while about the vessel. Saturday morning, with a light breeze came the order to set sail, the island of Bonaventure, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, our destination, where we "hove to" for our first chance among the numerous schools of fish surrounding us. When the vessel is well off her course, jibs down, and sails motionless, each individual takes his place at the rail, and with a line in either hand, waits patiently for the mackerel to rise. Soon a *tinker* is seen to dart swiftly up the schooner's side, and over the shoulder of the "high-line man." Another, and another follows it, the sight of which makes the little pale lad at the bait-box half frantic with joy. And now they come! Hurrah! how fast from the bubbling water!—all hands, from the weather-beaten skipper to the green hand aft, joining with wild delight in this most exciting sport. One of our illustrations depicts this exciting scene. The fisherman holds a line in each hand, but uses both to draw the fish, which is thrown over the right shoulder, and dropped into the barrel behind. A crack fisherman *never* moves from his position, only using his arms; and can endure three days' fishing without fatigue, though they sometimes drop asleep. Fisherman when busy stand the entire day at the rail,



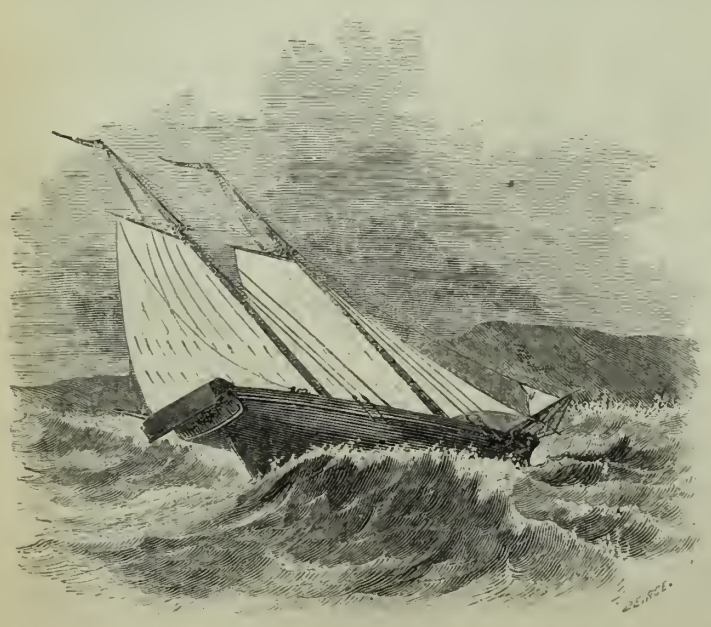
A MACKEREL CRUISF.—DEAD CALM IN THE BAY.



THE SCHOONER UNDER WAY.



SALE OF BERTHS.

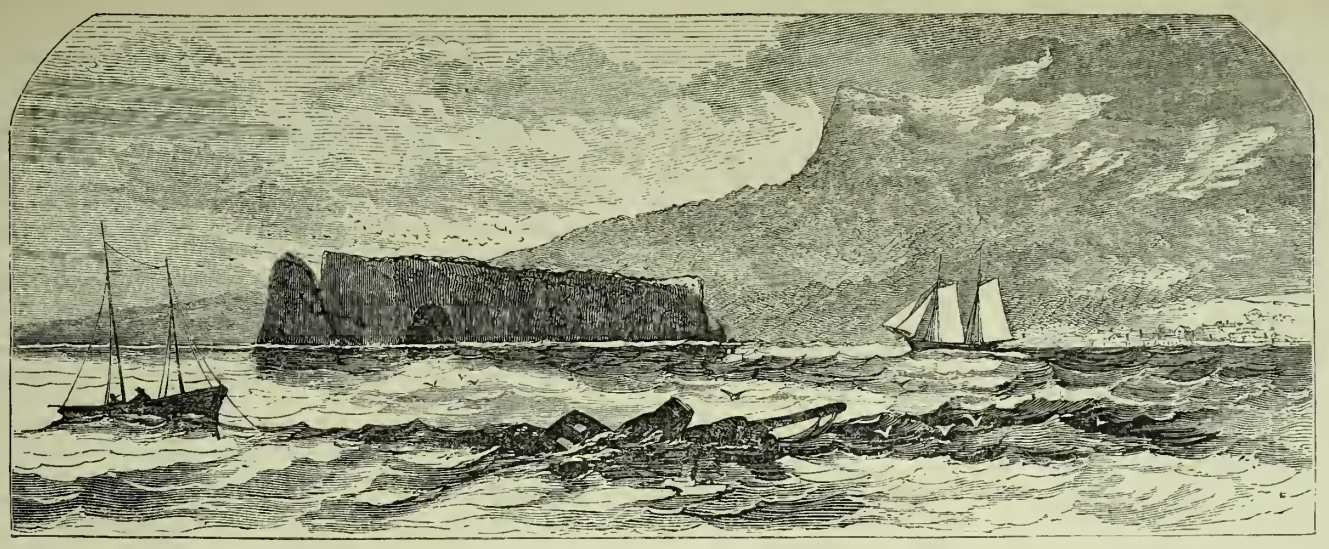


THE SCHOONER IN A SQUALL.



ALL HANDS FISHING.

and salt nights. In active times, it is not unusual to fish and salt three or four successive days. Success, however, does not always follow the mackerel catcher. A lucky man may return home with his vessel in a fortnight, and discharge a capital load of three or four hundred barrels; while his neighbor skipper that sailed out with him, may dodge about from place to place, till he is forced back by wintry storms, with only fifty. Nevertheless, among the unlucky ones there's a deal of contentment; for 'tis all play with fisherman Jack when tinkers are scarce. You will find him, on such occasions, either spinning out the toughest yarns, or dancing till he is black in the face, some good old-fashioned reel. Then there's the *lark* ashore, and the breakdown with the village girls; the political discussion with the Britishers, and last, but not least, the "red-eye frolic," ending in broken heads and aching limbs. One of our illustrations exhibits



ARCH ISLAND, IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.



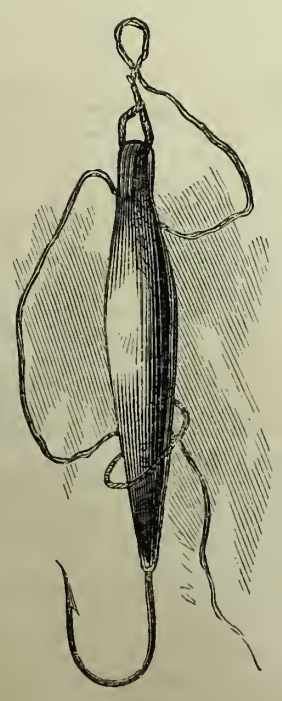
SPLITTING THE MACKEREL

the crew of the mackerel schooner dancing for dear life, and enjoying themselves, as men only can with whom recreation is an infrequent episode of a laborious life. We have also shown an incident in the cruise in the sketch of a squall, by way of contrast to the "dead calm" previously delineated. No vessel can outride a storm better than these fishermen. They haul down flying jib only, and "let her slide" into ten and twelve knots. These squalls are very common in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, blowing almost every day when the wind is off shore. Another of our views represents Arch Island. This extraordinary rock rises abruptly from the sea to the height of 288 feet, and is a third of a mile in length. It is uninhabited by man, but myriads of wild birds build their nests, covering the entire surface, which is as white as if capped with snow. The singular arch at the southeastern extremity was formed by the action of the tides, and can only be approached in calm weather. Six miles distant, Mont Perce, or Table Roulante, is seen towering 1250 feet above the town of Perce at its base, and visible distinctly forty miles from the ocean. In another sketch we have depicted the operation of splitting mackerel. The splitter takes the fish in his left hand, and draws the knife down through the back from head to tail. An expert hand can split sixty fish in a minute. Another hand immediately cleans the fish, and a third salts and packs them in the barrel. Each hand marks and sorts his own catch. This series of views will give your readers a correct idea of the details of a business which employs a vast amount of capital and tonnage, and involves the labor of a perfect army of men. The mackerel belongs to the family of Scomberoides. That found upon our coast is the Scomber vernalis (spring mackerel of Mitchell). Dr. Storer says that Mitchell describes under the name of "grex" and vernalis" the common mackerel of our coast. Cuvier, although he admits both in his great work, considers them as the same; and Richardson remarks, the "only difference between scomber *grex* and *vernalis* seems to be in their size and color, and they are very probably different ages of the same species." In the specimens brought to Boston market, Dr. Storer found the difference between the two too slight to constitute distinct species. From six to eight thousand barrels of fresh mackerel are sold annually in Boston market alone; but "their great value to this people arises from the means of employment afforded to an immense number, by the process of salting and packing." We believe the fishery of a single year in Massachusetts alone, has amounted in value to a million and a half of dollars. The number of barrels of mackerel inspected during a period of five years, in this State, was 1,079,116. As we have remarked above, the luck of the fishermen is very variable. "In some years," says Storer, "immense shoals of these fishes are readily met with, and the vessels return in a few weeks with full cargoes, while the same localities may be visited in other seasons, and the efforts of the fishermen prove fruitless and his fare meagre. So peculiar are the habits of this genus, that oftentimes weeks may pass, the fishing smacks be surrounded by millions sporting upon the surface of the ocean, and scarce one allow itself to be taken; while again, the success of a few days will retrieve the disappointments of nearly a season. Thus, a fisherman informs me, that last season, having been in the Bay of Chaleur, and taken but few fish, the vessel to which he belonged was returning home, when, off Cape Cod, the fish were so numerous and voracious, that the crew, consisting of ten men, captured in two hours nearly thirty barrels. At this time about two hundred smacks were together, and they were all equally successful, some of them taking even forty barrels of fish. * * Several of the most intelligent fishermen inform me that the difficulty of taking mackerel is yearly increasing, from the barbarous custom of gaffing them, of collecting them around vessels by means of throwing out bait, and then suddenly drawing up an instrument armed with numerous sharp iron points, by which many are captured, and greater numbers are cruelly maimed without being taken." The European mackerel was early known as an article of food, and was held in high esteem by the ancient Romans, as forming the celebrated *sarum*—a pickle or sauce—of which they made great use. This was prepared from several different kinds of fishes but that from the mackerel was deemed by far the best. The generic character of the scomber are "scales on the body small and smooth; vertical fins not bearing scales; two dorsal fins widely separated; some of the posterior rays of the second dorsal and the anal fin free, forming finlets; sides of the tail slightly carinated; one row of small conical teeth in each jaw, the parts of the gill cover without denticulations or spines; seven branchiostegous rays." The delicate colors of this fish, shading from black on the head, and dark green on the back to silvery white with reflections on the sides, make it a perfect picture. It is certainly one of the nicest table fishes we have, and when broiled by a skilful hand, fresh from the water, forms a dish that a hungry man can relish without much coaxing of the appetite. The mackerel, salted and cured, forms a staple of export and consumption, perhaps second to no other fish, a branch of business too well known to be discussed in this connection. A mackerel cruise, as an episode in one's life, is a pleasant thing to look back upon; while a life devoted to the business is one of severe toil and not unfrequently attended with great danger.

Your artist, PORTE CRAYON.



THE CREW DANCING.



MACKEREL JIG, FULL SIZE.



THE SCHOONER BEACHED.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

They left the young child all alone,
To battle with the waves of life;
He read their names engraved on stone,
And felt unfitted for the strife.

A weary way the future seemed;
The present was uncertain ground;
But from the past one sunbeam gleamed,
And here the child some comfort found.

'Twas this: bent lowly at her knee,
The mother taught her child to say,
"When father and when mother flee,
The Lord will care for those who pray."

And father, mother, now *had* fled,
And left the young child in his grief;
The sod was on each withered head,
And on the sod a withered leaf.

He bent the knee upon the sod;
His folded hands were on his breast,
His child eyes were upturned to God,
"Who giveth those who seek it, rest."

He prayed that He might stoop to care
For one left lonely on life's shore;
And he who hears the suppliant's prayer,
Promised to guide him evermore.

And all through life went one whom men
Called holy, from the words he spoke;
And when he slept, these men said then,
"Surely, he hath in glory woke."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SALE OF A KINGDOM.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

It was a masquerade in the wood of Ardennes, and the four o'clock sun streamed slantingly through the aisles of the great forest, and upon the varied costumes of the temporary inhabitants. Never since the days of Rosalind and Jacques had so motley a crew danced beneath the umbrageous oaks, nor one half so splendid. Fine ladies of the court had thrown aside their hoops and powder, and stepped out in the native dignity of peasant girls, or ascended into a blazing guise of borrowed royalty. Atalantas with buskins and apples, Dianas with crescents and hounds; graces, muses and dryads all mingled their gay array with gods and satyrs, Turks and yeomen. The dance was swinging round like a band of reeling bacchanals among the treeboles, when one withdrew fatigued, and wandering to a little distance, flung herself on the sward beneath wide-spread branches. Dressed as a sea-nymph, she went by the name of Nathalie, and was by far the loveliest one among all the merry masqueraders; and so doubtless thought the tall and graceful Apollo, who, with golden curls clustering round his temples, and golden arrows slung across his shoulders, joined her.

"It is not," said he, "the first time that Nathalie has been seen by her adorer; once and twice before in the evening shade of these woods has Le Norman worshipped her beauty, but never in guise so costly as now. What spell has come over the maid of Ardennes?"

Nathalie slowly rose, showing in every motion the waving grace of a true sea-nymph, and stood leaning against the tree-stem before him; her flowing robe was of an iridescent, pearly-colored stuff, changing now to the suggestion of a palest blue, now to the soft flesh tint of a shell, and now to a deep, watery sheet of sea-green. Slender branches of scarlet coral made a vivid splendor in her dark hair, and hanging from their tips, a veil of lace fell down and half-smothered the glow and sparkle of jewels that adorned her. Diamonds flickered with every breath upon her bosom, as she sat there in the sunbeams; wreaths of mock sea-weed trailed festoonwise round her skirt, and rubies, emeralds and opals, strewn with a profuse hand on her attire, and glistening with lavish lustre, transformed her into the image of one who, just rising from the sea, was blazing with the myriad, dazzling waterdrops that dripped away from her, each first hiding in its bosom a sunbeam of this upper world to carry down into the still depths of twilight caves.

"Monsieur has perchance thought," returned she, "that because I lived with foster-parents in a hut among these woods, I had no ancestors; that because I wore russet, I could never wear satin; that because I decked my hair with flowers, I had therefore no priceless heirlooms. Monsieur, these jewels have been in our family six hundred years and over!"

"And my family scarcely counts behind *that*," said the young man.

"And monsieur has then a family and name?"

"None nobler in the kingdom. But Nathalie, how came you here?"

"Ah, the marchioness was my mother's friend, and to-day is my birthday, Le Norman. To-day I am fifteen."

"So young and so lovely," thought Le Norman; "and if she loves me (as I cannot doubt she does), born to how much trouble!" And he remembered with a double pang of both exquisite joy and pain the emotion manifested by her on the occasion of a slight accident to him. Then he had thought her a wild, charming forest girl, beautiful enough to beguile an hour away, although doubting even then, if his feelings towards her were not too deep for trifling. Now he found her of a certain noble rank—but what of that! It must be a high rank indeed, which should smite down the barrier between them; and nursed in different religious faiths, inexorable state laws would intervene, should all else prosper, and prevent their union. He should never dare tell her of his love; she would recover her affections in a little while, if he were silent, and be happy again—he would not entail wretchedness on her young life—he would never speak. Having made which doughty resolution, while his thoughts had been almost written on his face, he hummed a snatch of the distant dancing-tune before he spoke again.

And of what was Nathalie thinking? Of sorrowful things, if *her* face was any index. It was a moment before he dared trust himself to look at her; at last when he raised his head, her dark eyes were fixed on him, welling over with tears. There is a moment of weakness that is irresistible; if he had withstood now, he had been more than human. He need not ask if she loved him; he knew it. He need not swear his love for her; she would feel that. He took her in his arms, and lulled the grief that then first broke forth, with tenderest kisses and most endearing sentences. Alas for Nathalie!

A month had passed, and every day had witnessed an interview between the two lovers of the wood; and when once, half-tremblingly, Nathalie had requested to know the name of her lover, an almost stern tone had come into his voice, as he bade her not inquire again—and with a strange pain in his face, warned her that, as it was, she would know all too soon.

"At least you are not one whom I need be ashamed to love?" she ventured.

"Not that, indeed, my darling! But one who, knowing what lies before him in the future, should be ashamed to love you!" And Nathalie, feeling he could do nothing wrong, was satisfied.

Now she sat in the drawing-room of her friend the marchioness, in full dress, awaiting her lover, who was to accompany and present her at court. A coach dashed to the door; another moment, and Le Norman stood in the apartment, with flushed cheeks and an anxious, vivid brightness in his restless eyes. As the marchioness turned and beheld his face, she began a sudden exclamation instantly checked by his warning look, and they were soon rolling along together to the royal palace.

Whenever Nathalie had seen her lover before, it had been in his simple hunting-dress, or that of some fancy disguise. Now in court costume, almost too dazzling Nathalie thought, he could not look better than he did in the woods; and her heart swelled with joy as she thought of the happy rustic life she should lead for all her future with this titled forester, who despised rank and courtly baubles—and she pleased herself with delicious images of quiet contentment as they rolled along. Coaches in the street made way for them by the flaring gaslight, ushers at the palace door swept open long avenues through the noble crowd, who respectfully withdrew. Bowing to the right and left, Le Norman, with Nathalie upon his arm, and the marchioness following directly behind with the chamberlain, passed the halls and staircase, swept through the ante-rooms till the doors of the throne-room were thrown open and they entered; while lords and ladies, who had been and still were patiently awaiting their turn, stepped aside. If the brilliancy of the ante-rooms had seemed gorgeous, what must the flood of lustre have appeared to her bewildered eyes as Le Norman paused at the threshold, giving her hand a lingering and re-assuring pressure.

Hitherto depending on him, she had been only the shrinking girl of Ardennes wood; now, and as it were instantaneously, a new force seemed to develop within her—her figure grew a shadow more erect, the rich folds of her garment shook out with a somewhat prouder grace—a prescience of what was to come seemed to surround and strengthen her. She cast her eyes round on the magnificent throng, and prouder and statelier than any empress, swept up the noble vista to the king. A moment, with Jove-like thunders gathering on eye and brow, the old monarch gazed on the approaching pair, while all the court anticipated his action, and were smacking their mental lips over the expected scene. But like a balmy, summer wind dispersing the clouds of tempest, a smile far worse than they scattered the frowns; and advancing a step or two, the king briefly exclaimed, in a voice inaudible to any but they:

"Son!"

"Father," said Le Norman, in the same tone, "wooing a peasant girl, I have found the Lady Nathalie d'Arens."

While he spoke, Nathalie and the king measured each other with undaunted eyes.

"The prince, in his present, passing fancy," said the king, "does the court honor. Let us hope that when this boyish freak is finished, the Lady Nathalie will regard it as leniently as it deserves! Mademoiselle, your father rendered me distinguished services; but for him, I should have lost my kingdom. Command from me any favor!"

"Sire," answered Nathalie, "beyond protection from royal and princely insults during the reception, I neither ask nor will receive any favors from your majesty!" And with a courtesy as superb as the least possible loyal submission could render so graceful an action, she sailed between king and prince, and stood beside the marchioness, a little in the rear upon the right of the unoccupied throne.

"Well, sir," said the king to Le Norman, in the same low tone, savage in its almost inaudible intensity and slow pronunciation, while sunbeams could not equal the benignity beaming on his face, "well, sir, I have heard something of this before. I was not unprepared. A pretty affair you have made out of nothing!"

"Sire, I am in earnest."

"And so am I, you graceless wretch! Must you drag into court all your awkward country flames?"

"I have never before intruded, I believe."

"So much the worse now, to find you entangled so uselessly at this late day!"

"Could you choose in any royal house of Europe a queenlier bride?"

"By heaven, young man, you wont want a queen till you are king! And if you think of this again, I'll declare your brother heir in your stead."

"Sire," said Le Norman then with coolness, "nothing would better please me."

"Then, if that's your cue," returned his father, "you *shall* be both heir and king."

"I will not consent to be either, on any other terms than that my wife be Queen Nathalie."

"Your wife!" fairly whispered the exasperated king. "Has the boy ruined me? Are you *married* to her, sirrah?"

But not deigning to reply, Le Norman bowed, and stepping aside joined Nathalie, while the chamberlain immediately continued the presentations. They stood in the shadow of a curtain, and as Le Norman again drew Nathalie's arm into his, with a decided gesture she withdrew it, and only lightly laying her hand on his, gazed steadily into his face. What reproach, what passion, what great sorrow suffused her countenance. Though for his soul he could not have helped loving her, nor, as we have seen, forborne vowing fidelity to her, yet his heart smote him that he had ever concealed his rank.

"You would never have loved me, Nathalie, if I had told you," murmured he. "Forgive me—fortune will favor us—I shall yet make you my wife—we shall yet be happy!"

A sudden dizziness, like the precursor of a swoon, overcame him, and in the midst of it her voice tolled out low and clear as a bell upon sultry air, the one word, "Impossible!"

Great must have been her self-control; for in this moment of bitter pain, disappointment and emotion, so lightly had her fingers touched his hand, that he was not aware when the pressure ceased, but only felt her face receding, as a vision fades, while she flitted backward and away from him into the throng and out among side arches and distance, and with a low moan he reeled and fell; caught by an attendant, he was borne unseen to his own apartments, and the gaiety of the others continued. Thus frequently under the gayest masque are the saddest tragedies enacted.

Scarcely had Nathalie gained a remote corridor, when a sudden rush and murmur proclaimed that the king had withdrawn and the audience was broken up; and while she paused to look around her, she became sensible of an approaching step, and in a moment the king appeared, and taking her hand, led her back into a private apartment, and courteously requested her to be seated.

"Madame," said he, sternly, while seating himself opposite, "by what authority do you receive my son's addresses?"

Nathalie raised her eyes, and with her head somewhat thrown back, answered:

"I must be addressed altogether differently before I reply at all."

"Perhaps the Lady Nathalie will instruct her slave in some suitable conversational terms!" said the king, his face slightly on one side, his eyes leering upon her, and in his most insinuating manner; nevertheless, if any voice was ever plainly suggestive of scaffolds and broad-axes, this was one.

Nathalie, forest girl as she was, could not condescend to battle the king with these his own weapons, and as there did not appear to be any other, thought best to make a feint of surrender, and calmly said:

"I had wished to leave your majesty possession of your son. Be assured, I had no knowledge of the prince's rank when he offered me marriage. My religious faith will now be an invincible bar to his wishes. I love Le Norman the hunter; I will never wed your son the prince!"

"Madame," returned the king, "your frankness charms me! You have truly made me your friend. My son, I confess it, is more than a match for me. If you had been daughter of grand duke or minor king, I would not have whispered a word against your faith; but, as you well know, my kingdom, though recent, is important, and will become more so strengthened by a royal alliance. Still, generous as you are to resign your lover, human nature is not infallible; it were too much to expect this of you. Let me guard you; let me be always your friend. And as a proof of it, let me offer you a most worthy husband in the person of the Count d'Entremer!"

The indignation of Nathalie was too great for utterance; but at last, as the king continued his harangue, it broke forth in wild and angry protest.

"Allow me at least to convey the future countess to a place not so liable to listeners." And Nathalie accompanied him perforce through several devious ways, till they stood in the dimly lighted palace chapel. "Now, madame," said the king, who had so lately professed friendship, and now speaking in his lowest tones, "I give you a choice. This is what is called a civilized community; nevertheless you are completely in my power. You have not a relative in the world! If you do not comply with my demands, I have dungeons so deep, that for all your life you will never see daylight again. Neither do I shrink from such terrific resources, although loth to mention them to ears polite—as starvation, tight cords, hot irons—"

She interrupted him haughtily. "I can never be frightened into submission!"

"Let me urge you, then. While you are single, my son will never complete the alliance I design. He will be wretched and unhappy; while, if you marry, he will resign himself to forgetfulness. Do you wish to be the cause of his misery? I have no great affection in my nature; it is chiefly pride. But all those pangs with which I threatened you, I now threaten and will pour

upon *him*, if *you* disobey. You can can go forward to the altar, where the Count d'Entremer awaits you, or back the way we came. In the last case, my guards will attend upon you, and you will be forced to witness how bravely the prince endures his tortures!"

It is not likely the king would have performed an iota of this grandiloquent threat; but Nathalie could have given credence to any evil from him. She trembled an instant, and then with a firm step went forward, placed her hand in the Count d'Entremer's—never seen by her before—and being quickly and irrevocably pronounced his wife, received the congratulations of the smiling king and the few witnesses. Leaning against the altar, pallid and cold as sculpture, the first object her married eyes discerned was Le Norman. He moved forward, with an expression as if every second of time was a sharp sword that stabbed him, and appeared to offer his compliments.

"What ardor!" he murmured; "what sincerity! what constancy! Madame le Comptesse is as firm as a rock in her determination to be faithless as shifting sand!"

* * * * * *

Time, too fast for the most of us, lagged sadly with the young countess, scarcely more than a child, as she sighed far away in distant France, and from the windows of her chateau watched the shadows come and go on the purple, Pyrenean slopes, while her husband was absent the greater part of his time at Paris, or at the court she had so lately left. Time passed not so slowly with the prince; indeed, Le Norman had had a thousand events form in his years, for every one in the monotonous ages of the Countess d'Entremer. Having recovered from the first severe shock of his loss and disappointment, with the native energy of his nature, not deeming it right to waste his life in idle despair, he had wonderfully bestirred himself—superintending the education of his brother, arranging scientific expeditions, and performing all duties devolving upon him, but steadfastly refusing the royal match urged by his father, and clinging to the loose fragments of the love of earlier days.

Ten years had passed—seven since the death of his father and his own coronation—his brother had entered into manhood, and Le Norman, as the king, had already commanded the admiration of all Europe by his daring genius, when the Count d'Entremer appeared again at court after a short absence, and for the first time since his marriage brought with him the countess. Of course all the world were on the *qui vive* to behold the meeting; but in the calm, nonchalant air of the countess, who, not quite twenty-five, was in the full vigor and bloom of womanhood, and perhaps lovelier and with a better balanced mind than if she had not experienced these long, lonely years, as she received the rather sarcastically polite welcome of the king, all the world found very little satisfaction.

A few weeks had elapsed, and in one of the sea-shore palaces the whole court were assembled at summer festivities. The royal abode was on a cliff, which afforded in front of the building a promenade of several hundred yards, and abruptly terminating in a precipice, whose base was washed by the sea. On this cliff, one afternoon, a party of courtiers—among whom was the king, his brother and the Countess d'Entremer—were watching the approach of a small boat, which, out on a fishing excursion, could hardly hope to make shore before the squall should burst upon it. Erect in the prow, a keen eye could not fail to recognize the lofty figure of the Count d'Entremer.

Leaning breathlessly over the cliff, Nathalie remained with her eyes fixed on the boat; for although she had no manner of affection for the husband forced upon her, she could not view his danger with indifference, nor desire anything but his happiness. The boat was still far distant, the wind increasing—already it fluttered the ends of her white scarf into the air across the brink of the precipice, as with hands slightly extended forward, she stood silent and motionless. The courtiers withdrew a little, and the king and herself remained nearest together upon the edge. Great raindrops pattered down slowly, then quickening their flood, poured down with broad gushes of speed, dashing down the bands of her hair, soaking her garments, blinding her eyes—yet still they stood heedless of it.

The count saw her, for, doffing his cap, he raised his hand to his lips with a knightly gesture, and waved it towards her. He was so near that the wind might be seen lifting his hair, when the little mast strained, cracked and broke, dragged the boat down into the sea that ran over her, and precipitated the occupants into the roaring gulfs. He was a strong swimmer! For after every green, cavernous wave broke its white crest over him, he was seen riding the next one triumphant. Now lost to sight, now again appearing, now supporting a fainting comrade, and now with rapid strokes parting the strong sea—a weaker man had sunk long ago. The rain and the spray mingled their strength with the wind and the waves, and a thick, white, curling mist arose and hung round him, closing him out from the sight of his wife, and hiding his beacon star from him. At last the wind veered, and the mist cleared away; little patches of blue sky smiled out from the south and west, and the waves rocked to and fro in stray sunshine. The countess still strained her eyes, surveying the broad, vacant expanse—nor count nor fisherman was there; and at the end of an hour's intense length and watching, three bodies were tossed high upon the strand. One had been the Count d'Entremer. All the heavens and earth in their commotion spun back from Nathalie, and with "outflung hands and shapeless shriekings wild," she fell senseless.

A year's seclusion—due not to grief, but to respect—had passed, and the leafy echoes of Ardennes had lulled Nathalie into complete forgetfulness, for the moment, of the last eleven years—and again she sat beneath the oaks and plucked the flowers growing in the self-same nook, as in her girlhood. All but the first fifteen years of her life, seemed vaporous as a dream; and consonant with all around, the distant bugle of some royal hunting party stole upon her ear like "horns of elf-land faintly blowing." And thus when one stood before her in a garb of Lincoln-green, leading a red roan steed, it seemed as if all the interval had never been; and looking up, merrily she said:

"It is my birthday, to-day, Le Norman! I am"—but here, as she would have said "fifteen," memory rushed back on her, and hiding her face in her hands, she turned and would have fled away, but his voice sternly arrested her.

"Stay a moment, madame!" he commanded. "Since Providence has thrown us once more together, let me return to you the troth you once gave me. It was broken by you, and rendered valueless to me, eleven long years ago."

With a certain wild vehemence, she exclaimed, turning at bay upon him:

"I was forced to break it! Had it been true troth, you had died in torture first! It was to save *you* from dying in torture, that I sacrificed myself to worse than death—more than torture—to marrying d'Entremer!"

A moment or two he regarded her.

"I have taken shame to myself for eleven years that I could not lose my own passion, while feeling its object to be faithless. Must I undo the work of so long a time?" She returned him no answer. "If that were done," he resumed—but she interrupted him.

"Your cruel father's death has not left in the inexorable state laws one obstacle the less!"

"I can annihilate all obstacles," he returned, triumphantly. Silence followed. Some time they thus stood confronting one another. "A singular fancy strikes me, Nathalie. It is your birthday. How old are you, my friend?"

"I am fifteen," she returned.

"And I, nineteen. It seems to me that an hour ago we plighted troth. Is it so?"

Not many days had elapsed ere a strange rumor flew trumpet-tongued through the kingdom, and was proclaimed officially to all the crowned heads of Europe. More than one king of different realms had congregated in this capital, and a universal wonder was displayed in the countenance of every subject and plenipotentiary.

The seventh of October, with all the sweet decadence of summer in the air, came, and the streets and cathedral were thronged for a triple ceremony. The procession left the palace to the sound of slow, pleasant music, and the shouts and blessings of the populace upon Le Norman, "the dear king," wound to its destination, and entered the great aisles of the solemn place. There, in the presence of subjects and brother kings, Le Norman took the crown from his own head and placed it on his brother's; and when a further ceremony of coronation was finished, knelt as count only, of his paternal heritage, and was the first among his brother's new subjects to swear fealty.

The new king stepped aside, while all the world wondered the reason of so great a sacrifice. The reason? It came through the open door of an inner chapel, whence Nathalie, unattended by any one save the spirit of radiant beauty, issued, and advancing, placed her hand in that of the abdicated king, Le Norman; and beneath the benedictal hands of the patriarchal archbishop, was declared the wife of the Count of Nassau.

SIBERIAN SLEDGE DOGS.

These dogs are said to resemble the wolf—to have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and long bushy tails; color various—black, brown, reddish brown, white and spotted. They vary also in size; but a good sledge dog should not be less than two feet seven inches high. Their howling is that of a wolf. In the summer they dig holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in the water to escape the mosquitoes, which in those regions are not less troublesome than one of Pharaoh's plagues. In winter, they burrow in the snow, and lie curled up, with their noses covered by their bushy tails. The preparation of these animals for a journey is carefully to be attended to. For a fortnight, at least, they should be put on a small allowance of hard food, to convert their superfluous fat into firm flesh. They are also to be driven from ten to twenty miles daily; after which, Von Wrangel says, they have been known to travel a hundred miles a day without being injured by it.

"We drove ours," he says, "sometimes at the rate of one hundred wersts (sixty-six miles) a day. Their usual food is fresh fish, thawed and cut in pieces; and ten frozen herrings are said to be a proper daily allowance for each dog. A team consists commonly of twelve dogs; and it is of importance that they should be accustomed to draw together. The foremost sledge has usually an additional dog, which has been trained as a leader. On the sagacity and docility of this leader depend the quick and steady going of the team, as well as the safety of the traveller.'—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

STRYCHNINE.

In Ceylon and several districts of India grows a moderate sized tree, with thick and shining leaves, and a short, crooked stem. In the fruit season it is readily recognized by its rich orange-colored berries, about as large as golden pippins—the favorite food of many kinds of birds—within which are the flat, round seeds, not an inch in diameter, ash-gray in color, and covered with very minute silky hairs. The Germans fancy that they can discover a resemblance in them to crows' eyes, but the likeness to them is purely imaginary. The tree is the strychnos nux vomica, and the seed is the deadly poison nut. The latter was early used as a medicine by the Hindoos, and its nature and properties were understood by Oriental doctors long before it was known to foreign nations. Dog-killer and fish-scale are two of its Arabic names. It is stated that at present the natives of Hindostan often take it for many months continuously, in much the same way as an opium-eater eats opium. They commence with taking the eighth part of a nut a day, and gradually increase their allowance to an entire nut, which would be about twenty grains. If they eat it directly before or after food, no unpleasant effects are produced; but if they neglect these precautions, spasms result.—*American Builder.*

WHAT FINGER-RINGS HAVE DONE.

Many have suffered imprisonment, and even death, on account of rings. The great antiquarian, Wickleman, was murdered by a scoundrel servant for a very precious ring that he wore. Conrad, a Neapolitan prince, flying from Charles, King of Naples, was discovered to a sailor by his ring, informed against, examined, and there being found no sufficient reason why he should live, was put to death accordingly. Richard Cœur de Lion having made a three months' truce with Saladin, hoped to get safe home, but was betrayed to the enemy by a jewel on his finger. He had reached Vienna, when fearing to fall into the hands of Leopold, the Austrian archduke, whom he had affronted, he took a cook's place in a gentleman's family, but not taking the precaution to roast with his rings off, he was recognized, arrested, and thrown into prison. The last instance we shall cite of a ring proving inimical to the happiness of its possessor is taken from a remarkable relation of Phlegon of Tralles, Hadrian's freedman, who dealt in marvellous recitals, and who gives the following among others of his *mirabilia:* A young man by the name of Achates, travelling in Greece, became the guest of Demostrates. One evening, after retiring to rest, he was surprised by a visit from the fair Philinnione (the deceased daughter of his host), who presented herself in the most bewitching guise before him, and persuaded him to exchange pledge-rings with her. This nocturnal visit was repeated for three nights successively, the young man having no idea the while that his fair inamorata was a visitor from another world. On the third night, a maid discovering a strange lady in the guest-chamber, recognized her deceased mistress, and apprised the parents of the late Philinnione of what she had seen. Incredulous at first at the young woman's story, they at length agreed to enter the chamber at the same hour the night following, when to their bewilderment and joy, they saw their own daughter before them; but this joy was soon turned into horror, for the maiden had no sooner recognized her father and mother, than, escaping from the embraces of both, she reproached them bitterly for thus coming abruptly to destroy the happiness which for three more nights she had else enjoyed with their guest, her leave of absence from the shades extending to a whole week. Saying this, she fell a lifeless corpse on the ground at their feet. On recovering from the shock, the first impulse of the parents hurried them to the tomb, whence the body had indeed departed, and all that remained there was Achates' pledge-ring, on seeing which, the unhappy youth, terror-stricken at having affianced himself to a spectre, fell upon his sword, and died immediately.—*New York Despatch.*

LIFE THE WORLD OVER.

When Peter of Cortono was engaged on a picture for the Royal Palace of Pitti, Ferdinand II. particularly admired the representation of a weeping child. "Has your majesty," said the painter, "a mind to see how easily it is to make this very child laugh?" And, suiting the action to the word, the artist merely depressed the corner of the lips and the inner extremity of the eyebrows, when the little urchin seemed in danger of bursting his sides with laughter, who in a moment before seemed breaking his heart with weeping. If this be true in the world of living men, slight, very slight are the causes that make or break the happiness of life. The touch of a brush can dim heaven with a cloud, or brighten the prospect of the fair horizon.—*Portfolio.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DRED. By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 2 vols. 12mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This work is openly announced as an anti-slavery novel, so that readers who are surfeited with that species of literature may pass it by. It appears, however, by sales of this book, that there are plenty of buyers. As a work of art, "Dred" is written with more skill than "Uncle Tom." At the same time it is less dramatic and less exciting. The hero, as is frequently the case in fictitious narratives, is on the whole a failure, but several other characters are drawn with great power. This book is likely to suit the English market admirably.

THE HILLS OF THE SHATEMUC. By the author of "The Wide, Wide World." New York: D. Appletou & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 516.

A work by the author of "The Wide, Wide World," whose reputation is "world wide," is indeed a treat. The new book is worthy of the writer. It is interesting, it is natural; it takes us into the midst of fresh and unfamiliar scenery, and the characters are flesh and blood, and talk and act like men and women. The book is spirited and interesting from beginning to end, and is as sound in morals as a sermon from the pulpit. For sale by Redding & Co.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. By CHARLES READE. In 2 vols. 12 mo. 1856. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This work, though less terse and dramatic in style than "Peg Woffington," and "Clouds and Sunshine," is written with equal ability, and is none the less interesting for the fuller development given to its characters. The scene alternates between England and Australia, and the incidents though natural are thrilling and exciting; while the characters are no dreamy phantoms, but flesh and blood realities.

FRENCH'S AMERICAN DRAMA. Among the recent of this beautifully got up series of acting plays, are "Life in New York," by John Brougham, "My Wife's Mirror," by Ed. G. P. Wilkins, "Aline or the Rose of Killarney," by E. Stirling, "A Conjugal Lesson," by H. Danvers, and "A Good Fellow," by Charles M. Walcott," all capital and popular pieces.

LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND. By CHARLES R. MCHARG. New York: C. Scribner. 1856. 12mo. pp. 382.

The biography of Talleyrand is a romance from beginning to end. The "prince of diplomatists," he was far from being an honest man, though possessed of brilliant talents, and making his mark upon the great period of the world in which he flourished. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

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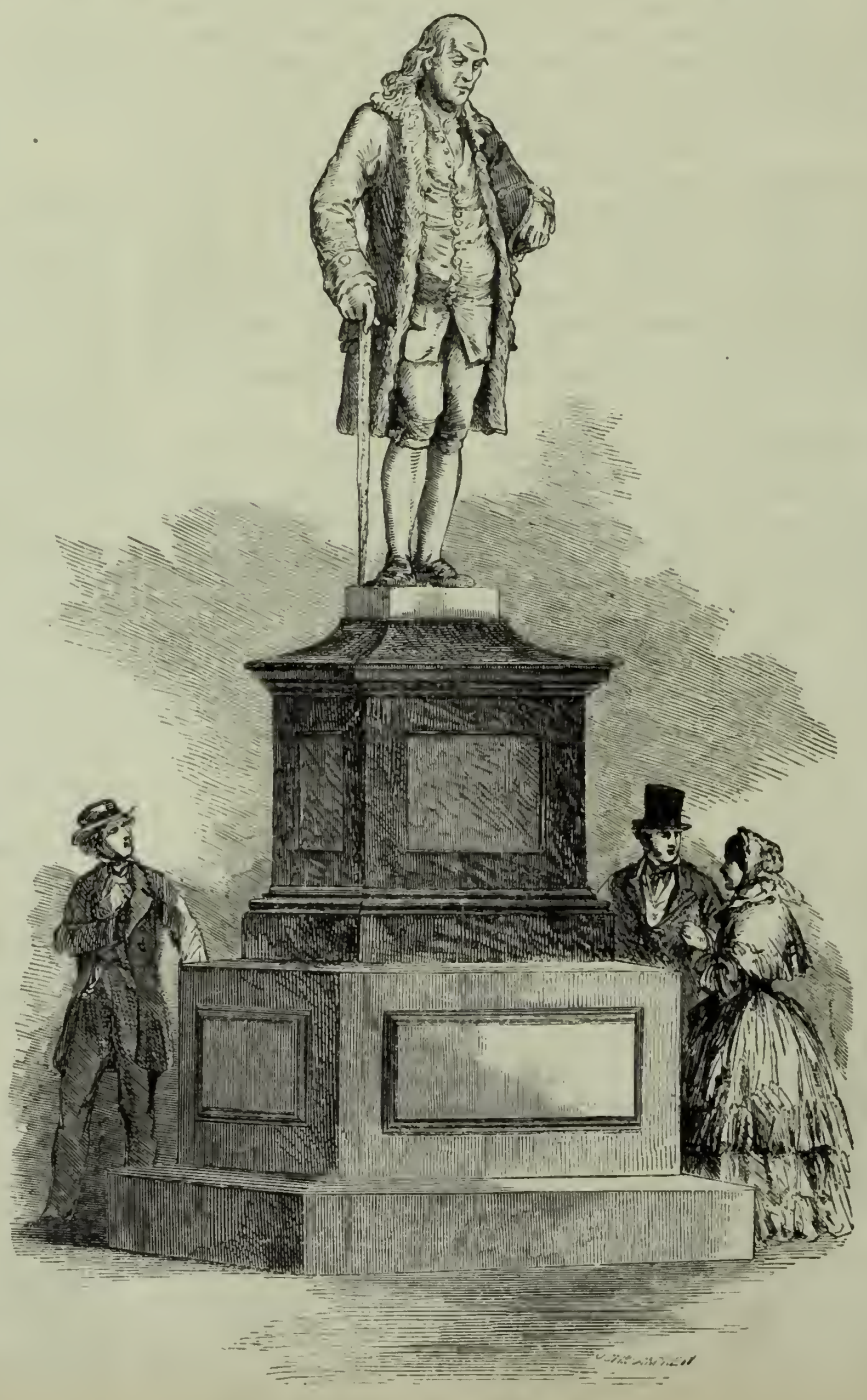
M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor,*
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

THE STATUE OF FRANKLIN.

As the extent of space covered by our large representation of the inauguration of the Franklin Statue, rendered it necessary to represent the figure on a small scale, we now present a large and accurate view of it from the pencil of Billings. The sculptor, Richard Saltonstall Greenough, who is still a young man, has been very happy in his characterization of our distinguished townsman. There is nothing artificial or constrained in the attitude. He stands resting on his staff, in the dress that pictures and descriptions have rendered so familiar to us, looking down from his position with a benevolent and intelligent expression, that satisfies the popular conception of the man, and is at the same time true to facts. The figure is so natural and life like that you almost expect it to move as you gaze on it. It must have been conceived in an hour of genuine inspiration. The inauguration day of this statue, September 17, will long be remembered in the annals of the city. For several days previous, strangers had been pouring in, and there was so great an accession of visitors on the day itself, that the whole number of the welcome outsiders was computed to be at least 100,000, which, added to our local population filled the city to repletion. At no previous celebration have we witnessed such a display of human beings. The weather was remarkably propitious, as if Heaven smiled approbation on the occasion. It was moderate, with gentle breezes, and at times light clouds tempered the glare of sunshine. Business was entirely suspended. All along the line of the procession and in many parts of the city there were splendid and tasteful decorations. The Tremont House was splendidly adorned with flags and streamers. Nearly opposite, from the Cadet's head-quarters, floated a flag inscribed "Monstrat viam (it shows the way), 1741," the motto of the gallant corps. The decorations of the Boston Museum attracted much attention. On its lower piazza was the motto, "He snatched the lightning from the heavens, and the sceptre from the hands of tyrants." Scollay's building bore on its eastern side the same in Latin—"Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis." In Court Street there was a store with this inscription, "Benjamin Franklin when he was twelve years old was apprenticed as a printer to his brother James, whose office stood on this spot." A flag suspended on the north side of State Street was inscribed, "The opinion of Benjamin Franklin in 1754, 'A union of the colonies is absolutely necessary for their preservation.' His motto—'join or die.'" From the Old State House, "First settlement of Boston, Sept. 17, 1630." On the corner of Union and Hanover we were told "The father of Benjamin Franklin removed from Milk Street to this spot shortly after Benjamin was born. Here he worked for a short time in his boyhood at the trade of a soap boiler and tallow chandler with his father." The birth place of Franklin in Milk Street was most elegantly decorated. Beneath a star were the words, "He took the lightning from Heaven," under which was a painting subscribed: "The House in which Franklin was born. Benjamin Franklin was born on this spot on Sunday the 17th of January, A. D. 1706." In Federal Street were flags with the following inscriptions: "Born January 17, 1706. Tallow Chandler's apprentice, 1717. Printer's apprentice, 1719. Author, 1725. Dry Goods clerk, 1727. Printer, 1729. Legislator for Pennsylvania, 1732. Founder of the University of Pennsylvania. Deputy Postmaster General, 1751. The Inventor of Lightning Rods was the originator of the Volunteer Militia. Fellow of the Royal Society. Doctor of Laws by Oxford. Colonel of Militia. Representative of America in England, 1764. Concluded first treaty for America, 1778. Member of Continental Congress, 1775. Commissioner Plenipotentiary to France, 1776. Minister Plenipotentiary to France, 1778. Commissioner to treat with England, 1782. President of Pennsylvania, 1785. Delegate to Federal Convention, 1787. Died, April 17, 1790." Washington Street and Dover Street had many fine decorations and appropriate inscriptions, and everywhere apt quotations from "Poor Richard" met the eye. The procession was a fine one, and its arrangement reflects great credit on Col. Newell A. Thompson, the Chief Marshal, and his assistants. It was three hours in passing a given point. The military escort, consisting of the commands of Cols. Burbank and Bullock, with the Light Dragoons and the Lancers, led off in fine style. Col. Marshall P. Wilder appeared perfectly at home at the head of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. The first division, under Gen. John S. Tyler as chief marshal, comprised the city government and invited guests, among whom were Gov. Gardner and his aids. The second division, Col. Thomas E. Chickering, embraced the trades of Boston, fully and finely represented. It would require pages to describe properly the interesting features of this section. The silversmith's establishment, a barge loaded with costly jewelry and plate was very conspicuous. The Ames Manufacturing Company of Chicopee, came out 200 strong. From Chickering's Piano Forte works came a large body of men. Hooper's Bell founders gave sonorous token of their presence. In the third division, marshalled by Capt. Charles O. Rogers, the leading feature was the display of the printers, led off by the Franklin Typographical Society and the Boston Printers' Union. They had two platforms, drawn each by five horses, on which were presses representing past and present eras of printing, the former by the old press worked on by Franklin himself previous to 1742. Upon this press was worked a *fac simile* of the Boston Courant, No. 80, in which the name of Benjamin Franklin first appears as publisher, copies of which, as they were thrown off, were distributed to the crowd. Among the invited guests who rode with the printers was "Father Boylston" of the "Farmer's Cabinet," Amherst, N. H., an old gentleman of seventy-five, and a printer of sixty years standing. From Mr. French's Hoe's cylinder press, a humorous metrical life of Franklin by B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington), was worked off and distributed to the spectators. In the fourth division, marshalled by Hon. Moses Kimball, the masonic fraternity made a splendid appearance, particularly the Knights Templars and the De Molay encampment. The fifth division, Major Lewis W. Tappan, chief marshal, contained the Bunker Hill Association, the Agricultural and Horticultural Societies, the Medal Scholars from 1792 to 1856 inclusive, and the recipients of the Lawrence Prizes. Edmund F. Cutter, Esq., was at the head of the sixth division, which included the several historical, scientific, literary and musical societies. The Mercantile Library Association sent an immense delegation. Harvard College was strongly represented. The seventh division, under the lead of Joseph West, Esq., numbered the various benevolent and charitable associations. The Highland costume was worn by the Scotch societies. Nathaniel Winsor, Jr., Esq., appeared at the head of the eighth division, devoted to the marine societies and boat clubs, and flanked by a body of mounted police. The ninth division embraced the public school children, who received the procession on Beacon Street, marshalled by John L. Emmons, Esq. The ceremonies at the City Hall were very interesting. Mr. Winthrop's address was a masterly performance, and that of the President of the Charitable Mechanics' Association and of the Mayor were appropriate and well received. The ode by James T. Field, Esq., was most felicitous. Dr. Winslow Lewis, as Grand Master of the Masonic Order in Massachusetts, assisted by Col. John T. Head as his deputy, performed the masonic ceremonies, and the day closed without a single untoward accident to mar the enjoyment and gratification of the vast assembled multitude.



JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.



THE NEW STATUE OF FRANKLIN, BOSTON.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.

The admirable accompanying portrait of our great American novelist gives a life likeness of its subject. James Fennimore Cooper was a son of Judge Cooper, and born at Burlington, N. J., in 1789. He was educated at Yale College, and after the completion of his studies entered the American navy as a midshipman in 1805, and remained in the service until 1810, when he married and retired. Soon after this he turned his attention to literary pursuits, and made his first essay as a novelist in a work entitled "Precaution," which met with a very limited sale. He was not discouraged, however, by this disappointment, but followed it up by the "Spy," a revolutionary tale. This novel was immediately successful. The vivid delineation of the hero, the truthful portraiture of the period, the dramatic interest of the stirring scenes it depicted, and its thorough nationality, gave it great popularity. In the "Pioneers," he painted the history of an American settlement in the wilderness, deriving his facts and groundwork from the settlements of Cooperstown in New York by his brother and others. In this book he struck on that Indian trait which he afterwards followed out with so much spirit and success. In the "Pioneers," too, he first introduced his *chef-d'œuvre* character, "Leather stocking," the hero of several of his subsequent romances. The "Pilot" was the first sea novel proper ever written, and opened a path since crowded with successful adventurers. To Cooper, therefore, we may apply the words of the "Ancient Mariner:"

> "He was the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

The work alluded to laid the foundation of Cooper's fame. He soon became world-renowned. His novels were translated into the principal languages of Europe, and became as popular in France, in Germany, in Spain, in Russia and in England as at home. He produced a large number of volumes, chiefly romances. His forte was in romance-writing, though his political essays and sketches of travel were not without merit. His history of the American navy, not completed at his death, ranks as a standard work. He died at Cooperstown, N. J., in 1854. A daughter has inherited much of his literary talent and has produced some well-written works. The works of Cooper, or rather a large portion of them, will live as long as English literature lasts. They are vivid pictures of events and manners of social life long since gone by.

A RUNAWAY STEAMBOAT.

An eccentric but most amusing cruise was recently made by a steam tow-boat in the waters of Southampton harbor, in England, the particulars of which are related by a correspondent, who was an eye-witness of the whole affair. It seems that the Belmont, a regular steam tug, had taken in tow the ship Walter Hood, bound from Southampton to Australia. On reaching the lower bay, the sails were set on board the ship, and at the same time the tow-boat cast her off with the intention of returning to Southampton for another vessel, but by some accident the ship ran into the steamer, a violent crash followed, and in the confusion, all hands, including the captain and the cook of the latter, jumped on board the sailing vessel, leaving their boat in charge of a dog and two cats—a strange crew for a steam-going craft. But her steam was up, and after a succession of plungings and crashings, she succeeded in shaking herself clear of the ship, and the next moment was seen "going it alone," starting off at a terrific speed, and in anything but the right direction for her. For a few moments her captain and crew, engineer and all, were struck with dismay. The long tiller of the rudder was seen dashing wildly to and fro, while the fierce barking of the dog, who evidently knew little of navigation or steering, rendered the scene at once absurd and terrific—ludicrous and frightful. Meanwhile, the captain of the steamer, having recovered his presence of mind and composure, obtained a small boat, and with his men started in pursuit of his absconding craft; but ere he was well under way, she had altered her course, and from some cause or other came around, and set out for the point whence she had started, thus making or describing a complete circle. The men bent lustily to their oars, but the chased steamer dodged, shied, and circulated about in the most erratic manner, the dog keeping up an incessant barking and howling, as though seeking in this manner to head her off and bring her to reason. Soon she shot off in an opposite direction, and now made directly for a light ship in the outer harbor. Here the men on the look-out descried her position, and having manned their boat, also started in pursuit. The race now became truly exciting, the course of the steam-tug becoming more and more uncertain as her helm shifted to and fro at the sport of the waves of the channel. By this time, however, she had nearly run her race, her steam was getting low, and at length her speed gradually diminished, her paddles stopped, and she ultimately gave in from sheer exhaustion. The crew from the light ship was the first to board her, her own crew coming up about twenty minutes after. She was at length got into working order, and brought safely into Southampton dock, where she was sentenced to undergo complete repairs after her frolic. It is said that the crew were fully justified in leaving her as they did, she being in imminent peril of going down.—*Boston Post.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

We have been told that "out of evil cometh good." A striking illustration of this truth is manifest in the halo of true glory that encircles the name we have placed at the head of this article. Out of the awful collision of rival nations meeting in arms, from the midst of a carnage the recital of which, as it was wafted across the water in successive episodes, made our blood run cold within us, rose one pure, radiant image of virgin womanhood, claiming our admiration for the sex which it represented, and producing the conviction that angels have their abode on earth as well as in heaven. It was reserved for a period of bloodshed and calamity, for the highest storm of human passions, to produce the spectacle of a high-bred and delicately-nurtured English girl, leaving her beautiful home in a peaceful country and plunging into abhorrent scenes of strife, not to lead on embattled hosts like Joan of Arc, but to breathe the pestilential air of plague-infested rooms, to face the most horrible forms of mutilation and suffering, and to soothe with her kind words, her glorious presence, and her untiring hands, the anguish of physical and mental woe, and the bitter pangs of the parting hour, "to shrive the dying, bless the dead." Her long and weary task accomplished, she set her face homeward. On her way, she did not seek reaction from brilliant pageants and splendid assemblies, but turned aside to visit the abodes of suffering and sickness. Had she chosen, her reception in England would have been such as the proudest conqueror might have envied; for she came wearing no blood-stained trophies, but the victress of all hearts. But she has declined every public demonstration of regard. Only when the mechanics, her neighbors, wrote her a letter of congratulation, she replied in the kindly, warm-hearted language befitting her modest and beautiful nature. As the type of truest womanhood, we honor Florence Nightingale from our "heart of hearts." Long after the laurels of the Crimea shall have faded, the wreath of immortelles that circles her name will bloom in unfaded brightness.

SPEECH AND SILENCE.—Bishop Hall says that "the ear and the eye are the mind's receivers, but the tongue is only busy in expending the treasure received." Now we have known a good many gossip tongues busy in retailing what eye hath not seen nor ear heard. To be sure, the stuff was slander, not treasure.

COMFORTABLE.—The "Prairie" shows that the production of breadstuffs has not kept pace with the increase of population in this country, with the single exception of Indian corn, and that, consequently, prices must continue to rule high.

SCOLDING HUSBANDS.—We hear stories enough of scolding wives, but none of scolding husbands. Yet there are plenty of male scolds, and they are the most unmitigated nuisances in creation.

SPLINTERS.

.... At the Cuayho Iron Works, Cleveland, they make ice by machinery at a cost of five dollars a ton.

.... A Southern paper talks about having "refreshing showers." We have had nothing else for months.

.... General O'Donnell, the present prime minister of Spain, is, as his name shows, of Irish descent.

.... There is a talk of establishing a line of monthly steamships between Liverpool and Montreal, Canada.

.. . Who is free from care? From blooming childhood to gray-beard age, it accompanies every one.

.... The Bible is the book for all; and like the wind of heaven, the sunshine and the water, free to all.

.... A witness in court said of a certain man, that he had "supped with him, sailed with him, and knocked him down."

.... Scolding is the pepper of marriage, and ladies the pepper-boxes, says a savage, ugly old bachelor.

.... Men require the curb as well as the spur. A good ship is provided with anchors as well as sails.

.... We are looking out for a hard winter. In New Hampshire, they had snow as early as the month of August.

.... It is hinted that Mr. Gaillardet, the French editor, may start a new French paper in New York.

.... A clergyman in Ohio lately warned his people against "trying to hide their souls behind a three cent piece!"

.... The Board of Trade of Baltimore have bought the ship Ontario, and will set up a practical navigation school.

.... Mr. Ten Broek has made a great sensation in England by the appearance of his American race-horses.

.... The best policy of a brazen-faced statesman is said to be the policy of *assurance*.

.... It is said there is a deficit in the accounts of the Russian commissariat to the tune of sixty-five millions of dollars.

.... Foreign consuls in this country cannot settle the estates of their countrymen dying in the United States.

.... The Russians have withdrawn their troops from the Crimea. A few Cossacks only garrison Sebastopol.

.... A marriage by advertisement must after all be the union of two "corresponding" minds.

.... Life is but a railroad station where we stop for a few moments. No time for enjoyment before we are off.

.... Ladies' equestrian contests are getting very common lately. There was one recently at Syracuse.

BORROWED PLUMES.

There are very few people in the world who are not troubled with a propensity to masquerade it; to get out of the clothes and characters that fit them, and put on something else. Men as meek as Moses are intensely fond of donning tremendous bearskin caps, and carrying enormous muskets, and *talking* about volunteering, or privateering, whenever a war breaks out in any part of the world. Savage looking and savage feeling fellows, who take fire at a word or a look, and occasionally knock down porters and hackney-coachmen by way of airing their belligerent propensities, are almost always members and orators of peace societies. Excellent prose writers, whose essays have the charm and polish of Goldsmith, Irving and Addison, persist in writing what they call poetry. Little jolly men, overflowing with wit and humor, will do nothing but write tragedies. Undertakers are proverbially fat, well-to-do fellows, with a merry twinkle in the corners of their eyes and mouths; and Shakspeare understood human nature perfectly, when he made his grave-diggers, in Hamlet, crack jokes over the remains of poor humanity. Liston, the English comic actor, a glimpse of whose face was enough to set a crowded house in a roar, was consumed with a desire to play Richard III. and King Lear—the heroic and pathetic. The regal beauty, whose charms would be fitly matched by a display of costly jewelry, is generally attired with great simplicity; while the ugly old dowager, like Shakspeare's toad,

"Wears yet a precious jewel in her head."

And speaking of jewels and borrowed plumes, the best illustration of our position is a scrap from the New York correspondent of the Evening Gazette. He says:—"Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel is the celebrated jewelry establishment of the Tiffany's. A few weeks since, two ladies called there to look at some articles of jewelry. They could not decide upon them, however, but requested that a certain necklace and bracelet should be sent to the St. Nicholas at a particular hour. The party happened to be just going down to dinner, and the person was requested to leave them, and call in about an hour. Ascertaining at the office that they were respectable people, he did so, and the articles were returned with a message that they would call the next day. The next day about the same hour a note was received, requesting that another necklace and bracelet (describing them) might be sent to the hotel, which was complied with; they were likewise returned. And for three or four days the same thing was repeated, when the party left town without making a purchase! A few days afterwards a gentleman boarding at the hotel called at the store to select a present for a lady; and seeing some articles he thought he recognized, exclaimed: 'Why, surely I have seen those before.' He was assured that such could not possibly be the case, as the patterns were entirely original. 'Why,' said he, quite confidently, 'they were worn by a young lady who was stopping at the St. Nicholas, and who each day at dinner appeared with a different necklace and bracelet; and they were evidently so valuable, that she was besieged with interesting gentlemen, and enjoyed the envy of all the female boarders.' A light broke upon the mind of the storekeeper, and I do not think the trick can be repeated there."

THE BRIDE OF PARIS:

—OR,—

THE ROLL OF THE DRUM!

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION, THE REIGN OF TERROR, AND THE DAYS OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

We shall next week commence in "The Flag of our Union" a most vivid and interesting novelette entitled as above. We will not say one word in advance for it. It will tell its own story, and make a sensation exceeding all its predecessors in those columns. This is another of the brilliant series of novelettes which are constantly appearing in "The Flag of our Union."

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.—We have no hesitation in saying that our next door neighbor, P. J. Mayer, has the handsomest confectionary establishment in this city. It has just been fitted up at great cost, and in exquisite taste. Mr. and Mrs. Mayer, so long established in Tremont Street, have earned a high reputation for the excellence of their manufactory in all the delicate articles pertaining to their business.

A MAGICIAN.—McAllister, the magician, who died lately in New York, had travelled all over the world in his professional capacity. He was not only an excellent legerdemain performer, but a fine, liberal gentleman. His accomplishments were numerous; he was an excellent chemist and electrician, and conversed fluently in four or five languages.

AUSTRIAN MEANNESS.—Cesare Cantu, the Italian historian, has been refused permission by the Austrian government, to accept or wear the order of the cross of Saint Maurice and Saint Lazarus, presented him on account of his literary attainments, by the king of Sardinia.

A MODEL CORONER.—A man drowned himself at a Western city, recently. The coroner could not find the body, but to make sure of his fees, held an inquest on his jacket, which had fortunately turned up with the tide. Verdict, "found empty."

DEFAULTERS.—These gentry are not confined to the United States. The cashier of the Northern Railway, in France, lately went off with a million francs in his pocket.

A FEMALE ARTIST.

Miss Rosa Bonheur, a young Frenchwoman, is winning a most brilliant reputation abroad in a rather singular line of painting for a lady—the portraiture of animals. To this branch of art she has devoted herself for years with unswerving assiduity, commencing her studies from nature when a mere child. To further her pursuit, she frequents all the horse fairs in the neighborhood of Paris, disguised in male attire, and she is only known to the dealers as a very enthusiastic young gentleman with a remarkable taste for horseflesh. When she meets with a fine animal, she buys him—for Rosa is rich—mounts him *en cavalier*, and rides him home. The horse is introduced into her studio—a large parlor, where he stands on a brick platform, and Rosa goes to work on his portrait. There are two of her pictures in the Athenæum gallery this year. Rosa possesses a remarkable power over animals. We don't know whether her secret of taming them consists, like her fair countrywoman's, Miss Isabelle, in "carrots or kindness," or the fascination of a fearless eye, but certain it is she finds no rebellious subjects among her four-footed sitters. She has lately visited the Scotch Highlands in search of subjects. She receives fabulous prices for her works. And by the way, "talking horse," reminds us that we have a young artist in this city, Mr. Marsden, who promises to paint horses as well as Rosa Bonheur—he cannot—no one can—excel her.

AUTUMN.—On our last page we have placed a large allegorical picture, representing autumn. The figures in this scene are boldly and freely sketched. The huntsman and the reaper in the foreground, are bearing on their shoulders old Silenus—the preceptor of Bacchus, who has partaken so freely of the juice of the abundant vintage that he is unable to stand or walk. The horn of plenty, the heaped fruits in the foreground, the procession with sheaves of wheat and other produce, typify the prodigality of the season, while the round harvest moon rising in the distance, completes the fullness of the allegory.

FORRESTIAN.—John Brougham has made a great hit in New York by his personation of the hero in his burlesque of "Metamora, the last of the Pollywogs," in imitation of Edwin Forrest. Brougham is one of the best mimics on the boards.

VOCALISM.—Madame Angri, as dashing a vocalist as Vestvali the magnificent, who has gone to manage the Mexican opera, is engaged for a six months' tour in the United States. We shall be *angry* ourselves if we are disappointed in her.

A FAT OFFICE.—The office of corporation counsel to the city government of New York is stated to be worth $10,000 a year. Quite a windfall to a poor lawyer of ability!

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. James Wright, Jr. to Miss Maria L. Lillie; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Benjamin Wheeler to Mrs. Mary Douglass; by Rev. Mr. Barry, Mr. Lyman G. Tucker to Miss Sarah F Morris; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Charles P. Johnson to Miss Mary A. B. Norcross; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. James Kirby to Mrs. Joanna Whitaker; by Rev. Mr. Neale, Mr. David P. Lincoln, of East Weymouth, to Miss Lorinda R. Burrows.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Ware, Justin A. Jacobs, Esq to Miss Sarah Augusta Heywood.—At West Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Thomas B. Johnson to Miss Margaret M. Thomson.—At Newton Upper Falls, by Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. Asahel Phelps, of Roxbury, to Miss Harriet A. Hunt.—At Medford, by Rev. Dr. Ballou, Capt. Samuel K. Leach, of Charlestown, to Miss Julia A. Peck.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. George W. Langmaid to Miss Lucy T. Wheeler.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Rich, Mr. George A. Stanley to Miss Lydia A. Prince.—At Wenham, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Elijah Barker, Esq., of Georgetown, to Miss Juliet Friend.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr Kendall, Mr. Charles Beal, of Boston, to Miss Nancy W. Robbins.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Craig, Mr. Jacob Brightman to Miss Mary E. Bowker.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Faunce, Mr. E. A. Prescott to Miss Sarah R. Whitney.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. James Bullock, 63; Miss Sarah Shimmin, 74; Widow Elizabeth Chadwick.—At Cambridge, Widow Elizabeth Davis, 73.—At West Cambridge, Miss Caroline A. Fowle, 26.—At Brookline, Miss Elizabeth Craft, 21.—At Canton, Mrs. Mary Capen, 91.—At Neponset, Mrs. Martha Williams, wife of O. Putnam Bacon, Esq.—At Quincy, Mrs. Mary Galvin, 27; Widow Mary Dailey, 70.—At Stow, Mr. Francis Conant, 67; Mrs. Betsey Fletcher, 59.—At Plymouth, Mr. William H. Swift, 60.—At Tewksbury, Mrs. Mary S., widow of the late Rev. Jacob Coggin, 71.—At Newburyport, Mr. Thomas Goodwin, 67.—At Oakham, Miss Charlotte P. Simpson, 45; Mrs. Sally M. Crawford, 53.—At New Bedford, Mrs Clarissa Cannon, 68; Mrs. Sarah Jackson.—At South Dartmouth, Mrs. Katharine D., wife of Capt. Alexander Whelden, 33.—At Westport, Mrs. Betsey S., widow of the late Mr. Edward Potter, 76.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Bethania, wife of Mr. John P. Gardner, 24; Mrs. Elizabeth Griffiths, 64.—At Mansfield, Miss Eliza Cotton, formerly of Boston, 69.—At Burlington, Vt., Hon. Alvah Foote, a graduate of Dartmouth College, 81.—At Washington, D. C., Mr. Frederick W. A. Mallard formerly of Boston, 20.—At Calcutta, Mr. James P. Lawrence, of Falmouth, Mass., 35.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

'TWILL EVER BE SO.

BY ROLANTHE.

I drift out on the sea of dreams,
In shallop-bark with silken sail;
And losing sight of life and friends,
I gaze beyond earth's dusky veil.

I catch a glimpse of coming things,
I see the holy saints of God;
And shed a tear to think that men
Have not more in their footsteps trod.

And o'er the sea there comes a wail,
That maketh moan, "'Twill e'er be so;
And ever in the downward way
Their footsteps sad will come and go."

I wake to earth; I moor my bark
Upon the steadfast shores of life;
And losing sight of coming things,
I share again in earthly strife.

"'Twill e'er be so! 'Twill e'er be so!"
It singeth sadly in mine ears;
Ah, more, why steerest not thy bark
Beyond this gloomy "vale of tears?"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

RESTORING A HUSBAND.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

One pleasant morning in the fall, I was sitting alone in my office, conning over a brief I had just prepared for a case then pending, when I heard a knock on my door, and in walked a young looking woman, with a pleasantly sad expression of countenance, carefully dressed, who desired to know if I could transact a little legal business for her.

She immediately seated herself, and after some hesitation began and went through with her story.

It seemed that her husband, who was given to turns of extreme dissipation, had deserted her of his own choice, and she had heard nothing from him for a number of years. At first, she was unwilling to believe that his absence was anything more than temporary, as he had at several times forgotten his obligations to her in this way; but, finding it became protracted indefinitely, she entertained fears for his safety.

Thoughtless, apparently, of his wife's distress of mind, and caring nothing whether she ever received tidings of him or not, he followed after his own inclinations, and led the life of a wretched vagabond. Yet he carefully kept his whereabouts a secret from his wife's ears. Perhaps in this one particular he did have some regard for her feelings. She gave me her name as Mrs. Mallows.

"Henry," said she, "was once my all in all; and"—the tears swimming in her blue eyes—"I love him now as much as I ever did. I *pity* him so."

Poor woman! How much was she to be pitied herself!

"I have earned a living for myself and my little girl," she continued, "ever since I was left alone. Besides that, I have bought a little plain, but necessary furniture, and put something into the savings bank."

"He has been gone several years, you say?" I asked her.

"Yes, sir; he must have been, in order to give a poor woman like myself any time to lay aside a little money."

"I suppose you wish to secure your savings, then, against—"

"Yes, sir. He must not have them! It never will do! Think of my child!"

I told her what the law was, and regretted that such a law was tolerated on the statute book.

She looked at me as if she wanted to tear the leaf out of the statutes with her own hand.

"I knew how it was," said she, "and for that purpose have prepared to take a step that otherwise I never would take in the world. *I must obtain a divorce.*"

I studied her countenance well, for it challenged my scrutiny then. It was that of a brave and noble woman, who from duty and principle makes a sacrifice whose greatness the world can never measure.

"I wish it could be avoided," said she; "but how is it possible? Even if he returns and claims what I have saved, before a separation is legally effected, he can take it all without any power of mine to prevent it. Is it not so?"

I was obliged to confess it was.

"Then," said she, with a sad resolution, "this step must be taken. It tears my heart, but I will do my duty to my child."

I therefore took such data from her lips as enabled me to bring a petition before the proper court. While I sat making the memorandum, she threw in various exclamations of sorrow at the state of things with her, that excited me with unusual sympathy. I know that lawyers are not apt to be the most sentimental of men, nor to cultivate on their part the liveliest of sensibilities. But here was a case to challenge, in many of its connecting circumstances, the sympathy of any living creature. I did not hesitate, accordingly, to render the poor lady a full measure of my better feelings in return for her sorrow; and I shall never hesitate, I hope, to do so in any person's case that may happen to come in my way.

"Poor Henry!" she would say. "Poor Henry! I loved him so much! I can't but love him yet! How can I forget those early days?"

The safest way for me was, while she talked thus and cried too, to hold my head down as closely as possible to my paper. At some points of her story, I do not believe I could have looked her in the face without helping the unhappy creature along with tears of my own.

"When we were married," said she again, "I didn't think of days like these. I wouldn't have believed it if my best friend had told me they were sure to come. I loved Henry—poor Henry! And I know how truly *then* he loved me. But he has been led astray. He never would do this of himself; some one else must have led him off into it."

After a time I succeeded in collecting all the facts from her that were necessary to the business, and pushed back from the table. She once more inquired of me:

"I cannot prevent his taking all, except by bringing this petition for divorce?"

"I see no other escape," I told her.

"Then," said she, with a heavy countenance indeed, "the matter is settled forever. I am to be without the husband of my youth! I am to live and die alone! Good day, sir. I *loved* Henry before he took to these courses. Ah, sir, I love him now! I would make *any* sacrifice, if I could thus avert this dreadful step!"

And she took her leave sadly of me, as if she were passing out into the dark shadow of a cloud.

I sat undisturbed in my office for several hours, ruminating on the hard case that had just been presented. I thought with myself it was a fearful matter thus to divorce husband and wife forever, when perhaps happy circumstances might yet intervene to reconcile their differences; and I felt it worse than all that a law should be allowed to stand on the pages of the statute book, which drove an unprotected woman to petition for a divorce in order to save her little property.

The more I thought about it, the harder it seemed to me to be. Yet I knew well enough there was no present remedy for a case like this, but this single one she had felt forced to choose. Her husband had been away from her—had voluntarily deserted her for a number of years—long enough to warrant the granting of her petition, under the provisions of the law. He deserved to be cut off from a true and loving woman whom he had so basely betrayed, and I hoped to be an instrument in bringing about such a result.

Even while I sat there thus occupied, the door opened, and there walked in a man of perhaps thirty-five summers, who removed his hat at once and sat down in the chair which my unhappy client had vacated.

He stated that he was a person long absent from the city, and therefore he wanted legal advice. I expressed myself ready to deal it out to him, of course.

"I expect my wife is somewhere in the city," said he, "and I'm anxious to find her. Can you help me? And after that, I want more help."

"What is your name?" was my first question.

"Henry Mallows," said he.

I was thunderstruck. Taking another careful look at him, I discovered that his face and dress evinced every mark of dissipation. I could see plainly enough that he had but just returned from a long absence of that character, having abandoned his course only till he could in some way recruit his pockets, and come back determined to strip his poor wife of all she had. To see the man of whom I had been thinking, so soon—the very cause of the trouble over which my unhappy client grieved—rather startled me, albeit I am somewhat accustomed to surprises of this character. I watched and studied him closely. I could not for a moment keep my eyes off of him.

From his own telling, I became convinced that he was determined to find his wife again, simply to live off of her or to appropriate her savings if she had any. I at one time even suggested that as he had been absent so long, according to his own confession, she might perhaps have obtained a legal separation.

He was struck with surprise at the possibility of such a thing; then declared it could not be possible, for he knew Mary would never do such a thing; and finally sprang to his feet with excitement, and said he must find her *at once*. I saw his urgency, and took advantage of it.

"I can help you," said I.

"Can you?" he asked, his face lighting quickly.

"Come here to-morrow afternoon at half-past three o'clock, will you? Not a moment before, however. Be punctual at that hour, and you shall find your interests all answered."

He promised me with much eagerness, and took his leave.

"Meantime," said I, as he was shutting the door, "keep perfectly quiet. Do not make a single inquiry of any one. I can help you if anybody can."

He bowed his thanks and was gone. A few minutes afterwards I left my office in search of the residence of the wife. She had given me her street and number, and I had no difficulty in finding her.

"I want you to be at my office to-morrow afternoon, at four o'clock," said I; "not five minutes sooner, however."

"Yes, sir," she answered, satisfied that I was looking closely after her interests.

I passed the night more awake than asleep, thinking how I could best secure the object I had in view; how that odious and inhuman law could be evaded, that otherwise was certain to make a wreck of this unhappy woman's household. The forenoon slipped away as it always did. After dinner I sat and waited for half-past three o'clock to come. I was apprised of the fact of its arrival by the opening of the door, and the entrance of my man again.

"Punctual!" said he.

He looked better than on the previous day, though I could see he had still been feeding the fires of dissipation over night. I led him into a back room, leaving the door ajar, and sat down and began conversation with him. I saw more plainly than before that he was determined to get all his wife had, whatever it might be. And still, from various questions put to him to divert his thoughts to other objects, I saw as plainly that at heart he loved his wife, and might possibly yet become a devoted and noble husband.

While we were occupied with nothing but these generalities, I keeping his curiosity piqued to learn what I might have of importance to communicate, the town clock hard by struck *four*. Involuntarily I started in my chair. At the same moment the door opened in the other room. I told my man to sit still a few moments and I would be back again. But in going out, I was careful to leave the door ajar, that all we said in the outer office might be overheard.

The poor lady was there, prompt enough. I asked her to be seated, she little thinking that the cause of all her trouble was just in the other room. She waited apparently for me to introduce the subject for which I had requested her attendance.

"I can obtain your bill for you, I think," said I, in a loud tone; "but if I should tell you that your little savings would be untouched *without* this proceeding, would you still insist on carrying it through?"

"No, never, sir; never in the world!" she answered, clasping her hands. "I would not cast Henry away! I love him yet! I always shall love him! He may wrong me more than he has, but it will make no difference with my heart. I do this only for the sake of my dear little girl. She must be cared for, let who may be the sufferer. O, *dear* Henry; why *wouldn't* you be to me what you once was?"

This last exclamation was uttered in such a touching tone, and came so fresh from her wounded heart, that a man must have been less than a man who could have heard it unmoved. In an instant almost, the repentant husband, moved by her words of anguish and supplication, came rushing out from the inner room and threw his arms around his wife. He called on her to forgive him—*to forgive him!* His heart was smitten. To find her thus true to him through the whole of his treachery, and to hear from her own lips that she still loved him in spite of his negligence, cut even him to the quick of his nature. He could bear it no longer.

They embraced, and wept, and embraced each other again. He confessed his guilt. He declared that she should thus suffer no longer. She forgave him all, and withdrew her petition for divorce altogether. I saw them leave my office with joy in company. They went home. Since that time he has been an altered man, and a model husband. And I sometimes love to think I may have had a hand in it all.

WE LIVE IN DEEDS, NOT YEARS.

A pleasant, cheerful, generous, charitable-minded woman is never old. Her heart is as young at sixty or seventy as it was at eighteen or twenty; and they who are old at sixty or seventy are not made old by time. They are made old by the ravages of passion, and feelings of an unsocial and ungenerous nature, which have cankered their minds, wrinkled their spirits and withered their souls. They are made old by envy, by jealousy, by hatred, by uncharitable feelings, by slandering, scandalizing, ill-bred habits, which if they avoid, they preserve their youth to the very last, so that the child shall die, as the Scripture says, a hundred years old. There are many old women who pride themselves on being eighteen or twenty. Pride is an old passion, and vanity is gray as the mountain; they are dry, heartless, dull, cold, indifferent; they want the well-spring of youthful affection, which is always cheerful, always active, always engaged in some labor of love that is calculated to promote and distribute enjoyment. There is an old age of the heart that is possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is anything old about them, and there is a youth which never grows old, a lover who is ever a boy, a Psyche who is ever a girl.—*Life Illustrated.*

HOW THE FLY WALKS ON THE CEILING.

How the fly manages to walk over the smoothest surface with his feet upward, in defiance of the law of gravity, is a phenomenon that would interest us more than it does were it not so common. It has been generally supposed that his feet were supplied with valves or suckers, and that he is thus enabled to hold himself upwards by atmospheric pressure. Others have attributed this peculiar power to the secretion of a sticky liquid in the feet, which enables him to sustain himself in this seemingly unnatural position. The microscope has demonstrated that in many insects of the fly kind, the foot is furnished with a pair of membranous expansions, termed *pulvilli*, commonly known as valves, and that these are beset with numerous hairs, each of which has a minute disk at its extremity. There is no doubt that this apparatus is connected with the power these insects possess of walking with the feet upwards, but there is still some uncertainty as to the precise manner in which it ministers to this faculty. Recent observations of Mr. Hepworth, published in the Quarterly Journal of Microscopic Science, has led him to the conclusion that the minute disk at the end of the hairs on the pulvilli act as suckers, each secreting a liquid, which, though not viscid, serves to make its adhesion perfect.

NAVAL GUNNERY.

In firing into masses of timber, or any solid substance, that velocity which can but just penetrate will occasion the greatest shake, and tear off the greatest number of and largest splinters; consequently, in close actions, shot discharged with the full quantity of powder tears off fewer splinters than balls fired from the same nature of guns with reduced charges. In naval actions, shot intended to take effect upon the hull of an enemy should rather be discharged with a falling than with a rising side; but such pieces as may be appointed specially to act against the masts and rigging, should be fired, on the contrary, with the rising motion, the aim being taken low. In all close actions, the great object should be to strike as often as possible the enemy's hull. One or two twenty-four pound shot taking effect just below the water line, and perhaps perforating both sides of a small vessel, will in general either force her to surrender, or send her to the bottom; and such an injury is much more likely to be occasioned by firing with a falling than with a raising motion.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

According to the census report recently taken, there are now in Canada 2802 persons of an unsound mind. —— Hon. Edward Fuller, of Readfield, Me., died on the 26th ult., at the age of 74 years. For more than half a century he had been actively engaged in the pursuits of public and private life, and had shared largely in the confidence of his fellow-citizens, having been a member of the legislature both before and after the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, and also of the executive council of Maine.——The Broadway Theatre difficulty between Messrs. Bowen & McNamee and Mr. Marshall has been amicably settled. —— It is stated that the bituminous coal found in Chatham county, N. C., yields more gas of superior quality than the English coals, with gas from which our cities are generally lighted. English coal costs $9 50 to import, while the North Carolina coal can be delivered at about $4, or less than one half that sum. —— The first literary magazine in America was published by Franklin, in 1741.—— The brig Planet, lately arrived from Africa, brought to Salem, several monster snakes—anacondas; one eighteen feet long, and another thirty-five feet in length. These snakes when at liberty, are ravenous and dangerous, and will seize animals of large size, and after crushing them so as to break all their bones, swallow them whole. —— Willis Bigelow, who poisoned himself in Marlboro', Mass., was twenty years old, and left a good character, and a letter stating that he was weary of existence. —— Advices from abroad go to show that Europe, although at present rejoicing in a state of peace and repose, is by no means relieved from all apprehensions of war. Where it will break out, is uncertain, but Italy will probably be the scene of trouble ere long. —— Mr. Rowecroft, late British consul in Cincinnati, dismissed with Mr. Crampton, embarked in the Cherubim at Richmond in good health, but died suddenly on the voyage to London. —— It's a fact that a good many people bring on sickness by indulging in foolish fancies. Dr. Holland says, if persons are always supposing that they are liable to a certain distemper, the nerves will so act on the parts, that it is very likely to come upon them. —— The number of voters in New York State, according to a statement from the census department, is 651,820, of whom 516,745 are natives, and 135,075 naturalized. —— At Harrison Lake, Wisconsin, a sportsman, on shooting at a duck in the lake, was horrified to see a man spring forward and fall on the beach near by. It appears that a ball struck a wave and bounded back in a line varying only about fifteen degrees from whence it started, and passed through the heart of the man who fell, killing him instantly. —— The British and Foreign Bible Society has been the means of issuing nearly 20,000,000 of Bibles in 170 different languages; its receipts the last year were $40,000 more than any previous year. —— In Canada West, where certain species of wild grapes are very abundant, the manufacture of wine, recently introduced, has been attended with the most signal success. Buchanan's Journal pronounces it superior to the imported port wine. —— It is stated that the train on the Great Northern Railway, on which the Queen of England was a passenger on her journey to Scotland, was driven at the rate of seventy miles an hour. —— The Chicago Tribune says that forty-five emigrants from Wisconsin—mostly farmers, men of education and character —passed through that city one day, recently, en route for Kansas, where they go to make themselves homes in that beautiful territory. They take the Iowa route, via Burlington.

BEHIND THEIR BACKS.

A lively correspondent of the N. O. Crescent, writing from Pass Christian, says: "I fancy it would take the starch out of some of the nice young men here—those who flutter around the ladies most —if they could hear the remarks the ladies make about them when their backs are turned. 'Why don't you dance?' asked a lady of an apathetic friend, a few evenings since, on the piazza, when the music struck up. 'O, we have no men dancers here,' was the reply; 'only a lot of little shanghais, that tease a body to death.' Again, when the music struck up a quadrille, a lady on the piazza asked another, sitting near the door, 'Who are all in there, Miss ——?' 'Nobody but those everlasting shanghais,' was the response. One of the said birds, who sports Parisian legs, a Cape May hat, and a Saratoga coat, and is all whiskers, teeth, bows and flattery, was approaching a group of ladies with a languid shuffle, when one remarked, *sotto voce*, 'Here comes our *monkey* friend!' Of another individual—who, by the way, is a gentleman, but wears a crop of glossy black hair that hardly agrees with his age—the remark was made, 'Here comes our *wig* friend!' And so the dear observing creatures talk of those who wait upon them most devotedly."

Queen Victoria.—It is said this august lady proposes to visit Canada, and if so, the quidnuncs have it she will make a call on Brother Jonathan. Nonsense! a visit to the United States is not even thought of. But if such an event did occur, what an enormous amount of flunkeyism would be exhibited. Ha! ha! we remember the Prince de Joinville. Enough said.

Pay up.—The Hon. George S. Hillard has consented to act as treasurer for the funds to be collected for erecting the equestrian statue of Washington on our Common—and we hope it will be an uncommon affair.

Large Ferry Boat.—George Law is about putting a steamer on the Staten Island and New York Ferry Line, which will measure 700 tons.

Gen. Warren.—A statue of General Warren is to be erected in Roxbury. Ball Hughes is the very man to do it.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mr. Adam Deems, Sr., died at Parkersburg, Va., recently, at the advanced age of 102 years.

A new bridge is to be built, at government expense, over the Potomac at Washington. It will be half a mile long.

The total imports of the city of Cincinnati for the past year reach $75,295,901; and the exports for the same period $50,744 760.

Mr. Levi Hawley of Alleghany county, Md., while in the act of gaping, dislocated his lower jaw, leaving his mouth wide open till the surgeon came.

The Rock Island Railroad bridge across the Mississippi River, being fully repaired, the railway trains now pass over it regularly from Chicago to Iowa City.

The first copyright under the new Dramatic Author's bill, has been taken out by Mr. Thomas H. Elliott, a young man connected with the Philadelphia Ledger, for a five act comedy, entitled "Law and Fashion."

A member of the Scottish Mesmeric Curative Association stated at a late meeting, that persons desirous of avoiding sleepless nights, should *lie with their heads to the north*—on no account with heads to the west.

The London Herald of August 23d, says—"During the last year we expended £85,000,000, exceeding our income by £21,000,000; in the previous year, the excess of our imports over our exports was at the very lowest computation not less than £17,000,000."

The Sicilian composer, Salvatore Agnello, at Paris, has just finished a grand lyrical symphony, dedicated to the imperial prince. This composition is intended for three orchestras and chorus, and is to be produced in the garden of the Tuilleries by 500 performers.

Mr. Rufus W. Griswold is now engaged upon a new edition of the Female Poets, which will be out in December. It will be almost a new book, being entirely reconstructed and much enlarged, and will contain fifteen portraits on steel of the most celebrated of our poetesses.

Dead Englishmen's teeth, collected on the battle-fields in the Crimea, are now in great demand by the London and Paris dentists! The price current of human ivory has greatly fluctuated recently, owing to the quantities of deceased soldiers' masticators put into the market.

An English cockney at the Falls of Niagara, when asked how he liked the Falls, replied: "They're 'andsome—quite so; but they don't quite hanser my expectations; besides I got vetted, and lost me 'at. I prefer to look at 'em in a hingraving, in 'ot weather, and in the 'ouse."

M. de Lamartine, who for some time has been in Macon, France, where he is suffering from rheumatism, has received from the Emperor of Brazil one hundred thousand francs, as payment of five thousand subscriptions to the Familiar Course of Literature of the illustrious and hard-working author.

The breadth of land in Ireland, planted with potatoes, is this year one hundred thousand acres in excess of last year, and the estimate of the value of an acre, was stated to be moderate at $50 an acre, so that the additional crop, this year, is worth to the farmer something about five million dollars.

A crazy man was found riding on the cow-catcher of the locomotive, on the arrival of a train of cars at Wankegan, Wis., on the 15th ult., but how or where he got into the position he occupied was a mystery to every one. On attempting to remove him, it was found that one of his legs was broken.

His Majesty King William of Holland has conferred a decoration of a gold medal upon Mr. Henry Sawyer of Charlestown, Mass., who is a resident at Surinam, South America, for risking his life in attempting to save a gentleman, a Dutch naval officer, who fell from a ship and was drowned at that port.

A medal is now being struck at the Constantinople mint, which the Sultan intends to confer upon all the officers of the allied armies who took part in the siege of Sebastopol. The medal, which is destined both for the land and sea forces, will be in gold for generals and admirals, and in silver for other officers of all ranks.

The beautiful country of Switzerland has been visited by an unusual number of travellers during the past season, and many daring feats have been performed by ambitious tourists. The frozen forehead of Mont Blanc has been pressed by the feet of a number of venturous parties, and other peaks, hitherto regarded as inaccessible.

The Prescott (Canada) Messenger of September 19th gives an account of a tornado which on the previous Wednesday evening passed over the township of Winchester mountain, etc., destroying fences, breaking trees, and unroofing barns and houses. The storm-king committed some strange fantastics, and saw-logs of a large size were carried several rods, and in some instances split or otherwise broken.

In St. Petersburg there is a story in circulation of a reply that Sir Charles Napier gave the Grand Duke Constantine. The latter, after letting Sir Charles see all the arrangements and the entire strength of Cronstadt, asked him, in a chuckling sort of manner—"Well, admiral, and why didn't you come in?" To which Sir Charles replied by asking, "Pray, why didn't your Imperial Highness come out?"

It is the general impression at Cape May, that Mr. Cane, the father of the Cane family, who was burnt up by the destruction of the Mount Vernon Hotel, was murdered and robbed before the hotel was set on fire. The jewelry of all the members of the family was found near the charred remains, but not a dollar of gold or silver coin has been recovered, and there is every reason to believe that there was considerable in their possession.

The Chinese Repository tells of a strange kind of death punishment which was inflicted on a Chinese criminal who had committed a dreadful murder. He was wound with cotton, saturated with tallow, places being left for him to breathe. He was then dipped like a monster candle, until he presented a mass of tallow. In this way he was stuck upon his father's grave, lighted, and kept burning, until his body was consumed by slow degrees.

The incontestable scarcity of the silk crop this year in France and Italy, is already felt in all the manufacturing districts of Europe, and prices have risen to 20 and 30 per cent. above those of six months ago. The best qualities of raw silk are really very scarce, some large operations in this article have recently shown an advance of 75 per cent. on last year. Raw silks average in France and Italy 50 to 60 per cent. higher than in 1853; and prices are still rising.

The Missouri Republican recently announced a death which occurred under singular circumstances. Capt. Benjamin Watts, of Howard county, was seen walking out into his park, just back of his residence, about 12 o'clock. He had in the park some elk, deer, etc. At 1 o'clock he was found dead, horned to death by the elk. He had some twelve or thirteen wounds, any one of which would have killed him. His clothes were all torn off, or nearly so. To all appearance he made an extraordinary effort to escape.

Foreign Items.

Colonel Colt, Mr. Jarvis and Professor Morse were presented to the Emperor of Russia, at Petherhof.

Mdlle. Agatha de la Forest d'Armaillé, Countess de Legge, died near Vitré, at the age of nearly 100. Several priests of the diocese of Rennes owed their lives to her protection during the Reign of Terror.

Recently the Bologna and Ravenna diligence was stopped by a band of brigands armed to the teeth, who carried off all the money, including a parcel of Napoleons belonging to Monsignor Amici. All the rest of the Romagna is in the same state: neither life nor property is safe.

The Dresden Journal says: "The great subject of conversation in the military circles of Berlin is a new kind of small field-piece, capable of carrying correctly 1000 yards, and which is mounted on wheels, and so light that it can be drawn and manœuvered by a single man."

A shock of earthquake was felt lately, at Mahon, in the Balearic Islands. The sea at the same time rose in an extraordinary manner, and produced a "bore," which caused considerable damage in the port. On the following day a second but less violent shock was felt, the oscillation appearing to be from east to west.

A letter from Warsaw states that an old Polish emigrant, Count Stanislas Ostrowski, belonging to one of the first families in the kingdom of Poland, and who during his residence at Paris, up to the revolution of February, filled the post of Chef-de-Bureau at the Ministry of Public Works, has been reinstated in his rights of nobility and in his property, by the Emperor of Russia.

Sands of Gold.

.... An extreme rigor is sure to arm everything against it, and at length to relax into a supine neglect.—*Burke.*

.... The mind's eye is perhaps no better fitted for the full radiance of truth, than is the body's for that of the sun.—*Greville.*

.... Wisdom is the olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.—*Grymestone.*

.... Unbounded modesty is nothing more than unavowed vanity: the too humble obeisance is sometimes a disguised impertinence.—*Talleyrand.*

. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.—*Shakspeare.*

.... There is so great a charm in friendship, that there is even a kind of pleasure in acknowledging oneself duped by the sentiment it inspires.—*Talleyrand.*

... There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied.—*Colton.*

.... The woman that has not touched the heart of a man, before he leads her to the altar, has scarcely a chance to charm it, when possession and security turn their powerful arms against her. —*Mrs. Crowley.*

.... Human life is like a game at chess; each piece holds its place upon the chess-board—king, queen, bishop, and pawn. Death comes, the game is up, and all are thrown, without distinction, pell mell into the same bag.—*Talleyrand.*

Joker's Budget.

Absence is to love what fasting is to the body; a little stimulates it, but a long abstinence is fatal.

Mr. Albert Smith once wrote in an hotel visitors' book his initials, "A. S." A wag wrote underneath, "Two-thirds of the truth."

Chevreau, in his history of the world, tells us that it was created the 6th September, on Friday, a little before four o'clock in the afternoon!

An old widow, when her pastor said to her, "God has not deserted you in your old age," replied, "No, so; I have a very good appetite still!"

It is concluded on all hands that ladies are *fair*—and the chickens are *fowl*—that the money market is *tight*, that the morals are *loose*, and morning gowns too.

"What order do you take on that?" said one friend to another, as they stood gazing at a flock of ladies and gentlemen in the surf at Cape Island. "The order of the *Bath*," was the quiet but happy reply.

Williams, our quarter-master, is an eccentric character. He is married, and constantly receives letters from his absent rib; these, however, he never opens, but keeps them all tied up. On his return, he says, she can read them to him all of a lump.

George the Third, talking to Hutton, the Moravian missionary, said: "Mr. Hutton, I am told that you Moravians do not select your wives, but leave it to your ministers to choose for you—is it so?" "Yes, please your majesty; marriages among the brethren are contracted, as your majesty will perceive, *after the fashion of royalty.*"

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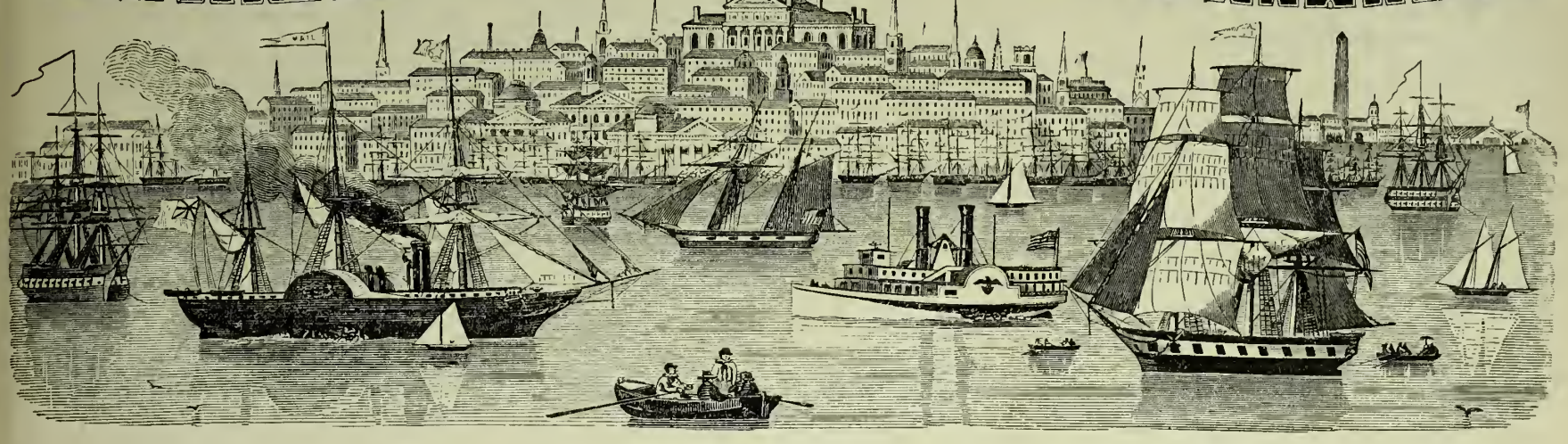
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ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF AUTUMN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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CITY OF ROME, GEORGIA.

We present on this page a fine engraving, from a drawing by Hill, reduced from a most elaborate delineation made for us by Mr. A. Grinevald, on the spot. It represents faithfully the flourishing city of Rome, the capital of Floyd county, Georgia, which is situated at the confluence of the Etowah and Oostenaula Rivers, forming the Coosa. It is 170 miles northwest of Milledgeville. Its site, embracing several hills, affords an extensive view of some of the finest scenery in the State. Steamboats of light draught navigate the Coosa, and ascend as far as this place. One of these, with a stern paddle-wheel, is shown in the centre of our engraving, as well as a second boat with side wheels. The opening of the branch railroad from this city to the Western and Atlantic Railroad, at Kingston, in 1847, gave a sensible impulse to the business of the place, and hastened its growth. About 200,000 bales of cotton are shipped here annually. Rome was chosen as the county seat in 1834, and received a city charter in 1847. The population is over three thousand. The river which flows in front, is the Etowah, crossed by the Etowah bridge on the river—the Coosa River being shown on the extreme left. The water seen over Cunningham & Co.'s store, above the steamboat on the left is the Oostenaula, there crossed by a covered bridge. At the end of the Etowah bridge is seen the railroad station with a train of cars. The building just below the nearest steeple is the Etowah House, and the steeple belongs to the Presbyterian church. The Baptist church is just beyond it. The Episcopal church is yet further on the horizon, a neat building with a square tower. The court house stands just this side of it. On the same line, and in about the centre of the picture, backed by the trees, over the two funnels of the left hand steamer, is the Cherokee Female College, with the residences of Col. S. Fouch and Hon. John H. Lumpkin on the right and left. Between the two steeples on the summit of the hill we have a glimpse of the male academy. The Odd Fellows have a neat hall in the place. The citizen and the traveller familiar with the city will readily recognize other local points in this picture, such as the Masonic Hall, the post-office, and the hospitable mansions of the leading citizens. The situation of Rome is certainly very romantic, and the buildings of which it is composed are neat, pretty and unostentatious. No matter how crowded it becomes, it will always be a picturesque place. The streets are laid out of a liberal width, permitting a free circulation of air, and allowing ample accommodation for present and prospective travel. Our olden cities on the seaboard are sadly cramped in this respect. Their founders had no idea of the future greatness of the country, and probably did not look forward to the aggregation of more than mere villages, where now flourishing cities rear their roofs and spires. This want of foresight has entailed the most serious inconveniences on the people of the present day. The older portions of New York and Boston proper are examples of this. Narrow, dark and winding streets present formidable obstacles to the transaction of business, to say nothing of their unhealthiness. Even Broadway, in the Imperial city, is too restricted for the tide of life that flows through it from morning till night, and to cross it in safety during the busiest part of the day is quite an achievement. But we of the present day are forewarned. We see examples of such extraordinary growth in our towns and cities, that when the field is open, in establishing and regulating a growing place, we can guard against the unconscious errors of our forefathers. The settlers of villages in these days look to see them grow into large towns, and from large towns to large cities, and are therefore ready to meet coming contingencies. If our cities were laid out on a liberal plan, with broad streets and parks, they would no longer be proverbial for unhealthiness.



VIEW OF ROME, GEORGIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

—OR, THE—

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

Another year had made its advent. It was a clear, cold evening, and Mrs. Hamlen, her daughter and her niece were sitting before the fire, sad and dispirited. Footsteps were heard in the hall, and the next minute Mr. Grosvenor, accompanied by Wilton Richmond, entered the apartment.

"He has been weighed in the balance," said Mr. Grosvenor, "and has *not* been found wanting."

A single fervent, heartfelt exclamation of joy and thanksgiving escaped the lips of Bessie, as she rose and sprang to meet him who had so long been absent, while the welcome accorded him by Mrs. Hamlen and Edith carried with it a warmth and sincerity which left nothing to be desired. But in such cases, when tears are gilded with smiles, and questions are asked and answered in a way so earnest and eloquent as to show that they arise from the truest and liveliest interest in each other's welfare, imagination can well supply the place of description.

Wilton related to them the manner in which he had been decoyed to the shore of the bay, in the expectation of meeting Mr. Grosvenor, and how he had been conveyed aboard one of the vessels of the British flotilla, which soon afterwards ascended the Patuxet, for the purpose of aiding the troops of General Ross in the contemplated attack on the city of Washington. Previously to the attack, he succeeded in making his escape, and in joining the brave band under Commodore Barney, a part of which, when the moment of conflict arrived, being overpowered by superior numbers, were compelled to surrender themselves prisoners of war. Among these was Wilton, but an exchange of prisoners soon afterwards took place, which enabled him to assist in defending the American works at the time they were unsuccessfully attacked by Sir George Provost, and to behold, instead of the British flag, the "star-spangled banner waving in triumph over the waters of the Champlain."

Of his own bravery he made no mention, but had there been a shadow of doubt existing as to his patriotism, caused by the aspersion which Withers so sedulously labored to cast upon him, it must have been removed by the courage and valor which made him conspicuous, where all were brave.

Wilton had only time to fairly finish the narration of what had befallen him, when a letter was handed to Edith, superscribed in the well-known handwriting of Sedley Austin. She was silent as to the contents of the first closely-written page, but the remainder she read aloud.

"On the eighth of this month (January, 1815,) was fought the memorable battle of Orleans—memorable for its results, but still more so for the disparity of the loss on either side. Though in the midst of winter, the air was balmy and the sky serene. The British outnumbering, by more than half, the Americans, were composed of the veterans of a hundred battles. Trained in the school of the redoubtable Wellington, they had quailed to defeat and triumphed in victory. They had risen superior to the one, and gazed only on the splendor of the other. They had helped to remove the yoke, which for twenty years had galled the neck of Europe, and had now crossed the Atlantic in search of new fields on which to display their prowess. Having conquered victory in the old world, they sought fresh triumphs in the new. The idea of defeat had never flitted upon the imagination, or the thought of reverse embittered expectation. With the wreath of victory still fresh upon their brow, they marched to the conquest of booty and beauty. In their assurance, the one had been assigned as the reward of victory, and the other appropriated as the solace of toil.

"Without invoking the protection of Jove, or deprecating the wrath of Juno, they moved on in all the circumstance and panoply of war, to the work of death. Arrived within range, the American artillery swept away whole ranks of the advancing columns. Like the lion, conscious of impediments, but sure of the prey, without a step stayed or a space unfilled, they steadily advanced to the assault.

"And now the infantry, posted in two lines behind an almost impenetrable breastwork, completed the destruction the artillery had so auspiciously commenced. A blaze of fire shot along the American line, as unerring as it was incessant. The field, as if by some sudden convulsion of nature, was strewed with dead and wounded. The leader fell, another bit the dust, and still another succumbed. The veterans of a hundred fights wavered for a moment, recoiled, and then fled in confusion. The proud array of the invader, confident of victory and bent on spoil, on which the morning sun rose, scattered the plain, or fled discomfited, ere evening drew her curtain. The night which followed a day so ominous, the enemy sought their ships, and the booty of Orleans remained safe in her warehouses, and her beauty slept quietly in their beds.

"On the first intelligence of the meditated attack, the general hastened to the defence of Orleans. His presence restored unanimity to the city and inspired confidence in the motley inhabitants. The citizen was lost in the soldier. One mind devised the means of defence, inspired the energies which raised the works, and directed the prowess which saved the city. Never was trust more complete, never was confidence more worthily bestowed.

"Aware that his forces were marksmen rather than soldiers, he set about the means to avail himself of that quality. He knew how little marksmanship profited in the open field, and that its preponderancy was incalculable behind defences. The staple of the country supplied the means, and the planter and the merchant vied with each other in furnishing the material. How well he availed himself of this advantage, the result has told more eloquently than language can paint."

"By this time," said Mr. Grosvenor, when his daughter had finished reading, "I should think that the British lion is covered with scars rather than glory."

"While our eagle soars higher than ever," said Wilton. "But Sedley might have said a few words as to what befell himself during the battle."

"We all know," said Mr. Grosvenor, "that Sedley's modesty is equal to his bravery, which may very well account for the omission."

Edith's countenance lighted up, and she cast a grateful look on her father, for the delicate, and as she well knew, just praise contained in this remark.

They were soon joined by several friends and neighbors, for it had already been whispered round that Edith had received a letter post-marked New Orleans. News of the glorious victory had arrived in the newspapers, but they were anxious to hear from Sedley Austin, who was their personal friend.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MEETING ARRANGED BETWEEN RICHMOND AND WITHERS.

Habit had made Wilton an early riser, and while standing on an eminence some distance from the house, to watch the rising of the sun, a glimpse of the cottage of Dame Anstis recalled her to mind. He had become convinced that the dark-eyed woman, of whom he had a faint remembrance, must have been his nurse and not his mother, as, at an early period, he had sometimes imagined. The cameo portrait had been carefully, even sacredly treasured since the time when, in the chamber of the mansion now in the possession of Withers, he had compared it with the likeness of Florence Percival.

If Anstis Fay was his nurse—and he had strong reasons for believing that she was—she might know its history. Full of this thought, he bent his steps towards her cottage. She had already risen, and as soon as the customary greetings were over, he withdrew the cameo, still attached to its silken band, from its enclosure.

"Do you remember of ever seeing this before?" said he, placing it in her hand.

"It would be strange if I didn't," was her reply. "It was purchased by Mr. Thomas Percival, because of its striking resemblance to his wife, and this delicate silken band was mostly the work of her hands. Her health had for a long time been failing, and at last she grew so weak that she could do no more. So one day she put it into my hands, and requested me to finish it. When it was done, and the cameo attached to it, she called her little son to her, as she sat in her easy-chair, and put it round his neck—your neck, I should say, for I as much believe that Thomas and Florence Percival were your parents, as I do in my own existence."

Much more was said, and other incidents called up, which have been alluded to elsewhere, and which it is unnecessary to recapitulate. In less than an hour afterward, Hammett, mounted on a good horse, was on his way to the old Percival mansion with the subjoined note, addressed to Withers, in his pocket:

"Sir,—I have for some time past been accumulating facts, which now form a chain of evidence, by means of which I am prepared to prove that I am the grandson of the late Edgar Percival, and that my parents were Thomas and Florence Percival. A knowledge of this, I presume, is all that you will require to induce you to yield me peaceable possession of the inheritance of which I have so long been defrauded. I have instructed my messenger—Hammett Fay—to wait for your answer. From him long known as Wilton Richmond, though entitled to the name of Edgar Percival."

Hammett was not one to loiter by the way, and on his arrival, representing that he had pressing business, he was at once admitted to the presence of Withers. As he rapidly glanced his eye over the note which Hammett handed him, an almost cadaverous hue overspread his countenance, which was quickly succeeded by a dark, purple flush. This, too, soon passed away, giving place to that peculiar look of hypocritical meekness which had, in Bessie Hamlen, excited such a loathing, during the early part of their acquaintance. At the same time there was something in his whole demeanor which betrayed a strong desire to appear amiable and conciliatory. He ordered refreshments to be prepared for Hammett, and told him the answer to *Mr. Percival's* note would soon be ready.

Hammett had just drawn back from the table, when Withers entered the room, and with a smile, handed him a neatly folded missive directed to "Edgar Percival." Hammett, when he arrived at Mrs. Hamlen's, found Wilton and Mr. Grosvenor in the parlor by themselves.

"Here is a letter," said he, "for Edgar Percival."

"Ah, the villain recognizes your claim!" said Mr. Grosvenor.

Wilton tore open the letter, and read aloud:

"Sir,—I hope that you will do me the justice to believe that I have not the least inclination to contest your claim to the estate of the late Edgar Percival. Till within a short time, I entertained no doubt that, as was generally believed, you were drowned when only two or three years old. You cannot desire that the affair should be amicably adjusted more earnestly than I do. As I shall, as in duty bound, make immediate arrangements to quit the premises, I shall be happy to see you at the old Percival estate at your earliest convenience, where henceforth, after having been so long tossed on life's stormy waves, I trust you will find a peaceful haven."

"And do you mean to let the kidnapper, traitor and would-be-murderer escape the doom he so richly deserves?" said Mr. Grosvenor, when Wilton had finished reading it.

"Between ourselves, it is known by one individual, at least, that it is he who shot Maxon."

"Well, we will let things take their course then. Shall you act upon his hint, and proceed to take immediate possession of your estate?"

"I believe it will be the best way. He is so full of trickery that if I only give him time enough, he will hatch up some vile piece of fraud which may put me to some trouble. For this reason, the person who can testify against him in the case of Maxon, is to keep still till he hears from me."

After the departure of Hammett, Withers paced up and down the floor for half an hour, with a rapidity that showed that he was greatly agitated. At the end of that time he left the room, and stepping across the hall, opened the door of Mrs. Grey's apartment.

"Where's old Elsie?" said he.

"She has been gone since early in the morning," she replied.

"When she comes, send her to me."

"Shall you be in the parlor, sir?"

"No—in my chamber. I am not to be caught by his conciliatory note," thought Withers, as he sat waiting for Elsie. "I can see through his policy. He intends to get peaceable possession of the property, and then I shall be arrested as a kidnapper, and maybe something worse than that, for some one must have heard and seen the whole transaction at the time he was carried off, or how could he be in possession of facts which will prove him to be the lost heir? The man I employed, and who died at Dorson's hut a while ago, let drop some hints, but as near as I can find out, they were too indefinite to amount to much. It must have been Madge. I always thought that she knew more than I could make her tell, and I was a fool—"

At this moment, his mental soliloquy was cut short by the voice of Elsie humming an old song in a low, droning tone, as she came along the passage which led to his room. She opened the door, just so that she could put her head into the room, and glancing her eyes round in a wild, deprecating way, as if she felt afraid that she shouldn't be allowed to enter, she said, in a hoarse whisper:

"Did you send for me, Ishmael?"

"Yes, you old fool you! Come in and shut the door."

"Your days wont be long in the land, Isbmael Withers."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Haven't you just called your own mother a fool? And doesn't one of the commandments say, 'Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which—'"

"I will listen to that some other time. I've something of importance to say to you now. What has become of that little vial, full of a dark colored liquid, I saw you have a few weeks since?"

"It's safe."

"Give it to me."

"The vial is full of deadly poison."

"That is why I wish for it."

"You'll do some mischief with it. Two drops of it would kill a man."

"Are you certain?"

"Do you ask if I'm certain, when,

> I gathered the roots at dead of night,
> By the full moon's pale and spectral light,
> When I muttered o'er each a charm and a spell,
> Then, in water drawn from the haunted well,
> Distilled them and caught each drop as it fell,
> Though o'er me the deadly vapors curled—
> Though round me the scorching flames were whirled—"

"Enough of your senseless gibberish! Give me the vial."

"I wont be commanded by my own son, when 'tisn't to blind people. For your sake, Ishmael, I have for more than twenty-five years submitted to be an underling, because you said it would keep you from rising in the world, if 'twas known that such a poor creature as I was your mother. I've sat at the table with the servants and eaten from coarse earthern, when you sat in the sumptuous dining-hall, and was served from costly plate. Thinking about it, and how you've ordered me round like a dog, has crazed this poor old head; but I've never cursed you, Ishmael. I've tried to, but never could, for I always remembered how you used to smile upon me when you were a wee-bit thing in your cradle."

"This is all vain and idle talk. That vial I must and will have."

"I know what you want it for, but there's no blood on these hands, and I don't mean there ever shall be."

"You complain because you sit at table with the servants. You shall be treated the same as if you were the first lady in the land, if you'll give me the vial."

"And shall I have the keys of old Dame Percival's drawers, so that I can wear the brave silks and satins, the velvets and brocades, and the feathers and fine laces, the same as she used to wear them, when she sat at the head of the table in the dining-hall?"

"Yes, for all what I care."

"Promise solemnly."

"Well, I promise."

"Here it is, then, and woe to you if you use it for a bad purpose! Now give me the keys."

"You shall have them all in good time."

"Yet after all, what will it avail me? If I dress ever so fine, and tell people that I am the mother of the rich Mr. Withers

they'll only say to each other, 'Old Elsie is crazed!' And if they should ask you about me, you'll only smile the way I've seen you sometimes, and they wont know as I shall that there's a lie in your smile, and so they'll say, 'Poor creature, what strange notions she does have in her old crazy head!'"

CHAPTER XXV.

RETRIBUTION.

About an hour after sunset, Wilton turned into the avenue leading to the mansion of the Percivals.

"Captain Richmond," said a voice.

He checked his horse, and some one from the side of the avenue approached him. There was yet light enough to show him it was Numa.

"My old friend, I am glad to see you," said Wilton, shaking him heartily by the hand.

"Yes—I am your friend, though a humble one," said Numa, "and that is why I am here. Be on your guard. Mr. Withers is expecting you, and it would have been well had you brought a friend or two with you."

"I have two, in the shape of a pair of double-barrelled pistols, well loaded."

"I fear that no good is intended you, but you have a coward to deal with, and with the two friends you speak of ready to your hand, I believe you have nothing to fear, if you keep well on your guard."

"I wont forget to do that," said Wilton.

Numa now fell back, for a turn in the avenue, a few rods ahead, would bring them in sight of the front part of the house. Wilton quickened the speed of his horse, and was soon at the door, near which a servant stood ready to lead his horse to the stable.

Withers met him and welcomed him in the most obsequious manner, and with many a smile, every one of which, to use old Elsie's words, had a lie in it.

"Welcome, welcome—a thousand times welcome to your home, Mr. Percival! It is best to call you by your right name, you know, that you may become familiarized to it;" and as Withers said this, he proffered Wilton his hand.

"No, Mr. Withers," said he, drawing back and bowing coldly. "There can be no feeling existing between us akin to friendship, or even good will, and we will, if you please, consider it the same as if we met under a flag of truce."

"As you will, though I hoped that bygones would be looked upon as bygones. I trust, however, I shall not forget, now that I am acting as host the last time in the mansion of the Percivals, and the first time to its only remaining heir, what is due to us both."

This speech, though of itself it was sufficiently courteous and manly, would have been thrown away on Wilton from an unconscious manifestation of that tone and air which bespeaks the hypocrite, had there not existed, in addition to Numa's warning, still deeper and graver causes sufficient to make him doubt his sincerity.

"Neither do I intend to forget what is due to us both," was Wilton's reply; "yet I see no reason why we should feign what it is impossible to feel, as it must fail to deceive either of us."

"You are prejudiced against me, sir, but as you have had a hard day's ride, we will let prejudices and business shift for themselves till after supper; but as I didn't know exactly when to expect you, there will necessarily be some little delay. Here is some wine, Mr. Percival, which was put into the cellar in the time of your grandfather. I was in the humble capacity of steward then, and saw to the storing of some five or six hundred bottles of the same vintage as this, besides thousands of an inferior quality."

While speaking, he had approached the sideboard and filled two large goblets of cut glass, exactly alike in shape and size, though one had a gilt edge, while that of the other was plain. Had Wilton been near enough to see the inside of the one edged with gilt, before it was filled with wine, he would have seen that it contained a few drops of a dark colored liquid. Withers had taken the silver salver on which the glasses stood, and was advancing towards Wilton, when he was arrested by hearing the tramp of horses, which were coming at a swift pace up the avenue.

"Who can they be?" said Withers, and at the same time he turned pale and cast a keen look upon Wilton. The next moment he rallied. "Let them be who they will, we wont let them cheat us out of our wine," he added; and going up close to Wilton, he held the salver in such a manner that the gilt-edged goblet was the readiest to his hand.

But the combination of the poison with the wine had already turned it a few shades darker than that in the other, and had also detracted from its transparency. Wilton noticed the difference, and recalling to mind the warning of Numa, quietly passed his hand over it and took the other. At the moment he did so the attention of Withers was drawn towards the door, for footsteps and voices were heard on the opposite side.

"After all, they *will* cheat us out of our wine, I believe," and snatching up the goblet, he added, "I drink to the lost heir, about to be restored to the home of his ancestors," and raising the glass to his lips, he drained it to the last drop.

As he was returning the glass to the salver, the gleam of the gilded rim caught his eye. It fell from his unnerved hand upon the floor of polished oak, and was shivered into twenty pieces, at the same moment the men entered the room.

"Treachery has been met by treachery," he said, turning towards Wilton, with a face pale as death, and a dusky fire, expressive of malice and hate, burning in his eyes.

He then turned to the men who had just entered, and said:

"Your prey has escaped the clutches of the law."

"Has he gone? Has Ishmael Withers fled?" said one of them.

"No; I am the person you seek."

"I arrest you, then, for the murder of Reuben Maxon."

"For the murder of Maxon, did you say?"

"Yes; there was a witness to that affair, you little dreamed of."

"It is best as it is, then. I am glad I took it."

"What does he mean?" said the man, turning to Wilton.

"He has taken poison, I suppose, though it was unintentional. It was in a glass of wine, as I suspect, intended for me, which I exchanged for the one designed for himself, without his observing it."

"Is this so?" said the officer who had arrested Withers, addressing him.

"It is—it is! I haven't half an hour to live."

"And why did you wish to destroy him?" indicating Wilton.

"I was sorely tempted. These possessions I have enjoyed so long are all his. He is the grandson of the late Edgar Percival, who has, when I thought him dead over twenty years, risen up like a spectre in my path to claim his own."

"Is this true?"

"As true as that in a few minutes more I shall be nothing but a clod. The poison will do its work quicker than I thought."

"While yet you can, will you make oath of what you have told us?"

"Yes, though there is no need. He will have proof enough, even if he didn't carry it in his own person. Had I not known this, I shouldn't have mixed the draught for him, which is now stealing away my life. I've owned the truth, so you needn't come," said he, after a few moments' silence. "The old man looks pale and ghastly—the same as he did after he took the last drink I ever gave him. Wont some of you have pity on me, and take him away?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why Mr. Edgar Percival—he that died more than twenty years ago."

"It is the living Edgar Percival you see—not the dead one."

"The living one? Why should he look so ghastly then? He didn't take the poison. He is gone now. I'll manage to keep the place yet."

These were his last words, showing that his thoughts, in their incoherent wanderings, were running on the scheme of villany in which he had been defeated.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONCLUSION.

"What can have happened?" said Bessie Hamlen, speaking to her mother and Edith.

They all rose and went to a window, for a mingling of many voices, evidently expressive of joy and triumph, though no articulate sound could be distinguished, came surging along, borne on the clear, cold breeze of a bright afternoon.

"Hark!" said Edith. "If I mistake not, peace is the word which forms the burden of those rapturous bursts of exultation which are rending the welkin."

The words had scarce left her lips, when Wilton Richmond—or, as we may now call him, Edgar Percival, his claim to the name as well as to the estate being undisputed,—accompanied by Sedley Austin, who had, a few days previously, arrived from the South, entered the apartment.

"Why don't we find you waving your handkerchiefs and clapping your hands?" said Percival.

"Why?" inquired Bessie. "Have tidings of peace arrived?"

"Yes; the treaty has been signed at Ghent, and the whole country—those who were friends and those who were foes to the war—are indiscriminately rejoicing at the auspicious event."

"It promises to be a bond of brotherhood between those who have long looked coldly on each other," said Sedley.

"I hope you are not wanting in candles," remarked Percival, turning to Mrs. Hamlen; "for it is expected that, to-morrow evening, all good patriots will illuminate their dwellings."

"And the peace, as I suspect, is to be celebrated by song as well as by light," said Sedley; "for as I passed old Pompey's domicile, he with his fiddle, and his son Pete with his tamborine, were practising an Ode to Peace, while a score of voices joined in the chorus."

"Pompey, in anticipation of the happy event, has been practising it for more than three weeks," said Bessie.

"I have a proposition to make," said Mr. Grosvenor, who at this moment entered.

"What is it?" inquired Mrs. Hamlen.

"That we celebrate peace to-morrow evening by the double wedding, for which preparation has been making for several weeks."

"I am agreed, if the young folks are," said his sister.

"But we aint half ready," said Bessie and Edith, both speaking at the same time.

"Pooh—nonsense!" said Mr. Grosvenor. "The time set is only two days later, so that it certainly can make no great difference. It is only to make your fingers fly a little more nimbly. What do you say, Edgar Percival? and you, Sedley Austin?"

"That your idea is a capital one," was Percival's reply.

"And one that I certainly sha'n't gainsay," said Sedley.

Bessie and Edith brought up numerous objections, but they being in the minority, these were overruled; and so it was decided as Mr. Grosvenor said, whom the inspiring news seemed to have put in a metaphorical vein, that the torch of Hymen should illumine the olive of Peace.

After all the misgivings and excuses of Bessie and Edith, everything was brought into ample order at the appointed time. The great hall, where the bridal ceremonies were to be performed, was decorated with evergreens, starred with lamps, amid a cluster of which, in number answering to the States of the Union, hovered the American eagle. Nor was the national flag forgotten, several being so arranged at the upper end of the hall as to unfold their stars and stripes above those who were to kneel at the altar.

The two brides, always lovely, appeared transcendently so now, which was less owing to their tasteful and becoming attire, than the beautiful enthusiasm which lit up their countenances, inspired by the thought that the humblest sons and daughters of the land, as well as the highest, were at that moment bearing a part in the celebration of an event which would bring joy and comfort to their hearthstones.

Percival, with his frank, soldierly air, looked worthy to be at the head of one of the finest estates in the country, while the appearance of Sedley Austin, who had already made a friend in every acquaintance, was such as to excite the praise and admiration of all.

They fully shared the enthusiasm of Bessie and Edith. There might have been an unacknowledged pleasure and satisfaction derived from a slightly superstitious feeling that the festival which gave so much eclat to the double wedding, was the precursor of the peace and happiness they were destined to enjoy in the untried path which lay before them.

Dame Anstis was present, looking blooming, youthful and happy, while Hammett, her nephew, dressed in a fancy costume of her own selection, looked as bright and graceful as the youthful cupbearer of Jupiter.

Harefoot, too, was there, quiet and sedate, the soft and radiant light beaming from his dark eyes, alone showing the fullness of his content. The servants, after witnessing the bridal ceremonies, and partaking liberally of the wedding-cake, in which, as might have been imagined, "each nice ingredient" had been chosen by the Cyprian queen, withdrew to proceed with the celebration of peace after their own fashion, and in a manner suited to their vivacious tastes. The Ode to Peace, which had been committed to memory with great care, was sung by Pompey to the accompaniment of his violin and Pete's tamborine, which, in the chorus, when more than a hundred voices joined—many of them very clear and sweet,—swelled into such full waves of song that, floating away on the still evening air, it was heard more than a mile distant.

After a number of toasts and sentiments had been given, several of which were to the newly wedded, when the guests were about to separate, Edgar Percival gave—"The American Eagle:

> While the proud British lion lies crouching,
> Not covered with glory, but scars,
> Our eagle triumphantly hovers,
> Midst splendor that bursts from the stars."

When, in a few days afterward, Edgar Percival bore his bride to the home of his fathers, Dame Anstis accompanied them. One bright day, after they were well settled, she pointed out to them the tree where, for the last time, she had suspended the shawl-hammock of her sleeping charge, little thinking of the unhappy consequences which were destined to grow out of it.

Hammett and Harefoot, whenever it suited them, always found a home at the Percival mansion, as did Christina Burmann, her step-brother, Dorson, having, shortly before the close of the war, lost his life in a quarrel with some of his vicious associates. Mrs. Grey still retained her place as housekeeper, and Numa, busy in the performance of self-imposed tasks, experienced a new accession of dignity and self-respect in being freed from the control of the despicable Withers, and in the restoration of the rightful heir.

Old Elsie, who, after the death of her son, could never be prevailed on to sleep beneath the roof of the mansion he had called his, and where his hands had been stained with crime, found a home in the cottage of Margaret Rustan.

Near the close of summer, according to pre-arrangement, Edgar Percival and his wife, in company with Mrs. Hamlen, made a journey to the North, and spent a few delightful weeks with Mr. Grosvenor, his daughter and son-in-law, at the old brown farm-house on the shores of Lake Champlain.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

Propose to yourself an object that is noble; pursue it from motives that are high. Let what is best in you take the mastery. You shall be ranked with the wise and good long before you are fully either. And as you go on in the course of improvement, the idea of your better self shall become more definite, and the life of this idea of wisdom and goodness shall be dearer and stronger in you. You shall be named after the idea of your life; you are wise, for you are becoming so; you are good, for you are becoming so. In all right courses of life, a man resolutely desirous of becoming a wiser, a better informed, better disciplined, more useful individual, will find his thoughts, both of the end and the way, get clearer as he proceeds in his work. He sees more truly and more brightly what it is he wants; he sees more fully the means for its attainment. And with better prospect both of the end and the way, there comes increased motive for the self-improving effort of the journey.—*Lynch.*

METHOD.

We are in danger of ruining our promising plans, in themselves very good, by the habit of putting off till to-morrow what may be done to-day. "That letter may be answered to-morrow; that request of my friend may be attended to to-morrow, and he will be no loser." True, but *you* are the loser; for the yielding to one such temptation, is the signal for the yielding up the whole citadel to the enemy. "That note and that valuable fact may be recorded in my common-place book to-morrow." True, but every such indulgence is a heavy loss to you. Every hour should be perseveringly filled up. But this is not all. It is not sufficient to take for your motto, with the immortal Grotius, "Hora ruit," but let it be filled up according to some plan. One day filled up according to a previous plan is worth more than a week filled up without any plan.—*Todd.*

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PRINCESS OF BABYLON.

BY CHARLES W. STEVENS.

The venerable Belus, king of Babylon, believed himself the first man in the world, for his courtiers told him so, and his historians proved it to him. What might excuse in him this ridiculous notion, is the fact, that his predecessors had built Babylon ages before him, and he had embellished it. It is known that his palace and park, situate some leagues from Babylon, were extended between the Euphrates and Tigris, that laved these enchanting shores. His vast edifice, whose front was three thousand paces long, rose to the clouds. The flat roof was surrounded by a balustrade of white marble, fifty feet high, which contained the colossal statues of all the kings and celebrated men of the empire. This roof, composed of two rows of bricks covered with a thick coating of lead, was spread over with earth to the depth of twelve feet. Forests of olive, citron, orange and palm trees had also been set out there, which formed walks impenetrable to the sunbeams.

The waters of the Euphrates, raised by pumps in an hundred hollow columns, filled vast marble basins, and descending afterwards through other canals, formed in the park cascades six thousand feet long, and an hundred thousand fountain streams, of which the height could hardly be perceived. The gardens of Semiramis, which, many centuries afterwards, astonished Asia, were only a feeble imitation of these antique marvels; for in the time of Semiramis, everything began to degenerate among men and women.

But the most admirable sight at Babylon, which eclipsed all others, was Formosant, the only daughter of the king. Belus, moreover, was prouder of his daughter than of his kingdom. It was deemed necessary for her to have a husband worthy of her; but where could he be found? An ancient oracle had declared that she could belong only to him who should bend the bow of Nimrod, that mighty hunter, who had left a bow seven feet long, of ebony wood, harder than the iron of Caucasus. No mortal since Nimrod had been able to bend this wonderful bow.

The oracle added, besides, that the arm which should have bent the bow, should kill the most terrible and dangerous lion that should be let loose in the Babylonian amphitheatre. The victor also was to have a cultured mind, be most beautiful and virtuous, and possess the rarest thing of the entire world.

Three kings presented themselves, who dared compete for Formosant: the Pharoah of Egypt, the Shah of India, and the Khan of Scythia. Belus appointed the day, and the scene of the combat was to be the extremity of his park, the immense space bounded by the two rivers. There was erected around the list a marble amphitheatre that could contain five hundred thousand spectators. Opposite the amphitheatre, was the throne of the king, who was going to appear with Formosant, accompanied by all the court; and on the right and left, between the throne and amphitheatre, were other thrones for the three kings and other sovereigns who might be curious to see this august ceremony.

The king of Egypt arrived first, mounted upon the ox Apis. He was followed by two thousand priests clad in linen robes whiter than snow, by two thousand magicians, and as many warriors.

The king of India soon after arrived in a chariot drawn by twelve elephants. He had a cortege still more numerous and brilliant than the other.

The last was the king of Scythia. He had around him only chosen soldiers, armed with bows and arrows. He was mounted upon a superb tiger, which he had subdued. The form of this monarch was imposing and majestic, far surpassing that of his rivals. His naked arms, brawny yet white, seemed already to bend the bow of Nimrod.

The three kings prostrated themselves before Belus and Formosant. Pharaoh then offered to the princess the two most beautiful crocodiles of the Nile, two hippopotami, two zebras, two Egyptian mummies, and the books of Hermes, which latter he believed to be the rarest things on earth. The shah presented to her a hundred elephants, each of which carried a tower of gilt wood, and put at her feet the Veda, written in the handwriting of Xaca himself. The khan, who neither knew how to read or write, proffered a hundred war-horses, caparisoned with housing and black fox skin.

The princess cast down her eyes before her lovers, and bowed with graces as modest as they were noble. Belus conducted these monarchs to their thrones. "Would that I had three daughters," said he to them, "that I might to-day render six persons happy!"

He then drew lots for the one who should first try the bow. The names of the three candidates were cast into a golden casque. That of the Egyptian came out first, and that of the Indian next. The Scythian, looking at the bow and his rivals, complained not at being the third.

While these brilliant trials were in preparation, twenty thousand pages and as many girls, without confusion, distributed to the spectators in the rows of seats choice refreshments.

Everybody avowed that the gods had established kings only to give festivals every day; that life is too short to use it otherwise; that lawsuits, intrigues and war, which consume human life, are absurd and horrible; that man would not passionately and continually love pleasures, were he not made for them; that the essence of human nature is to rejoice, and all else is folly. It might be added, this *excellent* moral has never been denied, except by facts.

As they were about to commence these trials, which were to decide the destiny of Formosant, a young stranger, mounted on a unicorn, and accompanied by his valet, who, mounted in the same manner, held in his hand a large bird, presented himself at the gate. The guards were surprised to see in this equipage a figure which had the air of divinity. It was, as they declared, the head of Adonis upon the body of Hercules! His black eyebrows and long blonde hair, a mingling of beauties unknown at Babylon, charmed the assembly. All the amphitheatre rose to see him; all the women of the court bent towards him their astonished eyes; Formosant herself, who was wont to look modestly down, gazed at him and blushed. The three kings turned pale. While comparing Formosant with the unknown, the people cried out: "There is no one in the world who is as beautiful as Formosant, but this young man!"

The door-keepers, seized with wonder, asked him if he were a king.

"I have not that honor," rejoined the stranger, "but I have come a great distance, through curiosity to see if there are any kings worthy of the princess."

He, with his equipage, was introduced into the first row of the amphitheatre. He very courteously saluted Belus, his daughter, the three kings, and all the assembly, and then blushingly took his seat. His two unicorns lay down at his seat, his bird perched upon his shoulder, and his servant stood by his side.

The exercise commenced. The bow of Nimrod was drawn from its golden case. The great master of ceremonies, followed by fifty pages, and preceded by twenty trumpets, presented it to Pharaoh, who had it blessed by his priests, and having placed it upon the head of his god Apis, doubted not that he would obtain this first victory. He descends in the middle of the arena, tries, exhausts his strength, makes contortions which excite the laughter of the populace and also of the princess.

"Let your majesty renounce this vain honor, which is only that of muscles and nerves," said his great almoner, approaching him. "You will triumph in all the rest. You have the sword of Osiris, and you will vanquish the lion. The princess is to belong to the one who has the greatest mind, and you have divined enigmas,—to the most virtuous, and you are so, since you were brought up by the priests of Egypt,—to the most generous, and you have given the most beautiful crocodiles and the books of Hermes. Moreover, you possess the ox Apis, the rarest thing in the world; so that no one can compete with you for Formosant."

"You are right," observed the king, and retired to his throne.

The bow was put into the hands of the king of India. He had blisters from it for fifteen days, and consoled himself by presuming that the Scythian would not be more fortunate than himself.

The khan handles the bow in his turn. He joined skill to strength. In his hands, the bow seemed to take some elasticity, and though it yielded a little, he could never wholly succeed in bending it. The spectators, to whom his noble mien inspired favorable opinions, groaned at his little success, and judged that the princess would never be married.

Then the young unknown descended with a leap into the arena, and addressing the Scythian, "Let your majesty," said he to him, "not be astonished at not having entirely succeeded. These ebony bows are made in my country. There is only a certain turn to give; so that you have more merit in having made it yield, than I in bending it."

He immediately took an arrow, adjusted it on the cord, bent the bow, and sent it far beyond the gates. A million hands applauded this prodigy, and Babylon resounded with acclamations. He afterwards drew from his pocket a little ivory plate, on which he wrote with a golden needle, and then attaching to the bow the tablet, he gave the whole to the princess, and with a grace, too, which charmed all the attendants. He then went to seat himself again, modestly. All Babylon was surprised, and the three kings were confounded; but the unknown appeared not to notice it.

Yet Belus, having consulted his magi, declared that none of the kings having been able to bend the bow of Nimrod, it was no less necessary for that to marry his daughter, and that she should wed the one who should succeed in slaying the great lion that had been brought up in his menagerie. The king of Egypt found that it was very ridiculous to expose a king to beasts for the sake of marriage. He confessed that the possession of Formosant was worth a great price, but maintained that if the lion strangled him, he would never be able to espouse the Babylonian belle. The king of India entered into the sentiments of the Egyptian, and both concluded that the king of Babylon was jesting with them; that they ought to levy armies to punish him; that they had numberless subjects who would consider it an honor to die in the service of their masters; that they might easily dethrone the Babylonian, and then draw lots for the beauteous Formosant. This agreement being made, the two kings despatched, each into his own country, an express order to assemble an army of three hundred thousand braves, in order to carry off the princess.

Yet the khan of Scythia descended alone into the arena, with his scimetar in his hand. He was not desperately smitten by the charms of Formosant. Glory had hitherto been his only passion, and it had led him to Babylon. He wished to show that if the monarchs of Egypt and India were prudent enough not to expose themselves to lions, he was valiant enough not to disdain this contest, and that he would repair the honor of the diadem. His rare valor did not even permit him to avail himself of the aid of his tiger. He advances alone, lightly armed, and covered by a steel casque garnished with gold, and shaded by three plumes white as snow.

There was loosed against him the most enormous lion ever nurtured in the mountains of Anti-Lebanon. His terrible claws seemed capable of rending the three kings at once, and his huge mouth of devouring them. His frightful roarings made the amphitheatre resound. The two proud champions rapidly plunge toward each other. The Scythian drives his scimetar into the lion's throat, but the point meeting one of those thick teeth which nothing can pierce, is shivered, and the sylvan monster, furious with his wound, was about imprinting his talons in the sides of the monarch, when the stranger, touched by the peril of so brave a prince, leaps into the arena quicker than a flash, and with wonderful dexterity beheads the lion.

Taking out, then, a little box, he presents it to the Scythian khan, saying: "Your majesty will find in this box the veritable dittany, which grows in my country. Your glorious wounds will be healed in a moment. Chance alone prevented you from triumphing over the lion; your valor is not less admirable."

The Scythian, more sensible to gratitude than jealousy, thanked his liberator, and after having tenderly embraced him, entered again his throne to apply the dittany.

The unknown gave the head of the lion to his valet. Having washed it in the great fountain near by, and drawn out all the blood, the latter drew from his bag a peculiar knife, with which he dug out the lion's forty teeth, and inserted in their stead forty diamonds. With his usual modesty, his master retook his seat.

"Beautiful bird," said he, giving to his bird the monster's head, "go and lay at the feet of Formosant this feeble homage."

The bird flies, holding in one of its claws the terrible trophy. Having presented it to the princess, it humbly bowed its neck, and spread itself out before her. The forty brilliants dazzled all eyes. They were not yet acquainted with this magnificence in proud Babylon, since the emerald, sapphire, topaz and pyrope were still regarded as the most precious ornaments. Belus and all his court were seized with admiration. The bird astonished them still more. It was the size of an eagle, but its eyes were as mild and tender as those of the eagle are haughty and threatening. Its beak was rose-color, and its neck resembled all the hues of the rainbow, but more lively and brilliant. Gold in a thousand shades glittered upon its plumage. Its feet appeared an interweaving of silver and purple, and its tail surpassed those of Juno's birds. The attention, curiosity and astonishment of all the court were divided between the diamonds and the bird. Formosant flattered, caressed and kissed it, and it seemed to receive them with pleasure mingled with respect.

Belus, who had attentively considered the diamonds, judged that one of his provinces could hardly pay for so rich a present. He ordered his attendants to prepare for the unknown gifts still more magnificent than those which had been destined for the monarchs.

"This young man," observed he, "is doubtless the son of the king of China, or of that part of the world which is called Europe, which I have heard about, or, perhaps, of Africa, that they say is near the kingdom of Egypt."

He immediately sent his great squire to compliment the unknown, and to inquire of him whether he were sovereign of one of these empires, and why, possessing such astonishing treasures, he had come only with his valet.

The squire approached the stranger, and delivered with dignity his message. At this flattering token of regard, the stranger deeply blushed, for his modesty equalled his worth. He then accompanied the squire to the king, and gracefully bowing, thus replied:

"Though unworthy these encomiums, I will with pleasure reply briefly to your curiosity, most noble king. I am the son of Ormar, the king of Mauritania. I was brought up to conquer the king of beasts in my country's jungles, and with my bow to bring dead to my feet the prince of birds. I will not speak of my achievements in battle; let vanquished nations relate them. I will not speak of mental acquisitions, for fathomless wisdom gleams before me in the golden distance. Reports of this intended occasion having wandered to my palace, I eagerly set out in order to be present, and behold this august scene, though I am conscious of being the humblest of the admirers of fair Formosant. As for those diamonds, they were gleaned from the depths of our own limpid streams, and relying on my arm that never learnt fear, I arrived without danger. May I add, that the pleasure of seeing Formosant has more than repaid me."

With what joy the princess heard these words is inexpressible, and her father, enraptured, quickly rejoined:

"Illustrious prince, your deeds respond to the ancient oracles, and Formosant is yours. I feel proud to call you my son—to welcome you to the shrine of my heart. I am confident a wreath of glory awaits you in the future as brilliant as your past is glorious. Sons of Babylon," pursued the king, turning to the people, "welcome the new son of Belus!"

Such a shout waved up to the azure arches, as was never heard before. Peal after peal reverberated. The young happy pair joyously embraced. As sombre twilight was creeping on, the vast assemblage happily dispersed, and that night revelry danced, and joy laughed, and hearts glowed over the ruby beaker.

The three kings, seeing the stranger's intrepidity and nobility of soul, and tacitly acknowledging his superiority, the next morning started homewards. After a month's festivities, a message having reached the son of Ormar that his father was deceased, he and Formosant set out, convoyed by a magnificent cavalcade, and burdened with costly gifts. Both in due time ascended the throne, and to acquaint all that their reign was happy and prosperous, it need only be said, that their subjects revered them as parents.

Bestow thy youth so that thou mayst have comfort to remember it, when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end: but behold, the longest day hath its evening, and that thou shalt enjoy it but once, that it never turns again; use it, therefore, as the spring-time, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*



WATER-SELLERS OF CAIRO.



EGYPTIAN WATER-CARRIER.



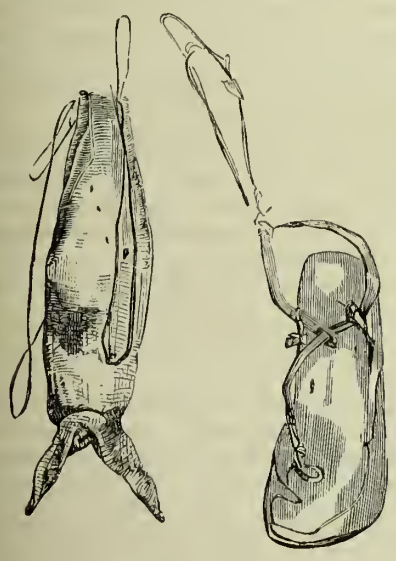
SKIN WATER-BOTTLES IN THE EAST.

WATER-CARRIERS IN THE EAST.

We have grouped together on this page a number of striking sketches illustrating the manner in which that indispensable article, water, is conveyed and distributed in the East, where its general rarity causes it to be most highly appreciated. Whoever has read the narratives of intelligent travellers in the East, must have had abundant means of observing the shifts to which not only travellers but the inhabitants themselves are put in consequence of not having an adequate supply of water at hand, the wells being far away from their abodes. The conveyance of water from a river across a sandy encampment, or the retailing of water by itinerant dealers, gave rise to the use of portable vessels suitable to the object in view; and many of the oriental countries down to the present day, exhibit such persons, vessels and scenes as



ARAB BOTTLES AND WATER-CARRIERS.



ARAB SKIN WATER-VESSELS.



STREET WATER-SELLER.

are shown in our engravings. In some few cases the vessels used are of earthen ware; but as these are hard and unyielding, and in that respect somewhat difficult to carry, a curious substitute has been adopted for them. These are skins of goats and other animals, prepared in a rough way, and fastened when necessary. The Arabs sometimes use water-bags made of tanned camel skin, but the skins most generally employed are those of the goat and kid. The most common sort of these bags make a curious appearance when filled with water, resembling an animal, of which the head and feet have been cut off. It will be seen from many of the figures in this page, that the pliable nature of the skin-bottles enables them to be carried very conveniently on the back, bending round to the front over the shoulder, or under the arm. One engraving shows three Sakekahs,



WATER-SELLERS OF CAIRO.



NEW ZEALANDER DRINKING FROM A GOURD.

or water-carriers of Cairo. One of them has a camel to transport his bags, another an ass, while the third supports his burthen on his back. The water-skins borne by the camels are made of ox-hide; those of the asses are made of goat-skin. These men have generally one cry, "Ya ow wud Allah!" (May God compensate me!) They



DOMESTIC SKIN VESSEL.

exact nothing for the beverage, depending on the generosity of the consumer for remuneration. The *Khem'alees*, a more numerous class, are dervishes, and carry vessels of fine gray earth on their backs. One of our engravings exhibits these Khem'alees and their manner of serving the water. In the districts of Africa southward of Egypt, the system of carrying water in skin-bottles has been described by travellers. Browne, in his "Journey to Dar-Fur," says:—"The water, in leaving Egypt, is commonly conveyed in goat-skins, artificially prepared for this purpose; but no skill can entirely prevent evaporation. On their march from Soudan to Egypt, the Jelabs oftener use ox-hides, formed into capacious sacks, and properly secured with tar and oil. A pair of these is a camel's load. They keep the water in a better state for drinking than the former. And these sacks are sold to great advantage throughout Egypt, a pair of the best kind being worth thirty piastres. They are the common instruments for conveying water from the river to different parts of each town. The camels are not allowed to partake of this store, which, after all the care that can be taken, is often nauseous from the tar and mud



AQUEDUCT AT EPHES.

which accompanies the drawing, and heat. Six of the smaller skins, or two of the larger, are generally esteemed sufficient for four persons for so many days. In many of the less civilized countries the natives often use some kind of vegetable substance, capable of being hollowed within, as a water-vessel. The New Zealanders, for example, make use of the calabash, the fruit of a tropical plant, as a drinking vessel—holding the vessel some distance above the head, and allowing the water to flow down in a stream into the mouth, as shown in our engraving. These pictures are all characteristic. One of them, at the foot of the page, shows a woman filling a cup from her skin-pitcher. Another shows the skins and manner of attaching them. The sketches of "skin water-bottles of the East," and "Arab bottles and water-carriers," are not only illustrative of our subject, but picturesque in themselves.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TOUCH-ME-NOT.—A SONG.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

There's a jewel by the brooklet
 Uplifts its golden eye,
Whose leaves are glittering every morn,
 In silvery-ruby dye;
O'erladen with the dewdrops
 That sparkle bright and high:
And the trembling pendants glisten
 Like the gleam of beauty's eye!

As this jewel by the brooklet
 I one day chanced to spy,
I said: "To gain thee, glorious flower,
 I certainly will try!"
Endearingly I pressed it—
 Th' affected tendrils fly!
Mock-indignation beaming
 In a glance of beauty's eye!

Now—the jewel by the brooklet
 I pass neglected by;
The leaves at morning lade with gems,
 At noon are crisped and dry;
And the floweret, like a false coquette,
 That once has made me sigh,
Now gleams upon me with the glare
 Of jealous beauty's eye!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EVELYN SEYMOUR.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"WANTED, a seamstress. Apply early at No. 5, —— Street," read aloud, from the evening paper, a graceful, pretty-looking woman, clad in widow's weeds, as she sat by the hearth in a plainly-furnished but very neat apartment.

"A seamstress—how would that do, Milly? I can do almost anything in the way of sewing, I think, Aunt Caroline was so particular with me. But no—I cannot take it—I forget. I should be obliged to leave home, and you, Milly; and I never thought of that."

She addressed herself to her daughter, a pretty, soft-eyed, brown-haired girl of some ten or twelve years, who sat at the opposite side of the hearth knitting and listening the while. She half suspended her employment, as she raised her eyes to her mother's face.

"I don't know, mother, that you would. Do seamstresses always—"

She paused suddenly; and her cheeks crimsoned with a flush of painful emotion.

"O, mother," she broke forth, "to think of *your* being a seamstress!"

"O, nonsense—nonsense, Milly! Not a word on that score, I positively wont hear it!" said the pretty widow in her liveliest tone, and she bent down to hide the quick tear that sprang to her eye, and commenced raking the fire.

"Don't pray, give a thought to that, Milly," she continued. "You know we must do something, and as to my being a seamstress, there are hundreds better than I am, perhaps, who have starved for want of even a situation like that. I am going to try and forget the luxury and idleness to which we have been accustomed, and put my shoulder to the wheel in good earnest. Don't *you* try to discourage me, you little mouse—you will be disappointed if you do. Well, now, what were you going to say? I am sadly in want of advice. Make haste and give me some, Milly."

Milly was not deceived by this lively manner; she detected the tear so bravely and resolutely repressed, but she saw that her mother was trying hard to nerve herself for approaching trials, and she must also take courage and assist her. Keeping down the grieving sigh that filled her breast, she answered:

"Would you be obliged to go away from home? Would they not let you work at home, perhaps? And then, you know, I could help you a great deal. You know you have taught me to sew quite nicely; and nurse Nanny is as proud as can be of those caps which I embroidered for her. They are done, I am sure, too, as well as a great deal of the finest work one sees at the stores."

"That is very true, Milly," said Mrs. Seymour, cheerfully, "and I know you could help me; though I should not wish you to take a moment of time from your studies. But I do not know whether I should be allowed to take the work home; and yet, I cannot do less than find out, for indeed, Milly, I do not know what else I can do than this. I never could teach in the world. Suppose, then, I knock at the door of No. 5, to-morrow morning?"

The resolution was formed; and at an early hour Mrs. Seymour and Milly retired, that they might be up earlier to-morrow. The last words the young widow said to herself before sleeping, were: "I must conform in all things to these new and straitened circumstances in which I find myself. I shall be obliged to rise before dawn, every day, now, perhaps, that I may earn sufficient to provide us with bread."

It was with her as with hundreds of others. Dependent upon a proud and unkind relative from her early girlhood, she had married at the age of seventeen, a wealthy merchant, and after twelve years of perfect happiness and contentment, with not a wish ungratified, she became at once a widow and penniless by the simultaneous failure and death of her husband. She was thrown upon the wide world alone with her child, with nothing but her own brave, woman's heart to bear her up; and now commenced the battle of life.

She had endeavored to obtain pupils in music, and drawing, and found herself disappointed at the outset. The languages she felt herself incompetent to teach, though her acquaintance with them was not inconsiderable. Several other plans had been equally impracticable. She was reduced at last to her needle; but she never dreamed of shrinking.

On the morning after reading the advertisement, she prepared herself to apply at the place designated. Milly set off for school a little before nine, and in rather more than an hour afterwards, the widow took her way to —— Street. A degree of irrepressible agitation possessed her, despite the courageous resolutions she had made, as she proceeded thither. She felt troubled and sorrowful; for now, as she went on this humble errand, the loneliness and distress of her situation were impressed upon her most painfully. Her countenance, usually bright, cheerful and animated, was much paler than it was wont to be, and an expression of inward grief and disquiet lay like a mournful shadow in the sunny depths of her beautiful, dark-fringed eyes.

A carriage swept round a corner which she was passing; within were three ladies reclined upon the luxurious cushions; and Evelyn Seymour knew them. They were an aunt and two cousins of her late husband; and never, after his marriage, upon the most familiar or friendly terms with him or her, had, since his death, scarcely noticed her at all. They merely bowed to her now in the most distant manner—Mrs. Acheson first, and then Miss Arabella, and lastly Miss Indiana—one after the other, and with the most frigid dignity. Mrs. Seymour's pride arose. Quickly and proudly she returned the haughty sign of recognition, and passed on. In that moment, with all their wealth, and all her poverty, she felt that they sunk immeasurably below her. With a lighter step, and a lighter heart as well, she went on her errand, treading her poverty under foot. She rose above it then.

And Arabella Acheson's carriage rolled on, while the scornful beauty smiled exultantly over what she termed the "downfall" of her cousin Harry's wife; for she had never forgiven Evelyn St. Leger for captivating her cousin Harry, whom she had counted on securing for herself.

"Poor and proud," said her mother, contemptuously. "Did you see her, Arabella? She looked as haughty as any queen."

A cold, triumphant expression sat on Arabella's countenance.

"Let her look as haughty as she likes; her pride will not help her poverty. For my part, I am glad—"

She paused suddenly, and bent forward, with a quick flush of pleasure breaking over her face.

"See, mama—there is Maximilian—see!" And she bowed with a sweet smile.

"Yes," said mama and Miss Indiana; and both followed the example of Arabella.

A handsome and distinguished-looking man on the opposite side of the way half paused, lifted his hat, and smiled also; but instead of approaching, as Arabella evidently expected he would, and for which purpose the carriage drew up, he passed quickly along, and was lost amid the crowd.

"Provoking! ejaculated Miss Arabella, with her countenance clouding, "why in the world didn't he stop?"

"O, never mind—some business, I dare say," was mama's consoling answer; "but you will see him to-night, my dear, and then I think you had better bring him to a point as soon as possible. Pray don't let him slip as your cousin Harry did; for though you are certainly as brilliant as at twenty, you must remember that you were thirty last week, and it will not do to neglect so excellent an opportunity as this."

Away went the trio, discussing prospects matrimonial; and on in the opposite direction, hurried Evelyn Seymour on her morning's errand. It was a beautiful street, in the most fashionable part of the city—that to which her steps were directed. Number five was reached; and Evelyn, with a heart throbbing with agitation, paused at the entrance for a moment, to recover some degree of calmness. What an errand! * * * She felt sick and faint; but in an instant, shaking off her emotion, she touched the bell.

While she waited, she had time to observe the general appearance of the mansion. It was one of the finest in the street; but while an air of life and cheerfulness pervaded the rest, this had an air of unusual quiet—almost of utter loneliness. All the blinds, except those of the drawing-room and of one chamber, were closed, and had every appearance of having been so for a long time. Much dust, and not a few cobwebs, had settled here and there. The place looked still and nearly deserted.

Evelyn was just reading the name—"St. James"—on the door, when the bell was answered, and a servant appeared. Evelyn trembled, blushed and stammered, as she asked for his mistress. The man looked at her with an expression of something not unlike perplexity.

"My mistress? I beg your pardon, ma'am, but Mr. St. James is not—O, here is my master, ma'am."

And as Evelyn turned, a gentleman who had just turned the corner, ascended the steps, and stood beside her. He glanced from the domestic to the lady, and with a slight and graceful bow, inquired whom she wished to see. Twenty times in a minute the beautiful color went and came in Evelyn's cheek, as she answered, hesitatingly:

"Indeed, I scarcely know—I came—to answer an advertisement—which appeared in the Times of yesterday."

A look of surprise and perplexity flitted over the fine face of the gentleman.

"An advertisement, madam? You do not mean—"

"I mean, sir," said Evelyn, in a faint tone, "the advertisement for a seamstress."

A seamstress! No wonder his presence of mind forsook him for an instant. With Evelyn Seymour's graceful loveliness, and the air of elegant refinement natural to her, she seemed a strange applicant for such a situation.

"I beg your pardon, madam; will you come in?" he said, suddenly recollecting himself. And Evelyn found herself seated in the drawing-room. The gentleman drew a chair forward for himself, saying—"The advertisement, madam, was mine, on behalf of my aunt, who comes here next week to reside. She requested me to engage one for her by that time, if possible. Do I understand that you—"

He hesitated again; for he would not be quite sure yet. His deferential and respectful air gave Evelyn courage.

"You are right," she answered, calmly, anticipating his question. "I wished to obtain some employment of this kind; but it is necessary that I should remain at home, and I desired to ask whether, if I engaged to take it, the sewing can be taken out. If so, I should be glad to have it. I think my work would give satisfaction."

Her voice trembled, and her eyes dropped, to hide the tears that would spring as she uttered the last words. It was the plea of one earnestly seeking for the means of subsistence. It touched the heart of her hearer; for St. James's heart was a kind and noble one. He read her story in her appearance; he saw that she was in need. He was not only willing, but glad to have an opportunity of assisting her; and yet, it seemed a mean employment to offer one like her; and then, he would have given any amount if some one else had been there to speak the words that tendered to her the office and the wages of a seamstress. As it was, there was no help for it; and his manner was embarrassed as it was earnest and respectful, while he answered:

"Certainly, madam—as you please," then adding: "I could wish that my aunt were here to speak with you about this. She will arrive, however, next week, and then she would like to see you, if you will be so good as to call, or leave your address."

Evelyn drew from her pocket a tiny mother-of-pearl card-case, one of the last remnants of her former wealth, and gave him a card. Then, with gently expressed thanks, which it shamed him to receive for a favor which he had been equally ashamed to offer, she took leave of him.

In her proudest days, Evelyn had met no greater deference or courtesy than that which marked St. James's manner throughout this interview to its close; and with grave and gentle respect, that was almost reverence, he bowed her to the door.

For some moments after she had retired, he stood silently regarding the single tangible token left of her presence—the tiny enameled card lying in his hand. "Mrs. Seymour," he murmured to himself. "A widow then, as I thought."

Even as he spoke, a handkerchief lying upon the floor attracted his attention. It was hers—lying where it had fallen from her lap, unnoticed. He picked it up. In one corner was wrought upon the delicate fabric, in exquisite embroidery, the name of "Evelyn."

"Evelyn Seymour. What a beautiful name!" he uttered, "and yet, no less beautiful than its lovely owner. How fair she was! What mingled sadness and dignity pervaded every look and motion!"

Moment after moment he sat engrossed by his own reflections, with his eyes fixed upon Evelyn's card and handkerchief; then, with a half sigh, he rose and locked them in his writing-desk, to remain until he should have an opportunity of restoring the handkerchief. But though he had put them out of sight, he could not forget his beautiful visitant. Nor was he inclined to deny that he was deeply and earnestly interested in her. With pleasure undisguised he lingered in thought over her visit, and recalled her appearance. And now he desired the time to come when he might see her again. * * * * * * * *

"My, dear, what in the world ever put it into your ideas to become a seamstress?"

For good Mrs. Mackenzie, looking at her graceful figure and exquisite hands, declared that Evelyn had selected the surest mode of spoiling both.

"O, I could do nothing else," said Evelyn, half sadly. "I had thought of so many things—but none of them seemed practicable; and those that I actually tried, failed at the very first. No, I could do nothing else, and I was very glad to get that," she added, with a gentle smile.

"Well, I am glad, since you were obliged to take up with that, that you applied where you did," said the old lady, kindly, "for I have seen trouble too, my dear, and I dare say, if you are the sensible little thing I take you to be, I can help you very often. My husband failed when I had been married only three years, and then he died, and I was left alone just as you are; so, after my first grief was over, I went out as a governess. I had a great many trials, and hard ones, to endure, and they seemed all the harder, as you may well conceive, after the easy and happy life I had led. But I had to go through with them. I had no one to turn to in my troubles. And after five years, when a very distant relative, whom I had never seen twice in my life, died and left me a fortune, you may be sure it was not to be despised. Still, I had learned many a lesson well worth the learning, in those days of poverty and hardships; and I have had reason, many a time since, to be thankful for them. I was quite as poorly off as you are, my dear; for I also was destitute of friends in those sad days. My parents were both dead, and my sister and brother, the parents of my nephew, whom you have seen, were dead too, so you see I had nobody. But I tire you with my prattle."

"O, no, no indeed," said Evelyn, earnestly, "your story gives me courage—your case was so like my own."

"Well, I hope you will consider me as your friend, my child, and then I shall try and lighten your cares all I can; for I like you"—and here she laid her hand gently on Evelyn's head—"I

like you," she repeated. "You have good courage—you are not afraid nor ashamed to toil; and be assured that Providence always helps those who are willing to help themselves."

"I believe it," was Evelyn's serious response.

"And now," said the old lady, "here comes your little girl, running in from school. She is a little darling. Will you let me take her home with me and spend the afternoon? I will send her home safely before dark."

With pleasure Evelyn assented.

"Mr. St. James, to whom are you bowing?—pray tell me;" said the fair Arabella, languidly, while chatting with that gentleman, who had encountered her during one of her shopping excursions.

"That lady in black—Mrs. Seymour—there, you may just see her face. Are you not acquainted with her? I thought she looked just now as though she knew you."

Arabella colored, angrily, and, without noticing his question, said: "So you know her?"

"Yes—I have that honor."

He regarded the lady quietly for an instant, and then excusing himself, hurried away. In a moment more he had reached Evelyn Seymour's side; and as he did so, the carriage of Mrs. Acheson dashed past them; and Arabella, seated within, beheld Maximilian St. James and her despised cousin, walking side by side.

"Mama—look!" was all she could say, for anger.

"My dear," was the quick response, as Mrs. Acheson remarked them, "I will find out, shortly, what all that means."

That afternoon, Mrs. Mackenzie was seated in the drawing-room at —— Street, engaged in reading. The house had assumed a more cheerful appearance since her arrival, for Maximilian's was no longer the mere bachelor's residence it had been. Instead of being shut up now, with dust and cobwebs, it had suddenly thrown off its air of loneliness, for one of life and pleasantness, that completely metamorphosed it. It was one of the most elegant residences in town. It was the property of a man whose wealth had excited the most ambitious dreams of half the managing mamas and marriageable daughters about; and Mrs. Acheson had secured all this, *prospectively*, for her eldest darling, the magnificent Arabella, who was resolved neither to die in single blessedness, not yet to make an insignificant match.

Mrs. Acheson had known Mrs. Mackenzie for years, and was on terms of considerable intimacy with her, though truth to say, the friendship was pretty much all on her own side, since Mrs. Mackenzie had no very faint suspicions of the lady's designs on her nephew, and was not over fond of the haughty and scheming Arabella. Maximilian himself, from his friendship for Wilton Acheson, the only son and brother of the family, was, consequently, intimate with the rest; but an attachment for Arabella was the last thing which would ever have entered his mind. Mrs. Acheson's carriage, on the afternoon of which we have spoken, drew up at St. James's door, and five minutes after, the lady herself was seated, engaged in the most affable style, in conversation with "her dear friend, Mrs. Mackenzie."

A thousand subjects of commonplace importance were touched upon before Mrs. Acheson ventured to introduce the one which she had come purposely to discuss. Finally, however, it was brought in in this way:

"O, by-the-by, my dear madam, I met Maximilian this morning, or rather passed him, I should say, and a lady was with him who strongly reminded me of a former friend of mine. The resemblance was certainly striking—who could it have been, I wonder?"

And thereupon followed a most minute description of Evelyn; so that nobody who had ever seen her could mistake it. Mrs. Mackenzie recognized it in a moment, and the more readily, because she already knew from Maximilian's own lips, that he had that morning walked with Evelyn, whom he overtook in the street, as far as her own door. The shrewd old lady guessed directly that her guest desired to find out whether *she* knew anything of Mrs. Seymour, and, if so, whether she was on terms of intimacy with her; because she discovered on the instant, that Mrs. Acheson was aroused to curiosity and uneasiness concerning Maximilian and this beautiful woman whom she had seen by his side. As yet, however, she was unaware of the connection existing between Evelyn and Mrs Acheson.

"O, that was a young friend of ours—a Mrs. Seymour,"—she answered quietly, scanning the lady's face with a glance from over her spectacles—"one of whom we think a great deal. She is one of the sweetest women I know. Maximilian admires her very much."

He did, did he? Mrs. Acheson could not help turning pale, as she thought of Arabella's prospects. So Evelyn Seymour was an intimate friend of theirs; and Maximilian St. James admired her very much. She went home in a state of mind considerably disturbed. Was Evelyn Seymour destined to rival her daughter a second time?

She arrived at conclusions rapidly. Evelyn Seymour herself had never dreamed of such a thing. She continued to sew for Mrs. Mackenzie, resolutely pursuing her employment, and confining her ideas to it alone. She tried to forget what she had been, and to look upon herself merely as Mrs. Mackenzie's seamstress—to think of nothing more.

Mrs. Mackenzie, however, sought to make a friend rather than dependent of her. She tried to win her to visit her frequently—to accompany her when she went out—in short, so genuine and sincere had become her admiration of Evelyn, and so earnest her friendship, that she disliked to regard her as Evelyn's own noble, self-denying heart prompted—in the true position which she occupied.

Evelyn went to her only when it was absolutely necessary to do so. She worked steadily, saying to herself that she was dependent on her needle for support, and maintained the strictest seclusion in keeping with her station. Milly, however, was a frequent guest of Mrs. Mackenzie and St. James. Both loved the child. She was an especial pet of the old lady, who declared she filled the house with sunshine; and Maximilian found a degree of pleasure in drawing her to his side, and tracing in the sweet countenance her mother's likeness, that sprung from no common interest in either mother or child. He saw Evelyn but seldom. The morning walk with her, when he had overtaken her in the street, after parting with Arabella Acheson, was the occasion of the longest interview he had yet had with her; and he remembered it; for it was with secret pleasure that he had seen that morning something like pleased surprise in the glance with which she discovered him walking beside her. Since then, he had seen her but once.

"Aunt, how long has Mrs. Seymour been a widow?"

Maximilian St. James was leaning over the work-table, playing with the worsted in Mrs. Mackenzie's basket. He asked the question in a tone and manner that were calm, and yet not without some slight embarrassment.

Mrs. Mackenzie looked sharply at him over her glasses, and half suspended her knitting-work, then went quietly on; his glances, meanwhile, being fixed on the worsted he was entangling.

"A year and a half, or nearer two years, Maximilian. If you are going to propose to her, I advise you to put it off. She would not have you. You must wait some time yet."

This quiet and straightforward admission of her knowledge of his thoughts, somewhat disconcerted him; but since she had perceived their nature he went further.

"Aunt,"—he said, plainly—"do you think she would marry again?"

"I think she may, sometime—yes."

"Sometime?"

"That is, when she shall have—but no matter, Maximilian. It is difficult to judge one woman by the rest. I see Evelyn happy and cheerful and light-hearted; existence is a pleasure to her. She mourns no longer her husband's loss, but she has not ceased to cherish that saddened remembrance of him which would prevent her from marrying again yet. When that sadness has passed away, and she has learned to think of him without tears, you may hope. I am very glad, Maximilian, that you like her. I had always a kind of uneasiness, I confess, in relation to your opinion of Miss Acheson, her husband's cousin. How unexpectedly that relationship came out, by-the-by. They have treated Evelyn shamefully—those Achesons. Mrs. Jackson told me all about their ill-will towards her. Well, I don't wonder that Harry Seymour chose Evelyn in preference to his unbearable cousin."

It was some six or eight months after the time when the above conversation took place, that St. James sat at his writing-desk sealing a letter which he had just finished writing. He was slightly paler than usual, as he rung the bell and delivered it to the servant who appeared, bidding him carry it to Mrs. Seymour, in —— Street.

The man departed to deliver the missive; but as it happened, he found on reaching the lower hall that Mrs. Seymour herself had just been admitted, and was waiting in the drawing-room for Mrs. Mackenzie, who was out. Evelyn was surprised when he entered and presented the letter, saying that he had just started to carry it to her residence. She supposed it a communication from Mrs. Mackenzie; but in the superscription she recognized, with a quick-throbbing heart, the chirography of St. James. For a moment, she could not open it. What had he to say to her?" Slowly the envelope was removed, and she perused the contents of the epistle.

It was an offer of marriage from Maximilian. The color wavered in her cheek—she was agitated—she blushed and trembled. She could scarcely comprehend it. A step descended the stairs—to the hall—to the drawing-room door.

"Aunt," said Maximilian, entering, and then he paused, his glance encountered Evelyn's face. She was blushing; his letter was in her hand; she had read it. He moved forward; he took her hand. His countenance was quite pale; his voice trembled. "Mrs. Seymour—Evelyn—what have you to say?"

He held her hands clasped in his own, with a gentle, timid pressure. He had no words of pleading, but there was an entreating tenderness in his voice that was eloquence itself, as bending over her, he uttered, earnestly:

"Evelyn—Evelyn!"

Reader—let us take our departure. You do not need to hear what was said there. I am half afraid we have lingered too long already for politeness. And I suppose it is very well known to you that Evelyn and Maximilian were married shortly after; an event which made every one happy but the Acheson family.

ANECDOTE OF AN ACTOR.

Madame Rollan, who died in 1785, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, was a principal dancer on Covent-garden stage in 1731, and followed her profession, by private teaching, to the last year of her life. She had so much celebrity in her day, that having one evening sprained her ankle, no less an actor than Quin was ordered by the manager to make an apology to the audience for her not appearing in the dance Quin, who looked upon all dancers as "the mere garnish of the stage," at first demurred; but being threatened with forfeiture, he growlingly came forward and in his coarse way thus addressed the audience:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am desired by the manager to inform you that the dance intended for this night is obliged to be postponed, on account of Mademoiselle Rollan having dislocated her ankle. I wish it had been her neck."—*Anecdotes of the Stage.*

WASHINGTON'S DIGNITY.

The visitors at Mount Vernon, many of whom have recorded their impressions, included a singular variety of characters, from the courtier of Versailles to the farmer of New England, from the English officer to the Italian artist; and it is remarkable, that, various as are the terms in which they describe the illustrious host, a perfect identity in the portraits is obvious. They all correspond with the description of Chief Justice Marshall:

"His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength united with manly gracefulness. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, mingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship and enjoyed his intimacy, was ardent, but respectful. His temper was humane, benevolent and conciliatory; but there was quickness in his sensibility to anything apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to correct."

An illustration of the last named trait is afforded in an incident related by the late Gouverneur Morris, who was distinguished by an uncommon share of Washington's confidence and affection

"At a convivial party to which Washington was invited, his remarkable traits were the subject of discussion among the company; and it was insisted that no one, however intimate, would dare to take a liberty with him. In a foolish moment of elation, Gouverneur Morris accepted a bet that he would try the experiment. Accordingly, just before dinner was announced, as the guests stood in a group by the fire, he induced a somewhat lively chat, and in the midst of it, apparently from a casual impulse, clapped Washington familiarly on the shoulder. The latter turned and gave him such a mild and dignified yet grieved surprise, that even the self-possession of his friend deserted him. He shrank from that gaze of astonishment at his forgetfulness of respect, and and the mirth of the company was instantly awed into silence."

It is curious, with this anecdote fresh in the mind, to revert to the eulogy delivered by Morris after the death of Washington: "You have all felt the reverence he inspired; it was such that to command seemed to him but the exercise of an ordinary function, while others felt that a duty to obey (anterior to the injunctions of civil ordinance or the compulsion of a military code), was imposed by the high behests of nature."—*H. T. Tuckerman in North American Review.*

MAGNIFICENT NIGHT SCENE.

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene midsummer night, the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in its last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre, but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the work of transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of heaven; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.—*Hon. Edward Everett's Address at Albany.*

THE CHINESE MONARCHY.

The era of the Chinese monarchy has been variously fixed from 2952 to 2132 years before Christ, and the year 2637 has been chosen for the lawful epoch. The difference arises from the uncertain duration of the first two dynasties, and the vacant space that lies beyond them as far as the real or fabulous times of Fohi. The thirty-six eclipses of Confucius, thirty-one of which have been verified, were observed between 722 and 480 years before Christ. China is, undoubtedly, the oldest empire in the world; its authentic history extends over the marvellous period of 4000 years. About two centuries before our era, the Chinese were possessed of ink, paper, and the art of printing. They were also acquainted with gunpowder, and excelled in pyrotechny.—*Baltimore Sun.*

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

This city, of which we present some fine illustrations, drawn expressly for us in Kilburn's best style, is situated on the northwest bank of Detroit River, in Wayne county. The city is supplied with water from Detroit River. The reservoir and hydraulic works, of which we present a view, are situated upon Atwater Street, in the upper part of the city. The reservoir which contains the water is of cast iron, sixty feet in diameter and twenty feet deep, and is supported by a circular brick building sixty-two feet in diameter at an elevation of forty-seven feet from the ground. The water is raised to the reservoir by a steam engine, which works a forcing pump that is fixed several feet below the surface of the river. The building occupied by this engine is seen on the left of the reservoir in our engraving. The old State House, seen in our first engraving, is a brick building of a florid style of architecture. It fronts upon State Street, and is enclosed in a fine park. The capital of the State being changed to Lansing, left this building without occupation, and it is now used as a school. The post-office and mariner's church are located in a Gothic stone building corner of Woodward Avenue and Woodbridge Street, and are delineated in our third engraving. A portion of this building is also occupied as offices. The Odd Fellows' Hall, depicted in our last engraving, is also located upon Woodward Avenue, near the corner of Congress Street. It is a neat, substantial building, and makes a pleasing appearance upon the street. A commercial college is also in the building. St. Ann's Church, upon Larned, corner of Bates Streets, is chosen for illustration from the peculiarity and picturesqueness of its appearance. The body of the building is of dark stone, the towers and steeples being of wood. On the left of our picture is seen a part of a building containing the water works office, and also an engine house. Detroit has several extensive manufactories. It has five large saw-mills, which turn out nine million feet of lumber and four million laths annually. Ship and boat building is also largely carried on. There are several large foundries and machine shops for the manufacture of heavy machinery, that employ several hundred hands. The business of Detroit is immense. The annual exports, coastwise, amount to above $4,000,000, and the imports to upward $15,000,000. The shipping of the port, June 30, 1854, amounted to an aggregate of 52,456 tons, of which 21,368 tons were employed in steam navigation. Population in 1853, 34,436. The village of Detroit was incorporated in 1802. In 1805, it was destroyed by fire. In 1812, the fort and town surrendered to the British, but were re-occupied in 1813. The following is a condensed account of Hull's surrender at Detroit:—Soon after the declaration of war, on the 16th of August, General Hull, the governor of Michigan Territory, surrendered his whole army, and the fort at Detroit, without a single battle, to General Brock. "So entirely unprepared was the public for this extraordinary event, that no one could have believed it to have taken place, until communicated from an official source." Hull had been sent at the head of about 2500 men to Detroit, with a view of putting an end to the Indian hostilities in that part of the country. At the time of the surrender of the fort, it is said that his force consisted of more than 1000 men, that of the British was 1300, of whom more than half were Indians. When the British column had arrived within 500 yards of the American lines, General Hull ordered his men, who were placed in a favorable situation, to annoy the enemy, to retreat into the fort, and that the cannon should not be fired. "Immediately there was heard a universal burst of indignation." The order, however, could not be disobeyed. The men were ordered to stack their arms; a white flag was hung out upon the walls, and a communication passed between the two generals, which was shortly followed by a capitulation. Not only the American force at Detroit, but various detachments from the fort, the volunteers, and all the provisions at Raisin, the fortified posts and garrisons, and the whole territory and inhabitants of Michigan, were delivered over to the commanding general of the British forces. Two thousand five hundred stand of arms, forty barrels of powder, and twenty five iron and eight brass pieces of ordnance, the greater part of which had been captured from the British in the revolutionary war, were surrendered with them. The American volunteers and militia were sent home, on condition of not serving again during the war, unless exchanged. The general and the regular troops were sent to Quebec as prisoners of war. Being exchanged, General Hull was prosecuted by the government of the United States, and arraigned before a military tribunal, who acquitted him of the charge of treason, but sentenced him to death, for cowardice and unofficerlike conduct. But in consequence of his age and revolutionary services, the president remitted the punishment of death, but deprived him of all military command.—As an amusing contrast to the city of



OLD STATE HOUSE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.



WATER WORKS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.



POST-OFFICE, WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT.

to-day, we here copy a picturesque sketch of Detroit in the olden time, from that charming book, "Shoepac Recollections, by Walter March," which cannot fail to interest and entertain our readers:—"Ours was a little antiquated city. Its inhabitants were mostly French. At the time I came upon the stage of events, the transition to a modern American town had scarcely commenced. The body of the population was still of the *ancien régime*. The few Americans were officers, or ex-officers, of either the general or territorial government, and their families, relations, dependents and friends, whom they had persuaded to venture beyond the 'jumping-off place,' as Buffalo was then termed. The spirit of emigration had not been fully aroused; and the spirit of speculation, if felt at all, was confined to the fur-traders, a class made up of all nations. I cannot compare the society more nearly than to that of some principal East India Company station in a city of Hindostan. There were the governor of the territory and his family, the judicial, executive, and military functionaries, with their families and their dependents; like subahdar, nabobs, begums and the lesser lights—traders and natives, French, Indian and half-breed. But one could not well imagine a pleasanter state of feeling than mutually existed, with sufficient distinction between the different castes or classes to prevent wrangling, and yet sufficient community of interest, prejudice and pleasure to make everybody sociable. The French gave a tone of gaiety—the military, both elevation and hospitality. There were balls, where everybody danced with everybody's wife and daughter. There were theatricals, where the most dignified gentlemen took parts. It may be a mere whim, but I think I never have elsewhere met such easy polish and affability among gentlemen. There was no touchiness about position in the social scale, and consequently neither stiffness nor affectation; and to this day, the same easy grace of manner is notable among the sons and daughters of the good old city. The traveller, journeying at that period from New York westward, after leaving Albany, penetrated into regions where civilization grew dimmer and dimmer as he advanced, until he became quite certain of having passed the *ultima thule*, when he would stumble with astonishment on our little community. There he would be welcomed with a courtesy no less gracious, and a hospitality much warmer than he would himself have extended to a stranger in the metropolis. Yet there he would behold the Frenchman, riding in his two-wheeled cart to market with white fish and onions, and screaming a rascally *patois*. Or he might observe a wedding procession, of the same mercurial race, driving through the principal—or rather only—avenue, at full speed to church, two and two, in little antique *caléches;* the bride, of course, dressed in white, but wearing no bonnet, though rejoicing in a veil that sweeps the ground, and her bridesmaids driving after, as bonnetless as herself—a happy state of things to which the dear ladies of the present day are fast returning. As he sauntered along up the street, he would see old-fashioned buildings, stores and dwellings forming a promiscuous row, with high gables and dormer-windows, roofs peaked like Vandyke hats, with their edges notched and painted red, and doors panelled into four parts, and opening by subdivisions, like modern window-shutters. Motley groups, consisting of French, Americans and Indians, sit with their sociable pipes enjoying confabulations made up of words, nods, shrugs and the impenetrable "ugh! ugh!" of the taciturn red man. Peeping into the halls and rooms as he passed, he might here and there discern a carpet, but generally the floors were covered with Indian mats. The shops would be filled with bales of furs, gaudy-colored calicoes—known as Indian calicoes—mococks of maple sugar, broidered with painted porcupine quills, deerskins, moccasins and Indian trinkets; few such, however, as are now palmed off upon the curious and credulous stranger at Niagara. Often he may meet on the sidewalk an Indian—some dark Potowattimie, or tall, painted Sac or Fox—one of nature's own noblemen, erect and martial in his bearing, and with a single ridge of stiff, black hair, standing like the crest of a helmet on his head; or, peradventure, groups of Winnebagoes, with blue blankets on their handsome squaws, while their own arms, ears and noses would jingle with silver ornaments; or, skulking along, some thievish craven of a Menmomonie, whose name was no less a term of reproach among the nobler tribes, than that of the Samaritan with the disdainful children of Judah. Passing above the town, he might find large, conical, birch-bark tents pitched on the long slope of the river bank, and graceful, light pirogues drawn up in regular rows on the shore; these belong to the Indians, whom he may, if it chance to be payment season, behold in hundreds, or even thousands. Succotash is boiling in huge iron mococks, mats, or moccasins, or cooking game, or pilfered chickens in the sugar-boiler, or smoking fish, depending from a stick sustained over the fire by two forked uprights. Shame to the pale faces!—he might hear drunken noises issuing from a lodge here and there; or worse, see an Indian and his wife, or several squaws by themselves, alternately caressing each other and quarrelling, moved by the demon that lurks in fire-water. There mus be dark shadows in every picture, especially in a picture of human life. Gratefully, now, let him turn, at the soft sound of an Indian flute, played with no great skill or variety of cadence, but plaintively, by some young dandy. It is a reed, into which holes are burned for the gamut of notes, and around it are wound deerskin thongs to prevent splitting. Possibly, your Indian Pan may be joined by a musical brother on the drum, which is naught else, after all, than a species of rude banjo—a skin drawn over a hoop, as everybody knows. Then fortunate the Gothamite might deem himself to witness an Indian dance at that comparatively primitive period. As he strolls out further from the town, he is struck with a peculiarity in the divisions of the farms; for each one is but a narrow strip of land running back into the woods two or three miles, so that every farmer may have a front on the river. A hundred or so yards from the beach stands the farm-house, similar to those already described, with only more amplitude of dimensions, and a broad, indolent, sun-loving porch, on which sleeps an old dog—practised no less in raccoon lore than experienced in swimming after wild ducks. In cozy familiarity, an old cat is blinking by his side, or purring as she rubs her electric coat against his shaggy hair; or perched upon his back, a piping chicken is with difficulty balancing itself, as it picks at the flies which buzz around his nose, or alight with a tickling mischief on his lazily-flapping ears. In front of the house are the cherry-trees, and in rear the pear and apple-orchards; and the traveller is surprised to find the best of fruit thus far beyond the pale of civilization—fruits brought from sunny France, and planted by the skillful Jesuit; apples, red to the core, large and luscious; cherries that rival nectarines; and pears of every variety, and of every season, from July to November. Nor will the patch of onions escape his notice: it is a Frenchman's flower-garden—the invariable concomitant of every family who may claim a foot square of mother earth. The fish-net or *seine* is stretched on the fence. The long, flint-lock duck gun, with leathern pouch and powder-horn, is hung on wooden hooks in the hall. The canoe is drawn up on the beach. But



ST. ANN'S CHURCH, CORNER OF LARNED AND BATES STREET, DETROIT.



ODD FELLOWS' HALL, WOODWARD AV NUE, DETROIT.

or brass pots over the fires. A small army of famished, wolfish-looking dogs lie around, winking lazily in the sun; and no smaller army of naked children are running everywhere—some pitching bright coppers, others shooting with their bows and arrows, and others swimming and diving in the limpid water; while around on the trees or fence, or sides of the wigwams, he may behold many infant papooses sleeping in their hanging cradles of hide and birch; or with their heads strapped back, looking on the scene with wise, unwinking eyes. They seldom cry, and are no inapt representations of patience on a monument. He would meet pretty, fawn-faced young squaws who glance coquettishly at him, and no less so at themselves, or rather some ornament, or little rude mirror half-concealed on their persons. Now and then one peeps at him from behind the blanket at the tent-door. Respectable elderly women would be sitting around, at work on hark! you hear the sound of distant voices come stealing over the water. Turn towards the river. See a long pirogue, or more ample Mackinaw boat—perhaps a little fleet of them in a single line, manned by *voyajeurs*, or *courreurs de bois*, and loaded with packs of peltries. The oarsmen have fitted out at Mackinaw, to appear in style at Detroit—the greater station, and nearer civilization. Probably the present is the glad occasion to which they have looked forward, and they have talked over their plans concerning it for many, many months. Each *garcon* has a sash around his waist, and pulls a red oar. They keep perfect time—and it is joyous quick time—with the notes of a French song which was chanted in France a century ago: 'Malbrooks s'en va t'a guerrah!' Or perchance the air is one you may not recognize: 'A Lon-don day. S'en va coucher!' No music could be more lively or inspiring. It comes over the water—is accompanied hy the plash of oars. It is roared out with the utmost spirit, too, by that most glorious of all instruments, the human voice. It has pealed through the woods, and over the rivers and lakes, for thousands of miles. It has animated those brave adventurers in camp, at *portage*, through summer and winter, rain and snow, sickness, peril and death; and now, joy! joy! it greets the steeples of St. Ann! The children run out of the houses, down to the river shore, to hear it; the maiden turns pale, and blushes, and hurries to the door; the old man hobbles out and waves his hat. Troops of people rush down to the wharves to see them land; and such shouts of welcome and rejoicing never were known before."

ISLAND OF SICILY.

The fair island of Sicily, once the garden and granary of Rome, is now an oppressed and neglected appanage of the kingdom of Naples. In years past she has had many rulers—Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, Normans, French Germans and Spaniards; but under none has she been so misgoverned as under her present masters, the Spanish Bourbons. The people are heavily taxed, but not for the promotion of great enterprises or internal improvements. The roads are few and in bad repair; the mines are unworked, and everything betokens the poverty of the country. The city of Syracuse, which once contained more than a million of inhabitants, has dwindled into a town of but fourteen thousand, and the total population of the island is but little more than a million and a half.—*Charleston (S. C.) Courier.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A MEMORY.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

'Neath a beech tree's leafy shadow
One sweet summer day of old,
Happy children we were playing,
Care to us was then untold;
You and Jemmy were the lambkins,
I the shepherd of the fold.

Gamesome was our cousin Jemmy,
No young lamb was blithe as he,
Richer rang his liquid laughter
Than a wild bird's melody;
'Neath the gentle skies of Eire
Few had gayer hearts than we.

All amid the grasses sporting,
Heedless of the flying hours,
When bright butterflies pursuing,
Treading down the garden flowers;
Often since when pleasure seeking,
Crushed we some sweet peace of ours.

More like some dark dream of sorrow,
Seemed it than a chilly truth,
When they sought us in the garden,
Vainly speaking words of ruth—
"Jemmy, dead is thy dear mother,
Now from heaven she guards thy youth."

Hushed was darling Jemmy's laughter,
Drooped he like a flower wan,
Those sad words that Sabbath morning
Fell like night his heart upon;
Long he sobbed "Come back, sweet mama!"
All his young heart's glory gone.

Jemmmy soon will reach proud manhood,
Our sweet childhood's years are o'er,
He in foreign climes in sorrow,
We upon a distant shore,
'Neath the smiling skies of Eire
We shall meet ah! never more.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TOO MISERABLE BY HALF.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

In the wide range of open country that meets the traveller's eye in one of our Northern States, there is no lovelier spot than Cedar Vale. The house was low, and rather quaint than elegant in its architecture. But before it was a wide sweep of lawn and river, forming the loveliest landscape in the world; behind it were cultivated fields and dense forests.

There came a time when for me all the sunshine seemed pressed out of the visible world; when life looked dark to me, and Hope turned aside her head and wept. Almost I had begun to doubt even the goodness of God, for sorrow had hung a dark curtain between me and the light of his countenance. I sickened of myself, the outward world, and human nature; and my day-dreams only yielded in the intensity of their horrors to those which assailed me at night. I did not know how much I needed the kind and gentle hand of a friend to be laid on my suffering heart; and yet such was the only remedy which would touch or mitigate my disorder.

I was walking one day through the crowded city, careless of the gay throngs that passed me, and thinking how utter and complete was the desolation of the crowded thoroughfare, when I felt some one touch my shoulder. Mechanically I turned round and met the gaze of an old friend whom I had not seen for years. It was the first touch of gladness which had visited me for many months, and I aroused myself sufficiently to give Hervey Mansfield something like a cordial greeting.

"Why, doctor," I exclaimed, "so far from Cedar Vale."

"Even so far from Cedar Vale," he answered, "yet only here on pressing business, and deeply anxious to get back the moment I can accomplish it. Nothing would tempt me to stay in your confounded city twenty-four hours longer! How you can exist here at all is a great mystery to me!"

I related to him briefly the sad and mournful experiences of the last few months, and received my friend's pitying and genuine sympathy. His full appreciation of my sorrow was in itself a balm to my heart, and I felt for the first time in my life, how fully such sympathy can reach the heart of the mourner.

My friend was a physician, deeply and devotedly attached to his profession, and by no means confining himself to the outward tokens of disease; he knew that they often lay far deeper than can be seen by those who only look superficially. Over me at this time he seemed almost to possess a mesmeric power, and I yielded at once to its influence.

"You are looking pale and ill, also, Herbert," said my friend. "Come home with me to Cedar Vale, and leave this dusty city for those who have strength and spirits to endure it."

I looked up into his good, honest face, and saw such an expression of genuine heartiness in the invitation, that I felt prompted to accept it at once.

"But your father and mother, Hervey," I said—"how will they like to have a visitor thrust thus unceremoniously upon them?"

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Herbert. They remember your last visit, and still speak of it with pleasure; besides which, you know that I am an only son, and my happiness makes theirs. So you need have no scruples on that score, but come at once."

"When do you leave?" I asked.

"This afternoon at four o'clock. I am impatient to get away."

I agreed to meet him at the station, and parted from him to pack my portmanteau for the journey.

A railway car is no place for conversation or sight-seeing; but we were amply remunerated the last five miles of our journey, for the railway extended no nearer Cedar Vale, and the doctor had left his chaise at the station. Sad as I was, I could not shut my eyes to the beauties which everywhere surrounded us, and my friend's conversation fairly drew me away from my sadness.

An hour's rapid driving brought us under the shadow of the old quaint gateway, in time to see the most glorious of sunsets. The elder Mr. Mansfield met us at the door, and gave me a hearty welcome, which was echoed by his wife, as we entered the pleasant parlor where she sat. Her greeting to her son was as warm as though he had been absent months instead of days.

"How is Anstice, mother?" asked the doctor.

"Much better," she answered, "but still unable to come down stairs. Will you go to her a moment before tea? She will perhaps expect you."

He replied by running swiftly up the broad staircase, and I heard a sound of joyful welcome as he entered the room above.

I was aware that Harvey had no sister, and concluded that "Anstice" must be some child who might be visiting Cedar Vale, for the laugh with which she greeted him was as low as an infant's. He came down soon, and we did ample justice to the delicious country supper The old lady's steaming Hyson was equalled only by the thick rolling cream and nice white biscuit, flanked on each side by delicate preserves; while a cold chicken was considerately added to the evening meal for the benefit of the travellers. After this we had a walk under the rich August moon; we then separated for the night. How delicious seemed the wide airy room with its wealth of white dimity hangings, its cool straw mattings, and the rich vines trailing over its windows. I had not experienced a sensation of such peace and comfort as now came upon me in the quiet home of my friend for many months. Sleep visited my eyelids unaccompanied by the horrors of which I had dreamed for some time previous; and I woke refreshed and invigorated in body and spirit.

The doctor was awaiting me in the pleasant breakfast-room, the windows of which were curtained only by the soft green of a trailing grape vine. As we sat down to the luxurious breakfast, I observed that Hervey was selecting the most delicate food, and placing it on a small tray.

"Take this up to Anstice," he said to the servant in attendance. A smile which his mother exchanged with him brought a deep blush on his brown, manly cheek.

"Surely, this Anstice can be no child," I said to myself; but in the earnest and interesting conversation, in which we were soon engaged, I forgot to ask any question respecting her.

After breakfast, Hervey went out to visit his patients, and I took a stroll in the garden. Returning, he joined me there, and began to select the finest and rarest flowers, tossing them carelessly into a small basket, which he found lying on a seat in the summer house. As we returned to the house, I noticed that he again ran up stairs, and again I heard the low, musical laugh.

A week passed in this manner, every day bringing me some fresh proof of my friend's devotion to the invisible being, whom I still thought of only as a child. One morning at breakfast, Mrs. Mansfield announced that Anstice would be able to leave the room.

"You had better take her down in your arms, Hervey," said she, "if you feel perfectly able to do so."

I looked at the strong, commanding form of Dr. Hervey Mansfield, as he rose from the table, and wondered what should hinder him from bringing so light a burden as a child down the broad, easy staircase.

"Can't I help you, Hervey?" said I, playfully; and was rather puzzled at the honest and unconscious way in which he answered, that he thought he should be able to take her down with some little assistance from the servant girl. He left the room, and as I passed into the parlor, I observed that a couch was prepared there, as for an invalid, just under the vine-shaded window. In a few minutes I heard a stir upon the staircase, and made my exit through one of the long windows, thinking that I might annoy the sick child. Half an hour afterwards, Hervey beckoned to me from the door. I joined him immediately, and leading me forward to the couch, he introduced me in his own cordial manner to Miss Milford. I believe that I blushed deeply, for instead of the child whom I expected to see, I beheld a beautiful young lady, whose bright color and rounded form showed that at least she had been no sufferer from illness. One delicate foot peeped out from among the folds of her white muslin dress; the other was enveloped in flannel, and lay upon a cushion.

The solution of the whole matter was, I now thought, before me. I saw it all in the doctor's handsome and satisfied face, as he bent down benignly over the recumbent beauty. She looked up at him fondly and admiringly, as he was explaining to me the nature of the accident which had kept her confined so long to her room. It had been done, he said, in jumping from her horse, "carelessly, too," he added, "for what were men fit for but to wait on these slender creatures?"

There was something in the countenance of Anstice Milford, which reminded me of one whom I had loved and lost. The same calm, clear blue eye, the same confiding look, and the same small, beautifully-shaped head—all reminded me of my buried love. It came upon me so sadly, and with such deep force, that my heart uttered a deep cry. It was as though the image of my lost Caroline was suddenly placed before me.

I breathed nothing of this, however, to any mortal; and days, and even weeks passed by, and no thought came into my heart of Anstice Milford, except as the beloved of my friend Hervey. To her he was all devotion, and as she became convalescent, his attentions were as marked as ever. She could now walk slowly about the garden, and at the hours in which he visited his patients, I became her sole attendant. Looking at her as the future wife of my friend, I experienced for her only a tender friendship. At least I thought so; and even now my heart acquits me of all disloyalty towards Hervey Mansfield.

As time went on, we walked and rode together in the hours of his absence; and I know not whether it was most painful or pleasing to me to watch the gentle, confiding manner which she invariably used towards me. I thought I knew her feelings perfectly—that she looked upon me as Hervey's friend, and wished to make me her own. How well I accepted the trust, time showed.

Up to this time I had been perfectly ignorant of the manner in which she became an inmate of my friend's family. On this subject, Hervey's mother was kind enough to enlighten me. Hervey had once saved her from drowning, while she was under the care of her aunt. Anstice was an orphan almost from her birth, and was brought up entirely by her mother's sister. Mrs. Elwood had suffered the little creature to run at large, and she was thereby continually meeting with accidents.

On one occasion she had undertaken to paddle a boat, and lost her balance. Hervey Mansfield was just passing, and risked his own life to save her. This happened in the river, which runs just below Cedar Vale, and she, of course, was carried thither. From that time she made long and frequent visits to Mrs. Mansfield, who would gladly have adopted her for their own. It was on one of these visits that she had met with the accident which had so long confined her to her room.

Hervey treated her with the fondest care, such as one would bestow on a petted child—just such affection, in fact, as I had always supposed Hervey Mansfield would show to one whom he intended to make his wife. I found, however, to my consternation, that these walks and rides with Anstice were doing me a positive injury. Not that I was unfaithful to Hervey Mansfield, or his interests, but my heart began to tell me that I was loving Anstice too well, and I resolved to terminate my visit as soon as possible.

I told Hervey that I must go. He combated my resolution in his own frank, hearty manner, begged me not to think of such a thing, and declared that he was not going to have his month's work spoiled by having me fall into low spirits again, as I should inevitably do, if I went back into my bachelor's den. He called upon his mother and Anstice to try their persuasions to induce me to stay longer; and when I pleaded business, he turned away with a half-irritated, half-incredulous air.

I knew my own weakness, however, best, and left them in spite of their earnest entreaties for me to prolong my visit. Hervey's prediction proved true. My spirits relapsed into a still more despondent mood, and in a fit of desperation I embarked for Europe. Driven by a restless spirit, I wandered from place to place, visiting every scene of interest, yet bearing about with me a sad heart, and I suppose as sad a countenance. I passed much of my time in the picture galleries of Europe. There were faces constantly meeting my sight that wore the blended features of Caroline Ashton and Anstice Milford, and those I gazed upon long and sadly.

There were living faces, also, that captivated my imagination, if they did not appeal to my heart. Nay, I am not sure that, bachelor as I was, I was not always proof against the fascinations of the beautiful Italians. But after all, I was true to my first loves; the flashing black eyes and midnight hair of Gabrielle d'Este paled before the remembrance of the sunny locks and bright blue eyes of those whom I had worshipped in other climes. Those who cling pertinaciously to the idea that the heart can have but one love, may sneer at the blending of these two images; and yet the twofold love had really settled in my soul into one and the same.

I had made an engagement one day to visit some ruins, which were said to be the finest in Italy. The day was glorious, and the sky that bent above us was such as that land of beauty alone can present. Every tree and hill rose up sharply against the sky, strongly and well defined, and were mirrored softly in the silver streams and quiet lakelets that were dancing and sparkling in the sunshine, or sleeping in their quiet beauty beneath the hillsides.

We started on horseback, in the early morning, reaching our destination about nine o'clock. We were vexed at finding that a party had preceded us, and we took pains to avoid them by going to a distant part of the ruins. I had lagged behind, however, to secure my horse, and my party had already gone in advance of me, when I heard my name called out by a voice which seemed familiar, although I could not remember when, or where I had heard it. I looked up, and among the group that had first arrived, I recognized the frank, sunny countenance of my friend, the doctor. He looked elate with happiness, and coming towards me with his cordial, earnest manner, as of old, shook my hand affectionately, and begged me to join his party. The thought of Anstice Milford came over me; and when he added that he wished to introduce me to his wife, all the old jealousy came up with fourfold intensity.

I pleaded engagements with others, but it was of no use; he fairly dragged me to his circle, where my eyes were bewildered by the sight of several beautiful women. I heard Hervey's voice introducing me to his wife, and I looked up and saw Anstice—Anstice herself, even more beautiful than in former days—and still another, larger and more noble beauty beside her. Both were proffering their hands, and I was trying to call Anstice Mrs. Mansfield, but the words died on my lips; and making an apology that I must join my party, I left them, Hervey earnestly entreating me to return and spend the day with them, which I promised to do, if I could persuade the others to do the same. I walked slowly enough to the place where my friends were sitting; my mind was full of sweet and bitter fancies. Anstice, with her full and glorious beauty, was then really lost to me forever—and yet I had not the heart to grudge her to my noble friend.

By the time I arrived I had preached a lesson of patience and forbearance to my heart, and fancied myself quite a hero in thus trying to subdue my feelings. I found my friends ready and eager to go back, as the place where Hervey had seated himself was decidedly the most picturesque part of the ruins. We therefore joined them again, and introducing my party to Hervey, I left to him the task of performing the same ceremony to his companions.

I found Anstice willing, and in fact earnest to enter into conversation with me, and we passed a pleasant hour in recalling old memories of Cedar Vale. As to Hervey, his attention seemed to be equally divided between Anstice and her whom I called the lofty beauty; but as I had not caught her name, I could not as yet address her.

The day wore pleasantly on. Almost I caught the inspiration of gayety, that breathed out so fully from Hervey and his companions. I could not complain of Anstice, for she bestowed on me all the attention that any friend of the doctor's could reasonably expect—nay, even more than I had a right to expect; for must she not have remembered my devotion at Cedar Vale? Still, it was kind in her thus to forget all the past, and to treat me as her husband's friend. Nor was the other beauty behind her in attentions to myself; and as I gazed upon the glorious eyes and magnificent brow of her whom both Hervey and Anstice called Cecile, I thought how well she would have been fitted to be the wife of my friend; and I could not help wishing that he had left Anstice to one who would have loved her as fondly, to say the least, as himself.

We rode home under the bright moonlight, and I was astonished to see that Hervey left his wife to my care, while he himself escorted Cecile. I took the opportunity to inquire after all my old friends at Cedar Vale, and found that Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield still lived in the full tide of health and happiness.

"We are a happy family, I assure you, now," said Anstice, "especially since Cecile has come among us."

"Indeed," I said. "I knew nothing of this new relation before; I perceive that you call her cousin."

"Yes, she is Hervey's cousin, and, of course," said she, smiling, "she must be mine also."

We parted at the door of my hotel, and I consigned Anstice to the care of the doctor. All three pressed me for an early visit, and for a whole week, I went day after day to sun myself in the smiles of the two fair ladies. There was one peculiarity that struck me in the behaviour of the two; and that was, that when Hervey was absent, Cecile showed signs of unmistakable impatience and anxiety, while Anstice was calm, serene and happy.

Truth to tell, I now sought Cecile's society much oftener than that of Anstice. Indeed, our conversations, especially on the subject of marriage, became exceedingly confidential. So familiar had we become, that Cecile often rallied me on my choosing a single life; and one day she sent an electric chain throughout my whole being, by exclaiming, "Why in the world, Mr. Linton, do you not marry Anstice Milford?" I looked at her in blank dismay. Had Cecile heard of my blind attachment to Anstice?—and was she amusing herself at my expense?

I could not believe it of one so habitually kind and friendly, and I gasped out a demand for an explanation of her meaning. She looked aghast, as if feeling conscious that some mistake had been committed, not knowing what. Indeed, we both sat blushing and stammering, until Hervey came in with his light, ringing step, and sitting down by Cecile, he asked her, tenderly, what was the matter.

"I cannot tell," she said, "except that I must have asked Mr. Linton a very unfortunate question."

Hervey saw at once that there was something really serious between us, and asked her what could be the question that had disturbed us both so deeply.

"I simply inquired," she said, "half-seriously, half-jestingly, why he did not marry my dear cousin. I know now that it must have been an improper question, and I sincerely beg Mr. Linton's pardon for my rudeness."

"There is no apology necessary, Miss Mansfield," I said—I had always called her Miss Mansfield, as I understood that she was the elder Mr. Mansfield's niece—"I can readily forgive you, although I must confess to you both that the question touched a sore place in my heart. I did like Miss Milford, and could I have won her love, I would have resigned her to no person on earth, except to my friend Hervey. He alone deserves her, and I am glad that he has won the prize."

I cannot describe to you, reader, the look of blank surprise which pervaded the countenances of both Hervey and Cecile. Never was astonishment more strongly depicted. My friend looked as though he thought me mad, and Cecile's beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"There is some mistake here," she said, a little proudly, I thought, "which no one but Miss Milford can clear up. I will send her to you, Mr. Linton. "Come, Hervey," she said, playfully, as she clasped her small hands round his arm, "we will leave them together. This must be some lovers' quarrel, which we may only widen by intermeddling with."

It was my turn to look astonished, and I did it with all my might. Hervey took Cecile away, and returned with Anstice on his arm.

"I cannot tell what thought has taken possession of our friend; but if the idea was not too preposterous, I should almost think that he believed me to be married to you, Anstice, instead of to Cecile."

What a fool I had been! Now that the solution was before me, it seemed so stupid of me not to have read the riddle aright. What could Anstice—what could Cecile have thought of me? I didn't care at all for Hervey. I could make it all right enough with him, but to stand committed in the eyes of two beings like the others, was more than I, sensitive bachelor that I was, could bear with equanimity. An hour's conversation with Hervey set everything right; and he was even traitor enough to betray to me that Anstice Milford had more than a passing liking for my humble self.

"I love her next to Cecile," said the doctor, "and I shall be glad to bestow her upon you whenever you see fit to make the demand."

Again the doctor, remembering my ludicrous mistake, burst out into a long and hearty laugh, for which I forgave him in consideration of the crumb of comfort which he had just bestowed on me.

The wooing was begun under Italian skies, and completed in the following September amid the beautiful shades of Cedar Vale—an arrangement which seemed highly satisfactory to Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield, who had been patiently awaiting the return of their children, and who seemed to look upon me only as another link of the chain which bound all of their hearts together.

A beautiful cottage, in the immediate neighborhood of Cedar Vale, belonging to a gentleman who was about leaving America to take up his residence in Germany, was for sale, with all its furniture and appurtenances, of which I became the joyful possessor. It was so pleasant to think that I should ever be under the influence of Hervey Mansfield's hopeful and trusting spirit; and my marriage with Anstice was like taking out a new lease of life. What had become of the faithless and untrustful thoughts which I had cherished before coming to Cedar Vale?

"Even for the dead I would not bind my soul to grief." And even as the dead face of Caroline Ashton had mingled with that of Anstice, in the picture galleries at Florence, so the two became now in my mind one and indivisible.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TRAVELLING MANIA.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

The habit of travelling had become a second nature to the Bly family. Not a single soul of them could content themselves at home six weeks at a time during the whole year. For this reason they never had any quiet enjoyment in any place. We have often looked in upon them when some member of the eight children was sick, and supposed there could be no desire then to leave the darkened chamber, where everything was arranged with exquisite skill to make one comfortable; but still the words re-echoed, "we are hoping soon to be able to carry our child into the country," or, if at their country residence, "they did believe a trip to the seaside, or a journey to Niagara, would operate as a charm upon his or her debility." It is not a little curious to observe the accommodating spirit of physicians in recommending prescriptions which exactly take well with their patients. Dr. Blunt always told Mrs. Bly a "change was necessary," and she fully endorsed the sentiment.

And there sat the little pale seamstress, not allowing herself time to wipe the perspiration from her wearied and aching head, for the fifth flounce must be set upon Arabella's dress before tomorrow morning at seven o'clock, when she must take the cars for a western tour. Beside this, full a dozen pair of hose lay unmended upon the table, the eyelets to half a dozen pairs of boots need repairing, and a stitch here and there in this and that frock, that had been carelessly switched against a nail or other projection, all were ranged in the workroom, to be successively attended to in proper order. This same Arabella was sitting in a drawing-room below, enseconced in a recumbent chair, fanning herself with great velocity, listening to every sound of the bell, since it lacked but three minutes of the time to the engagement Mr. Faber, the German flutist, had made to accompany her to Nahant that morning. Five minutes from this time he arrived; the coach conveyed them to the boat, and the eldest daughter without care or trouble had rolled away for the day.

Busily our seamstress pursued her task—the last time she looked out being upon the pair who had just left the house; then she more actively pursued her labors, as her thoughts took a discursive range. Now and then the low snatches of a song might be heard—the seamstress was picturing the probable end to the career of Miss Arabella. The young lady had told her some of her secrets, for it was ascertained long since, that although Malvina was obliged to work for a living, yet she had much common sense, and an education which would compare with many young ladies of higher pretensions. But her parents had died young, and the guardian of the orphan had carefully invested three hundred dollars for her, as her marriage portion, and to meet her daily expenses, and to secure for herself a home. She had been recommended to Mrs. Bly as "apt with the needle."

Malvina, too, had a lover. He was no French professor, nor Italian tourist, nor German philosopher, nor English nobleman; but a plain farmer's son, born and bred in her native village, of a good practical education, correct moral character, and a decent patrimony in expectancy. She had told Arabella of "her John," and had read to her random parts of his letters, and Arabella wondered how such a young man could express himself so happily. There can be no doubt but that the seamstress's engagement lightened all the labors she was called upon to perform. The compensation for her services mitigated her pain, and the prospect of a vacation when she should meet "John," made her more unmindful of her increasing debility.

By four o'clock she had completed the fifth flounce; she shook out the dress before the admiring gaze of the mother, who remarked "it ought to look well, as it cost thirty-five dollars, and should be carefully worn; but young ladies now-a days had not much care of their apparel." The hose, the boots, the torn frocks were all completed, ready to be packed for the journey; twilight had deepened into darkness, the bells had rung their nine o'clock concert, and no Arabella came. Mr. Bly had been to the wharf where the boat landed, but nothing but the waves and a few merry boatmen met his gaze. He had glanced into more than one confectioner's saloon, had extended his walk both south and west, but there were no traces of his daughter; and with a disquieted heart he returned back with the most painful forebodings. Malvina was sent to search the chamber Arabella occupied, to ascertain if any scrap of writing or other clue could be found to account for her strange absence. The "Sorrows of Werter"—the romantic girl's idea of true love—lay upon her dressing-table, scored and marked in all its pathetic sentences, and a note on tinted rose paper protruded from the fly-leaf. Malvina, with her sacred regard to honor, carried it unopened to her mother, who read its contents amidst alternate sobs, and tears, and hysterical emphasis.

"My friends, call me not a blinded fool; say not I am the dupe of a mystical German lover; tell me not about severing the ties of kindred and friends at home. I am not mad when I tell you that there is only one true love that the heart ever knows; that mine is the concentration of a long struggle, a deep passion, an uncontrollable affection, all pledged to a reciprocating heart worthy to return the sacred flame, and keep it burning brightly. Yes, Julius Faber, when you read this, will be *my husband* by legal right, as he has long been my heart's idol. Do not grieve for me. I dread not poverty; I am not disgraced; nothing remains for me but to wed and be happy. I have travelled until I am weary with sight-seeing—am sick of seaside and mountain scenery. Nothing that is grand or sublime in nature moves me; nothing fills my soul but a life of prospective enjoyment with my own Julius. We sail for Germany to-morrow—not Nahant, as you supposed. I am provided with suitable apparel. Do not grieve, my dear parents, over my complete happiness and the accomplishment of my long-cherished purpose. We may meet again. A kiss for my father and mother, brothers and sisters, from ARABELLA."

Driven to frenzy, on the verge of desperation, Mrs. Bly could not think of remaining at home and brooding over her sorrows. "Could not the daughter's conduct be concealed? Need the world know but that they were aware of her departure?" There was comfort in these thoughts. Malvina and Mr. Bly only were in the mother's secret, and they would be silent. Mrs. Bly wiped her tears away, and her hopefulness returned. The three younger children would accompany her; the others were sent to different localities, the house was closed, the trunks upon the pavement, the coach-horses pawed, and Mrs. Bly and her three little ones, in one week from her daughter's elopement, were at a fashionable watering-place—Arabella not being missed among the crowd.

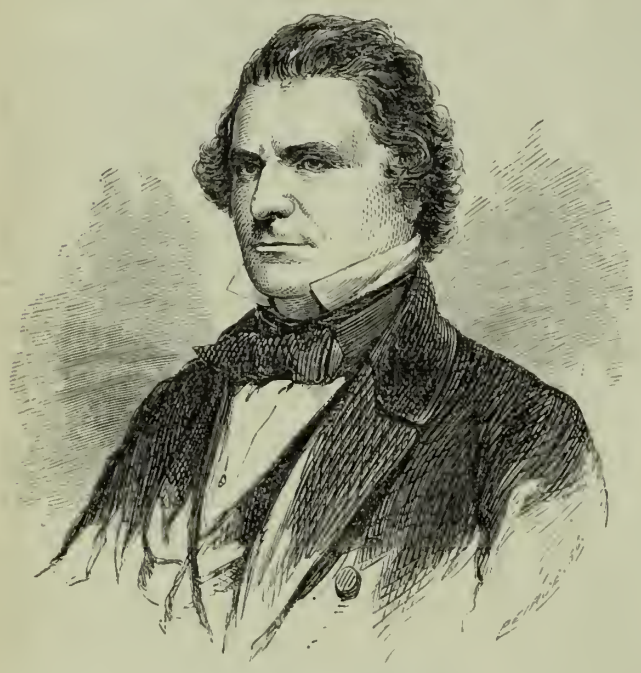
And how the opposite neighbors envied Mrs. Bly her indulgent husband, and her quiet, easy disposal of her children, and her rural enjoyments, and her fashionable trips! They wondered why it fell to their hard lot to always stay at home and drudge. Those with no families could not shut up their houses for fear of burglars; those with many children were always detained by sickness, or expected country cousins, or more generally because "the times were so hard," and board in "favored localities was so high." Nothing save a picnic in a burning hot sun, or a trip down the harbor when the silvery surface of the water put their eyes out and blistered their faces, or a ninepenny excursion on the horse railroad; these were all the enjoyments they could afford—and what pleasure was there in all this? To be happy, one must go from home—board in a luxurious hotel, dress like a duchess, look upon flirting maidens and silly coxcombs, or old beaux rejuvenated, color your hair, if gray, iron out your wrinkles and crowsfeet by "Rowland's Kalydor," have a new upper and under set furnished by the dentist as "temporary," buy lace basques, silk flounces, sets of Honiton lace, an imitation diamond set of jewelry. And those who happen to be blessed with precocious responsibilities, why they must not be overlooked, for they are acquainted with young ladies who ride on horseback with nice young men—and this implies they must have a suit appropriate—and Master Buck drives his tame steed, and carries on a flirtation with Anna. All the while the old folks only look upon them as "mere children, determined to have a good time in their summer vacations." Well, I have not wandered from my story; for all this was just what the young Blys were doing, notwithstanding their sister's elopement stood so recently before their mother as a "horrible, unnatural thing."

And how was it with our stay-at-home neighbors? A paragraph in the evening paper informs them that "last evening some daring burglar entered No. 43 —— Street, the residence of Mr. Bly, and abstracted all the plate and other valuables, carrying off property to the amount of several thousand dollars; that the family are sojourning at Misty Springs, where one child lies dangerously ill, and the eldest one is suffering from a sprained ankle, and the third has dislocated his thigh by being thrown from a horse."

Poor Mr. Bly returns back to enter his premises—his neighbors gather in friendly sympathy—no trace of the thief is found; but the story has leaked out that Arabella has never been to Germany, and Julius has been seen surveying the premises in the family's absence, and they all seem to feel if travelling from place to place produces *such* results, the greater benefit results in staying at home, provided one does not leave home under favorable auspices. But Mr. and Mrs. Bly have engaged their passage to go to England the coming autumn, with the exception of two children, who prefer to go and live with Malvina the seamstress, who is now married to John, and lives upon a farm, where she works hard but enjoys the comforts of a good home. What she saved from her wages in flounce-making, etc., has furnished her parlor and spare chamber with every little requisite to give a comfortable air to her dwelling. She moralizes upon outward show and mistaken ideas of happiness, and finally concludes, as all sensible people must, that if one cannot be happy at home, it is pretty certain they will not be abroad.

HON. AMASA J. PARKER.

The career of Judge Parker, of New York, of whom a correct likeness engraved expressly for us is presented on this page, affords a striking example of the results of energy, determination and industry, and an encouragement to young men to struggle on manfully in the battle of life. The ancestors of Judge Parker were of the old Puritan blood of New England, and residents in the western part of Connecticut for successive generations. Amasa Parker and Thomas Fenn, his paternal and maternal grandfathers, were soldiers of the Revolution, and widely respected for the sterling virtues of their character—the latter filling various offices of public trust. He was for thirty-eight successive sessions a member of the State legislature. Both were residents, throughout their lives, of the county of Litchfield, in the above State. Amasa J. Parker—the son of Rev. Daniel Parker, for nearly twenty years pastor of the Congregational society of Ellsworth, Connecticut—

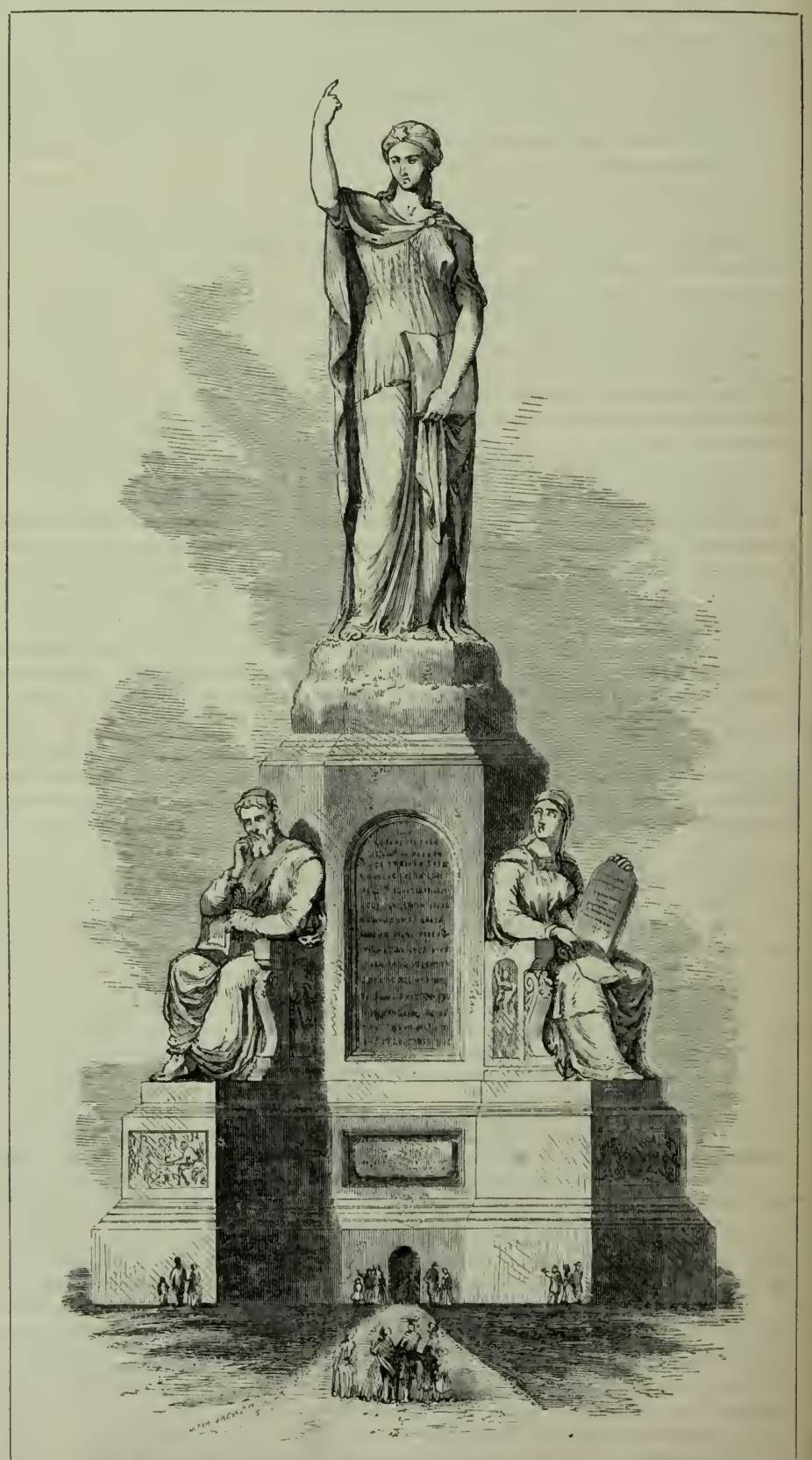


HON. AMASA J. PARKER.

was born in Sharon, in the same State. In 1816, his father removed to Greenville, Greene county, New York, to take charge of the academy. Young Parker here commenced the study of Latin at the age of nine years; continuing at the academy for two years, he was then removed to Hudson Academy, where he pursued his studies diligently, and finally completed an extensive course in the city of New York. The devoted attention of his father, and of the best teachers of his day, was rewarded by the zeal and diligence of the pupil, whose ardor was such, that at the age of sixteen he had completed the usual collegiate course. Such were his accomplishments, that, notwithstanding his youth, he was made principal of the Hudson Academy, and held the position for four years. Under his supervision the academy was placed in a most prosperous condition, and attained a wide reputation; and such was his youth, that many of his pupils, since distinguished, were older than himself. He was not up to that time a college graduate; but in consequence of a rival academy adducing this as an objection to the young principal, he, in July, 1825, caused himself to be examined at Union College for the entire collegiate course. He passed the ordeal triumphantly, graduated with the senior class, and obtained his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and afterwards, in due course, received the degree of Master of Arts. After graduating, he resumed his duty at the academy; and during the latter portion of his career here he entered the office of the present Judge John W. Edmonds, then of Hudson, to prosecute the study of law. In the spring of 1827 he resigned his trust as principal of the Hudson Academy, and at the age of twenty removed to Delhi, in the county of Delaware, where his uncle, Col. Amasa Parker, a lawyer of distinction, was practising his profession. He entered the office of his uncle, finished his studies, and in 1828, at the age of twenty-one, was admitted to the bar. He then became a partner of his uncle, and for fifteen years a very large practice engaged the attention of the firm. As a lawyer, he displayed the same assiduity and zeal which had characterized him as a teacher and as a student. He was always distinguished for the energy of his character, and promptitude of his business habits. It was a rule of his office that no business letter should remain on the table unanswered over a single return mail. He had great facility in the despatch of business, and with his untiring industry and application, and the admirable system adopted and enforced in his law office, the amount of business transacted was as large as it was various in character. Entering into political life, as a member of the Democratic party, he was elected to the legislature, and by that body chosen a regent of the university—the youngest man ever before or since that time made a member of that distinguished body. At twenty-nine, he was elected to Congress without opposition, served with distinction on several important committees, and distinguished himself by sound speeches on the great questions of the day. In 1844, he was appointed circuit judge of the third district, and removed to Albany, which has since been his residence. The same promptness and system which distinguished him as a lawyer, characterized him as a judge, and enabled him to perform a vast amount of business. It was in 1845, while holding the Delaware circuit, that the energy of his character was strikingly manifested. The county was in a state of insurrection. The anti-renters had set the laws at defiance, civil officers had been shot down in the discharge of their duty, the military had been called out, and the county jails were filled with prisoners charged with every grade of crime, from murder down to misdemeanor. At the end of the third week of the session of the court, Judge Parker had disposed of every case; the jails were cleared, the offenders sentenced, and the majesty of the law successfully vindicated. The firmness of the judge, the mercy that tempered his justice, disarmed all opposition, and restored peace to the county. In 1846, at the expiration of his term of office, he was elected Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, receiving the votes, not only of his own party, but a large number from the opposition. He is now the Democratic candidate for the office of governor of New York. His career affords a striking proof of what may be accomplished by the power of industry, perseverance and integrity.

PILGRIM MONUMENT, AT PLYMOUTH, MASS.

A miniature model of the monument modelled by J. A. Jackson, Esq., from the architect's drawing, has been on exhibition at the Fair of the Massachusetts Mechanics' Charitable Association. This is merely a sketch, intended by the artist to give a more accurate general idea of the form and proportions, than could be done by a drawing. It is proposed to make this monument—as indeed it should be, both by reason of its purpose and its magnitude—a national work; one in which the people shall all possess that interest which we can only feel in that which is in the strictest sense our own. The memory of the forefathers belongs to us all; a memorial to them should also belong to all. With this feeling, arrangements have been made for a universal contribution of twenty-five cents from each individual throughout the country. None certainly can decline on account of want of means; and the spirit of intolerance which would deny a tribute to the worth and the virtues of the Pilgrims on account of their human shortcomings, scarcely casts a shadow over the universal liberality of feeling of the 19th century. Need we say to our readers, "Let every man subscribe?" Throughout the length and breadth of this land—now so filled with blessings, so prosperous, so happy—the spirit which actuated the pilgrims to leave home, friends, and the blessings of civilized life, and encounter the perils and hardships of the wilderness, has been and still is the moving impulse. Love of liberty—hatred of oppression; regard for the rights of others—invincible determination to hold our own. This it is which has made us a great and powerful nation; which has covered the land with our villages, towns, cities—the sea with our fleets of every sail and motive power; which is developing the riches of our mines; drawing to us the wealth of the ocean and of distant climes; conquering the elements to our use; crowning our prosperity with newadvances of knowledge; with increase of intellectual and moral as well as physical greatness. We have thus adverted to our indebtedness to the Pilgrim Fathers as a fitting introduction to a description of the stupendous monument which is now being erected at Plymouth, from designs by Hammatt Billings, in grateful remembrance of their privations and sacrifices, and of the eventful sequel to their history. A monument unlike all others in the world in its purpose, and which will far exceed all others, at least of modern times, in the grandeur of the scale upon which it is to be executed. The national monument to the forefathers was originated by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, as a suitable manner of expressing the reverence in which the American people hold the memory of this portion of its illustrious ancestors, and of recording the events which have had so much influence in forming the character of our institutions. It is to be entirely of granite, with the exception of the panels and alto reliefs. The centre portion of the structure is an octagonal pedestal, eighty-three feet high, upon which stands a figure of Faith, rising to the height of seventy feet above the platform of the pedestal—so that the whole monument will rise one hundred and fifty-three feet above the earth upon which it rests. Faith is here represented as standing upon a rock, holding in her left hand an open Bible, while the other hand is uplifted towards heaven. From the four smaller faces of the main pedestal project wings, or buttresses, upon which are seated figures emblematic of the principles upon which the Pilgrim Fathers proposed to found their commonwealth. These are Morality, Law, Education and Freedom. The sides of the seats upon which they sit are decorated with niches, in which are statues appropriate to the figures above. Upon the larger faces of the main pedestal are panels which are intended to contain records of the names of the Pilgrims of the "Mayflower," the events of the voyage, the prominent events in the early history of the colony, and the events which occurred previous to their departure from Delft Haven. Upon smaller panels placed below these are to be inscribed events connected with the Pilgrim Society, and the erection of the monument, with an appropriate dedication. All of these panels are to be of porphyry, serpentine, or other hard stone; and the inscriptions are to be inlaid with white marble. Upon the faces of the wing-pedestals are panels designed to contain alto-reliefs of the "Departure from Delft Haven," the "Signing of the Social Compact in the Cabin of the Mayflower," the "Landing at Plymouth," and the "First Treaty with the Indians." These sculptures are to be of white marble—that stone being susceptible of greater delicacy in delineating the subjects. In the main pedestal is a chamber twenty-four feet in diameter; and from the floor of this a stone staircase leads to the platform upon which stands the principal figure. The pedestal is eighty feet in breadth at the base; and the sitting figures upon the wings are forty feet high in their position. The figures in the panels are eighteen feet in height. In magnitude, the monument will far exceed any monumental structure of modern times. The figure of Faith will be larger than any known statue, excepting that of the great Ramses, now overthrown, and the Colossus of Rhodes. To ensure the utmost accuracy in the realization of the design, models of the statues are to be made of the full size. The construction of these models alone will occupy about four years from August, 1855. The estimated cost is somewhat over half a million of dollars. The work is under the direction of a committee of the Board of Trustees of the Pilgrim Society, consisting of the following gentlemen:—Hon. John H. Clifford, William Thomas, Samuel Nicolson, Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Chas. G. Davis and Eleazer C. Sherman, Esq.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, Sept. 1st, 1855, by Hammatt Billings, in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of Mass.

THE MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIMS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AN AUTUMN SABBATH.

There is no elimate in the world more delightful than that of New England in mid-autumn. The pure, miild yet bracing air, the sunshine, the rich tints of the foliage, the golden haze of the distance, all combine to exert the happiest influence upon the human frame and the human heart. The awakening of devotional feelings is an ordinary consequence of such genial influences. One of those days we have glanced at, coinciding with the Sabbath, is enjoyed in completest and fullest manner. We have always thought, that even if we had lost our reckoning of days, we could distinguish a Sabbath in the country, long before the music of the steeples in the valleys announced its advent—long before the absence of laborers from the fields denoted the welcome day of rest. A peculiar tranquillity seems to reign throughout nature's wide domain; the very winds seem to whisper reverentially as they sweep through the bronzed arches of the old oak wood; the birds spring aloft in the blue air more fearlessly, and the gray squirrel crosses your path with a bolder tread. If this be purely fancy—it is still a fancy that we love to cherish. One of these peerless Sabbath days it was our lot to enjoy lately in the environs of the city, far enough removed from its clatter and bustle.

As we passed from the sunshine and the gay garniture of the woods into the cool quiet of the village church, the words of the first hymn harmonized sweetly with the thoughts and feelings awakened by the genial autumn morning—"frosty but kindly:"

> "Giver of sunshine and of rain!
> Riponer of fruits on hill and plain!
> Fountain of light that, rayed afar,
> Fills the vast urns of sun and star.
>
> Who send'st thy storms and frosts to bind
> The plagues that rise to waste mankind;
> Then breathest, o'er the naked scene,
> Spring gales, and life, and tender green."

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

We shall commence in next week's Pictorial a highly interesting Revolutionary romance of loyalty and love, under the above title. The plot of this story enters fully into the historical incidents of those exciting times, and is treated with all the accomplished author's usual tact and power.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM.—The continued success of this admirable place of amusement is contingent solely upon the intrinsic excellence of its performances, and the admirable manner in which it is conducted. It richly deserves all the abundant patronage it so surely enjoys.

SPLINTERS.

.... Highway robberies are matters of frequent occurrence in the interior of the State of California, it is reported.

.... It is said that lawyers are getting scarce in London. Wonder if the great Babel is growing honest?

.... The total assessed wealth of the city of Providence, R. I., for the present year, is $58,064,576.

.... Our neighbors in the city of Cambridge are rejoicing over the introduction of water from Fresh Pond.

.... The curious old printing-press of Benjamin Franklin has lately been on exhibition at Amory Hall.

.... President Pierce has announced his intention of settling down in New Hampshire on a farm.

.... Yankees differ from other folks by making money out of their "disadvantages"—rocks and ice.

.... Chartism is reviving in England: great political changes are in preparation there.

.... The Kabyles in Algeria are becoming troublesome to the French, who are marching in numbers against them.

.... The fortifications of Quebec are being put in repair, and all the works materially strengthened.

.... The Montreal Commercial advocates the division of Canada into three States, forming a Federal association.

.... Mr. George Peabody declined to be lionized, accepting only the honors afforded by his native town.

.... A Mr. Mooney in Australia has broached the theory that gold was once animated matter.

.... The death of George Steers, the builder of the victorious yacht "America," is most widely lamented.

.... Meyerbeer's great opera, "The Star of the North," was brilliantly successful at the New York Academy.

.... There is a story floating around of a "mountain of silver" having been discovered in California. Guess not.

The Ladies Daily Companion asks whether the "steep and thorny path" can be travelled in hoops?

.... People who were not satisfied with our late autumnal weather must be very hard to please.

Competition is the soul of business—and so the managers of our four theatres find it.

.... The Indians have done a good deal of mischief, but Harney the terrible is among them.

.... There has been another revolution in South America—making the 4588th affair of the sort there.

.... Pierre Soulé, the statesman and orator, has purchased a ranch in Nicaragua for $50,000.

THE ALLIES OF DESPOTISM.

A few weeks since the anniversary of the first French revolution was celebrated in the city of New York by an assembly of so-called republicans, natives of France and Germany principally, but by no means representatives of those great countries. One of the orators, the one who received the most enthusiastic applause, delivered a most ferocious harangue, which would not have disgraced the Jacobin Club in its palmiest days. He eulogized all that was atrocious in the French revolution, slurring all that was good and great in its idea. His heroes were Robespierre, St. Just, Danton, Murat, the men of blood whose excesses excite horror and execration to the present day. He went in for a new revolution more prescriptive and sanguinary than the first. Expatiating on Proudhomme's idea, that "property is theft," this mild gentleman proposed cutting off the head of every man worth a dollar. As this would involve a most prodigious carnage, he proposes setting up a new "Mariane" (guillotine), to work by steam. The assembly that applauded these sentiments, coupled the name of Louis Napoleon with such epithets as "villain," "rogue," "rascal," "thief," "assassin," and other expressions and euphonious terms, never for once suspecting, in their ferocious stupidity, that it was to such crazy and degraded fanatics as themselves that Louis Napoleon owes his present position and power.

The vile excesses of the terrorists of '93 ruined the first French revolution and the hopes of liberty, and prepared France to bow submissively at the feet of one great man because he had the power and the will to crush the fatal minority of butchers that had ruled their country by the knife of the guillotine. Again, it was the dread of these dangerous enemies of society that gave a king instead of a republic to France in 1830. Eighteen years afterwards, when the whole world hailed with delight and sympathy the dethronement of a government which had lapsed into the old tyranny of the elder branch of the Bourbons, these ferocious terrorists demanded the red flag of revolution and carnage in the place of the Hotel de Ville, and at the point of the bayonet, when Lamartine, with ten thousand muskets levelled at his heart, refused to accord them a banner which had been "only trailed in the blood of Frenchmen through the Champ de Mars," and insisted on their accepting the tri-color which had made the tour of the globe in a halo of glory. But they rebelled against the republic a few weeks afterwards, and were only put down by a terrible effusion of blood. The terror inspired by the movements of such men, undermining the whole social fabric, has caused France to accept the despotism of the present emperor, with its restrictions on the press, its interdictions of liberty of speech and assemblage, and all its concomitant evils, as infinitely preferable to the sway of the axe, and the wholesale prostration of religion, industry, commerce, agriculture and art. Yes—the terrorists of '93 and of '56 are the best allies that despotism has, and, though small in numbers, work incalculable mischief to the cause of freedom.

SECRET THOUGHTS.

Sir Walter Scott said, that "if men could read each other's feelings, some who now sit so friendly at the dinner-table, would rise up in horror and fly from each other." Yes, and if every man should know what his dearest friend, one who would lay down his life for him, thought and said of him, at times, in his absence, even without the intention of wronging him, or without a diminution of respect or love for him, there would be no such thing as friendship in the world. We are so constituted that we cannot bear to hear the whole truth of ourselves, even from friendly lips; and friendship, like love, requires a blind devotion, like that which the Hindoo pays to his idol. Whatever a man may know of himself, he must believe that to his chosen friends he is something very near approaching to perfection.

WORKS BY WALTER MARCH.—That charming work, "Shoepac Recollections," by Walter March, has reached a third edition, and which meets with a ready sale. The author has reason to be gratified with its success and with the warm encomiums it has elicited. French & Co., of this city have in press, from the same author, a novel with the *intriguant* title of "Faca, an Army Memoir." It presents some phases of American life never before made the theme of the romance writer, and a glance at the proof sheets has excited in us a strong curiosity with regard to the volume.

A BULL.—A distinguished gentleman, on being written to for his autograph, replied by letter as follows: "Sir, I regret to say that I cannot comply with your request. To avoid importunities, I have made it a rule when asked for my autograph never to give it. Your obedient servant," &c.—here following the distinguished personage's name in full. Now the perpetrator of this bull was not a native of the Emerald Isle, but an honored American general.

THE COMING VOLUME.—We have some of the finest illustrations now in course of preparation for *Ballou's Pictorial*, that have ever been executed in this country. Vol. XII, which will commence on the first of January, it is resolved shall be unequalled on either side of the Atlantic.

MISQUOTING.—Deliberate misquotation is one of the commonest things in the world. There is not a dentist in the world but who is ready to asseverate upon his honor that Shakspeare wrote:

> "How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is
> To have a toothless child."

VERY TRUE.—Franklin said "a newspaper and Bible in every house, and a good school in every district, are the principal supporters of virtue, morality and civil liberty."

AMUSEMENTS.

The gentleman who fed his pony on shavings, and whose economical experiment was defeated by the death of the animal in the moment of triumphant success, was no more fortunate in his plans than those would-be regulators of society, who would have men and women work from morning till midnight, day after day, week after week, and year after year, without relaxation or amusement. Just as the man is merged in the machine, and learns to go his rounds like a horse in a bark-mill, in a sudden fit of perversity he dies. Just as you get him to think that riding and fishing, walking and fencing, dancing, attending the theatre or concert-room, in moderation even, is a waste of time, you have to send for the doctor, or the undertaker, or the guardian of a lunatic asylum. Your model-worker becomes an "unpleasant body," as Mr. Mantilini says, on your hands. The fact is, that human nature craves relaxation and excitement—that they are the breath of his nostrils, the blood of his organization. He must have them. If you never turn out your horse to have a frolic in the green pasture, he will be off his foot and feed. The quadruped of the bark-mill, to which we have referred above, is good for nothing on the road, and bark-mills are not favorable to equine longevity. As a people we are just beginning to discover these simple facts. As a people we have been overworking ourselves for eight or nine generations, and the system is beginning to tell on the *physique* of the men and women of to-day. The careworn look of our people tells the sad story at a glance. We do not give ourselves time for amusement—we have too few holidays—our recreations are too irregular, too few and far between. We stand in need of invigorating sports and plenty of healthy amusements. We should be more intellectual, even if we devoted less time and thought to the culture of the intellect. We should be more many-sided—less fanatical. We should enjoy a healthier old age. Fortunately there are a number of social reformers among us who are busy in the genial mission of teaching our people the duty and economy of more frequent relaxation, men satisfied that "all work and no play" is a short-sighted maxim, even in an economical point of view. We confidently expect that the next generation of Yankees will have shorter and ruddier faces than the present, and approach more nearly the Anglo-Saxon type than those we see about us. We have hopes that in time, our young men will be ashamed of carrying old heads upon their shoulders, and exhibiting narrow chests, spindle shanks, and febrile and precocious intellects.

THE REASON.—"Where did I get such a nose as this, doctor?" asked a lady of Abernethy. "Out of the decanter, ma'am," was the cool reply.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Mr. John Barnard to Miss Selina G. Lakeman; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. William H. Bates to Miss Mary Cobb; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Edward Stout to Miss Isabella Gawler; by Rev. Mr Stockbridge, Purser Charles W. Abbot, U S.N., to Miss Annie F. Smith, both of Warren, R. I.; by Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. James Dexter Martin to Miss Ianthe Waterman.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr Stowe, Mr. William Gove, of Windsor, Me., to Miss Leonora Manning.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Munger, Dea. James Tollman to Miss Catherine B. Tucker.—At Lynn, by Rev Mr. Brooks, Mr. James Ashcroft to Miss Sarah E. Cheever.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. George H. Hovey to Miss Martha A. Cottrell.—At Stoneham, by Rev. Mr. Jameson, Mr. Gilman C. Barnes to Miss Frances Florence.—At Concord, Mr. James M. Keep, of Selma, Ala., to Miss Joanna N. Reynolds.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Gardner Barton, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth K. Staniford.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Edson Mr. William Davidson, of South Danvers, to Miss Martha R. Stafford.—At Chelmsford, by Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, Hon. B. F. Barrett, of Rock Island, Ill., to Miss M. P. Hunt.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Craig, Charles T. Bonney, Esq. to Miss Mary Lucretia Gibbs.—At Paris, Me., by Rev. Mr. Butler, Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, of Hampden, to Miss Ellen V., daughter of Hon. Stephen Emery.

DEATHS.

In this city, Col. William Boardman, 69; Mr. Windsor Lord, 59; Mr. William Dodd, 52; Mr. Charles W. Davis, 31; Mr. William Hennessey, 50; Mrs. Elizabeth B., wife of Mr. Joshua Clark, 28.—At Roxbury, Widow Polly Wiswell, formerly of Newton, 78; Mr. Nathaniel Sturgis, 78.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Deborah Adams, formerly of Kingston, 79.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Julia M. Simonds.—At Medford, Mr. John Emerson, 59.—At Malden, Mr. William Waitt, 80.—At Newton, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Dea. Ezra Fuller, 90.—At Concord, Mrs. Frances H., wife of Mr. Silas B. Wilde, 27.—At Beverly, Mrs. Hannah, widow of the late Dea. Washington Eaton, of East Weare, N. H., 69.—At Quincy, Mrs. Elizabeth Adams, 81.—At Lynn, Widow Mary Adams, 55; Miss Lydia Ann Goldsmith, 15.—At Salem, Mrs. Mary Arrington, 41; Widow Ruth C. Perkins, 39; Miss Mary Byrnes, 35.—At South Danvers, Miss Lydia H. Floyd, 26.—At Newburyport, Mr. Edward Titcomb, 77; Miss Mary Hale Green, 39.—At Lowell, Miss Mary Ann Hyde, 48.—At Franklin, Mrs. Jemima, wife of Mr. Luke Daniels, 69.—At South Dennis, Capt. Ebenezer Nickerson, 80.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Helen Howland, 43; Widow Jane Quonnell, 60.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Sophronia P., wife of Capt. Alex. P. Fisher, 40.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Sarah Macomber, 43; Miss Abby A. Sissou, 24.—At Honolulu, S. I., Mr. Wm. F. Studley, Jr., formerly of Boston, 29.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A MOTHER'S PLAINT.

BY MILDRED MONTROSE.

The sweet spring speeds o'er the lovely earth,
With the birds and the early flowers,
And the warm, soft wind comes freighted with
The perfume of southern bowers.
And the hearts of all seem light and gay,
Mid the air so calm and mild;
But my weary thoughts roam far away,
For thou art not here, my child.

I wander oft in the dim old woods,
And I find in its sheltered nook
The meek, blue violet peering forth,
With its quiet, lovely look;
And I think how oft I have twined for thee
A wreath of those blossoms wild;
And I turn to gaze on thy sunny brow,
But thou art not here, my child.

O, where art thou, while I'm roaming here,
Lost idol of my heart?
O, why is it thus that the bitter tear
Amid nature's bloom must start?
In a cold, dark grave they have laid thee down,
And the snow on thy breast was piled,
And I wept, as I kissed thy cold, cold lips—
Thou art dead, thou art dead, my child.

I know that my heart must lonely throb,
As the spring-time glideth by,
And the summer flowers will be seen by me
Through the veil of a tear-dimmed eye.
But O, when the autumn days shall come,
With their sunshine calm and mild,
Mid thy withered flowers they'll lay me down—
I will be with thee then, my child.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MERCHANT'S ENTRY.

A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY BELL BRAMULE.

Robert Carson was descended from one of the old but impoverished families of Virginia, who had formerly ranked among its opulent tobacco planters. Early in life he had emigrated to New Orleans, the then Pern of the South, in the hope of making or bettering his fortune, and whether accidentally or by intention, took a decided step toward achieving his object by marrying the youthful heiress of a respectably circumstanced creole family. Great was the surprise of every one when told that Constance de La Croix was about to marry the gallant young Virginian, as she had been looked upon as the affianced bride of her father's friend and partner, Mr. Barret. The handsome Virginian carried the day, winning the fair creole, who, shortly after their marriage, accompanied him to his family home in Richmond, where the only blossom that ever gladdened their hearth was born, and to whom he gave the name of his native State.

The little Virginia, unlike her dark-eyed, raven-tressed mother, had the golden hair, violet blue eyes and fair complexion of her father, and like his, the fine cut, beautiful mouth, on whose firm curve decision of purpose was more legibly stamped than on the more delicately harmonious features of her beautiful mother, whose large dreamy eyes, of oriental languor, indicated refinement of temperament more than energy.

And well it was for the fair tropical blossom that hers was a strength of character equal to reverses, for they soon loomed up thick and dark in her young life's horizon.

Robert Carson had embarked successfully in mercantile speculations, entering into partnership with an extensive cotton broker, Henry Vincent. But the fall of prices in the cotton market, during a few successive years, added to the dishonesty of his partner, brought him to bankruptcy. His fair and fragile wife, unfitted to bear up under reverses, was soon prostrated by the rude blast, beneath which she bent her fair head unresisting, like a storm-stricken flower, leaving Virginia to cope with life and its ills alone.

Alone, indeed! for mortified pride, added to a hope to retrieve his losses, determined Mr. Carson on removing to Rio Janeiro, remaining no longer in New Orleans, after the death of his wife, than served to place Virginia with a distant relative of her mother, when he betook him to the promised El Dorado of South America. During all the anxious forebodings that fell heavily on her young heart, Virginia had ever one constant, unchanging friend, in the young Harry Vincent, the son of her father's former partner.

Like most of the native sons of Louisiana, slight and graceful, tall and symmetrically formed, his fine massive brow was shaded with wavy raven hair, his olive-hued, handsome, intelligent face was lit with dark flashing eyes, beneath which was lined a dusky semi-circle, which to the experienced would denote a slight tinge of his Indian ancestry, through whom, three generations back, his family had acquired the wealth, since squandered in the speculations and expensive habits of his father, Mr. Carson's fraudulent, absconding partner. Though Harry Vincent's features were well cut and regular, still the dusky olive of his complexion much more closely resembled his dark yet handsome Indian ancestress, than did his father; for strange as it may appear to those not experienced in this physiological fact, it is nevertheless a well attested one, that where all resemblance has been merged and lost sight of in intermarriage with European nations, some distinctive trait, either in color or feature, will again, after two or three generations have passed, unmarked by either characteristic, reappear, denoting, it may be, almost imperceptibly yet surely to the experienced observer, the amalgamation between the distinctive races.

Harry's father, Mr. Carson's former partner, was the son of a well-connected Northerner, who, emigrating to New Orleans, had married a very beautiful and accomplished young Indian girl, said to be a natural daughter of Lord Cornwallis—at all events, she had been educated as his adopted daughter, in Camden, South Carolina, and had come to New Orleans, with her wealthy mother, on a visit to her uncle, a chief of the Cherokees, then stopping at one of the first class hotels there. The beautiful Undine created quite a sensation; very fair, with coal black eyes that looked, according to Lady Morgan, "as if set in with dirty fingers." The accomplished wild flower certainly bore a resemblance to the lordly protector who had cultivated the sweet wood blossom.

Her son, Henry Vincent, certainly bore no manner of resemblance to his dark-eyed, graceful mother, having the chestnut curls, Roman nose and clear azure eyes of his Northern father. While in her grandson, the young Harry, to the raven hair and lambent eyes of the tropics, was added a dusky tinge, slight, yet unmistakable, of his descent from the red chieftains of the forest. This excited no remark, being of too frequent occurrence, even among the highest classes, to cause the least speculation.

From her father, who had ever shown a marked preference for the young Vincent, Virginia had never heard a word of caution with regard to her intercourse with Harry, who, from his earliest boyhood, had been a constant playmate of hers; ever received with the pleased caress of her gentle mother, and the as pleasant welcome of her approving father.

In Harry, himself, she had never seen a single fault to condemn, while she saw everything to admire. His chivalric courtesy to her mother, his deferential manner to her father, his unconstrained, poetical language, the dark, spirited beauty of his intelligent face, his graceful bearing and proud independence of character, that from the time of his return from Oakland College, where he had graduated with all the honors, nobly prompted him to carve his own way to fortune, being himself its architect.

One there was who, in that noble struggle for independence, felt a sister's holy pride and anxiety on noting the lines of care already traced on the noble brow of him who, through all change, had continued unchangeably the same to her. A greater calamity, however, than all the past awaited her now in the black sealed letter that bore from Rio Janeiro the melancholy account of her father's death. He had left New Orleans a bankrupt, and failing in his anticipations of retrieving his losses, now filled a suicide's grave.

Silently, yet fast as autumn rain, fell the orphan's tears upon the sheet that told of her father's suicide and her own destitution. While sorrowing in her young heart's desolation over her bereavement, she was aroused by a visit from her mother's early admirer and guardian, Mr. Barret.

Kindly taking a hand of the fair orphan girl, he silently drew a chair near hers, and sat down to offer words of comfort, but anticipating him, she was the first to speak:

"This is very good—very considerate, to come to see me in this lone hour, Mr. Barret. It does me good; for my mother told me you would be my friend, as she said you had been hers."

"And did Constance—your mother, I mean—really tell you to come to me? Poor Constance! You are her very image, at this moment, Virginia. She never knew how I loved—worshipped her. I had been her father's partner. She never gave me a thought, save as being her guardian; while I, with a crushed heart, noted her preference for your father, Robert Carson. On marrying him, she went on a visit to his Virginian home, where you were born. It was long after her death before I could muster up resolution to see her. When I did, she brought you into the room, and from that hour, Virginia, I loved you for her sake. As you grew up, need I add that it increased for your own? She or you never knew it, but never watched miser his treasure as I did your sweet spring-time, from budding, girlish beauty to graceful, accomplished womanhood. You are now alone, unprotected, with matchless beauty, and impoverished. Be mine! I offer you riches, not simply to make you independent, but as the illimitable means of doing good. Toil, for such as you, Virginia, with scanty and poor fare, will soon do its work; your beauty will fade, your health wear away. Do not despise or reject my love. On one hand, view yourself as you are, then as you may be. See the present—beautiful, poor, surrounded with memories of a brighter past, surrounded, too, with snares; while on the other, I offer you wealth without limit, that in your sweet stewardship might be the means of as illimitable good. Not, Virginia, that gold, or equipage, or diamonds, beyond your wildest dreams, could bribe you, if failed the worship of an honest heart, and the independence of all obligation. Reflect, ere you refuse. I offer you station, wealth, the power of doing good. Will you be mine?"

Slowly and sadly were the young girl's tearful eyes raised to his, as she answered mournfully. Chords there are in the human heart, strangely, sweetly musical, but which are only reached by accident,—chords that would have remained mute to passionate and earnest appeals, yet respond, giving forth their melody to some slight and random touch, reverberating long, and strong, and deep. The pure, sisterly regard of Virginia's heart for Harry Vincent now first assumed a different form, revealing itself, as all great truths have done, by chance. She thought on him—young, gifted, toiling; his form rose up before her there, in his graceful beauty. Her mind was made up, and decided forever:

"I feel grateful, Mr. Barret,—very grateful, but you must not deny me the privilege of toiling for independence. The references I can bring from former teachers will procure me a place as one in a school. My independence is now my all; do not ask me to resign it."

Long and earnestly the merchant pleaded; but though Harry had never by word told her that he regarded her as other than a sister, still did his slight, graceful form rise between her and the man who would have made her the wealthy possessor of means whereby she might have placed affluence within his reach. Mr. Barret rose to go. There was a painful pause, broken by his faltering voice:

"Virginia, are you too proud to accept of assistance from me? Do not refuse me this slight gratification—at least, do not make any objection. Whenever I can serve you, come and let me know. You know where to find me. After this, I may not come here again."

"I will come to you, Mr. Barret, as to a dear, valued friend; nor fail to avail myself of your kind offer, if I need it."

"Till then, farewell!"

He pressed her hand and went to the door, then turned as though hoping yet by a word or look to be recalled. But her arms still rested on the table, on which her head was bowed down, and he felt that it had caused her a pang to give him pain. Again passing his kerchief across his eyes, the wealthy merchant left the door, and went away sad, and lone, forever.

A year from that time, the merchant sat at the desk in his private office, when a clerk asked at the door if he might show a lady in, who asked to see him. With a quick bound of the heart, he divined at once that it must be Virginia, and replied in the affirmative. As she entered the room, Mr. Barret started from his seat.

"Virginia, where have you been? How I have thought on you in all this time! Why did you not write, to relieve my anxiety?"

"I thought it best not, fearing you would object to my going as a teacher in a school. I have been for a year past employed as a teacher in the McShee Seminary, and when unoccupied in the school, give music lessons, in Lafayette, where I have a number of pupils. Nor would I be here now, but that I come on another's account. You can serve him. Serve us both, Mr. Barret."

"Serve *him*? Of whom do you speak, Virginia?"

"Of Harry Vincent. I met him this morning, when I came to town to purchase music. He told me he had heard that your book-keeper, Mr. Post, is about to leave you, returning to Scotland. Harry would be made happy by the place. I did not tell him that I would come to you, being afraid he would disapprove of it, but remembering your promise, I have come to ask you to give the place to him. I know you will think us both very foolish, since our love is our all. Still, we will make it sufficient for us."

Wiping the cold dews from his forehead, the opulent merchant paced the floor; then stopping, his lip quivered and his eye was dim, as he looked on the beautiful girl, who stood so calm and happy, in her poverty, before him. She had come to ask a favor, yet he felt, to have trusted himself with another look at her, would have made *him* the suppliant. He turned abruptly and went to the desk.

"Would Mr. Vincent accept a loan from me? Perhaps if he had other plans, I could aid him, Virginia."

"I know Harry's proud spirit too well to dream of his accepting a loan as a favor obtained through my intercession. No; only give him Mr. Post's place, when he calls to ask for it, and we will both be so happy while struggling for the light of a better day."

"And in case I appoint him my book-keeper, what are your plans for yourself, Virginia?"

"To remain at the school, until such time as the savings from our united exertions will permit us to think of being married. We are young and hopeful, and if you give Harry the situation, we will succeed, since we both economize from our small earnings, though poor Harry's salary, at present, is very small."

The merchant's voice was husky, but the brave, honest heart in his manly breast was nerved to the trial. He was about to tear the idol worshipped for years thence, going to the grave lone and unloved.

"Virginia, you are too high-minded to accept a favor other than Mr. Vincent would approve. I give Mr. Post fifteen hundred dollars a year; I will add five hundred to this from the time Mr. Vincent takes his place in the office." He then, unlocking the desk, took out a roll of notes, counted them, and placing the parcel in the young girl's hand, said in a faltering voice that went to her heart: "Take this, *my child*; it is one thousand dollars—half a year's salary in advance. Now quit your school. The place is his; only be married to him before he comes to enter on his duties as my book-keeper."

Virginia could not speak, but the tears that fell on the hand she raised to her lips told her gratitude. He drew her hand within his arm, and led her to the door, where, drawing her veil over her tear-wet face, she entered a stage, to speed to Harry on her joyful mission, while the merchant returned to his private office, and locking the door, sat down on the chair she had occupied, and covering his face with his hands, said: "I should have more command of my feelings than this. I have loved her from her very infancy. I never dreamed of her loving another. I am alone, now, and forever. Of what use are riches, now that she is lost to me? Still, I can help to make her happiness. And Vincent—I know *him* well; a noble young fellow. God's will be done!" Then going to his desk, and taking out his private account-book and pencil, he added: "Since I only could have prevailed on her pride to take the half year's salary in advance—which I mean shall be paid him in full,—to what account place this thousand dollars? Let me see—*an act of benevolence.*"

And so he wrote it, and to this day it remains a bright memento of a noble deed—that merchant's entry.

Human life is like a game at chess; each piece holds its place upon the chess-board—king, queen, bishop, and pawn. Death comes, the game is up, and all are thrown, without distinction, pell mell into the same bag.—*Talleyrand.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

There were $2700 taken for admission to the grounds of the late agricultural fair in Worcester.—— The California Chronicle records the arrival of 1200 boxes of grapes from Lower California, by the steamer Sea Bird, and remarks that that portion of the State is rapidly becoming one of the best grape-growing countries in the world, and will, in all probability, in a few years, rival the southern portion of France in the quantity and quality of its vines. —— The citizens of Louisville, Ky., have voted by a large majority in favor of the erection of waterworks to supply that city with water.—— It is stated that the Cunard Company have made arrangements for the construction of another iron steamship, to be built on the Clyde, and called the Scotia. It is to be larger than the Persia, and it is thought will exceed that vessel in speed as much as that fine vessel exceeds ordinary ocean steamships. —— At Lexington, Ky., William L. Jones has received a verdict of $3000 damages against William P. Hart, for whipping him while bathing. —— Oceans of ink and reams of paper have been expended to reform the social and political condition of man. The only way to effect this object, is to "do as we would be done by." —— The art of distilling brandy and other spirits was first brought into Europe by the Moors of Spain, about the year 1150. They learnt it of the African Moors, who had it from the Egyptians. —— Several of the New York restaurants have recently introduced frogs upon their bills of fare. What next? A good sized rat, splendidly done up, with requisite "fixins," might grace a table. There's no end to progress. Nero powdered his horse-feed with gold-dust—splendid mess that for a patrician horse! But such kind of progressive days have long gone past—people cook their gold-dust in a different way now, and horses are dwindled down to plebeians. —— It is said that there are no less than fifty widows in the small village of Cranbury, below Trenton, N. J. —— A boy by the name of Sullivan, about 16 years of age, while playing around the machinery of the Coddington Factory, Newport, R. I., had his arm caught in the machinery, and it was torn from the body; he lived about three minutes. —— Charlestown, Va., is shortly to be lighted with gas. —— The proprietors of Goat Island have an iron bridge nearly completed on the foundations of the old wooden structure connecting Goat Island with the main land at Niagara Falls. There are five spans, or arches, supported by stone piers. The bridge will cost some $20,000, and will be a great improvement in that locality. —— Whoever sells his neighbor's credit at a low rate, makes a market for others to buy his own at the same price. —— The wife of a merchant tailor of Cincinnati recently went to a gambling house in which her husband had lost $1200, found him there playing, and set to work and demolished everything breakable she could put her hands on. She was disguised in male attire. Her husband took her home, and promised to "sin no more." —— It is reported that Senator Douglas is soon to be married to a lady in Washington. —— The Councils of Richmond city have appropriated $4800 towards improving the navigation of the James River, by opening a channel through Rockett's bar, of sufficient depth to admit large vessels into the port of Richmond. —— The Charleston Mercury states the total cotton crop of 1855–'56 at 3,556,362 bales. —— A gang of burglars, recently arrested in Connecticut, used to send a pedler ahead of them, selling polishing powders, so as to ascertain who had silver plate in their houses. The genius of crime is prolific of "dodges." —— Daniel Webster, when a young lawyer, was employed in a case for which he received a fee of eighteen dollars. Later in life he was employed in a similar case and received a fee of five thousand dollars, though he used the same brief which he had prepared for the first case.

A GOLDEN ROMANCE.

A Mr. Thompson, of Smythe county, Virginia, went to California when the gold fever first broke out, and worked at mining two years with very poor luck. Finally, worn out with fruitless toil, he threw aside the pick and spade, and came back thoroughly disheartened. To be sure, he had previously bought a piece of land in California, but he never gave it a thought, for he had made up his mind that he was one of the unlucky ones, and was destined to die a poor man. But not long since he received a letter which instantly changed his prospects. It was discovered that the land he had purchased abounded in the precious metal—"gold, yellow, glittering gold"—and was worth to him at the very least three hundred thousand dollars. Such is life! Once in a while a prize turns up in a lottery. Alas! there are many blanks to every prize.

A Discovery.—A Glasgow paper states that a certain kind of rock, found somewhere in Scotland, after being crushed by some kind of machine, and going through some kind of chemical process, may be converted into paper. On this, perhaps, some divine will write his incubratious, and thus we shall have Shakspeare's idea realized—"sermons in stones."

Origin of the Rose.—The fanciful origin of the rose, as given by Maundeville, is, that slander had brought a fair maiden of Bethlehem to the stake, and that at her prayer, Heaven quenched the fire, and turned all the brands into rose-trees, bearing white and red roses, the first "that ever ony man swughe."

Binding.—All sorts of binding, magazines, pamphlets, newspapers, music (old books *entirely renewed*), done promptly, and at the lowest prices, at this office. The "Flag" and "Pictorial" firmly and beautifully bound for preservation.

Marriage.—Hymen is the oculist that opens the eyes of Love who is represented blind. He does an extensive business.

Wayside Gatherings.

4807 dogs were killed in New York during the past summer.

The Presbyterian Herald, published in Louisville, has entered upon the twenty-sixth year of its publication.

Ashes, which in themselves are sterile, fertilize the land they are cast on.

The healthiest children are those born in January, February and March.

A three-wheeled phæton is now in use in Columbus, Ohio, and is said to work well.

A couple were married in the cars on the Connecticut River Railroad recently. This is beginning life at railroad speed.

J. H. Green, the reformed gambler, is building at Jacksonville one of the best saw and planing mills in Northern Iowa.

There are said to be 3000 grogshops in Cincinnati. Not one of them pays license.

It is said that the first patent ever granted to a citizen of Arkansas, has just been granted to James B. Miles of Chicot, in that State, for an improvement in cotton gins.

The Hartford Press says that a handsome goblet has been made of the wood of the Charter Oak, which was to have been presented to Mr. Peabody at the banquet to be given him in this city.

The Philadelphia Journal states that Hon. Lewis C. Levin, formerly a member of Congress from their 1st district, is deranged, and is now an inmate of the Pennsylvania Insane Hospital.

Thomas Kennedy was choked to death in Troy, while eating his dinner, recently, by a large piece of corned beef and potato sticking in his throat.

Dr. Jewett, the well known temperance lecturer, has settled upon a farm near St. Paul, where he proposes to quietly spend the remainder of his days.

The Churchman, a Protestant Episcopal paper, comes out in favor of dancing, as "an innocent recreation, and as healthful as it is graceful."

There is said to be a congregation in Northampton, Va., composed entirely of females. They have at the present time twenty-two members, and their numbers are constantly on the increase.

The citizens of Providence are discussing a project to introduce a supply of pure water from Ten Mile River for the use of the city. A committee estimate the cost at $600,275.

Mrs. Bently walked for forty hours in succession in Chicago, but she was so prostrated by fatigue that her recovery is doubtful. It was a foolish act. "Women are not, in their best natures, strong."

Stamped postage envelopes have been in use in the United States about three years, and two years still remain under the contract by which they are made. The demand by the government now reaches 32,000,000 or 33,000,000 envelopes per annum.

Signor Perelli, so favorably known and appreciated in Philadelphia, has just returned from Europe, whither he had gone to perfect the arrangements necessary for bringing out the Italian opera which he is at present busily engaged in writing.

At a revival at McGee's meeting house, Sampson County, N. C., recently, a lady joined in a prayer offered up. When the congregation arose, she was discovered remaining on her knees with her hands clenched to the back of her seat, and on examination was found to be entirely dead.

In England, according to a return recently presented to Parliament, there was issued, during the ten years ending April, 1856, the large number of 187,124,000 stamped postage envelopes. Their introduction into general use in the United States, was very gradual, very few being used at the outset.

From Mexico we learn that immense placers of pure gold have been discovered in the southern portion of the State of Gurrero. Attention is called to the sulphur beds which exist at and around the volcano of Popocatapetl, and which are said to be inexhaustible.

The Mormons are making numerous converts in Great Britain by exaggerated pictures of life in Utah. They now teach openly their doctrine of polygamy, but it seems no impediment to accessions even from the gentler sex. The annual emigration of converts is computed as high as 8000.

Lucy Stone Blackwell, in a recent speech, insisted that the election of women, as well as men, to Congress, would improve the character of that body. An exchange suspects that the habit of "pairing off" would, in that event, be even more common than it is now.

The London Times was established in 1785, by John Walter, and inherited by his son, now a member of Parliament. It is valued at $3,750,000. Its principal editor has an annual salary of $25,000, and its Paris correspondent $10,000. Its advertisements, it is estimated, yield it $3,000,000 a year, one firm alone paying $150,000 a year.

"A good finding" is noticed in the Melbourne Argus. A party of three miners working on the Black Creek, at Tarradale, at a depth of about twelve feet from the surface, came upon a solid lump of gold, weighing 54 lbs., with about 80 ounces of smaller nuggets in close proximity. The total value taken from the claim was a little under £3000.

There are said to be in London one million four hundred thousand persons who never attend public worship; one hundred and fifty thousand habitual drunkards; one hundred and fifty thousand living in open profligacy; twenty thousand professed beggars; ten thousand gamblers; thirty thousand destitute children; five thousand receivers of stolen goods.

Prof. Loomis, in the preface to his recent work on astronomy, states that "it is but twenty-five years since the first telescope, exceeding those of a portable size, was imported into the United States. Now we have one telescope that acknowledges no superior, and several that would be esteemed worthy of a place in the finest observatories in Europe."

The half yearly returns of the poor-law board communicate the information that, in England and Wales, during six months, the sum of £2,097,655 had to be paid for the relief of the poor, or, at this rate, considerably more than four millions per annum. If England is called the richest country, it must also be called the poorest, for where is the nation that needs a compulsory assessment of more than four millions a year for its paupers?

Near the Devil's Bridge, Cardiganshire, Scotland, there lives a remarkably hale old man in his 108th year. He is quite upright, stands nearly six feet high, and has complete possession of all his faculties. Notwithstanding his great age, this venerable old gentleman frequently marches across some of the smaller mountains of the Plinlimmon range, to meet the Hereford mail, which passes along the road, within three miles of his residence, and sometimes lends a hand in changing the horses at the first stage from Aberystwith.

Foreign Items.

Mozart's Requiem has just been performed in St. Petersburg for the first time, under the direction of Schubert.

The amount expended in the in-door and out-door relief of paupers in England in the half-year ending Lady-day, in 1856, was £2,098,656.

A gigantic organ has just been built by Merklin, Schultz & Co., Brussels, for the cathedral in Murcia, Spain. It contains 64 stops, 4 manuals, and two octaves of pedals.

The music-publisher Andre, of Offenbach, has just put forth a composition of Mozart which has never yet been published. It was composed in the year 1777, and its title is *Litania de venerabili Altaris.*

Thiers, in his magnificent account of the Moscow expedition, adduces conclusive proof that the burning of the Russian city was the work of the Russian governor Rostopchin exclusively—a scheme of "barbarous patriotism and savage grandeur."

In England of late the worst crimes are not committed by professed criminals, not by the criminal class, but by those who walk abroad in the light of day, and move about freely in society, like any other members of it.

At the Swiss music-festival this year, among other works Mendelssohn's Elijah, and a Beethoven symphony were given by 700 performers. 3000 people, musicians and guests, partook of a princely banquet at the superb villa Bartholony.

The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703, and Peter the Great was its senior editor. The imperial autocrat not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence, on which are marks and alterations in his own hand.

Sands of Gold.

.... In contemplation of created things by steps we ascend to God.—*Milton.*

.... The hatred of those who are the most nearly connected, is the most inveterate.—*Tacitus.*

.... Every error of the mind is the more conspicuous, and culpable, in proportion to the rank of the person who commits it.—*Juvenal.*

.... Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—*Bacon.*

.... The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Thinkers are scarce as gold: but he, whose thoughts embrace all his subject, pursues it uninterrupted and fearless of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size.—*Lavater.*

.... Our welcome of a stranger depends upon the name he bears—upon the coat he wears: our farewell upon the spirit he has displayed in the interview.—*Talleyrand.*

. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for to-morrow.—*Johnson.*

.... We ought not to be over-anxious to encourage innovation, in cases of *doubtful* improvement, for an old system must ever have two advantages over a new one; it is established and it is understood.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

To make a girl love you, coax her to love somebody else. If there be anything that woman relishes, it is to be contrary.

If five and a half yards make a perch how many will make a trout? If two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

An affected singer at one of our theatres, the other night, was told by a wag in the gallery "to come out from behind his nose and sing like other people."

An Illinois editor, speaking of a rogue who lives in his vicinity, says: "The rascal has broken every bank, and jail, and Sabbath, we have had in this county for the last five years."

A belligerent wight threatened to kick a dry character who had offended him. "If you undertake it," answered the challenged, "you will find yourself a man more *shinned against than shinning.*"

Colonel B——, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with a "how d'ye do!" answered, "Pretty well, I thank you; you find I hold my own." "Yes, sir," rejoined the man, "and mine too, to my sorrow."

A barber in London, to attract custom, had on his sign a picture of Absalom suspended by his hair from the boughs of an oak, and underneath, these lines: "O, Absalom, my son, my son, had you but worn a periwig, you'd never been undone."

An advocate before the Southport bench of magistrates, the other day, said he had two witnesses in court in support of the cause of his client, and they would be sure to speak the truth, *for he had had no opportunity of communicating with them!"*

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THE SPANISH GIPSY.

This beautiful engraving represents a Spanish gipsy girl, poising a water-jar in her hands. In the distance another girl, with a similar jar balanced on her head, is conversing with a lad of the tribe mounted on a donkey. The Moorish ruins, with the horse-shoe arch and trailing vines, forms an appropriate background to the figure in front. The artist has felicitously hit the true Bohemian type in the dark complexion, raven hair, lustrous eyes, artful smile, pearly teeth and graceful figure of the Gitana. All writers agree in commendation of the surpassing beauty of the young female gipsies, a beauty, however, which is exceedingly fragile, and evanescent as the bloom of the flower. The exposure of their homeless and wandering lives soon ruins the charms of the young girls, and they become hideous hags at thirty, or even younger. The gipsies are the most singular people on the face of the earth, and the tenacity with which they cling to their peculiar habits, manners and modes of existence, presents an interesting phenomenon. These vagabonds stand peculiar and aloof from all the rest of the world; they alone are free and independent in the midst of absolutism and serfdom. There is a very interesting article on "Gipsies and their Ways" in the October number of Putnam's Magazine, worth reading, if only from the brilliancy of its style, and embodying a number of facts relating to this singular race. The writer gives the various names under which gipsies are known in different parts of the world, as follows: In England, Gipsies; Scotland, Tinkers or Caird; France, Bohemian, Egyptian; Portugal, Cygana; Spain, Gitanos; Germany, Zingeuner; Sweden, Sparkning; Holland, Heiden; Denmark, Tartars; Italy, Zingari; Hungary, Tzygani and Pharao Nepols (Pharaoh's people); Russia, Tsingans; and Turkey and Syria, Chingana. In Persia they are termed Kauli, that is, inhabitants of Kabul, Sari, or Smiths and Karachi; while in Hindostan they are known as Nath and Kanjar. They term themselves Roma, and their language Romany. The following is the number of gipsies in the different parts of the Eastern Hemisphere, as nearly as they can be ascertained: Europe, 900,000; Africa, 400,000; India, 1,500,000; and other parts of Asia, 2,000,000, making a total of 4,800,000. "The gipsy physiognomy," says Putnam, "when once seen, can never be forgotten. The males are slightly above the medium size, well developed and nervous. Their bronze complexion, teeth as white as ivory, and long, crisped locks of jetty blackness, impart a singularly wild and ferocious aspect to forms resembling, in many respects, those of Hottentots and Caffres. They have an aspect of melancholy mingled with pride and cunning, and the expressive gestures which characterize their conversation, impart a lively interest to these picturesque vagabonds. The females are not wanting in the browned, ruddy cheeks and swelling bosoms, so associated with gipsy charms. A rich, olive complexion, with red lips, and a just proportion of the limbs, imparts to them even something more exquisite than the splendid outlines and delicious tints of Circassian beauty. The eye is, however, the marked feature of the race, and would distinguish the gipsy in whatever color, costume or character she might appear. It is not the small, luxurious eye of the Jewess, the oblong eye indispensable to the Chinese beauty, nor the soft, almond eye of the Egyptian, but something unique and peculiar. It is vivid, lustrous or liquid, according to the thought which seeks for utterance. Now, it has a wild and staring expression, and then, in moments of repose, a filmy, phosphorescent haze will gather over it, through which one looks into the depths below, as he does upon the stars of heaven, half obscured by the last ethereal rays of a flashing sunset. He has a conception of gipsy beauty, without beholding it, who has seen the fair damsels of Cyprus, where once stood the hundred Paphian altars, burning incense to Venus; or watched, on the islands of the Ægean, or in the shady villages of Asia Minor, the timid daughters of Grecian blood, collected around some gushing fountain, or bearing away its crystal wreath n graceful vases, as in the days of old:

'A gipsy maiden's sparkling eye
Has pierced my bosom's core—
A feat no eye beneath the sky
Could e'er effect before.'

I have often seen boys among the gipsies as beautiful as Astyanax, and young females whose forms Phidias would have chosen for models. Now and then, in the forests of Hungary or in the wilds of Bulgaria, I used suddenly to come upon groups of these mysterious wanderers, which stood before me like living *tableaux* from the pastoral age and country of Agamemnon. Their manner of life, *sans feu et lieu*, is, however, highly unfavorable for the retention of beauty; manhood is apt to assume a sinister and ferocious aspect, and females, made wives at twelve, generally become ugly and forbidding at twenty. With the latter, the change is as great as if the Graces had been metamorphosed into Harpies, or the daughters of Acheron and Nox. It takes an angel to make a demon. The dress of the gipsies is in keeping with their nomadic tendencies. They occasionally dress somewhat like those with whom they live; but they are generally too proud, as well as too indolent, to deck themselves with a foreign garb, and adhere to the national costume descended from their forefathers. This consists of ragged breeches and torn shirt, which, although their antiquity is obvious when put on, are never removed, for want of a change, until they fall from their body of their own accord, in a state of complete dilapidation. The children are brought up in the true Calmuc style, being allowed to run naked until the age of six or eight years, when they assume the garb of their elders. The wind cannot blow off his hat who has none, and shoes are troublesome appliances among people whose manner of life and general economy are those of vagrants and beggars. In warm weather, they uniformly go barefoot, except when parading a pair of yellow boots and spurs which have fallen into their possession by theft or some accident of fortune, and contrast ludicrously with a pair of breeches wanting in the ampler parts. In winter, they envelope their feet in bundles of rags, or, as in Wallachia, wear coarse woolen stockings, knit by females upon huge wooden needles. The women neither spin nor weave, neither sew nor wash, and yet it cannot be said of them that they are clothed like unto the lilies of the field. They are even more picturesque in the matter of dress than the males. In Wallachia, I have seen numberless instances where the entire female attire consisted of a large piece of linen thrown over the head and round the body, the solution or whose continuity revealed here and there large portions of the cutaneous integument supplied by nature, and well darkened by exposure. These Wallachian gipsies have also a dash of Bloomerism; for, in case their own wretched garments give out, they do not hesitate to draw on those of their male companions, should the latter be so fortunate as to have any unmentionable articles of dress to spare. They are excessively fond of ornaments, and often wear strings of jingling piastres, or other small coins, around the head and neck. I have frequently noticed gold ducats dangling upon the naked breasts of these half-dressed barbarians. The gipsies are not, however, totally indifferent as to dress. In Spain, they occasionally assume a gay attire. The red cap is there indispensable, but otherwise green is the favorite color, as among the Turks. In Hungary, they have the greatest *penchant* for acquiring, by theft or otherwise, the cast-off clothes of distinguished personages, and nothing can be more ridiculous than to behold one of those idle vagabonds pompously parading a laced coat with silver buttons, while his head and feet are naked." We refer our readers to the article from which we have made the above extract, for a very readable sketch of gipsy life and manners, while the romance of gipsy life is admirably depicted in Borrow's entertaining and instructive books, the "Bible in Spain," the "L'Aveugro," etc.



THE SPANISH GIPSY.

GREEN VELVET AND BLUE SATIN.

Sometimes things did not go on quite so smoothly, however, at Malmaison, when any of the Bonaparte family visited Josephine, for a most cordial hatred seems to have existed between her and the ladies of the imperial family, partaking somewhat of female rivalry and jealousy.

One evening in particular—when the beautiful Pauline was to be formally presented to Josephine, on her marriage with the Prince Borghese—must be noted in the annals of Malmaison. Pauline, clever, witty, and most lovely, had accepted the hand of the Borghese, almost a fool in intellect, solely on account of his money and his title. Sacrificing her heart to her ambition, she determined to make the first use of her new honors by endeavoring to humiliate poor Josephine; and in order to carry out this admirable resolution, announced her intention of visiting her on a certain evening shortly after her marriage. Days were passed in preparing the splendid toilette which was to crush her sister-in-law. At length the memorable evening arrived. Josephine, fully aware of the intention of Pauline, took her own measures accordingly. She arranged herself for this trying ordeal, of a graceful against a beautiful woman, with consummate tact and a perfect knowledge of that peculiar style of dress well calculated to display her faultless shape, which she has almost immortalized. She wore a white muslin dress, edged and trimmed with a narrow border of gold; the short sleeves, which displayed a finely-turned arm, were looped up at the shoulder by large cameos, an enamelled serpent encircled her throat, on her head was a kind of diadem formed of cameos and enamel, confining her hair somewhat in the style of the antique busts of the Roman empresses. She looked so extremely graceful and classical in this attire, that when Napoleon entered the saloon he was delighted, and saluted her with a kiss on the shoulder—a somewhat *bourgeois* caress, by the way. On his expressing his surprise at the care with which she was dressed, she reminded him of the expected visit of Pauline. The evening wore on, and yet the princess did not arrive. Napoleon, having remained beyond his usual time, retired at last to his cabinet. Shortly afterwards the princess made her appearance, looking transcendently lovely. But on this occasion she had not trusted to the charms of unadorned beauty, as she literally was resplendent with jewels. Her dress, composed of green velvet, was embroidered in the front with masses of diamonds, her arms, her neck, her head were also encircled with splendid jewels. As she advanced across the room towards Josephine, who, as the wife of the First Consul, did not rise until she approached, Pauline gazed around full of pride and gratified vanity, conscious of the effect created by her beauty, her youth, and dazzling splendor.

The salutations were cold between the rival ladies. Pauline seated herself, and to break the stiffness of the reception, began conversing in a low voice with Madame Junot, who was placed near her.

"Well, Louise, how do I look to-night? What do you think of the Borghese jewels?"

"Think? why they are wonderful—actually *eblouissants*," returned Madame Junot.

"But do you really, now—flattery apart—think this dress becomes me?"

"Vain Pauline! why, you knew perfectly before asking me that question you never looked better in your whole life."

"Well, it is not exactly vanity that makes me ask you so particularly," replied Pauline; "but it is because I want to astonish Madame Bonaparte, and you know I have spared no pains to mortify her by this display of my new jewels. Yet how elegantly she looks in that simple India muslin dress, with those cameos, too, like a Grecian statue; she certainly does understand to perfection the style that suits her. That white dress contrasts so well, too, with the blue satin of the furniture—it is perfect. Good heavens! what shall I do?" she suddenly exclaimed, in an agonized whisper, and turned quite pale.

"What is it?—what can be the matter?" asked Madame Junot, quite alarmed.

"O, Louise, why did you not tell me? How cruel not to remind me! To let me come here in this room dressed in *green velvet, when the furniture is blue satin!* O, this is too much! I shall never forgive you! How dreadful I must look by the side of Josephine! This is more than I can bear. I must go away at once."

Pauline was conquered. Elegance had won the day even against beauty. She took a hasty farewell of Josephine, and hurried out of the room, consoling herself a little in her retreat by displaying her jewels before the whole establishment assembled to do her honor. She passed down the alley formed by the household, preceded by lighted torches, and followed by her husband, whom she early taught to aspire no higher than to the honor of being her chamberlain; and thus ended in absolute failure this notable wedding visit of the Princess Pauline Borghese.—*Pilgrimages to the French Palaces.*

He who reforms himself, has done more toward reforming the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots.—*Lavater.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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THE STATE OF INDIANA.

The design on this page is one of the most beautiful of the series of State scenes drawn for us by Billings. The base of the picture is formed by wheat sheaves, the plough and sickle; above which, bea tifully framed and draped, is a correct representation of the State capitol. In the upper part of the design we have the State arms, with a herd of buffaloes, plunging through the prairie grass, a woodman felling a tree, and the sun rising on the far horizon. The arms are flanked by laurel and Indian corn leaves, and beneath are the scroll of the constitution and the sword of justice. On the right are a party of pioneers with their wagons and horses, illustrating the initiatory steps of civilization, and on the left a harvest field, with farmers loading their wagons, laborers cutting and binding the sheaves, and a domestic group in the foreground, a picture of peace and plenty. The State of Indiana is bounded north by Lake Michigan and Michigan, east by Ohio, south by Kentucky, from which it is separated by the Ohio River, and west by Illinois, from which it is partly separated by the Wabash River. It is about 275 miles long, by 135 miles broad, with an area of 38,809 square miles. Three-fourths of the State are yet uncultivated, but it will in time be one of the most densely populated portions of the great Mississippi Valley. This State has no great mountains, and a large portion of it is either level or slightly undulating. The streams mostly empty into the Ohio. A portion of the State is heavily timbered. It has an immense quantity of coal, and there are also iron, copper, lime, freestone, gypsum and grindstones in varying abundance. Of the rivers, the Wabash is the largest that has its course mainly in the State. Its total length, including its windings, is about 500 miles. The climate is milder than in the same latitude on the Atlantic seaboard, but it is subject to sudden changes. The winters, though severe, are short. The soil is generally good, some portions, particularly the river bottoms, being of extraordinary fertility. It ranks fourth among the States of the Union in the quantity of Indian corn grown, and raises the usual agricultural productions, together with some wine, hemp and silk. In 1850 there were 98,396 farms, occupying 5,046,243 acres. In the same year there were 4326 manufacturing establishments in the State. In August, 1854, there were 1278 miles of railroad completed, 1592 in the course of construction, and 732 miles projected. In the same year Indiana had 367 miles of canal, including the famous Wabash and Erie Canal. The State has an active lake and river trade with New Orleans and the various points of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, and with New York by the lakes. The school fund of the State, in 1853, was $4,988,988. In 1850 there were 11 colleges, 4822 public schools, and 131 academies and other schools. In the same year there were 2032 churches, the Baptist being the most numerous. At Indianapolis there are asylums for the deaf and dumb, the blind and the insane. There were, in 1850, 58 public libraries, 88 school and Sunday school libraries, four college and a church library. Population, in 1800, 4875; in 1850, 988,393.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAMPAIGN OPENS.

"Hark! 'twas the trumpet of Freedom that sounded,
Millions of voices respond to the strain,
Hailing the day when an empire was founded,
Firm as our mountains, and free as the main!"

American Independence! It was a glorious epoch in the history of nations when our heroic sires resolved to be free, and nerved their iron hearts for a desperate revolutionary struggle. Year after year had they submitted to the ever-increasing burdens imposed by order of a despotic sovereign, remonstrating without avail, pleading without obtaining redress, until the spirit of armed resistance, brought to a focus by the oppressive taxations of Lord North's ministry, was kindled into a blaze at Lexington fight. Brightly did the pure beacon-light burst forth, illuminating the entire seacoast like an electric flash, and penetrating into the deep recesses of the interior forests like a "pillar of fire," guiding those who were willing to fight for Independence to the armies recruiting around the newly-raised flag of the free. Dense war-clouds dimmed the horizon, the fountains of public opinion were opened, and a broad tide of liberty swelled forth like the waters that had once rolled over the whole surface of the continent. Every county had its regiment—every hamlet its company of minute-men, pastors led their faithful flocks to head-quarters, and mothers, with Spartan firmness, sent even their youngest sons to the tented field, while they cultivated the homestead crops. The plough was deserted in the furrow, tools were left around unfinished works, and the merchant forsook his counter to join the brave yeomen and patriotic mechanics who hastened to enforce the glorious truth, that "disobedience to tyrants is obedience to God." There was a deficiency of weapons and a lack of uniforms, but each patriotic recruit was impressed with a firm belief that governments must derive their just powers from the governed—a principle which was to be sustained until death, whether on the victorious battle-field or on the menacing scaffold. "Blandishments," said one of their leaders, "will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a halter intimidate us—for, under God, we are determined that, whensoever or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen!"

Bunker Hill proved that these improvised phalanxes—that had sprung into existence like the fabulous dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus, warriors ready for the fray,—were animated by that resistless intrepidity which ensures success. Neither were they novices in the art of warfare. Accustomed from early youth to the wild sports of the forest, where game was then abundant, they had grown up hardy and fearless, well fitted for the endurance and the danger of a soldier's life. Some of them, from the frontier, had combated the Indian war-chief, so noted for the skill of his ambushes and the ferocity of his revenge. Others had served at the conquest of Louisbourg from the veteran troops of France; or had fought shoulder to shoulder with the British when Wolfe fell, in the arms of victory; or had shared in the disasters of Braddock's defeat. The lessons they had learned while fighting for the king were not forgotten; and those who had gallantly served under Pepperel, or Rogers, or Amherst, were among the first to throw themselves into the revolutionary struggle, and to confirm with joy the selection of a well-known "Provincial colonel" as their commander-in-chief. Washington, noblest of mortals, armed with the wisdom of Minerva and the prowess of Jove, was a fit leader for freedom's host. The strength, the glory, the wisdom of the protracted struggle was concentrated in the Father of his country, who not only led his armies to victory, but sheltered them from annihilation. Ever will his memory be dear to every true heart, and his humble sepulchre a hallowed shrine where the pilgrim of liberty will delight to resort, thanking the Ruler of the universe for the example of such a life as that of Washington.

It was in the month of September, 1775, that a young man might have been seen riding along the main street of the old town of Ipswich, in what was then called the Province of Massachusetts Bay, on his way to Newburyport. It was a lovely afternoon, and as he faced the declining sun, the atmosphere seemed filled with floating powdered gold, which cast a dazzling radiance upon the wooded hills before him. Fields of rich green corn revelled in the yellow sunlight, and the well-cultivated farms on either side of the highway recalled to the traveller's mind the pastoral beauty of Greece, in those storied days when nature smiled upon her classic soil. The very earth seemed joyous in its prolific beauty, as if proudly conscious that no unjaundiced mind could gaze on it without delight, and the birds, coming forth from their noontide shelters, carolled forth subdued vesper-songs of happiness.

These beauties of nature were not lost upon the young man who then gazed on them for the first time, and ample leisure had he to enjoy them, for his gray charger was in no hurry to proceed very rapidly, having left Washington's head-quarters at Cambridge since breakfast. The rider was young—very young, and yet there was a stern resolution in his earnest look that denoted a full maturity of mind. His expressive black eyes were large and sunny, his nose was classically straight, full arched lips disclosed perfect teeth, and thick, black curls, clustering on either side of his high, broad forehead, nearly concealed his small, transparent ears. He sat on his horse with that negligent grace peculiar to those reared on a Virginia plantation, and his whole bearing was that of a young man of fortune, whose mind was intensely occupied for the time, though there was a certain frankness in his open features that would have led a stranger to cultivate his acquaintance.

He wore the becoming uniform of Morgan's Rifle Rangers, a loose frock of dark green cloth, with a small cape bordered with gold fringe. Buckskin leggings, ornamented with gay Indian bead-work, came down over his thick moccasins, which were soled like ordinary shoes. A short sword hung from his wampum belt, in which he carried a stout hunting-knife, and a white buck-tail was jauntily set in a visorless cap made of racoon skin. This picturesque garb was highly becoming to the young man's lithe, well-formed figure, while further evidence of his aristocratic habits were discernible in the delicate texture of his neckcloth and ruffles, which were also edged with narrow lace. A small valise was on the crupper behind his saddle, while before it was a pair of holsters from which protruded the silver-mounted butts of a formidable pair of pistols. Never, in the palmy days of chivalry, was there a more gallant-looking cavalier than was this same Ensign Herbert Yancey, now on his way to Newburyport with special despatches from General Washington.

A rustling sound in some bushes at the roadside started him from his reverie, and he had drawn a pistol ere he recognized in a man who rode out into the highway an old and certainly pacific acquaintance. A bright flush colored his cheek, as if ashamed of having been startled, and pushing back the pistol, he raised his hand to his cap, in true military style, exclaiming: "Why, professor, is that you? Good-day to you, sir."

The new-comer was evidently a Frenchman by birth, with the slender figure, thin, yellow features and aquiline nose so peculiar to the land of Charlemagne and champagne. It was a dozen years or more since he landed in Boston, where he gave French lessons with such success that he was soon afterwards engaged at Harvard College, first as tutor, then as professor. Amiable in his disposition, retiring in his habits, and almost childlike in his manners, he was a universal favorite; nor did any one but himself know that his life had been anything but that of a quiet scholar. Yet often, in the dead of night, would he lift the veil of hypocrisy from his troubled conscience, reviving long smouldering fires of love and jealousy, and recalling many prominent parts which he had acted in the great drama of life, with shuddering fears of the final act. The morning sun would light up his serene face as he greeted his scholars with a gentle smile, though a close observer would have noticed that his eye had a restless glance.

At first, the professor did not recognize one of his pupils in the dashing-looking officer who had addressed him; but there was no forgetting Herbert Yancey.

"I do declare," said he, "it is you. And what frolic has made you put on that disguise? It is very becoming, though."

"Thank you, professor," laughingly replied the young officer, bowing to his horse's mane. "But let me tell you that I am now serving my country. When the college exercises were discontinued, I remained at Cambridge, intending to continue my studies. But that was no time for metaphysical investigations, or for the mysteries of classic lore, and I soon became inoculated with a desire to aid in rescuing my country from the tyrant's yoke. A sense of filial duty to my dear widowed mother alone restrained me; but when our own Virginia riflemen came to Cambridge, life had no other object of ambition for me than military renown in their ranks. I knew most of the officers, some of them having been my schoolmates; and at last my mother, yielding to my earnest prayers, gave me a reluctant permission to accept a commission. This Colonel Morgan easily obtained, as my father had been an acquaintance of General Washington's; and now, my dear professor, a new career opens its bright vista before me. No more syllogistic arguments in Latin, no more Greek exercises, or incomprehensible problems—but the march, the bivouac, and, I hope, the glory of victory. Don't mention it, professor, but I shall be off for Canada in a fortnight."

"For Canada!" repeated the old gentleman; "and what, Herbert, do you intend doing in Canada?"

"Doing!" replied Yancey; "why, take it, to be sure. Colonel Arnold is to lead a large force, including our Virginia Rifle Rangers, which is to cross some uninhabited country, and join Montgomery before Quebec. But, professor, what are you doing here? Botanizing, of course?"

"Yes, Herbert. When the army occupied Cambridge, I came to pay a long-promised visit to an old friend in Ipswich, and have made many valuable additions to my herbarium."

"I am right glad to learn your success, professor. Indeed I would like to have a chat with you, but the sun is getting low, and I have a dozen miles to ride. So good-by."

Touching his horse with the spur, the young officer was off the moment he finished his sentence, leaving his companion gazing after him in a deep study. "He goes to Canada—to Quebec," he soliloquized. "Ah, how I would like to see that pleasant city, yet how terrible are my souvenirs of it!" Then, with a quivering lip, and a shudder, as though he felt the brand of Cain searing his conscience, the unquiet man turned the head of his horse toward Ipswich.

Our readers may have partially gathered from the interview above mentioned that Herbert Yancey was the son of a wealthy Virginia planter, who had died some years previously, leaving his only child in the guardianship of his bereaved wife. Residing on one of the family estates, Mrs. Yancey devoted herself to the education of her son, into whose mind she successfully endeavored to instil honor and truth, with the gentler feelings of her own heart. She succeeded admirably, and until he had nearly arrived at the age of manhood, "Massa Herbert" had the uncontrolled range of the plantation, with its host of devoted sable retainers. But when his tutor informed him that he could instruct him no further—when he had hunted, and fished, and rode, over the whole county,—the young man's active mind became weaned, and he entreated his fond mother to let him pursue his studies at old Harvard, where his father had graduated.

On arriving at Cambridge, Herbert's family position, fine personal appearance, and cheerful disposition, won him a host of friends, and for a wonder, he soon became as popular with the faculty as with the students. Not that he was free from faults, especially what were called college misdemeanors in those days of pedagogical severity; but the faculty saw that his faults were those of impulse, not of calculation, and so they overlooked in him what they would have expelled others for doing. Indeed there was no resisting the frank earnestness of his manner, neither was there any reason to complain when the waste-gate of freedom from home restraint had once performed its office. No sooner was he satiated with the frivolities of college life than irresolution of purpose was exchanged for decision, new aspirations were awakened, and although some of his classmates were young men of marked ability, Herbert was in the foremost rank. Yet although he was a close student, he by no means neglected the manly exercises of his early youth. A row upon Charles River, a gallop into Brookline, or practice with his rifle upon the hills of Brighton, were indulged in nearly every day. These manly accomplishments, while they invigorated his body, gave him that mental energy and firmness of purpose which are so necessary to ensure success in martial pursuits.

When he first requested permission to join the revolutionary forces, at the commencement of hostilities, his mother sent a positive refusal in reply to his earnest epistle. Yet when the gallant Virginians around her enlisted under the stalwart Morgan, and left for the North, her patriotic spirit overbalanced her maternal fears. No sooner was her consent obtained, than he was elected an ensign in the company raised in his own county, and Herbert's first intimation of his mother's consent to his earnest desire, was the receipt of his commission, with a letter from Colonel Morgan, appointing him quartermaster to the regiment.

Elated with this realization of his dreams, Herbert immediately commenced a diligent study of his duties, so that when the brave Virginians reached the camp at Cambridge, he was able to report himself for immediate service. Washington, who had noticed his attention to the important duties of the commissariat, spoke of him in the highest terms, and in arranging the expedition to Canada, young Yancey was charged with the supplies of the advance guard, which was to be chiefly composed of riflemen. It was to procure certain stores, and attend to their shipment, that he was now on his way to Newburyport, in advance of the invading force.

Passing through the straggling village of Rowley, Herbert saw the sun declining over the distant hills of West Newbury, fringing the pine thickets with golden hues, while the sky was filled with gorgeous cloud-castles, shaped by the great Architect of heaven. The birds twittered in the trees, or skimmed over the brooks and pools, while a troop of thieving crows, scenting their repast from afar, were seen trooping through the air, like mourners hastening to a funeral banquet. Nature was melodious and joyful, while from the distance, like the full tones of a cathedral organ, came the roar of the ocean surf upon the sandy beaches of Plum Island. But when he reached the river Parker, an incident occurred of startling moment, dispelling all his day-dreams, and completely changing the tidal current of his existence.

CHAPTER II.

THE PARSONAGE OF ST. PAUL'S.

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray."

Newburyport—now a mere nursery from whence recruits are sent forth into the great "Battle of Life," and the asylum which welcomes them back with their spoils to die,—was a prosperous seaport in the revolutionary epoch. Her sails whitened every sea, her merchants lived in princely state, every one of her towns-people was directly or indirectly interested in navigation, and she had much to lose by engaging in the struggle. But the current of the Merrimac was not fuller and stronger, as it swept past her shores, than was the patriotism of her sons. Regardless of the individual cost, they spurned all thoughts of conciliation with King George, and zealously pledged "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" for the establishment of the sublime principles of constitutional freedom.

Yet there were exceptions to this, as to every other phase of the public will. A few families clung loyally to their church and to their king, in obedience to the solemn warnings of their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Gwynne, rector of the Episcopal church of St. Paul. Although a native of Massachusetts, the Rector was proud of his old English lineage, and dearly did he love to trace it back through the vexed period of the Commonwealth, the eventful era of Queen Elizabeth, and the Reformation of bluff King Harry, to the time when his first notable ancestor was knighted by Edward the Third at the battle of Crecy. The passion of one ancestor for gaming, of another for horses, and of a third for foreign travel, had gradually wasted away the broad acres regally donated to the valiant De Gwynne with his golden spurs. But it was the rector's boast that, amid all changes, the gradually impoverished family had proudly supported the throne, even when they had been exiled to the western wilds by the loss of the last acre of their old estate.

In addition to this ancestral pride, Parson Gwynne (as he was called) had been educated and ordained in England, under the auspices of the "Society for the propagation of the Gospel in

foreign parts." The munificence of this body had settled him at Newburyport, and in return he had never failed to respect its patrons, reading prayers for the king and the royal family, as became a loyal missionary. Nay, he denounced the first workings of the rebellion as "a most sinful rebellion," and sternly refused to read the committee of safety's recommendations for fasts or thanksgivings, announcing as a reason that the proclamations emanated from men who were alike traitors to their country and to their God.

This, of course, made the Episcopal rector obnoxious to the revolutionists; but the man, apart from his holy office, was beloved by all the good people of Newburyport. High and low, rich and poor, and of every religious denomination, regarded him with genuine reverence, for he was emphatically a man of p ace and of good works. A constant visitor at the bedsides of the sick and of the suffering, ever ready to aid those in distress or to raise the fallen in heart, Parson Gwynne won the most stubborn opponents of Christian life by his kindness, and inculcated virtue by his spotless example. His cordial and courteous manners were stamped with a winning jovialty of character when conversing on secular matters, yet no one ever dared take liberties with him, or infringe the bounds of decorum.

The parsonage house of St. Paul's church was in every way worthy of its tenants, and looked the abode of peace and happiness. It was a large, low-studded wooden edifice, with a huge stack of brick chimneys clustering out from its centre. Above the windows, which were filled with small diamond panes of glass, clung the luxuriant woodbine, and the deep porch, with its cedar columns, was embosomed in roses. Large elms waved their sentinel branches in front, along the road, while on either side, stretching rearward to the very edge of the Merrimac, was a noble garden. This it was the rector's delight to cultivate in the old English style. There were long terraces, fringed with vines, large squares of grass with borders of flowers, a small fish pond and a summer-house, covered with the graceful tendrils of the clematis, on the very banks of the river. Neither was there any lack of excellent fruit trees, of currant or of gooseberry bushes, or of vegetable patches, filled with culinary treasures. It was, in short, a very gem of a garden, presenting unequivocal signs of the rector's peaceful enjoyment, his successful industry, and his love of the beautiful.

Attractive as was the garden, it was but a fitting preface through which to pass ere entering the parsonage, which it so exquisitely enshrined. On the left hand of the small entry, which was nearly filled by a winding, heavy-banistered staircase, was the rector's study. It was a large, low room, with oaken beams crossing it below the whitewashed ceiling, and a clean pine floor, upon which lay scattered a score of small oval carpets, made of bits of cloth braided and then sewed together. An immense fireplace was filled with green asparagus boughs, and a long, sombre-looking clock ticked in a corner. But not an inch of the walls could be seen. They were hid by tall book-shelves, evidently made from time to time as the library had gradually increased, until there was now no available room. Many of the books, of course, were on theological topics, embracing the musty folios of Leyden and of Geneva, in which the doctrines of Calvin and Luther were so prolixly interpreted by their disciples. Yet the fine old English poets were all there—ay, and their pages bore marks of frequent consultation, while a few choice dramas, the works of the Jesuit missionaries who first elevated the cross in America, and a shelf devoted to science, completed the collection.

In one corner stood a good reflecting telescope, with a celestial globe, and a quadrant. Near by, and in a good light, was a large table, literally heaped with books, manuscripts, mineralogical specimens, and other "litter of literature." Here, in a large armchair, sat the rector, on the afternoon of which we have spoken.

Parson Gwynne was in his seventieth year, but, from his thick, auburn hair, and the vivacity of his movements, he might have passed for a hale man of fifty. His attenuated but pleasing features, his beautifully formed mouth, and his large brilliant eyes, composed an intellectual, and, at the same time, amiable expression which was extremely fascinating. Though his frame was rather slender than strongly built, it was muscular and active, well adapted to those athletic exertions in which he delighted to be accounted a master. For to confess the truth, the rector was no less anxious to be esteemed a man eminent for ecclesiastical learning, than to be held a skillful angler, a good shot, and a distinguished adept at base-ball, running, leaping, and all exercises which depend upon animal spirits and muscular exertion. These, he held, were eminently English, and he therefore practised them assiduously—rather too much so, perhaps, to suit the gossips of his parish. They—good souls—would have rather seen their rector a pale, thin man, with a weary-looking countenance, and a shuffling, unsteady gait. Luckily he cared not one straw for their opinion.

The rector, at the time of this introduction, was in earnest discourse with Madame Ordway, who had presided over his household affairs for nearly a score of years, and had contributed much to his comfort. A few years previous to her installation at the parsonage, she had been one of the happiest of wives, when her husband "followed the seas," and she was the occupant of a pleasant house at the "north end" of Boston. At last, after a long, dreary silence, almost worse than the worst news could have been, she received intelligence that he had arrived at Newburyport, after having been shipwrecked. Hastening thither, she found him a mere skeleton, but by careful nursing he soon recovered his health, and having an opportunity to command the vessel which had rescued him, he went to sea again.

His wife never saw him more. Month after month she awaited his return, and her fond heart beat high with the thought that at his coming she could gladden him by presenting their first-born son, born after his departure. But the child never knew a father's smile, and at length the mother, who had neither relatives nor property, accepted joyfully the position of housekeeper tendered her by Parson Gwynne, who, as her spiritual adviser, had a fine opportunity to observe her even, gentle disposition. As the lad grew up, it was her heart's prayer that he might, on arriving at manhood, become an expounder of heavenly truths, and minister at his Redeemer's altar. As the lad grew up, however, it became evident that the ministry was not his vocation, and Madame Ordway was at length compelled to admit that such a frolicsome scamp would never make a staid clergyman. Frank was accordingly released from study, and apprenticed to a ship-carpenter, where he soon manifested a great aptitude for ornamental carving. The figure-heads of Frank Ordway's handiwork were celebrated in the colony, and now that he had just attained his majority, he devoted himself to this branch of his trade.

Up to the breaking out of the Revolution, Frank had been a great favorite with Parson Gwynne—nay, the gossips said that he would leave the young man one half of his accumulated savings. But of late, the good rector had become quite dissatisfied, and was now unburthening his grievances to young Ordway's mother.

"I tell you what," said he, "Frank is on the broad road to destruction. I have heard of him at several of the meetings at the Liberty Tree, and he even had the audacity to say to me this very morning that he hoped before the next 17th of June there would not be a Tory in Massachusetts."

"But, sir," replied Madame Ordway, in an imploring tone.

"Never mind your buts, madame," interrupted the rector. "This rebellious spirit may attain its end, and unless promptly checked—"

He in his turn was interrupted by the entrance of the only undescribed inmate of the rectory, yet the one who would have first attracted a stranger's attention. Some fifteen years previous, a large French vessel had been driven ashore on Plum Island, in a furious gale of wind, and went to pieces within sight of a crowd of spectators, who could do nothing to rescue those on board from a watery grave. Singularly enough, only one soul, and that a delicate young child, was preserved. Washed on shore, she was with difficulty rescued from the waves, and was carried home by the rector, who found his housekeeper delighted with an opportunity to do good by cherishing the little stranger. A fever set in, and when the girl recovered her consciousness, she was unable to give any idea of her family or home, although the rector conjectured that she was a Canadian, and a Roman Catholic. So she grew up, the companion of Frank Ordway, but even a greater favorite of their kind protector. Now that she had grown up, and was entering into womanhood, she was the rector's especial companion, and their love for each other was devoted. Nor was she his favorite alone. So gentle were her ways, so sweet was her smile, so melodious was her voice, and so guileless was her heart, that every one in Newburyport spoke well of the rector's ward. Such was the term by which he addressed her, and she, at his request, called him "guardian." She had been christened Mabel Gwynne.

As she entered the study, a painter would have rejoiced to have transferred her charms to canvass, so cherub-like was the expression of her angelic features. If there was passion in her heart, it was not displayed upon the noble outline of her countenance, while a sweet smile ever lingered around the corners of her tiny mouth. Her bright auburn hair was tightly drawn back over her high marble forehead, and escaped in flowing curls from behind a small straw hat, jauntily perched upon her head. Her clear blue eyes shone with a pensive light through their long, drooping fringes, and her coral lips poutingly kept watch over the pearly treasures disclosed through their slightly opened, rosy gates. A boddice of dark blue cloth was fitted so tightly as to develop the elegant, untortured contour of her figure, with a cambric kerchief intervening between the dark material and her snowy neck. A long, sweeping skirt of striped homespun kersey was held gracefully up in her left hand, while in the right she carried a riding-whip.

"What, Mabel,—is Selim saddled?" asked the rector, suddenly ceasing his remarks upon the politics of his housekeeper's son.

"Yes, guardy. Old Margy Westcott, who lives near Parker River bridge, has sent me word that she needs flannel badly, having severe rheumatic pains. So I thought that I would canter over with some."

"I wish that I could go over with you, but am preparing a sermon with great care. The rights of the church and of our king must be asserted, or every one will become as rank Whigs as you and Frank Ordway are."

"Would that they—" Here Mabel checked herself, and running up to the rector, kissed his forehead, saying: "But I wont vex my loyal old guardy. Good-by—good-by!" She then left the study with a light step, followed by Madame Ordway.

"Really," said the matron, as they came out from the door, "I don't see what Frank can do."

"Do!" replied Mabel. "There is but one thing for Frank Ordway or any other true-hearted American to do."

"And what is that?" asked Frank himself, coming from behind a cluster of lilacs, and going towards Selim, whose rein Mabel was already unfastening. Holding out his hand, she touched her tiny foot in it and sprang into the saddle. Then turning towards her expectant attendant, she exclaimed:

"Fight for your country's freedom!"

Ere he could recover from his surprise, she was gone, but her words rang unceasingly in his ears. Walking slowly away, he repeated the phrase again and again—"Fight for my country's freedom!" An important secret weighed upon his heart, but it was overpowered there by that warning advice. Yes—yes! He was ready to "fight for his country's freedom," to wear the black cockade, and to follow the rolling drum beneath the "flag of the free."

CHAPTER III.

PERIL BY LAND AND WATER.

"On such a steed sprung Lochinvar,
To bear so gallantly afar
The maid he bravely wooed;
On such a steed the martyr-queen,
Bewildered, tearful, yet serene,
Passed on to Holyrood."

Mabel, on leaving the parsonage, made her horse pace gently along the high street, then but imperfectly shaded by the giant elms, whose interlacing branches now enshrine it, like the nave of a Gothic cathedral. She did not wish to offend the good dames who sat at their windows, like spiders in their webs, all ready to pounce upon any exhibition of hoydenishness on the part of the rector's ward; but no sooner had she passed the "green," than she tightened her rein. "Forward, Selim,—forward!"

The noble animal, arching his neck, and throwing forward his tiny ears, at once started off in a sweeping canter. In those days, every lady was a good rider, but Mabel Gwynne excelled in horsemanship, that promoter of invigorated health, braced nerves and elevated spirits. Rapidly passing over a mile or so of the smooth, pleasant highway, she slackened her rein as she entered a beautiful wood, which stood in its primeval grandeur. Some of the trees cast deep shadows, but through the intervals darted the concentrated rays of the sun in brilliant lines of light, producing a magical effect. The birds were singing their evening songs, and nature's happiest harmonies seemed consecrated by the sweetest melodies.

Letting Selim walk, Mabel was enjoying this landscape, when a horseman suddenly emerged from a cross bridle-path, and rode directly toward her. He was in the prime of life, and gaily though rather shabbily attired. His crimson cloth coat was badly stained, the embroidery on his satin waistcoat was tarnished, the laundress had evidently not had recent possession of his cambric ruffles, and the long riding-boots, which reached above the knees of his leather small-clothes, bore samples of dried mud from many a rut.

"Don't be in a hurry," he said, in a half jocular, half brutal tone, stretching out his arms as if to clasp her around the waist.

Mabel shuddered at the sound, nor, as she gazed at the speaker with mingled amazement and fear, was there anything about his appearance to re-assure her. His was one of those faces which make one shudder without knowing why. It was of a dark olive shade, deeply furrowed with the traces of small-pox, and tinged with the scarlet brand of intemperate indulgence. Gray-grizzled, black hair hung in tangled masses from beneath his three-cornered felt hat, and thick, bushy eyebrows of the same hue gave to his deeply-sunken gray eyes a yet darker shade. His features were elongated, while diagonally across his face was the livid scar of a disfiguring sword cut, which had so marred his upper lip that when he spoke, or was moved by excitement, his large teeth were so uncovered as to give a repulsive, if not ferocious air to his whole countenance. Strange to say, however, one would have been disposed to regard this sinister expression as perfectly natural. The wound which spoiled the man's good looks, seemed to have given but the finishing touch to the likeness which his aspect bore to his soul, and to have harmonized the physiognomy and the disposition. It was the stamp of passion beyond self-control, and of a defiant, hardened career of dissipation, branded indelibly, as if to warn all well-meaning people against the possessor.

Mabel's color went and came with indignation, although she did not dream that the annoyance was anything but the freak of a drunken man, emboldened by the disturbed state of the province. Gathering her energies, she replied:

"I am in haste, sir, and do not desire company."

"But suppose you cannot help having it!" exclaimed the man, with a satyr-like leer, for her beauty but inflamed his excitement.

"Nay, sir. Let me pass. I must go on!" hurriedly ejaculated Mabel, who, for the first time in her life, felt thoroughly alarmed.

"Never, my beauty!" And the fellow seized Selim's bridle.

"Sir, do you know who I am? I am the Rev. Mr. Gwynne's ward, and am on a visit to a sick woman."

"So, so!" roared the persecutor. "You are the parson's ward—the stray caglet in the old Tory's nest. I knew all that, my beauty, when I sent for you; for old Dame Westcott's rheumatism was caused by a guinea from me, with the promise of another one if she could tole you out here."

"God help me!" exclaimed Mabel, turning white with fear. "O, sir, let me return!"

"Never, without me as your husband, my darling!" And as the man uttered these words, he seized the bridle nearer the bit with his left hand, while he sought to encircle Mabel's waist with his right arm.

No sooner did she feel his rude grasp, than a thousand agonized thoughts whirled in frightful chaos through her excited brain. A ray of hope flashed through the gloom. Raising her riding-whip, and summoning her every energy, she dealt the would-be-abductor such a blow across the face that he dropped the bridle and his prey, instinctively raising both hands to the smarting livid line which crossed both cheeks.

"Forward, Selim,—forward!" shouted Mabel, gathering up the reins as she freed herself from a loathsome grasp, and away sped the noble steed as fully comprehending the peril of his rider.

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed the baffled ruffian, his eyes flashing fire, as he spurred his horse in pursuit. "Stop, or by the saints, I will fire!" But he found it impossible to overtake Selim, who was urged on by his mistress, as if every impulse of his life was concentrated in his speed.

Onward—onward they flew. Mabel dared not turn nround, but she could henr the hoofs of her pursuer's horse close behind her, and his loud cries were swept past her on every breeze. Half a mile further and she would be safe, for she would then reach the river, and there were houses on the other side of the bridge.

"Forward, Selim,—forward!"

The gallant animal, with distended eyes finshing fire, quivering nostrils, and veins which swelled like the fibres on a vine leaf, almost flew over the ground, while the distnnce between him and the pursuer rapidly increased. Meanwhile the rage of the horseman appeared also to increase into madness, and he was on the point of carrying his threat of firing into execution, when he descried the bridge just before Mabel, and on it a party of men, who were engaged in repairs.

"Foiled and defeated!" he muttered, returning his pistol to its holster and abruptly wheeling about, while his countenance wore a look of diabolical ferocity. "Who would have thought that Dan Holbrook would have let his game slip through his fingers this way, and lose five hundred guineas? Horse-whipped, too! If I catch her again—never mind!" Plain was it to discover, in the distortions of that hideous face, convulsed with passion, that the poor girl's fate, if she ever fell into his clutches, would be a sad one.

How different the feelings of Mabel! "Thank God!" she exclaimed, when she saw the men on the bridge, but such was her nervous agitation that she did not observe that all the planks had been removed. In vain did the workmen, who were at the opposite extremity of the bridge, shout to her to stop. In vnin did the noble Selim endeavor to retreat from the yawning gulf. One idea alone had full possession of her fevered brain, and that idea was comprehended in the single word "escape!"

The horse, on reaching the opening in the bridge, and seeing the tide rolling between the open timbers, convulsively drew himself back upon his haunches. Then, for the first time, Mabel was aware of her perilous position, but it was too late. With a maddened bound, the noble animal leaped into the river.

"God help me!" was Mabel's hurried exclamation, as this new danger so unexpectedly presented itself, and that at the moment when deliverance from another peril seemed at hand. A sharp pang, as if of death, passed through her brain, there was a splash, a gurgle, and she felt that her senses were abandoning her. Luckily, she mechanically disengaged her foot from the stirrup ere the horse touched the water, and while he swam away for the shore, she floated down the stream, insensible of her position, and buoyed up by her clothing.

Fortunately for her, Herbert Ynncey had just reached the river bank, where he was conversing with the workmen, while one of their number went to procure a batteau for the purpose of ferrying him across. He had witnessed Mabel's perilous approach, and no sooner did he see her precipitated into the water than—throwing off a portion of his apparel and his sword—he plunged in to the rescue. An excellent swimmer, he soon managed to seize Mabel, and, in less time than is here occupied in narrating the mishap, he reached the bank of the river, an inanimnte burthen in his arms.

Laying Mabel gently down upon the grass, Herbert knelt at her side, and gazed in mute admiration, for he saw before him the very face that had ever hnunted the love-dream of his heart. O how beautiful, drenched and terror-stricken ns she was, did she appear to her preserver, who gazed on her as if she was an angelic visitor!

Slowly and dimly did returning consciousness steal into the young girl's mind, as the first light of dawning day struggles against the mists of night in the eastern horizon. How long she had been unconscious, she knew not, but at the re-awakening of her intellect, she felt a hand upon her brow, nnd saw a man kneeling at her side. Was it her beloved guardian? Or had she fallen into the power of her late pursuer?

By this time several of the workmen had arrived at the spot, and as Mabel recognized some of them who were Mr. Gwynne's parishioners, she recovered full possession of her thoughts. Again the current of rich, warm heart-blood shot through her cheeks and lips, and she resembled the fabulous statue of the Greek sculptor, warmed into life by the prayer of love.

"Never fear, Miss Gwynne," said one of the workmen; "you are among friends. But what did make you ride so?"

Again the angel of terror cast the shadow of his wing over Mabel's face, as she hurriedly gazed around, but she saw no one around who did not regard her with unmistakable interest. A sweet smile chased away the doubt cloud, and she said:

"Thanks—thanks! But do not ask me any questions. I wish to go to Mr. Gwynne's at once."

"But will you not come to our house, miss?" asked the workman. "Your clothes are wet, and—"

"Thanks, bnt no," interrnpted Mabel. "I wish to see my guardian as soon as possible. Where is Selim?"

"He swam ashore, and started for home," replied the workman. "If you insist upon going, I will go to the pasture for my horse, and take you up behind me."

"Take mine," said Herbert. "I will follow on yours, and we can re-exchange at the tavern."

"Davenport's?"

"Yes. First let me take my saddle-bags, that I may get dry clothing."

A few moments afterward, the kind workman had crossed the river in the batteau with Herbert's horse, with Mabel mounted behind him. She had taken no notice of Herbert beyond a pleasant smile of adieu, but that smile lingered in his heart.

"Who is she?" he inquired, when the last flutter of her drenched hat-plume had arrested his earnest gaze.

"Parson Gwynne's ward, sir. The old rector is a rank old Tory, but we all like Miss Mabel."

"Yes," added another of the by-standers; "nnd we should all be grnteful to you for saving her life ns you did. It's a wonder that she did not thank you, but, poor thing! she seemed half frightened out of her wits. The old rector's good to make it right, though. And now, sir, step up to my house yonder; put on your dry clothes, and we'll have old Norton's horse ready for you to ride into port with."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

"Sainted shades! who dared to brave,
In Freedom's ark, the pathless wave!
Manes of Carver, Standish, hear!
To love the soil you gave, we swear,
And midst the storms of state be true
To God, our country and to you."

On this same Thursday evening, a close observer might have noticed small triangular pieces of red paper pasted upon corners of houses, gate-posts and other prominent places in Newburyport. Many of the towns-people passed them without having their attention in any way excited, while others wondered what foolish boy had been so precise in disfiguring the painted wood-work; but there were citizens, stout and true-hearted men, to whom these trifling bits of paper conveyed a deep meaning. They signified danger to the cause of freedom, and, like an electric flash, they sped the intelligence throughout the whole town that the council-fire was that night to be lighted, and summoned around it each true "Son of Liberty."

This mystic yet all-powerful fraternity had its head-quarters in Newburyport, in a large sail-loft at the water-side, near the ship-yards. There, when the sun hnd dipped his glowing dise behind the swelling hills of West Newbury, a determined band began to assemble. Giving the sacred pass-word of "liberty" at the lower door, they were admitted by a vigilant sentinel, and by eight o'clock, the large loft was filled. A few wore the rich broadcloth or velvet suits of the epoch, but the large majority were evidently workingmen, ready to fight for the independence of their native land. These were the true patriots of '76—thnt glorious crew who so promptly manned the ship of state when first launched upon the troubled waters of political strife. Some professional nnd wealthy "gentlemen" joined them when office or honor was to he attained; but it was emphatically the mechanics and the yeomen of the thirteen colonies who demanded und obtnined the glorious boon of national independence. In the camp or in the council, the hard-handed men were in a large mnjority.

The proceedings were opened with prayer. Every man in the assembly devoutly bowed his head as a reverend patriot implored the divine blessing upou the meeting, praying thut, while delivering their country, they might not forget to render ull honor, and praise, and power to their heavenly sovereign, the "King of kings." When he had ceased, a commanding voice called the meeting to order, and inquired: "Whnt seek we here?"

And the entire assemblage responded in a deep-toned whisper, which sounded like the ground swell of the ocean as it rolls against a rocky shore: "We seek liberty!"

"How do her sons obtain her presence?" asked the chairman.

"By clear heads, true hearts and strong arms."

"And do you, again and ever, pledge your heads, your hearts and your right arms in behalf of the glorious cause?"

"We do!" And us the unanimous response came forth, each man laid his left hand upon his heart, and raised his right hand, ns if appealing to Heaven for an endorsement of his devotedness.

"Sons of Liberty," said the chairman, "your council-fire is lighted, and we will proceed to business. I have convened you for deliberation on a subject which will doubtless prove as unpleasant to many of you as it is to me, but it must be attended to without delay. You will be seated, and hear the report of your vigilance committee."

The chairman of this committee, who now ascended the platform, was Harry Folansbee, a sturdy ship-carpenter, whose character was unscathed by suspicion, aud whose heart was divided between his country and his friends. His readiness to oblige all with whom he came in contact, the delicacy with which he nided those in distress, aud his propensity to contrive and to execute schemes for public amusement, made him a universal favorite.

"Brethren," said he, with an evidently troubled mind, "I feel for the first time a reluctance in performing my duty. Yet it is the duty of your committee of vigilauce to inform you that the good of the cause requires the immediate suspension of prayers for the Hanoverian tyrant, George the Third, in St. Paul's church. We honor Parson Gwynne as a man, but his devotion to the tyrant on the English throne makes his church a gathering-point for the Tories, aud your committee are of opinion that the Sons of Liberty should have these prayers stopped."

The personal popularity of the rector was fully acknowledged in the debate which followed the report of the committee, and several speakers, stating that they had already urged Parson Gwynne to omit the obnoxious portions of the liturgy, expressed a hope that he would yet be brought to take a proper view of his position. They believed him to be at heart a friend of his country, and only restrained from becoming a true republican by his sense of duty. Let him be simply cautioned.

Others, while equally willing to admit the rector's individual excelleuce, were also convinced of the unyielding pertinacity of his nature. They urged that he be formally notified to change his course, and warned that if he insisted in asserting his allegiance to the Hanoverian tyrant, the doors of St. Paul's would be closed, and kept closed.

The only one who advocated more ultra measures, was a man commonly known as Butcher Holbrook, from his occupation. He was a burly, muscular individual, with fiery gray eyes that glowered from beneath shaggy red eyebrows, a sensual mouth, a chuckle like the laugh of a hyena, and that insolence of speech peculiar to those who know that they are inferior to others.

"Brothers," said he, "I go for giving the old fellow a coat of tar and feathers, and riding him out of town on a rail."

"Shame! shame!" cried many voices, but the mallet of the chairman restored order.

"You may cry shame," doggedly muttered Holbrook; "but it wont be very encouraging to the boys who are at Dorchester, to hear thnt we have a full-blown Tory parson here, praying for King George, and confusion to us, his enemies."

"Mr. Chairman," said an old and respected member of the council, "I hope that such treatment towards a venerated clergyman be at once discouraged, even though the old gentleman is led nstray hy the false lights of his faith. Such an infamous proceeding would do our cause more harm than good. And, perhaps, if the rector's ward had looked upon a member of this council with more favor, that individual wonld have been more merciful."

"Mind your own business, old meddler!" angrily replied Holbrook, as if certain that the remark applied to him. The hammer of the chairman arrested further remark, and the bntcher sulkily took his seat.

"Question! question!" was called for on all sides.

"Is it your pleasure to have the question put?" asked the chairman.

"It is," was the almost unanimous response.

"Is it your pleasure that the rector of St Pnul's chnrch in this town, the Rev. Mr. Gwynne, be notified that no public prayers must he offered up by him, or in that pulpit, for British tyrants, or for the success of their undertakings? And, further, that he be notified thnt he must read the various proclamations of the Provincial Congress and of the Committee of Public Safety? With the distinct understanding that if he opposes the thns expressed wishes of the Sons of Liberty, the church will be seized, shut up, nnd nll occupation of it prohibited. Those in favor of this motion, made on the recommendation of the committee of vigilance, will be pleased to manifest it."

A large majority of those present raised their right hand.

"It is a vote," continued the chairman. "I so declare it, and the secretary will record the will of the Sons of Liberty, thus expressed, on their chronicles. How shall it be announced to Parson Gwynne?"

"I'll tell him," said Holbrook.

"No! no!" was shouted, and a clear voice said: "I nominate Frnnk Ordway." The chairman at once proposed the name, and Frank was chosen.

"Before the council adjourns," said the secretary, "I would inform the Sons that the army destined for the invasion of Canada will positively sail from here next week. Letters to thnt effect were received by the selectmen yesterday, and they announced that an officer of the quartermaster's department would reach town to-night, to make necessary arrangements, and to enlist a company of artificers. The services of this corps will be required in building batteaux, bridges, etc. Will not the brothers see that the ranks are promptly filled, and otherwise aid the officer, whose name, I believe, is Captain Yancey? He will, of course, stop at Davenport's tavern."

The Sons of Liberty now adjourned. Nearly every one, ns the members chatted in groups after the adjournment, lamented the necessity of interfering with the rector of St. Paul's, but not one felt sadder on the subject than the messenger who had been appointed to bear the tidings officially. The rector had been truly a father, a preceptor and a friend to him; now he feared thnt the good yet impetuous old gentleman would receive as an insult what was a simple discharge of duty. No Son of Liberty could decline any service upon which he was sent by his council, and the young man started on his mission with a heavy heart.

We have said that Frank Ordway was young, yet he had an athletic, well-formed frame, strong arms, nerves of steel and sinews of iron. His features were frank, although they appeared somewhat stern when not irradiated by a smile of great sweetness. He had a somewhat prominent nose, his deep-set, electric, hazel eyes were fringed with long lashes, and a profusion of glossy brown hair curled over the brond expnnse of a well defined forehead. Though one of the youngest members of the Sons of Liberty, there was no one in the council who better understood the sublime principles of constitutional freedom. Love for his mother had alone withheld him from joining the revolutionary forces when the war-clarion first sounded, but he had been one of the most active friends of freedom at home. Nor had he ever before shrunk back from any duty imposed upon him. Now his consolation was that he might be able to avert the threatening storm, which seemed about to break upon the head of the rector, and—for the whole truth must be told—the rector's ward.

On reaching the parsonage, he found, to his astonishment, lights burning in nearly every room, while before the door were hitched two horses well known as belonging to the principal physicians of the town. Who could need their services? He knocked cautiously.

Madame Ordway recognized the knock of her son, and soon appeared at the door, making a gesture of silence.

"Thank Heaven, dear mother, it is not you who is ill!" said or rather whispered Frank. "But who are the doctors here to see?"

"Miss Mabel. Have you not heard of her escape from drowning?"

"No. Miss Mabel in danger! When—where?"

Of the attempt at abduction, Madame Ordway herself was as yet ignorant, but she briefly narrated Selim's plunge into the river, with its results. Frank listened in silence, but his full, arching lips quivered with emotion, while the workings of his troubled heart sent a crimson flush to his cheek. Of course, his mother's



CHINESE MOUNTAIN TRAVELLING CHAIR IN THE TEA DISTRICT.

account of the affair was meagre and imperfect, but the young man heard enough to make him eager to know more, especially to know who had rescued Miss Mahel.

Not wishing to intrude upon the rector while his mind must necessarily be agitated, Frank requested his mother to say that he would call early in the morning upon especial business. Then bidding his mother "good-night," he wended his way homeward, deeply absorbed in thought. Strange to say, the intelligence that Mabel had been exposed to insult awakened in the young man's heart the full consciousness that she was the object of his love. He had for years almost regarded her as a sister, but now a different emotion swept over his very soul. Love! It is impossible to say in what this passion, at once the most mastering and the most mysterious of our nature, has its origin. It springs into life on a look, a word, a thought. The heart may have remained untouched for years; it may have wondered at the weakness of others; for we cannot sympathize with what we do not comprehend, but not the less does the fated moment come at last. Then we believe in all we doubted before; then we yield to the sweet enchantment life never knows again. Such was the case with Frank Ordway. A new sensation had entered into his existence, and, alas! for humanity, sweet, gentle as it seems, it was in all probability to produce a wretchedness before undreamed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHINESE MOUNTAIN TRAVELLING CHAIR.

The accompanying engraving represents the mode of travelling in the mountainous tea region of China. In spite of its oddity, there might be more unpleasant modes of locomotion. The traveller sits, it will be seen, in a light seat suspended between two stout bamboo poles, supported on the shoulders of two men. There is a rest for his feet, and with a palm-leaf umbrella over his head, and a basket of refreshments slung conveniently at hand, gets over the ground much more comfortably than his bearers. It is only a particular part of the central provinces of China which is adapted to the culture of the tea, the extreme limits being too cold and too warm for its growth. The plant is a shrub having the botanical name of *Thea*, the leaves of which constitute the tea of commerce. The difference in the qualities chiefly arise from the mode of culture and preparation when grown. The tea plant is grown from seeds sown in rows four or five feet apart. The ground is kept free from weeds, and the plants are not permitted to grow beyond the convenient reach of the hands in gathering the leaves. The first crop of leaves is not collected until the third year after sowing, and the plants are removed to make room for a new plantation when they are six or seven years old. The leaves are gathered from one to four times during the year, according to the age of the tree, the most general number being three. The first gathering takes place about April, the second about June, and the third about August. The earliest gathering yields leaves of the most delicate color, the most aromatic flavor and the least bitterness; those of the second gathering have a dull green color, and less valuable qualities than the former; while the third collection are of a darker green, and the least valuable of the three. The quality is also affected by the age of the plant on which the leaves are borne, and by the degree of exposure to which they have become accustomed; leaves from young plants, and those most exposed, being always the best. So particular are the Chinese to ensure the finer sorts, that for two or three weeks before the harvest commences, the collectors, who are trained to this business from a very early age, are prohibited from eating fish or other kinds of food deemed unclean, lest by their breath they should contaminate the leaves. They are also made to take a bath two or three times a day, and are not allowed to gather the leaves with their naked fingers, but with gloves. These precautions, absurdly minute as they may appear, owe their origin to the evanescent nature of the finer qualities of the tea; for the finest kind may be changed into an inferior tea in one night, if the proper attention be not paid to the gathering. Then ensue the processes whereby the green leaves assume the wrinkled form so familiar to us. As soon as gathered, they are put into wide, shallow baskets, and placed in the wind or sunshine for a few hours. They are transferred to a flat cast-iron pan, over a stove heated with charcoal, in quantity about half a pound of leaves at a time. The leaves are stirred briskly about with a kind of brush, and are then quickly swept off the pan into baskets. This done, the leaves are carefully rubbed and rolled between the hands, and are next put in large quantities on the pan, and again subjected to heat; but the heat on this occasion is lower than before, and only just sufficient to dry them effectually without risk of scorching. The tea is then spread out on a table, and every imperfectly-dried leaf removed from the rest.

MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

The second picture on this page represents the harbor of Marseilles from one of the most striking points of view, with its strong fortifications on the right and left, its basin crowded with shipping and lined with warehouses, and its bold hills rising in the background over the towers and pinnacles of the city. In the foreground is a family group picnicking on the grass, one of whom is signalling a party in a boat pulling past the point on which they are stationed. The harbor of Marseilles is one of the finest in the French empire. It is perfectly secure in all weathers, and has anchorage for 1200 vessels in from 18 to 24 feet of water. It is strongly defended by the two forts shown in our engraving, the Tower of St. John on the north, and the Fort of St. Nicholas on the south. Near this spot is a wet dock, measuring 500 by 400 yards. The foreign commerce of Marseilles exceeds that of every other port in France, and its coast trade is only surpassed by that of Bordeaux. It is the great port of debarkation for passengers to the various ports on the Mediterranean. It is a place of great antiquity, having been founded by the Phœnicians 600 years B. C. The population, in 1852, was 192,527.



THE HARBOR AND CITY OF MARSEILLES FRANCE

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SEPTEMBER DREAMS.

There comes a strain from the green, dim woods,
I have heard it all the day,
From the actual life with its thousand cares
Calling my heart away!
The low, sweet murmur of many leaves,
By the wandering winds caressed,
The laugh of a thousand tiny waves
At play on the river's breast.

A song from the life of every flower,
Which cradled in greenness lies,
Bathed in the glory that wanders down
From September's cloudless skies;
All mingle together like joyous tides,
In one calm, untroubled flow,
Singing the while of that full, deep rest,
Which my spirit cannot know.

From my earliest days have their glorious strains
Its harp-strings strangely thrilled;
And the wildest yearnings I ever felt,
Their harmony hath stilled!
I will fling off the actual's weary chain,
I will revel in golden dreams;
For I love them well, earth's glad, free things,
Blossoms, and winds, and streams!

It is not with the step which my childhood knew,
The laughing lip and eye,
The bounding heart, whose pulses throbbed
To each gale that wandered by;
It is not with thee that I kneel to-day,
In the hush of the forest glade;
Life's sun shone out for a little time,
And after came the shade.

But is it a shrine for mirth and joy?
And shall it not be for tears?
The shadows that rest on the river's breast,
Are but types of clouded years.
The ivy that winds round the ancient oak
Its green and clasping vines,
Is like friendship's chain, that in weary hours
The warmer and closer twines!

Each sunbeam that kisses the lily leaves,
Seems to say, "O, human heart,
We come from above, as thy trials do,
Be strong, whoe'er thou art!
Sunlight and shadow, and smiles, and tears,
From Christ's heaven alike do fall;
One hand hath fashioned each spirit-chord,
And One Eye beholds them all!"

"Art thou weary and sad?—the autumn days
Breathe in whispers of the spring—
To the roughest crags, where no foot may tread,
The greenest of mosses cling."
Speak unto my spirit, O fair and bright!
Mid the falling of my tears,
Through the mist and clouds of the present grief,
The gladness to come appears.

I've drank of the glory that wanders down
From the soft September skies;
And peaceful and calm as a child asleep,
Each passionate yearning lies.
Winds wander like angels, to and fro,
And a blessing every one,
To my spirit brings—in my new-born faith
I am saying, "Thy will be done."

L. H. F.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONVICT'S WIFE.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

It was a dark and stormy night. The cold March wind howled mournfully around the little church, and rattled the old doors and windows as it strove to find entrance. Without, all was desolate and bleak; within, there was a strange blending of joy and sorrow.

A wedding party stood before the lowly altar, and a white-haired minister had just pronounced the benediction on those who knelt before him. There was little show of gaiety or mirth among the party, and the deathlike countenance of the young bride bespoke a heart ill at ease. Occasionally she cast anxious glances down the dim, dark aisle, towards the door, and at each fresh roar of the wind, would grasp the arm of her companion in an agony of terror.

But now the solemn ceremony is over, and as the newly married turn from the lighted chancel, and go out into the night, the bridegroom can scarce sustain the trembling steps of his companion. Wrapping her slender form in a heavy mantle, he places her in the waiting carriage, and with their two companions they are rapidly driven away.

Mary Lee is married—married to the man she loves. She is close clasped to his heart, and his fond words of thankfulness and encouragement are sounding in her ear, and yet is she far from happy. True, she smiles on him who bends so fondly over her; she places her little trembling hands in his with all confidence, and she clings to him as her best earthly friend. But a weight is on her heart—a burden of deception and ingratitude; and the form of an old and now desolate man rises up to reproach her. Mary Lee has this night fled from what has been her home for many years. She has left her uncle and guardian—he who has been father and friend to her all her life—to mourn over the disobedience of one he loved as his own child.

True he had no right to control the young girl's love, which is, in every respect, well placed. But now, when too late, she feels that she ought to have made greater allowances for his prejudices; to have sought longer and more earnestly for his consent, and even have sacrificed her own happiness to have secured his. But it is over now. She has dared the curse he threatened, and in her remorse she believes it already bestowed. Alas for the first deception!—the first step in the wrong path! Who can tell the misery it occasions?

Mary Lee and her uncle were the sole survivors of their race. Her father, thirteen years before, had been in a government office at Calcutta; and finding that his situation was pleasant, and likely to be permanent, he sent to England for his wife and child, who had remained behind. An older and only brother of Mr. Lee's accompanied them on the voyage out, and the husband and father awaited their arrival with anxious impatience. In vain weeks and months passed on—they came not; and the first news the horror-stricken man received, was the account of the loss of the vessel, and all she contained.

A long and fearful illness, in which he narrowly escaped the grave, was the result of this sorrow; and when he recovered, John Lee was a crushed and broken-hearted man. He gave up his situation, and some of his friends supposed he had gone home; while others, better informed, declared that it was his intention to become a wanderer on the earth. However, none knew his fate, and he was soon forgotten.

Several months after the loss of the C——, the elder brother and the little girl arrived in England. They were the sole survivors of the wreck, and had been carried by the vessel which had rescued them to the West Indies, and thence back to England. Robert Lee made every possible inquiry about the fate of his brother; but as his letters elicited nothing in return but the simple fact of his having left Calcutta, he at last gave up writing in despair. And believing that the child was an orphan, he at once adopted her; and henceforth to provide for her future fortune became the chief aim of his life.

Little Mary had always lived in London, and here her uncle made his home—and here they dwelt until the time we introduce them to the reader. From her childhood Mary had been intimate with a family of the name of Munroe, consisting of a mother and three daughters—another child, a son, she had never seen in her youthful days. Mr. Lee did not like the family, and never approved of the acquaintance; but they having been kind to Mary's mother during her husband's absence, seemed to have established a claim to the gratitude of the young girl.

When Mary was approaching her seventeenth birthday, Charles Munroe came home to visit his friends, with strict charges from the gentleman who had taken him on the death of his father, to make his visit a short one. He came—he met Mary at his mother's—he forgot his promise to return to Scotland—he resolved to remain near her who had so effectually fascinated him. For this determination on his part, poor Mary was made to suffer severely.

Her uncle, jealously awake to the danger of losing his pleasant companion and most agreeable addition to his bachelor establishment, upbraided her for giving encouragement to her young lover, and inducing him to remain near her; while Charles's friends, indignant that he should sacrifice his good prospects and lose a wealthy patron, bitterly reproached her for the same cause.

For a year Mary endured all the unhappiness her ill-fated attachment had brought on her, but at the end of that time, Charles would not allow matters to continue so any longer. An application to her uncle having met with an insulting answer and an angry denial, the young man used all his influence with her to consent to an elopement—a step they both deplored, but which circumstances appeared to drive them to.

After their marriage, they continued to live in London, Charles having obtained a situation of responsibility and profit. Every effort to become reconciled to their friends was met with insult and reproaches. Mr. Lee utterly refused to have anything to do with them; and Mrs. Munroe, though she consented to see her son, would not recognize his wife, and consequently Charles would not avail himself of the exclusive privilege.

Deprived of the society of their friends, the young couple lived alone for each other; and for a year their happiness was uninterrupted, save when the recollection of their incensed relatives caused painful feelings. Mary had hoped and prayed in vain that her uncle might relent. It was the one bitter drop in her cup of happiness; and all the lavish kindness of her fond husband could not banish the remembrance of the lonely old man in his desolate home. She knew he had breathed a bitter curse on her and her marriage, and at times a nameless terror would overwhelm her—a horrible fear of some unknown evil. It was the foreshadowing of the coming events. * * * *

Let us enter this gloomy building. We ask no leave from that surly turnkey; we are invisible. What dark, damp passages we pass through!—what massive arches overhead!—what heavy iron-bound doors! Do not shrink. Those doors have no power to detain you, though to others they may bring untold terrors.

But now we have arrived at our journey's end. It is a low, dark cell, with one deep-set, closely-grated window. A chair, a rude couch, a heavy table is the extent of the furniture. In the centre of the room stands a young man with clasped hands and upraised eyes. On his countenance is expressed the intensest agony; he is praying—praying for strength for himself and his companion. And that companion? Behold her lying speechless, almost senseless at his feet. Her beautiful hair has fallen down, and almost covers the deathlike countenance—distressing sobs from time to time burst from her bosom—she is the image of hopeless misery.

That young man is Charles Munroe. He has been accused, tried and found guilty of a great crime, and is now about to leave his country to spend the remainder of his life amid the horrors of a penal colony. And is it possible that that fair outside can cover a guilty soul?—that the noble brow, from which the dark and heavy curls are pushed back, can deserve to be branded with the vile name of "forger." We shall see.

"My husband! O, my husband!" The piercing scream which accompanies these words startles the entering officials, and causes a yet deeper shade of despair to cloud the prisoner's brow.

"Mary, my dear Mary, the hour has come for us to part. Will you not promise me that for the sake of your infant and yourself, you will try to bear this dreadful trial with fortitude?"

The only answer to this appeal is the same piteous wailing, "My husband! O, my husband!"

Raising her in his arms as he would a child, the young husband strove to impart some courage to that sinking heart, and at last succeeded in securing her attention long enough to tell her his wishes and advice relative to her future life. And who can tell the agony that brave heart endured while thus planning the lonely future for the helpless being, clinging in speechless agony to him for strength and support?

But the last minute has arrived. A party of harsh-looking men surround them, and the clank of the additional fetters they are about to place on him, strikes a chill through the prisoner's frame. And now they would unwind those clinging arms, clasping his neck with the force of despair. Again that fearful scream rings through the dungeon, and the wretched wife is kneeling at her husband's feet.

"Charles! Charles! Tell me once more before we part, as you love me, and would save me from despair, tell me that you are innocent!"

"I am, my Mary. As God is my witness, I am innocent of this deed."

One last, despairing embrace accompanied these words, and Charles Munroe was hurried from the presence of his young wife, who again sank senseless to the ground. But Mary was capable of greater endurance than her feeble appearance warranted. Once recovered from the agony of parting, she collected all her strength to enable her to fulfil his wishes. But first a journey must be performed; she must see the vessel sail which contained the only friend she could claim on earth—her beloved and much wronged husband.

To attempt to describe her feelings on that occasion were absurd. None but those who have gone through a like ordeal can sympathize in such sufferings. In obedience to her husband's wish, Mary Munroe made preparations for immediately leaving England and proceeding to America. He said:

"You will there be able to maintain yourself, and be free from the disgrace that here will always attach to you as the wife of a convict."

It was also her husband's desire that she should resume her own name. This she at first refused to do; but the touching plea, "For your child's sake, Mary, do this; let it not be branded with its unhappy father's shame," caused her to yield, and she took passage in a New York packet, under the name of "Mrs. Lee."

Not without bitter anguish did the poor girl bid adieu to the pleasant little home where she had passed so many happy days. It was hard parting with the mementoes of those days—the books, the birds, the flowers he had loved. Even the various articles of furniture were precious in her sight, each containing a little history of its own—each recalling some incident in the "days gone by." Mary had few friends and no relatives to bid adieu. Her uncle had treated her with the greatest cruelty, when during her husband's trial she had implored him to use his influence in his favor.

"Never!" was the harsh answer. "Not if one word of mine could save him from the gallows, should that word be spoken. I believe him to be guilty, and I trust he will meet the punishment he merits."

The poor wife stifled the bitter answer that rose to her lips, and rushed from the presence of her hard-hearted relative. Mrs. Munroe, amid her bitter wailings for her son's sad fate, ceased not to blame his innocent wife as the cause. "But for her, Charles would now be safe and well in Scotland." Such was the unhappy mother's lament. "O, my boy, my boy! I told you, you would rue the day you ever saw that wretched girl." Poor Mary! pining for sympathy, for some kind friend to comfort her, and realizing acutely the absence of the one on whom she could have reposed all her cares and sorrows, it was needless to add to her misery by harsh words. * * *

There was a strange sound on board the crowded packet ship—the feeble wailing of a new-born infant mingling with the roar of the winds, the fierce rushing of the vessel through the waters, and the loud voices of the rough sailors. Women were there—kind, gentle women, obeying the impulses of their natures, and ministering to the wants of the mother and babe. But though Mary Lee received their kindness with all the gratitude it demanded, the one crushing thought was present in her mind. Bitterly she wept over her worse than fatherless babe, and imagined all the joy that would have been hers, could *he* have seen and blessed his little daughter. In that hour of sorrow, the poor young wife "learned how much the heart can bear." She lived through all her wretchedness, and at last reached the place of her destination in safety.

* * * * *

"Have you heard the news?" eagerly inquired Mrs. Newcome of her friend, Mrs. Goodale, as she entered the pretty morning-room of the latter, in a perfect flutter of excitement. "But of course you have not, as you only got home last night. And now I must tell you all about it. In the first place, the old 'Briar Cottage' has got a tenant."

"That is not so very extraordinary," replied Mrs. Goodale, smiling. "My only astonishment is that the prettiest place in N—ville should have remained vacant so long."

"Well, but it is such a queer tenant; the whole town is in a fever of curiosity about her."

"O, it is a lady, then. I am sure I pity her, if once the curiosity of the people is raised about her. I know from sad experience, what mischief and trouble the prying into strangers' affairs frequently leads to." Mrs. Goodale sighed, and the color deepened on her visitor's cheek, as she replied:

"O, this is a very different person from you. People only wondered what made your husband choose such a young wife; but this young woman has no husband, and yet she has a little infant with her, only a few weeks old. She calls herself a widow—and of course she may be, but I think it is very doubtful." Mrs. Newcome gave her head a toss, as much as to say, "There, you have my opinion; now what do you think of it?"

"We cannot tell anything for certain about her yet. For aught we know, she may be deserving of our sincerest sympathy." The minister's gentle wife was ever for taking the part of the absent.

"O, no, indeed, we cannot tell anything for certain about her yet—only in case she should want to enter the church, we ought to be very particular. You know we cannot be too cautious who are admitted, religion is so often a cloak for iniquity." Mrs. Newcome sighed with fervor. Mrs. Goodale looked pained, and wished her husband was present. "He would have known just what to say in such a case," he thought.

Time showed that Mrs. Newcome was quite right in saying that all N—ville was awake with curiosity. Never in her life had poor Mary Lee imagined the possibility of her creating such a sensation. But a sensation she did create, and not a small one either. The arrival of such a person—a mere girl, with a young infant, and apparently friendless—in an obscure little town like N—ville, was an event unparalleled in the chronicles of the place, and caused more speculation and comment than any event that had occurred since the Rev. Matthew Goodale, a bachelor of forty, went all the way to New York, and returned with a pretty little wife aged nineteen.

Every one knows that the generality of little country towns have some prominent peculiarity—something that distinguishes them from each other, similar as they may be in other respects. Some places are noted for the hospitality of the inhabitants, some for the dissipated habits prevalent, some for intelligence and love of improvement, others the reverse. The peculiar feature distinguishing N—ville was an excessive show of religion. Not another village of its size in the circuit of five hundred miles, contained as many places of worship, as many Sabbath-schools, as many sewing-circles, as many prayer meetings. The number of tracts distributed monthly within the districts of N—ville, was almost beyond belief; and the quantity of fancy work displayed at the different church fairs was really astonishing.

And yet (how shall it be told?) in all the wide Union, a more disagreeable, jealous, prying set of people could scarce have been found. Of course there were exceptions—bright exceptions. Earnest, sincere Christians, who practised the charity they professed, and went about making peace and doing good. Of this number was Mrs. Goodale and her husband; of this number was *not* Mrs. Newcome.

Bent on finding out the history of the new inmate of Briar Cottage, she intruded herself at all hours on the privacy of the "Widow Lee" (for by this name was Mary known), and being of that exceedingly disagreeable class of persons who never take a hint, it was not easy to get rid of her. Vainly for a long time did she seek to discover the stranger's religious belief—the care of the little infant preventing the mother from leaving her home on the Sabbath, and Mrs. Newcome's offer to let one of her girls take charge of the child having been politely declined.

But the mystery was cleared up at last. In reply to a direct question, the widow gave as direct an answer. "She had been brought up in the Established Church, and had never entered a dissenting place of worship in her life." Poor child! she little knew that that speech made her an enemy for life in Mrs. Newcome. Brimful of indignation, she hastened to tell her pastor's wife the discovery she had made, and displayed but little mercy for the "impudent creature—the next thing to a Catholic, you know, my dear—to dare to call me a 'dissenter' to my face."

Had all the inhabitants of N—ville been like Mrs. Newcome, poor Mary and her infant must have starved. But when it became known that the pale young widow wished for work; that she was in fact actually in want of necessaries, there were many who availed themselves of her skill as a seamstress and fancy-worker.

First in this number came Mrs. Goodale, bringing not only work to the lonely inmate of the cottage, but books to amuse her leisure hours, and flowers to add to the beauties of the already pretty dwelling. To penetrate the mystery of her former life, neither the good pastor nor his wife ever attempted, content to know that the present course was one of prudence and uprightness, let the past be what it might. And so for five years Mary was a resident of N—ville.

Skilled in the use of her needle, she managed to make a comfortable provision for herself and little Leila; and as the child grew up in strength and beauty, it became the pet and plaything of all its mother's visitors. Not for her own beauty and sweet disposition was the little girl beloved by her mother, but chiefly because in the features of his child, Mary could trace the miniature likeness of her lost husband. There were the same dark, blue eyes, the same sweet smile—even the clustering brown curls above the child's fair brow added to her likeness to her father. Little wonder was it that when people praised the looks of the little one, tears would dim the mother's eyes.

In the five years that Mary Lee dwelt at N—ville, it must not be supposed that she was free from the attentions of the "marrying men" of the place. On the contrary, visitors of this kind were frequent, and the poor girl had been shocked more than once by an abrupt offer of a "husband and a home." One of the first and most persevering of her suitors was Mr. Paul Newcome, a brother-in-law of the lady we have already mentioned more than once.

Now Mr. Paul Newcome was called one of the most prosperous men in N—ville, and had long been a mark for the young ladies to aim at. Very shrewd and calculating in all his transactions, Mr. Newcome had long declared that "girls now-a-days were not brought up as they were when his mother was young; and that he had no intention of seeing his money squandered by some gay, fine lady-wife." But with all his good resolutions, Mr. Paul Newcome felt no little pride in the knowledge that any of these "gay, fine ladies" would take him, and rejoice at her good fortune.

How then was he disconcerted, when, after mature deliberation, he decided that the "Widow Lee was just the person to suit him," his proposal was met with a cool, almost contemptuous negative. Vexed with himself for giving any one such a triumph over his well-known opinions, his love for the young widow was instantly turned to hatred; and Mary found to her sorrow that he *could* hate. With the assistance of his sister-in-law (who, having a large family of boys, was exceedingly anxious that he should remain single, and had watched his proceedings with a jealous eye), he succeeded in spreading such reports about Mary's character, as lost her some of the most useful of her patrons.

Just at this time her friend, Mr. Goodale, was taken ill, and by the advice of his physician, resolved to spend the coming winter abroad with his wife. Many of the ladies who had followed the example of the pastor's wife in befriending the widow and her child, now withdrew their liberal patronage, and before Christmas the little cottage became truly the abode of poverty. While there was work to be done, Mary toiled incessantly; but when all was over, and nothing in the future but starvation, her strength gave way, and she could only weep over the little one, who so piteously begged for the food the mother did not means to procure for it.

* * * * * *

It was the morning of the New Year, and Mary sat in her little cottage kitchen, holding her child to her bosom, striving to impart some warmth to its benumbed and apparently dying form. She pressed its chilled hands to her lips, and kissed the little blue fingers and the pale lips. It was a sad and mournful sight, but apparently made little impression on the heart of one who had entered unobserved, and was gazing on the scene with a smile of cruel satisfaction.

The visitor was Paul Newcome, and Mary started up in alarm as she met the look he fixed on her. Taking a seat, he coolly desired her to sit down and listen to something he had to communicate. And then came the cruel intelligence that for several months he had been the owner of the cottage; that quite a large sum was now due for rent; and that unless she could at once pay it, the house must be instantly vacated, as he had another tenant ready to come in.

Half an hour previous, Mary had thought her sorrows incapable of increase; now they were brought to a climax, and for several minutes she gazed in speechless horror on the heartless monster who was evidently exulting in her misery. The cries of her little girl at last aroused her, and every thought of self vanished at the remembrance of her darling's sufferings. Throwing herself at the man's feet, she wildly implored his pity for the starving child, beseeching him in the most moving terms not to turn her out into the inclement weather homeless and penniless.

It was now that all the evil in Paul Newcome's nature was displayed. He answered her prayers with mocking, laughed at her appeals for mercy, and taunted her with a repetition of some of the vilest slanders that had been spoken against her. Then the tears were dashed aside, the slight form drawn up to its fullest height, and holding her child close pressed in her arms, Mary turned to leave the dwelling so long her home. Her hand was on the latch; one last look she cast around, one inward prayer she murmured for help, and then turning away for the last time, she found herself almost in the arms of a tall stranger, who was in the act of entering.

"Charles! Charles! God help me, can this be true?" And with a faint moan, she sunk fainting on her husband's breast.

On recovering her senses, Mary found herself on her little couch. Fondly bending over her was the well-known countenance of her husband; while contentedly seated on a stranger's knee, sat little Leila, enjoying the luxuries of a good fire and a New Year's feast. Mary closed her eyes, and silently prayed that it might not all prove a dream.

When strong enough to listen, she was made acquainted with the extraordinary events that had combined to restore her to her husband, and give her back her long-lost father—for such the stranger really was. On his deathbed, the son of Charles's employer in London, had confessed that he alone had contrived the plot against the young man, in revenge for some fancied injuries he had received from him. Instant steps were taken by the father to procure the release of the innocent one who had suffered through his means. And as soon as the necessary forms had been gone through and conveyed to the proper authorities, Charles was set at liberty. With the liberal sum sent to pay his expenses home, the anxious husband immediately took passage for America; and on arriving at New York, inserted numerous advertisements in the papers, in the hopes of their meeting Mary's eye.

For several months these were unavailing; and almost in despair, Charles started on a tour through the different large cities, advertising and offering rewards for the lost one. On board one of the numerous Mississippi steamboats, he was attracted by the name of Lee in the passenger list. The owner of the name was pointed out to him; they became acquainted, listened to each other's history, and Charles discovered his wife's father, while Mr. Lee learned to his joy and surprise, that he was not childless. They returned to New York, and there Charles found a letter from Mr. Goodale, who had seen the advertisement in the American papers, and instantly written to inform him where Mary could be found.

The rest is known. There was no more sorrow, no more suffering for the "Convict's Wife." With her husband, her father, and her child, she found a happy home in New York. And years after, the sad events of their earlier life were told to their children and grandchildren, as an instructive lesson teaching them never to doubt the good providence that orders all things well.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

As a wife and mother, woman can make the fortune and happiness of her children; and even if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence and tact, she can secure to her partner and herself a competence in old age, no matter how small their beginning, or how adverse a fate occasionally be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirits, shaken by the anxieties of business. By her tender care she can often restore him to health, if disease has seized upon his overtasked powers. By her counsel and her love, she can win him from bad company, if temptation in an evil hour has led him astray. By her example, and her precepts, and her sex's insight into character, she can mould her children, however diverse their dispositions, into good men and women. And by leading in all things a true and beautiful life, she can refine, elevate and spiritualize all who come within reach, so that with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated. She can do as much—alas! perhaps even more—to degrade man, if she chooses to do it.

Who can estimate the evil that woman has the power to do? As a wife, she can ruin her husband by extravagance, folly, or want of affection. She can make a devil and an outcast of a man, who might otherwise have become a good member of society. She can bring hickerings, strife and perpetual discord into what has been a happy home. She can change the innocent babes whom God has entrusted to her charge, into vile men, and even viler women. She can lower even the moral tone of society itself, and thus pollute legislation at the spring head. She can, in fine, become an instrument of evil, instead of an angel of good. Instead of making flowers of truth, purity, beauty and spirituality spring up in her footsteps, till the whole earth smiles with loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and blasted desert, covered with the scorn of all evil passions, and swept by the bitter blasts of everlasting death. This is what a woman can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little one? Has she no "worthy work," as has become the cry of late? Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher path to travel, but he has none loftier or more influential than woman's.—*Woman's Advocate.*

A POPULAR ERROR.

One of the most common and fatal mistakes made by ardent friends of education, is the indulgence of unreasonable hopes, and the maintenance of extravagant views as to what they can effect by means of it. It is often supposed that great results can be produced in a single term of twelve or fifteen weeks. Both teacher and committee aim at this rapid mode of manufacture. True education is that which aims at the slow and healthy growth of the mind; the incorporation into it of principles, and the formation of tastes and habits, the full value of which will appear only after mature years have developed their tendencies. The highest and best parts of education are incapable of exhibition. The show made at the close of a term is well enough to amuse children and their fond parents, but is often like that of newly-dressed pleasure grounds, adorned with trees and shrubs fresh from the nursery, having a show of vitality in the foliage, though as yet drawing no sap from the root. Such frostwork of the school-room is soon dissolved, and generally passes away with the occasion. All attempts at such premature results of education are entirely useless; and yet our system of employing teachers by the term renders it almost necessary for a teacher who is ambitious of distinction, to lay his plans for that kind of superficial culture and mechanical drill which can be produced in a few weeks, and shown off as evidence of marvellous skill.—*President Sears.*

IS THE SUN INHABITED?

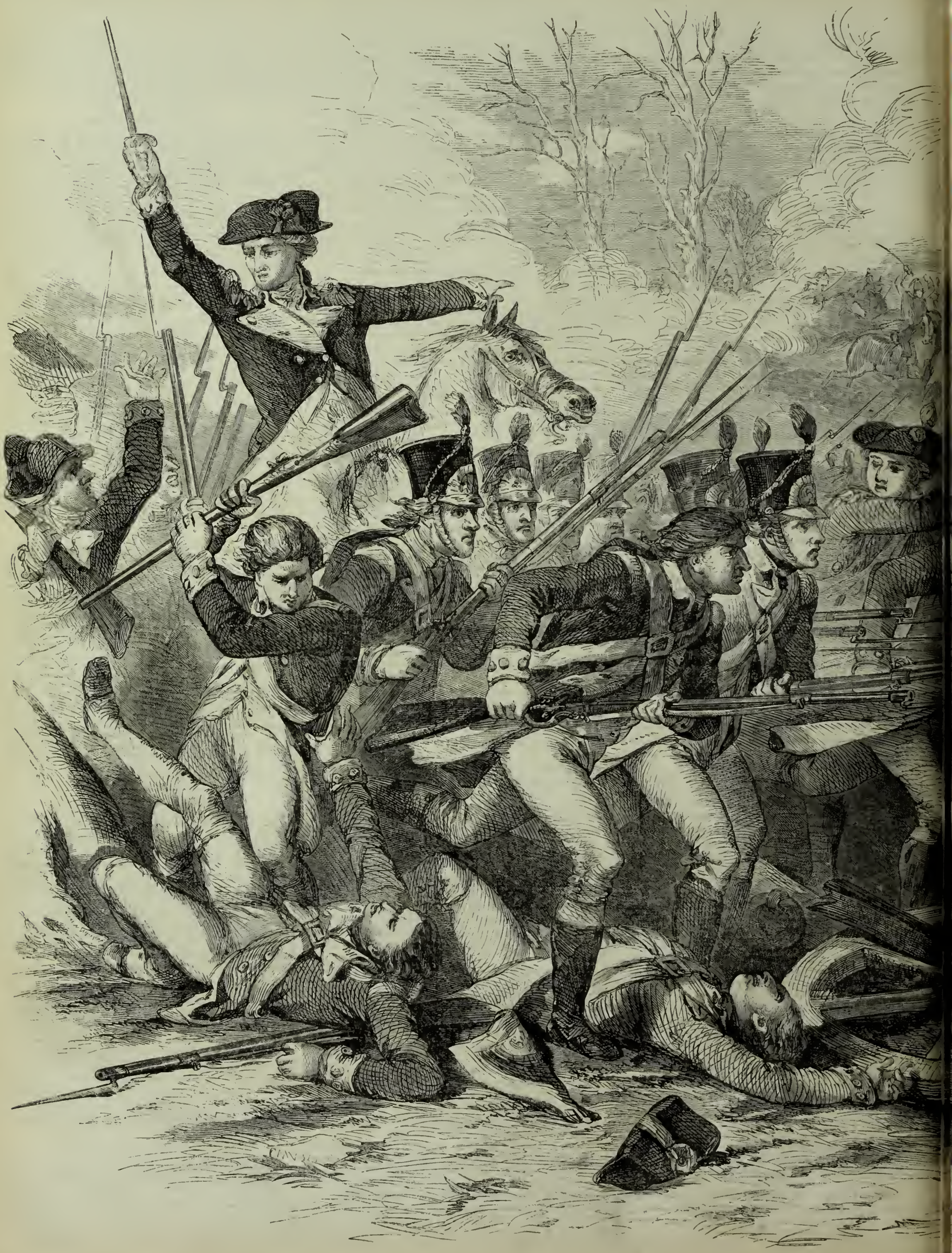
Sir David Brewster makes the following remarks relative to the sun:—"So strong has been the belief that the sun cannot be a habitable world, that a scientific gentleman was pronounced by his medical attendant insane, because he had sent a paper to the Royal Society, in which he maintained that the light of the sun proceeded from a dense and universal aura, which may afford ample light to the inhabitants beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft as not to be among them; that there may be water and dry land there, hills and dales, rain and fair weather, and that as the light and the seasons must be eternal, the sun may easily be conceived to be by far the most blissful habitation of the whole system. In less than ten years after this apparently extravagant notion was considered as a proof of insanity, it was maintained by Sir William Herschel as a rational and probable opinion, which might be deducible from his own observations on the structure of the sun."

THE VIOLIN.

Slow and tender melodies—confided too often now-a-days to wind instruments—are, nevertheless, never better rendered than by a mass of violins. Nothing can equal the touching sweetness of a score of first strings made to sing by twenty well-skilled bows. That is, in fact, the true female voice of the orchestra—a voice at once passionate and chaste, heart-rending, yet soft, which can weep, sigh and lament, chant, pray and muse, or burst forth into joyous accents, as none other can do. An imperceptible movement of the arm, an almost unconscious sentiment on the part of him who experiences it, producing scarcely any apparent effect when executed by a single violin, shall, when multiplied by a number of them in unison, give forth enchanting gradation, irresistible impulse, and accents which penetrate to the very heart's core. —*Berlioz.*

THE AFFECTIONS.

O, man, fear not for thy affections, and feel no dread lest time should efface them! There is neither to-day nor yesterday in the powerful echoes of memory—there is only always. He who no longer feels, has never felt. There are two memories—the memory of the senses, which wears out with the senses, and in which perishable things decay; and the memory of the soul, for which time does not exist, and which lives over at the same instant every moment of its past and present existence. Fear not, ye who love. Time has power over hours, none over the soul.—*Lamartine.*



THE BATTLE OF THE C



FOUGHT JANUARY 17, 1781.

[For description, see page 301.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SISTER EMMA.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Five years ago the sunshine swept
The upturned sod for Emma's grave;
We laid her where her brother slept
The quiet sleep death's coming gave.

Five years ago, and yet it seems
We laid her there but yesterday,
We see her image still in dreams,
Too beautiful to be of clay.

Five years ago! a lustrum told
Since, 'neath September's golden glow
We laid beneath the charnel mold
All that was left of her below.

Her white hands crossed on whiter breast,
A seal upon her baby lips,
And on her eyelids, closely pressed,
Lay the sad sign of time's eclipse.

Sweet sister Emma, loved and lost!
For her on earth the seasons rolled
But one short round adown time's coast,
And then—the lamb was in the fold.

Beyond the changing scenes of earth,
Beyond its care, its toil, its pain,
In raiment meet for angel birth,
She mingles with the angel train.

And when September's sere leaves stir,
We count the seasons that have rolled,
Since we upturned the sod for her,
And laid her form in charnel mold.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LUNATIC.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

"CONFOUNDEDLY warm," said my uncle for the fifth time, as he inspected the thermometer, the mercury of which stood at an incredible height even in the shade.

The thermometer gave no sort of satisfaction, and Uncle Ned came back and threw himself upon a sofa, with the muttered exclamation: "I wish I was in Greenland."

I was busily engaged arranging some flowers in the vases, thinking what a very quiet, harmless sort of life I had lived. Thus summer and winter, year after year, the same rooms, and the same objects in them to greet my eyes. Not a single strange or marvellous thing had ever happened to me, out of which my imagination could weave a romance. I had just come to the conclusion that I was quite an unromantic person, when my uncle's remark reached my ears.

"Fanny," said my uncle, after a long pause, "what a pattern housekeeper I possess—so careful, so cheerful, and so young."

"Young, uncle? Thirty-three last November, Uncle Ned," said I, in a cheerful voice.

"Well, well, Fanny, thirty-three isn't so terribly old. I shouldn't take you to be more than twenty-five. It's your cheerful heart, Fanny, always makes you young."

Uncle Ned's praise was very precious, inasmuch as there were only two who ever found anything to praise in me. But I had neither youth, beauty nor wealth, therefore it was quite natural that the generality of people should quite overlook me.

"Fan, my dear, you and I will take a journey this summer."

"A journey, uncle?" and visions of numberless household duties rose up in my mind. A journey seemed quite impossible for me.

"Yes, a journey—it will do both you and me good. Now, Fanny, just name over some of the delightful localities that people frequent this season of the year."

"Well, uncle, the White Mountains."

"Too near by half—we will take a longer journey."

"Saratoga."

"Quite an expanded idea, Fanny."

"Cape May, Uncle Ned."

"Quite too fashionable for either you or me, my dear."

"You said you wished you were in Greenland just now, supposing, uncle, we go there."

"I think we should wish ourselves back again. No—I have been thinking of a quiet little village amongst the Alleghanies, where I once passed a week or two. Though it was so long ago, yet I have a very fresh remembrance of its lovely mountain scenery, and its invigorating breezes. What say you, Fanny, to taking up our abode there for a month or two, and fancying ourselves in some paradise?"

"I should like it above all things—but—"

"No buts. Are you agreed, Fan?"

"Yes," I cried.

And forgetting all my household duties—the preserves that would be left undone, the garments that would be left unsewed, and the flowers that would be left untended—I, a maiden lady of thirty three, jumped up and waltzed around the room. Over went my work-basket and away went spools, thimble, etc., on exploring expeditions to different parts of the room. I would have drawn Uncle Ned into the scrape, but he had escaped.

Left alone, I soon sobered down, and as I gathered up the stray articles from the floor, I read myself a severe moral lecture for the breach of decorum I had just been guilty of. But then, on the other hand, the idea of a journey was so delightful to me, who never remembered going more than twenty miles from home, and to whom every object about was as familiar as household words.

Uncle Ned, when he had decided upon anything, was very impatient to set about it. Consequently, I had but just one week to get ready—an awful task for me, but one which I succeeded in accomplishing.

On the evening before our departure, I paid a visit to the attic, and rescued from the dust that surrounded it, a portrait, representing a young man in the first flush and pride of life. Long I sat with the portrait before me, while the twilight faded into starlight. It was strange that the only cause of unhappiness I had was connected with the original of that picture, who had been and was still to me like a younger brother. Uncle Ned had but one son, Nathaniel, a fine, generous, manly fellow, in spite of his many faults. I was eight years his senior, but we had grown up together as brother and sister in our pleasant home.

In time, Nathaniel went to college, and I was left to bear all my burdens alone. Rumors reached us occasionally of my cousin's progress in his studies; and then other rumors of his wild, reckless behaviour. These last became alarmingly frequent, and finally, to my extreme sorrow and my uncle's anger, the news reached us that Nathaniel had been expelled from college. Indeed, my cousin informed us of it himself, in a long, penitent letter—for come home at this time he could not and would not. But my uncle never could forgive the seeming disgrace his son had brought upon the family; and the affair being exaggerated by officious friends, Uncle Ned was induced to write some angry letters, to which the son returned no answer. Exasperated by this unpardonable offence, my uncle declared that he would no longer acknowledge his son until he should have atoned in some way for the disgrace he had brought on all connected with him.

Nathaniel, high spirited as his father, sought for no softening of the decree that had gone out against him, but breaking up all his associations, went away, no one knew where. For five years I had heard nothing of him; for my uncle had forbidden me even to speak or write to him, and owing him the love and obedience of a child, I dared not disobey, even if I had had any knowledge of Nathaniel's movements.

One name never was spoken in our house, and in order to remove everything that made a disagreeable impression, even the portrait in the front entry was removed to the garret. My heart swelled with indignation at this desecration of something sacred to me. If ever I was disposed to set up my will in opposition to my uncle's it was then. But I resisted the temptation, and consoled myself by the thought that I could look at the portrait when I pleased, without risking a reproof for so doing.

To say that I believed all the rumors that reached us concerning Nathaniel while at college, would be saying what was not true. That he had been guilty of some errors, the very result of his frank, trusting disposition, I could readily believe, but that he had done anything to warrant the punishment that had been bestowed upon him, was a thought I could not and would not entertain for a moment.

That Nathaniel, whom I loved as a younger brother, and who was the only other one besides my uncle who had ever found anything to praise in me, should become reconciled to his father, was my earnest wish. But this reconciliation seemed almost hopeless, as both father and son were too much alike, each too proud and unbending to seek the other. It could be only under peculiar circumstances that such a thing could be effected.

As I sat that night in the moonlight, something of a hope seemed to grow out of our little journey. What might it not bring forth? What had many a journey brought forth.

I had no thought when I closed the attic door after me, that I was leaving the portrait to its undisturbed slumbers for many and many a month. Yet so it was. The dust was deep upon it, and the spiders had woven many a web over its surface before I looked at it again.

We had set off upon our journey, and in due time arrived at the termination. Shall I ever forget the sensations that crowded upon me as I found myself really revelling amidst that glorious mountain scenery? How almost with awe its wildness and sublimity impressed me. How the gorgeousness of these everlasting hills made me think myself almost in paradise.

Many and many a time since I have dreamed it all over again. The long, lonely rambles that I took, scrambling through the thick brushwoods and jumping from one rough place to another, brought back my lost youth. Uncle Ned declared that I was quite rosy when I returned from these excursions.

The lights and shadows, the ever-varying aspect of the mountains, I watched with an interest that grew every day more intense. It seemed to me as if I had but just awakened to something inexpressibly beautiful—something that brought by sympathy, all the fine and more beautiful chords of my life into action. If I had been a writer, I might have been inspired to write volumes to startle the world, or an artist, I might have sketched gloriously from nature. As it was, I only learned how life was in its best and truest sense.

Uncle Ned, from the moment of our arrival, had been seemingly perfectly happy, for he had escaped the intense heat, which he abominated. The dog star might rage, but what cared we, perched among the mountains enjoying a cool breeze and lovely scenery?

There were not many strangers in the place, and two only whom we came in immediate contact with. These were a Mr. and Miss Butler—brother and sister. The former was a very gentlemanly, agreeable person, whom my uncle liked particularly; and the two were almost always companions in their various excursions. Miss Butler, though young and strangely beautiful, always repelled me. Cold and taciturn, we had no sympathy in common. Occasionally, however, there were gleams of a terribly passionate temper, very inconsistent with her usually calm demeanor. As it was, though inmates of the same house, we associated very little, and I preferred taking my rambles alone, to Miss Butler's cold companionship.

The days went on, and with each one I expected to hear the word "homeward," a word which would force me to break up many associations, inexpressibly dear to me. But still Uncle Ned, with all the eagerness and enthusiasm of a young man, planned excursions with Mr. Butler, with the seeming desire to delay the speaking of that word as long as possible.

The autumn had touched with its breath the green foliage, and there slowly came into view gorgeous tints, which deepened and multiplied every day. A soft, gray mist hung over the mountains, and the days became deliciously cool, almost too cool for one who did not like cold weather.

One afternoon a small, sealed note was handed me, which I opened carelessly, with the dim impression that it was from some one at home, to say, perhaps, that the preserves were entirely spoiled, or that the cow had got into the garden and eaten up all my flowers, or some other abominable thing. But the first word I read showed me that no one at home had written it. It ran thus:

"MY DEAREST FANNY,—I came here a short time ago, and to my great astonishment, accidentally learned that you and my father were staying here. I must see you and talk to you. Would it be asking too much of my dear sister, for you really and truly were a sister to me, to meet me at the ledge this evening at twilight? Any nearer place of meeting would risk much for both. I shall hope to see you, for I have much to say.

NATHANIEL."

How I longed for that day to close and the twilight to come! In the meanwhile, I busied myself in thinking how my cousin would look—whether five years had changed him much, and whether he had travelled much during those years.

I could scarcely realize now that he was so near me, and that I should really see him and talk to him. Even through me might be effected the long-desired reconciliation.

The shadows grew longer and deeper, the sun finally sank to rest, and in the short gray twilight I ran hastily forth, and turned in the direction of the ledge. It seemed to me, as I left the house, that some one followed me cautiously; but I could see no one, and the twilight was already moving fast. I knew that my uncle and Mr. Butler had not yet returned from an expedition to a place at some distance, and consequently there was no one in the house but its regular inmates, including Miss Butler, therefore my first fear seemed ridiculous, and I hurried on to the place of meeting.

The ledge was well known to me, for I had often visited it. It was a steep mass of rocks, at the foot of which dashed a swollen stream. It made one quite dizzy to look over the edge at the jagged rocks and the dark waters beneath. Those who had looked once hardly wished to look again.

As I sped on towards the appointed place, a fear once more came into my mind that some one was following me. The crackling of dried leaves came distinctly to my ears, and I thought I could almost hear the stealthy footfall of some one even moving in the same direction as myself.

On, on I went, faster than ever, for the step behind became swifter and less cautious. To reach the ledge now was my only thought. To increase my agony, the idea came into my mind that Nathaniel might not be there—but hope whispered that he would. How the leaves crackled behind me as I ran on; but I was nearing the ledge rapidly.

Suddenly a swift, rustling motion immediately behind me made me increase my speed. But a grasp like iron upon my shoulder stopped me, and instinctively I turned to confront my unknown pursuer. The flutter of a white dress showed me that it was a woman, and by the faint light I traced the mildly-beautiful features of Miss Butler. She was panting with exertion, but still held me with a grasp of iron, and her eyes glared upon me demoniacally.

I tried to struggle, but the iron hands only tightened. O, if I could only reach the ledge, then I should be safe. For now the horrible fear came over me that I was alone, in the grasp of a mad woman. I had heard of the strength a mad person often possessed, but I had never experienced it before. In spite of my exertions, she held me as easily as she would have held a child. A cold sweat stood upon my forehead, as I thought of Nathaniel, standing calmly by the ledge almost in sight of me, perfectly unconscious of the agony I was undergoing.

The wild, flashing eye gleaming upon me and the hand raised, suggested new thoughts. This woman was bent on my destruction—I knew that—but how did she intend to accomplish it?

Suddenly the blow fell upon me, with a force that crushed me to the earth; it might almost have crushed an ox. I lay upon the ground not wholly unconscious, but yet without the power to speak. I believe my tormentor thought I was dead, for suddenly she stooped and with almost superhuman strength began to drag me over the rough ground in the direction of the ledge. Like lightning the thought rushed through my mind that she was going to throw me over the ledge into the black stream below. I think I made a faint effort to cry out, but I hardly know whether I succeeded, for from that moment I lost all consciousness of my fate.

Long, long afterwards I awoke to life, and found myself lying in a small, pleasant room with the well-remembered faces of those I had left at home, before me.

Was I really at home? The room certainly did not look natural, but then, in an arm-chair by a window sat Nathaniel's old nurse, and Susan, a young girl, who was a favorite of mine, and whom I had often employed to help me at home, was moving stealthily across the room. I tried to think what had happened, but the very effort exhausted me. Suddenly Susan's eyes encountered mine, and with a cry of joy she sprang towards me.

"Susan, have I been sick?" I asked.

"Yes, Miss Fanny."

"And how long?"

"It will be two weeks to-morrow since you were brought here."

"Hush, hush, my darling," said nurse, suddenly interposing, "you mustn't talk any more."

"But only one word more," I urged; "am I in my old home?"

"No, Miss Fanny, you are in the same place where you have been staying all summer."

I was silent after this, trying to recall what had happened. Slowly the whole came up before me; it seemed almost like a dream, looking back upon it at such a distance. I could trace it all out, even to the time I had been dragged upon the ground. What had happened afterwards was a mystery to me. But a more torturing problem was, what had become of Nathaniel?

Day after day I looked from my window upon the grand picture spread out before me, and day by day a portion of my lost strength returned. The sight of those faithful sentinels lifting their heads up towards heaven, drew me back to life quicker than anything else would have done.

Uncle Ned never by word or look reverted to the past, and I dared not ask the questions that were uppermost in my mind. The Butlers, whom I shuddered to think of, I never saw, neither did any one in the house speak of them. All was mystery.

I was well enough to travel, and the day for our departure was set. And this journey—what had it brought forth? Much pleasure and much disappointment. Yet as I leaned from the carriage as we wound down the hills, and saw the gorgeous masses of clouds that hung over the mountains, and the wild, lovely grandeur of the landscape, I thought how, amid such scenes, a new life had commenced, how, even in my short summer's experience, the beautiful in nature had awakened higher feelings within me.

But all journeys have an end, and so ours had, and in the cool of a lovely September afternoon, we alighted at the door of our long neglected home. I walked up the steps alone, for the others lingered behind. With what regret I thought of Nathaniel, and the reconciliation I might have effected. I was coming back to resume my monotonous life, and the opportunity of doing what I so wished and longed for would never come to me again. I opened the parlor door, and shrank back, for a stranger stood on the threshold, and yet the features looked familiar.

"Nathaniel, is it possible!" I cried.

"It is really and truly Nathaniel," said he, smiling

"But you are so dark, so changed," I continued.

"Five years in South America does not improve any one's complexion, Fanny."

Uncle Ned had come in and was shaking hands cordially with his son. He laughed heartily at the wonder depicted upon my face.

"Grows more and more mysterious, doesn't it, Fan?"

"I cannot understand it," I cried. "But tell me first what happened after—"

"After that mad woman dragged you to the ledge. There you were saved with some difficulty by Nathaniel, who had been long waiting for you."

"And what then, Uncle Ned?"

"To attend to your safety, he was obliged to encounter me, and the consequence was, that at such a time I could no longer persist in my foolish anger, and was only too glad to acknowledge such a son."

"And I am only too glad to think, Fanny," said Nathaniel, "that the just punishment conferred upon me, did not follow me to the grave."

"And Miss Butler," I said.

"Was placed in a luuatic asylum by her brother," answered Uncle Ned.

I need not say what a merry party we were that evening, with the lost one in our midst.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WUNNISSOO: or, *The Vale of the Hoosatunnuk*. A Poem with Notes. By WM. ALLEN, D.D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 237.

This poem, valuable chiefly for its local color, and its high moral and religious tone, is written in the Spenserian stanza, which the venerable author has managed with a good deal of skill. The notes embody much curious and valuable antiquariau lore. The book is embellished with a fine portrait of the author.

DAISY'S NECKLACE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. By T. B. ALDRICH. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 225.

A quaint and amusing "burlesque of things in general," to quote from the author's dedication. Albeit written in prose, it is full of passages of true poetry, with some vivid sketches of characters. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

FRENCH'S AMERICAN DRAMA, Nos. 100 and 151 of his excellent series of acting plays, contain Tom Taylor's "Retribution," now performing at our theatres, and John Brougham's dramatic version of "Dred." For sale by A Williams & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson we have received the "Young Bride's Song," "Thy Face no more I'll see," "Was it the Chime?" "I know that he loves me," songs, and the "Roseate Blush Mazurka."—From Geo. P. Reed & Co., we have the "Young America Grand March," Mozart's "Song of Elis and Elide," and Beethoven's "Parting Song," Fantasias for the Piano Forte.

BOTHWELL. A Poem, In Two Parts. By W. EDMONSTONE AYTOUN. Bostou: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 267.

The "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," by Aytoun, are cherished wherever English poetry is known and loved. The theme now handled by our poet is one on which volumes have been written; but the subject is inexhaustible. The story of Mary, the "Royal Rose of Scotland," and her troubled times, is here put in the lips of the too noted Bothwell. It is a stirring and brilliant poem, reminding us of Scott in its manuer, though origiual and powerful. It is undoubtedly a work destiued to live.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. By CHARLES DICKENS. 12mo. Phila.: T. B. Peterson.

David Copperfield is one of the most popular of Dickens's numerous productions. Every character stands out from the canvass a breathing reality. Who that has once made the acquaintance of Wilkins Micawber, or Uriah Heep, can ever forget them? The work is beautifully printed and bound, and is illustrated by thirty-eight engravings. This edition is indispensable to every private library. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Baziu.

WIDDIFIELD'S NEW COOK BOOK. Phila.: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 410.

A very excellent manual for amateurs and proficients in the culinary art, by one who is a perfect mistress of it. It is beautifully got up on fine paper with large type. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Sauborn, Carter & Bazin, and A. Williams & Co.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MASQUERADE.

BY WILTON RICHMOND.

I HAD stopped at the last relay before entering Berlin expressly for the purpose of viewing the town by daylight. It was a useless precaution, for it snowed as I never saw it snow before. The sleet was perfectly blinding, and nothing, I am convinced, but the din of the postilion's horn saved us from being overrun a hundred times.

I ordered the coachman to stop at Mynheer Zamoiski's, a restaurateur to which I had been recommended, as a comfortable abode for bachelors, where dinner was furnished *a-la minute*, where the napkins were of a respectable whiteness, and the attendants ready and civil. I was deceived, miserably deluded, but as it is not my object to dilate upon the numberless nuisances which at this time abounded in a great inn of a great continental capital, I pass it over. Mynheer's possessed one advantage for which, however I may have felt then, I now feel that I ought to have overlooked all its inconveniences. It was situated on the —— Strasse, one of the finest streets in the world. Its chateau, opera, palaces, academy of design and science, college and arsenal, all built of the costliest stone, and of the most elaborate design, its gaiety and animation, its constant glitter of splendid equipages and dazzling uniforms, united in rendering it the most attractive picture that my eyes ever gazed upon, and caused me to remain in the town much longer than I had originally intended.

Of course I had a valet-de-place. What is a stranger in a strange town in a foreign land without one? An excellent lackey he was too, a denizen of the place, and thoroughly initiated in its localities, intrigues and amusements.

It was the time of the carnival, and balls, routs, plays, processions, punch and masquerades were the order of both day and evening. The king and princes of the blood attended some of these amusements, and it was rare indeed that you did not see at least one of the royal family at the opera during the course of the evening. Frequently they all attended and remained through the performance. I was pleased to see it. It endeared the king to the people, and did more to firmly seat him upon his throne, by implanting his image in the breasts of his subjects, than the secluded grandeur of hundreds of riotous private entertainments to the nobility could ever have effected.

I entered the grand opera at ten, just as the prince royal and his wife, with a crowd of starred nobles, were quitting the royal box. They had just finished one of Spontini's grand operas, and the night was to be ended with a masquerade. The pit had been boarded over, and when I entered, the whole immense area was crowded with a grotesque assembly of harlequins, columbines, actors from the recent opera, Cossacks, bears, tumblers, fools, Indians, monkeys, devils and angels. A glorious band was in attendance, discoursing such music as one only hears when among the most musical people in the world. I came for amusement and bade fair to have plenty of it. I had scarcely crossed the threshold, and was obliterating with my handkerchief an involuntary smile, when I was seized and whirled round in a fearful waltz with what to my confused senses seemed a counterpart of Beelzebub. The next moment a bear had me in his clutches, and drove me down in a gallopade, with a rush which nearly annihilated my seven senses. As we came down upon the stage, my hirsute partner turned shortly, and letting me go, sent me by the irresistible centrifugal impulse into a side scene, which gave way and deposited me upon the boards, not much hurt and considerably relieved. It was while raised on my arm, gazing leisurely at the tetotum twirlers, that my attention was riveted by a beautiful figure hanging on the arm of a man in a black domino. I was up instantly.

"Strange," said I, "that I should discover the finest shape I ever saw in this incongruous country of sweet music and sourkrout!"

I walked by them; she observed me. As I turned round I saw her speak to her companion, and as I lived, I thought I saw her mouth, which was the only feature of her face visible, smile. Now, though I have since seen enough to convince me that travellers speak too lightly of German manners, I was not then as skeptical, which will account for my proceedings in the sequel, that might otherwise seem strange and inexplicable.

The waltzes and dances were now in their highest twirl; so was my heart at that small waist, and those delicate feet. I kept constantly near the object of my solicitude, constantly looking at her, and constantly blushing very red as I did so. It may have been conceit, but I thought her altered looks assumed the shape and expression of an interrogation point. "Why don't you ask me to dance?" seemed to me the inquiry. The customs of a German ball-room, I thanked heaven, dispensed with a formal presentation, and enabled a bashful stranger to approach the object of his adoration with some confidence. So, making a hasty calculation of the probable result of a personal combat with her father or brother or lover, or whichever he was, accompanying her, I boldly made up to the fascinating mask, and stammered out as elegant a request in German as my knowledge of that language allowed.

With an air of stoical indifference her companion released her to me. I was glad of it, for I disliked trouble, and I knew that in the event of it, the German's phlegm would have the advantage over my mercurial temperament.

As I gazed on the animated countenance of my partner, and whirled her in the dizzy mazes of the waltz, the most romantic fancies filled my imagination. I concocted in my excited brain, the whole plan of an elopement; pictured a lovely cottage on the banks of Maggiore and I believe devoted the rest of my existence to the moon, the muses and a Cremona fiddle, or a guitar. But my heart sunk again as I looked at the smooth and nicely rounded chin, and the lips of my partner, which would have enticed the most attic of bees from the fairest and most fragrant flower in creation. And then the little taper waist upon which my hand lightly rested! I had great misgivings if I could persuade the possessor of all these attractions to go with me; and besides, there was the phlegmatic man in the black domino. It occurred to me that he might object too. But I decided that if *she* would consent he would have to waive his objections.

My head filled with these poetic imaginations, the waltz was finished much sooner than I wished. I felt that I must relinquish her, and with a sigh I passed her over to the phlegmatic black domino, whom I felt very much like punching in the ribs.

The music stopped and I leaned against a column which supported the first row of boxes, to enjoy the misery of beholding my incognita promenading with the stoical German phantom. Again the band struck up, and the dance was again at its highest. A tall Spaniard, with the fiercest of moustaches, accosted the object of my flame, and in a moment they were impelled past me in a gallopade. Her cheeks were flushed with the exercise, and her eyes darted upon me through the little black vizard, a glance which made me curse the long-legged Spanish monster, and resolve to secure her hand again, come what would.

I kept close to the black domino, well knowing that wherever the Spaniard took her, *he* was the depot at which they would wind off. She soon appeared, panting and flushed. The German stoic led her to a seat, and a murmuring conversation took place.

"'Tis him again!"

"I know it. I have watched him. You must stay by me the rest of the evening."

And then followed a conversation during which I discovered that, though I had not spoken to a female German, or any female whatever, since I entered Berlin, she knew intimately my every motion and almost every word since I entered town. Curiosity now added fuel to my passion, and with unaffected boldness I approached and again asked her hand for the dance. Her companion set his teeth and tried to retain her arm, but she adroitly slipped her taper fingers through his, and in a moment I was again whirling with her in the dance. As we finished, I walked into a cool recess, and, taking her gloved hand, said:

"How did you know I went to Charlottenburg this morning?"

"I saw you."

"How knew you I was at the grand chamberlain this afternoon?"

"I heard you say so."

Whew! thought I, this beats anything in German intrigue that I ever read in poetry or romance.

"Fair incognita, know that since I entered the theatre this evening I have been equally watchful of you. You have not made a motion I have not observed and admired, nor bestowed a favor which has not torn my heart with jealousy. Deign to remove your mask, and allow me to gaze on the face it invidiously conceals."

"No; I cannot."

"At least remove this glove, that I may have the pleasure of holding your hand, and not a couple of ounces of French kid."

The servant brought some *bonbons*, and she was about complying with my request, more from convenience than to gratify me, I thought, when a sharp intonation surprised us both, and turning round, I saw the horrible German ogre just raising his hand from giving my companion a little blow upon the shoulder. In an instant the glove was on, and I was alone before I could realize it.

I was not much disheartened by this sudden manœuvre, but resolved that when she was again under my wing I would take her to the supper room, when I flattered myself she would be under the necessity of removing her mask in partaking of some refection. So I watched the opportunity, and pounced upon my quarry while the pipe-smoking German was absorbed in a metaphysical discussion, I supposed, with a *confrere*. She ate supper with a degree of modesty and naivete which captivated me; tasted a little Rhine wine, and took ices, but did nothing to gratify my curiosity but lift the smallest possible portion of the little crape veil which fell from the nose of the mask, disclosing merely the mouth and upper lip. Nothing I could do would induce her to expose her face. I almost felt as if under the direction of Ovid, who recommends tearing the bracelet from the lady's arm, and was almost impelled to seize the envious mask. I restrained myself though, and in spite of all anxieties danced with my unknown partner till two o'clock in the morning.

At this hour we were confronted by the black-dominoed German, who suggested that it was time to retire homewards. The domino went for his carriage. The coachman, in turning, had run against a lamp-post and smashed a wheel.

"I should be only too happy," I said, "to give them the use of mine."

They protested. I insisted, and carried the day, assuring them that it was but a few steps to my lodgings and I could walk.

With a heart palpitating with all the emotions excited by the evening's adventures, I conducted the beautiful and blushing fair one to my own carriage, saw her enter, and gave her hand a sentimental squeeze. The domino followed; the carriage door closed on my hopes, and they were off. With a heavy heart I walked towards Mynheer Zamoiski's, reached it, and saw my carriage at the door. I was surprised, for I had been told that my recent flame lived on the Lindau. I ran up to my room and was confronted by the black domino. The scene was fast drawing to a close. I asked him what he meant by the intrusion, when taking off his mask, I discovered my lackey-de-place, who humbly asked me if I had any further use for the horses. I had been making love all night to the pretty fille-de-chambre of Mynheer Zamoiski. I had walked home at two o'clock in the morning in the cold wind and snow, to accommodate my valet-de-place and his flame with a ride. The mention of a masquerade ever after threw me into fits.

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, GOVERNOR OF MAINE.

We present herewith a portrait of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, elected governor of the State of Maine, Sept. 8th, 1856. It was drawn for us by Mr. Charles Barry, from a photograph by Burnham Brothers, of Bangor, Me., and may be regarded as a reliable likeness. Hannibal Hamlin was born in the town of Paris, in the county of Oxford, in the State of Maine, in 1810, and is in the full vigor and prime of life, being forty-six years of age. His father, Doct. Cyrus Hamlin, was the son of Capt. Eleazur Hamlin, of Massachusetts, who commanded a company of infantry in the Massachusetts line during the whole war of the Revolution. His mother was Anna Livermore, the daughter of Deacon Elijah Livermore, the proprietor and first settler of the town of Livermore, removing thence from the town of Waltham, in Massachusetts, in the year 1774. Hannibal Hamlin, in 1832, settled in the town of Hampden, about five miles from the city of Bangor, and commenced the practice of law. In a few years he was elected a Representative to the Legislature by the Democratic party, and was subsequently re-elected four times. He was twice elected speaker, and discharged the duties of that office with ability. In 1842 he was elected a Representative to Congress, and was subsequently re-elected. In 1847 he was elected to the United States Senate to fill a vacancy, and in 1850 he was elected for a full term, which expires March 4, 1857. As chairman of the important Committee on Commerce, he has discharged the responsible duties of his station acceptably. At the Republican convention held in Portland, Maine, July last, Mr. Hamlin received an unanimous nomination for governor of the State. He accepted the nomination, resigned his office as chairman of the Committee of Commerce, and in a speech, declined acting any further with the Democratic party, and avowed himself in favor of the Republican party. Prior to the election in Maine, upon the 8th of September, Mr. Hamlin thoroughly canvassed the State, passing through the seaboard region from Kittery to Calais, and speaking to large mass meetings in all the principal towns. He then went northward to the Valley of the Aroostook, then west across the whole northern part of the State to Fryeburg on the New Hampshire line. He thence came to Bangor through the central part of the State, addressing his fellow-citizens in all the principal towns upon the route. The result of the election was as follows: Hamlin, 69,471; Wells (the incumbent) 44,967; Patten, 6668.



HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, GOVERNOR ELECT OF MAINE.

A WARNING.

A few weeks since, in the course of conversation with an eminent broker, who has been over forty years acquainted with the leading moneyed men of the country, we asked if he ever knew a schemer, who acquired money or position by fraud, continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death? We walked together about three minutes in silence, when he replied: "*Not one!* I have seen men," he said, "become rich as if by magic, and afterwards reach a high position in public estimation, not only for honor and enterprise, but even for piety, when some small circumstance, of no apparent importance, has led to investigations which resulted in disgrace and ruin. Afterwards we again conversed with him upon the same subject, and he stated that since our last interview he had extended his inquiries among a large circle of acquaintances, and with one solitary exception, and that doubtful, their experience was to the same effect as his own. He then gave a brief outline of several small and big schemers and their tools, their rise and fall. Suicide, murder, arson and perjury were common crimes with many of those who made "haste to be rich," regardless of the means; and there are not a few, who may be seen on 'change every day, ignorantly striving for their own destruction. He concluded that fortunes acquired without honesty generally overwhelmed their possessors with infamy.—*Boston Atlas.*

REGATTA ON THE THAMES.

The accompanying picture represents one of those exciting scenes in which the good people of London take especial delight, viz., a regatta. In the middle distance, in front of two elegant bridges spanning the Thames, are seen the long, low race-boats, shooting like arrows over the water, the oarsmen straining every nerve to win the goal that lies before them. The pier on the right is crowded with spectators; so is the flag-barge that lies beside it, and the steamer with the union jack hoisted at her bow. Just without the race-track is a perfect fleet of wherries, the occupants of which are lustily cheering the competitors. In the foreground is a characteristic group—watermen, ladies and gentlemen, children, fruit venders and equestrians. We can appreciate the excitement of the multitude, for boat-races are no novelty among us, aquatic sports being a legitimate inheritance from our transatlantic ancestors. The annual regatta of our Fourth of July celebrations has come to be one of the most interesting features of the day. At New York, the races at Hoboken always attract an immense multitude. Rowing is one of the healthiest and most exhilarating of athletic sports, and the speed with which a light boat may be driven through the water is truly surprising. No less so is the length of time which constant training enables oarsmen to hold out. A whale boat's crew will pull for several hours without becoming exhausted.

THE OLD TALE EVER NEW.

Says an old song, "O, Love has been a villain, since the days of Troy and Helen, when he caused the death of Paris, and of many, many more." And the truth of the quaint, plaintive old verse is verified every day. It is true, the villanies of Love seldom come out very romantically in these days of "crowner's quest," and judicial inquiries at the Pig and Whistle; but it is possible to read a romance of love in the report even of a crowner's quest: and here is one: On Saturday evening last (we stick to the original report—the reader must find the romance for himself), Mr. G. T. Brent, the deputy-coroner, held an inquiry at the "New Crown Inn," St. Paul's Terrace, Ball's Pond, Islington, into the circumstances connected with the suicide of a very fine young woman, named Ellen Louise Felstead, aged twenty-one, the daughter of a gun implement maker, residing at 12 Holton Street, Lower Road, whose body had been found on the previous day, in the New River, at a short distance from where the inquest was held. It appeared from the evidence of Mrs. Donaldson and the deceased's father, that for some time past she had been keeping company with a young man named Parrott; and on the evening of Monday last she called at Mrs. Donalson's, about nine o'clock, in company with Parrott. The latter had an angry altercation with her about visiting at the above house, after which they went away, but not together. The deceased called again at half-past eleven, and inquired if Parrott had called and asked about her, and on being answered in the negative she became greatly excited, saying he would never see her again, and that he had sworn at her, and she could not bear such an insult—she could not live to be so addressed by him. She then went away, and witness saw no more of her alive. Mr. Felstead, her father, stated that she had an altercation with Parrott at her own house, between nine and eleven o'clock, after leaving Mrs. Donaldson's. She said to her lover, "You ridicule and satirise the family when we are together, and I cannot bear it." After that she went up stairs to her room, and divested herself of her bracelets, combs, etc., and when the family retired to rest, slipped quietly out of the house, and was never after seen alive. Mr. Rogers, a medical gentleman, residing next door, informed the jury of her high-spirited disposition, and how deeply she would suffer under anything that she construed into an insult. She was a young woman of a very superior cast of mind. The jury, after remarking on the melancholy nature of the case, returned a verdict in accordance with the testimony of the witnesses.—On the morning of this same Saturday, a man also killed himself, not from love and pride, but from love and poverty. His widow, Mary Bradley, came forward at the inquest and said that they had only been married three weeks. She was a servant at the Dover Castle Tavern, and the deceased had paid his addresses to her for nearly five years, but from his poverty their marriage had from time to time been postponed. They afterwards, however, agreed that they should be united, and live apart for a few months until the deceased could procure a little money to buy a few articles of furniture. He was then thrown out of employment, and he became very despondng, and several times said if he could not procure her a home he should be unable to live. Poverty still holding him fast, he took a large quantity of landanum, and so put an end to his existence.—At the Morgue, in Paris, lately was deposited the body of a young married woman who had been afflicted with a disease of the skin, for which she had tried all remedies in vain; life became burdensome because she fancied her husband could not love her on account of the malady. One day the husband scolded her slightly for not having got his dinner ready in time; she seemed much affected, and after warmly caressing a lap-dog, she approached to kiss him, but he turned from her. Greatly agitated, she left the room, and went straight to the bridge of Grenelle and threw herself into the Seine.—*London Illustrated News.*



A REGATTA ON THE RIVER THAMES, AT LONDON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

ABOUT COMETS.

These erratic bodies, moving in elliptical orbits round the sun, were deemed, in ignorant ages, to portend dire misfortunes to the world, being the fiery heralds of war, pestilence and famine. Milton tells us that

> "Satan stood
> Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
> That fires the length of Ophineus hugo,
> In the arctic sky, and from its horrid hair
> Shakes pestilence and war."

The Romans looked npon the comet of the year 44 B. C. as a celestial chariot of fire conveying the soul of Julius Cæsar to the skies. The great comet of 1680 was deemed a presage of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Even that of 1811 was thought to have foreshadowed the Russian campaign and the burning of Moscow. A young Indian, travelling on the prairie, and beholding tho beautiful comet of 1843, said: "This is the Spirit of the Stars—the dreadful Capishi—a famine and pestilence await us." Dr. Cheyne in 1744 wrote, "Most likely they (comets) are *Ministers of Divine Justice*, sending baleful Streams from their long Trains upon the *Planets* they come nigh; and if what is commonly said of 'em be true, they seldom visit us without some such direful Salutation. However, from them we may learn that the *Divine Vengeance* may find a Seat for the Punishment of his disobedient Creatures, without being put to tho Expense of a new Creation." This is a speciuen of the solemn nonsense written about these brilliant phenomenal visitors of the starry regions. Knowledge has dispelled tho alarming fancies of past generations, but the nature of comets is still a mystery.

AGRICULTURAL.—Boston is getting to be quite an agricultural city. There was the U. S. Agricultural show, a little more than a year ago—last winter we ploughed the streets, and lately we had an agricultural exhibition of horses. The fair grounds, on tho latter occasion, strongly reminded us of a race-course—but it was n't, it was only a track for "trials of speed."

THE USEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL.—Loch Katrine, in Scotland, which Scott has immortalized, is to supply the city of Glasgow, 35 miles distant, with water. The cost of the works will be about three million dollars.

NICARAGUA.—General Walker's army at the last accounts consisted of about 1600 Americans. It would really appear as if he would hold his own.

LAND OFFICES.—The President has established two new land offices for Minnesota, one at Ojibwa, and the other at Buchanan, on Lake Superior.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Delane, the manager of the London Times—the "thunderer"—is now in this country picking up notes.

.... The flight of wild pigeons this year was very great. We thought these birds had utterly deserted us.

.... A monument is to be erected in Baltimore over the remains of the eccentric and gifted Edgar A. Poe.

.... Donald McKay, it is said, will meet all his liabilities, and issue triumphantly from all his troubles.

.... Tho national debt of Europe amounts to ten thousand millions of dollars—a steep sum to work against.

.... A letter written in Australia speaks of eels fifteen feet long. Cochituate water pipes can't beat that.

.... The number of emigrants arriving at New York for the first nine months of the present year was 103,541.

Our friend, Major Ben: Perley Poore, of West Newbury, delivered a brilliant address at the Essex County Show.

.... A young lady in France died lately of the sting of a viper, after four days' intense suffering.

.... Mlle. Rachel will return to tho stage, improved in health, next year, it is hoped.

.... The New York Academy of Music proposes erecting a college which will cost them between 80,000 and 90,000 dollars.

Louis Napoleon drives a span of American horses imported from New York State at a cost of 3000 dollars.

.... Laura Keene's elegant new theatre will comfortably seat twenty-five hundred persons. Wo wish her success.

.... Mr. Frank B. Goodrich, S. G. G.'s son (Dick Tinto), will return to Europe and resume his correspondence.

.... One of the greatest dandies now figuring in Paris is a colored gentleman from the city of New Orleans.

An electric cannon has been invented, which is discharged by means of an electric battery.

.... The number of students attending the University of Virginia is stated to bo about six hundred.

.... The Russians are beginning to manufacturo rails for their railroads—said to be better than English ones.

.... We don't hear any more about the Central American difficulty, except that the tronble is all over.

.... The Churchman (an Episcopal paper) commends dancing as "innocent, healthful and graceful."

.... The last of the summer tourists are coming back from Europe—a trip to Europe is nothing now-a-days.

.... A splendid ship launched at Chelsea, Mass., bears the name of William H. Prescott, the American historian.

THE PRIDE OF BIRTH.

Neither honor nor disgrace can properly descend to us rom our ancestors; and among the follies of the day, none is more contemptible than that which leads some people, even in this country, to think more of their pedigree than of their own worth. A French writer has well observed that "those who depend on the merits of their ancestors, search in the roots of the treo for those fruits which the branches ought to bear. In other words, they feed on the oyster shells their fathers left behind, rather than dig for themselves."

Curtis says very happily:—"We should dread to be horn a Percy, or a Colonna, or a Bonaparte. Wo should not like to bo the second Duke of Wellington, nor Charles Dickens, Jr. It is a terrible thing, one would say, to a mind of honorable feeling, to be pointed out as somebody's son, or uncle, or granddaughter, as if the excellence were all derived. It must be a little humiliating to reflect that if your great uncle had not been somebody, you would be nobody—that, in fact, you are only a name; and that, if you should consent to change it for the sake of a fortune, as is sometimes done, you would cease to be anything but a rich man. 'My father was president, or governor of the State,' some persons may say. But, by Jupiter, king of gods and men, who are *you?* is the instinctive response. If your ancestor was great, you are under bonds to greatness. If you are small, make haste to learn it betimes, and thanking Heaven that your name has not been made illustrious, retire into a corner, and keep it at least untarnished."

With certain snobs, even in this country, there is a perilous rage for ancestry; and when these gentlemen have none, they buy them, as the Chinese do their idols. They haunt auction rooms, and buy up old worm-eaten portraits in wigs, and armor, and brocade, transfer them to their drawing-rooms, and pass them off as tho patrician founders of their family. Then they lay bodily hands on any handsome crest or coat of arms they find in books, and straightway emblazon them on their harnesses and panels. We know one of these gentry who sported on his carriage door a funeral scutcheon! "What is your coat of arms?" asked one of these pedigree worshippers, of President Pierce. The president told him that the only family arms he knew of, were the shirt-sleeves in which his father fought in the Revolution.

It would be well if all men duly considered the words of tho poet:

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise:
> Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

A humble origin is no disgrace. "The early frown of fortune is the best security for her final smiles." And we are ready to ask with the poet,

> "What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
> Not all the blood of all the Howards."

FUNNY FELLOWS.

The rag-pickers of Paris are a unique set. In their sordid rags, with their hamper on their backs, a lantern in one hand, and in the other the short iron hook, which enables them to select and secure their prizes, they aro not destitute of a certain degree of picturesqueness. There is an *esprit du corps* among them—they have a mutual benefit society, with a constitution and by-laws. They also have their festivals and banquets. At one of these gatherings, lately, the chairman toasted the press, "which," he said, "enlightened the world, and by its large consumption of rags, enabled the rag-pickers to live." Some of these industrials amass fortunes, it is said. Of late years they have rather multiplied on our side of the water; and there is one picturesque wretch prowling about the streets of Boston that would make a study for a painter of *genre*. He certainly drew his breath and learned his calling on the banks of the Seine.

THE ROSE OF SHARON—a religious souvenir for 1857, edited by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer. Boston: Abel Tompkins. This really beautiful annual has come to us promptly and in the choicest style of binding and printing. We know of no more elegant gift for a friend at New Year's, or any prettier ornament for the centre table. The contents we consider far above the usual excellence of annual publications.

MLLE. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE.—This fine performer and teacher of the piano forte has re-opened her classes at her residence in this city, 44 Hancock Street, and has a brilliant array of pupils. She has been most successful with her class system, the young ladies under her charge making rapid and sure progress. Her popularity is the result of modest merit and untiring energy.

PRUNING TREES.—The people of Minorca never venture to prune a fruit-tree, thinking it impious to presume to direct its growth and amend the works of Providence. Minorca, of course, would be no place for Wilder or Hovey, who hurry np tho fruit on their trees by judicious pruning.

NEW YORK.—This great metropolis, which resembles in so many respects Paris and London, but is better than both because it is American, is now gayer than ever by day and night. A stroll down Broadway in the sunshine, or by gaslight, is something worth living for.

FREE OF CHARGE.—We send sample copies of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* gratis to any one who desires it. One hundred pages reading matter in each number, and two pages of original humorous illustrations, for *one dollar* a year!

EQUESTRIAN.—Disbrow's riding-school, in New York, continues to be liberally patronized. It is a modol establishment.

BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

The splendid battle-piece which occupies pages 296 and 297 of this number, and which forms one of the series of historical pictures now in the course of publication in our columns, and drawn expressly for us, is one of the most spirited productions of the pencil of Billings we have yet seen. He depicts the decisive charge of the American horse and foot in tho famous battle of the Cowpens. The British regulars are seen flying on the right; on the left Pickens waves his sword, cheering his gallant Carolinians, while towering above the ranks, the heroic Morgan is urging on the charge, pointing to the distance where Cols. Washington and Howard are hotly engaged with Tarleton's horse. The naked and wintry trees rear their denuded branches throngh the smoke of battle.

The battle of the Cowpens was one of the most brilliant exploits of the Revolutionary war. It was fought January 17, 1781, dnring the southern campaign of General Greene. Lieut. Col. Tarleton had been sent by Lord Cornwallis to drive Morgan from his position in the district of Ninety-Six. Tarleton had a thousand picked men, infantry, two field-pieces, and about 250 horse. Col. Morgan, on the other hand, had only 500 militia, 300 regulars, and 75 horse, commauded by Col. Washington. The ground of the engagement was a pine barren. Morgan's militia formed his first line, his regulars, including the horse, were posted about 280 yards in their rear. The British came in sight at daybreak, and commenced a furious attack at sunrise. Morgan's militia after a volley broke, and were hotly pursued by Tarleton's troops, sabreing every man they overtook. At this crisis, Col. Washington, taking advantage of the scattering of the British horse, swept down in a fierce charge, and turned the tido of battle. The British infantry were now brought up, but received by deadly fire from the American regulars, were thrown into confusion, while the militia, determined to retrieve their honor, and cheered on by the heroic Morgan, rallied, rushed down on the enemy, and after one withering fire, gave them the cold steel, and aided their comrades in achieving a glorious victory. The British loss in this engagement was very severe—more than 300 killed and wounded, and more than 500 prisoners, while the loss on our side was but 12 killed and 60 wounded. Col. Washington pursued Tarleton several miles, and slightly wounded him, but he was able to reach Cornwallis's camp with most of his cavalry. In this action the South Carolina troops under Col. Pickens displayed great gallantry. A body of cavalry under Col. Howard proved that Tarleton's legion were not invincible. 800 stand of arms, 100 horses, 35 baggage-wagons, and two standards were among the material fruits of this victory. Two brass cannons which had been taken from Burgoyne, and afterwards captured by Cornwallis at Camden, again fell into the hands of the patriots.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. William K. Holt to Miss Ruth A. Andrews; by Rev. Dr. Barrett, Col. J. H. French to Miss Fanny E. Thompson; by Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, Mr. William W. Kenerson to Mrs. Jane E. Stuart; by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Charles S. Parker to Miss Sarah E. Tolman; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Joseph A. Merrifield to Miss Annie M. Pierce; by Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. Ira Church Gray to Miss Ellen M. Atwood.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Newell, Dr. Benjamin S. Shaw, of Boston, to Miss Amelia C. T. Hastings.—At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Babcock, George J. Townsend, M.D., of South Natick, to Miss Mary M. Buck.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Alonzo P. Burrill to Miss Mary C. Eaton.—At North Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Damon, Mr. Joseph A. Boyden, of Boston, to Miss Georgie L. Harrington.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. Silas F. Haywood to Miss Ann M. McLoud.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Henry M. Caldwell, of Valparaiso, Chili, to Miss Caroline C. Willis.—At East Bridgewater, by Rev. Mr. Sanford, Mr. Calvin Kingman, of Somerset, to Miss Hannah S. Barrell.—At Sterling, by Rev. Mr. Moore, of Boston, Mr. Henry M. Moore to Miss Sarah Isabella Hastings.—At Plymouth, Boston, Mr. James W. Bicknell, of Boston, to Miss Caroline D. Barnes.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Francis C. Still, printer, 39; Mrs. Mary Stanley, 40; Mr. Henry M. Holman, 24; Miss Hannah E. Bradlee, 69; Mr. Alvin V. Odell, 28; Mr. John A. Stone, 22; Mrs. Almira Trott, 47.—At Charlestown, Mr. Ephraim Currier, 67.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Clarissa, wife of Mr. Sylvester Manning.—At Dorchester, Miss Martha Baker, 79: Miss Hannah Lincoln Humphrey, 21; Mrs. Anne Locke, 59; Mrs. Lois White, widow of the late Dr. Phineas Holden, 80.—At Jamaica Plain, Mrs. Eliza, wife of Mr. Pliny Nickerson, of Boston, 40.—At Lowell, Mrs. William Hunter, 35; Mrs. Laura Jane Wood, 30.—At Andover, Mrs. Mary Stuart, wife of Prof. Austin Phelps.—At Worcester, Widow Mary Bullock, 56; Mr. Smith Greene, 51.—At Taunton, Widow Hannah K. Dean, 63.—At Salisbury, Capt. Nicholas P. French, 76.—At Fall River, Mr. Joseph Brightman, 59; Mrs. Martha Jane Wilbur, 22.—At Fairhaven, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Hammond, 37.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Abby Reed, 25.—At Nantucket, Mr. George E. Gardner, 60; Mrs. Zilphia Ray, 80.—At Sandwich, Mr. Heman Tobey, of Boston, 30.—At Brewster, Widow Temperance Snow, 74; Capt. Christopher Rogers, 78.—At Holyoke, Mrs. Roxa Whitcomb, 91.—At North Adams, Mrs. Mary Stevens, 64.—At Provincetown, Mrs. Mary Oakman Bowley, 38.—At Swansville, Me., Widow Elizabeth Williams Durrell, 94.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STENA KILL.

Respectfully inscribed to "JENNIE KARLE."

BY "GAY HUMBOLDT."

I love the songs of quiet streams,
Just floating in the dusk that seems
Between this and the land of dreams.

—What time the world grows hushed and still,
Till the sad moon looks o'er the hill,
And listens to the whippoorwill.

—What time the swallow's drowsy wing
Falls downward dim and darkening,
Till lost like an imagining.

—What time the very leaves seem grown
Upon the breathless air alone,
Upon the stirless ether strown:

Till the sad shades of night sweep down,
From Adirondack's bosky throne,
And the winds rouse them with a moan.

And yet this glorious autumn eve,
What is it makes all nature grieve,
But dreaming dreams of Genevieve?

And yet there is a soul should light
This gloomy, mourning autumn night
Into a day divinely bright.

And yet, could those deep-beaming eyes
Greet mine—with what a glad surprise,
As a freed seraph's, paradise!

Yet could I sit upon this shore
(As we did on one night before),
Till the stars bent the treetops o'er—

Till the mad-bustling world grew still,
And the bright moon rose o'er the hill,
To listen to the whippoorwill—

Till weary sleep should fold her wing,
And the drowsed bird forget to sing,
And naught be heard but whispering

Of the deep waves, as on they rove,
Of the light boughs in heaven above,
And of those lips of "her I love,"

And could—but well-a-day! alone
Must my path henceforth lengthen on,
Till the last dreary day—is done!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SIXES AND SEVENS:

—OR,—

HOW TO HAVE A PLEASANT HUSBAND.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

SOME ladies are blest with fault-finding lords. Mrs. Lemon was one of that unhappy class. If her husband came in too late or too soon for dinner, or supper, if he heard the baby cry, if the room was too hot, or his shaving-water too cold, or everything did not go exactly right and just to suit him, he was up in arms about it forthwith, and there was no peace till his particular whims and wishes were gratified.

Without meaning to be uncomfortable himself, or without even knowing that he was so, Mr. Lemon brought unhappiness to a circle where he certainly desired to confer nothing but comfort and delight. There are a plenty of such men, though they are too blind, some of them, to see it in themselves. It is a most lamentable fault to fall into, and no doubt many of my fair friends will thank me for telling them how Mrs. Lemon managed to cure her husband of it. In order to understand the *modus operandi* the better, it will be as well to deal out the matter in the form and spirit of a narrative.

So Mr. Lemon comes home to supper, and begins to fret round because his slippers are out of place, and the fire in the grate has got low, and the carpet is littered over with the baby's playthings. When he left his office for home, it is not to be denied that he was in the best of spirits, and pledged to himself to dispense sunshine all around him as soon as he got where his wife was.

Mrs. Lemon comes into the room, on hearing the outer door shut, and smiles to see him returned from his day's labor.

"Are you in a hurry for tea?" she asks. "Because if you are, I will have it got ready at once."

He gives a sneer, and says something in a low voice about "tea's never being ready when *he* is ready."

Forthwith his wife cheerfully turns about and orders tea without delay.

On the table were toast, tea and cake. They ate dinner rather late, and the meal was a very hearty one of boiled salmon. Mr. L. uncovers the toast, lifts a slice or two daintily with the spoon, and declares it is done too much; when *will* she learn not to burn her toast up so?

"I don't know," says she; "perhaps that top piece *may* be done a little too much. Give it to me, my dear, and do you help yourself from the bottom of the dish."

"No, I'll eat it, now I've begun with it," is his reply. "I'll trust to luck for a better piece next time."

So *that* branch of the subject is settled. Presently he begins to sip his tea.

"Did you put sugar in my tea?" says he.

"Yes," she replies, pleasantly. "But here is more, if you wish," passing him the bowl.

"No; no matter now. What flat-tasted stuff it is, though! I'd as lief drink dish-water. Latterly, I don't seem to get a cup of tea that's worth a cent. I wonder why *we* can't have as good tea as other people."

Now his wife really took extra pains with the tea that night, and for her own part thought it was the best she had drank in a long time. She could therefore say but little in answer to his complaint, though she wanted to say enough to silence it forever.

Next morning at breakfast it was just the same. As soon as he came down, the fit of fretting seized him.

"This breakfast is stone cold!" said he.

"Margaret has just taken it from the fire," said Mrs. L.

"What's the matter with that baby? I can't stand *that*. You must carry it out of the room, or I must go myself!"

So the bell is rung, and Margaret is told to take care of the baby till breakfast is over.

"You *used* to have good coffee," said he, after sipping a little from his cup. "Why can't we have as good now? I declare, it's downright insipid! It's worse than no coffee at all!"

And he reached the water pitcher to pour himself a glass of water.

First it was the potatoes, after this experiment at fault-finding; and then it was the ham. The eggs were either underdone or overdone. The toast was burned up again. There never *was* a colder morning, and that was just the kind of a morning to have a cold room to eat breakfast in. And so on till he finished a decidedly hearty breakfast, and got up to go out to his business.

For dinner, he sent home a roasting piece of beef. When he came back to eat it, however, he began to carve it, and at once declared it was as raw as it ever was in the world. It wasn't fit for anybody to eat. Mrs. Lemon expostulated. He always had preferred rare beef,—*very* rare beef; and she was sure that this was as much done as any she had ever cooked for him. But that was to no purpose. The beef was not right *anyway*. And the potatoes were "soggy" and heavy. And the other vegetables were not half cooked. Even the water was warm, winter as it was at the time. And to wind up the performance,—what *was* the matter with that baby?

This was the enjoyment pertaining to the dinner hour. Mrs. Lemon came to the conclusion, after her husband had gone out, that she could not bear with it any longer. She must either subdue this fell spirit of unhappiness and discomfort, or it would subdue her. She took the afternoon to think it all over, and at night installed a new order of things.

When Mr. Lemon first put foot in the house at night, he was met with the heavy brow of his wife.

"O, dear!" said she, beating her husband all out of sight with her fretful manner, "I do believe I shall go raving distracted! "I'm almost worn out already! This child, and this housekeeping business, and this one thing and another will certainly finish me! And what I'm to do, I don't know! I don't much care!"

Having arranged his own countenance for a diatribe of fretting of much the same character, Mr. L. was set back not a little at finding that his thunder was thus suddenly stolen away from him. The shock of astonishment had the effect to momentarily silence his complaints. He looked at her face, and wondered what in the world had come over her. And he wondered, and wondered, all in vain.

As soon as they sat down to the supper table, she began the business in good earnest. He would have liked to begin first; but she was careful to dip in her oar before him.

"I tell you one thing, Mr. Lemon," said she; "I've done drinking tea, such as this is. If you can't get better stuff for the table, you must drink it yourself, for *I* wont!"

So *he* had nothing left him to complain of on the score of the tea. He might have been about to begin upon the toast, as usual, when she struck in before him again.

"Just the daubiest, clammiest, flattest, wretchedest toast I ever did eat!" said she, throwing down her knife and fork. "I wish, Mr. Lemon, we could have a girl that could cook well enough to earn fair wages. I'm sure, I don't see why I must have saddled off upon me such kind of help as I'm obliged to put up with! I've got tired of it, thoroughly! For my part, I'm for breaking up housekeeping altogether, and going out to board. I've been thinking how much easier 'twould be—and I've pretty much come to the conclusion that I wont try to keep house any longer!"

Mr. Lemon offered some very tame sort of a reply, the whole of which conveyed no other meaning than that he was completely "dumbfounded."

The baby happened to grow restless.

"I declare," said she, with one of the direst expressions of countenance conceivable, "that child is enough to worry the life out of me! I wish *you* had it to take care of; I guess you'd know how to pity me! Sometimes I wish that children were—I wont *say* where!"

Mr. Lemon grew more astonished still. Never before had he heard her say a syllable in this spirit about her baby. Something was certainly the matter. He looked up at her; she seemed never more in earnest than then. He looked down upon the table; and she went on in just the same strain for several minutes. And so she kept it up. Next morning, she was the veriest scold at the table it is possible to imagine.

"What coffee! O, what coffee!" she exclaimed, as soon as she commenced drawing it from the urn. "You must either get me another girl, or I shall give up; for as for going on in this way, I can't and wont!"

Her husband ventured—wonderful thing for him, that it was! to say that he thought the coffee was as good as it ever was, or ever would be. But she flew at the subject with increased fury, and pell-melled at him till he was thoroughly tired of it. She carried her point, and he was glad to beat a hasty retreat.

"Just see that steak now!" she exclaimed. "Was there ever a woman tried as I am? All browned and wiggled up! If I want a thing *rare*, I'm sure to get it *overdone*. And that's just the way it is! I'm worried to death in this way!"

"But," cried Mr. L., blandly enough for *him*, "what is the trouble with the steak? I think it's good enough. The greatest fault *I* have to find with my meat is, that it's always so *rare!* I never can eat it!"

(Now wasn't *that* a whopper?)

"No, you needn't pass me the bread," she went on. "*Raised* bread I sometimes like; but dough, absolute *dough*,—I'll not put up with it!"

It was hard to suit her. Mr. L. studied her face by stolen glances; but he was able to discover nothing that indicated a disposition to trifle with the subject. She seemed to be terribly in earnest. At dinner she was worse than ever. They had fish on the table. Her husband helped her to some, which he did with a grace that really charmed her.

"O, this abominable fish!" said she, tasting the first forkfull. "I used to like fish; but I don't now, I must confess. Smoked, and soaked, and parboiled, and spoiled! I'd made up my mouth for a beautiful dinner; but just look at it!"

"My dear," asked Mr. Lemon, quite cowed by this time, "what *is* the matter with the fish? *I* see no fault in it. It is a good fish, and it has been well cooked. Don't let us complain too much."

"It isn't half done," said she. "I might have expected as much. I'd as soon eat one right out of the river!"

"Where is Lizzie?" asked her husband, wishing to direct attention from this subject to the base.

"Asleep, I hope! Don't for mercy's sake wake *her* up! She's the plague of my life *now;* and I aint certain at all that she wont finish me! If she'll sleep, let her sleep, for conscience sake! For *my* part, I've had enough of her!"

Mr. Lemon left his dinner table a more thoughtful man than he had been in a long while. He was pledged to himself to find out what the trouble was so suddenly.

When he came home to supper, it was just the same. In the evening, he went out; for he was fairly driven out by his wife's fretfulness. She almost trembled when she thought that she was driving him to this step, yet she sustained her courage all the way through with hope.

And so she carried on for about a week. By the end of that time her husband had forgotten all his old complaints, and appeared to be a changed man throughout. He could sit down to the table and eat as hearty a meal as anybody, and without grumbling, either. This was a victory for his wife, although she still kept up her new device.

One night, when he seemed more quiet and genial than ever, she set up a furious onslaught upon the cheese. He declared to himself he had never heard her go on so. First he looked at her, and then at the cheese; and then he tasted of the cheese. And finally he looked at her again. And next came an explosion.

He laughed out as loud as he could!

"This is too bad, Eliza," said he; "but it was good enough for me. I have deserved it all. Now let us stop right where we are, and agree to have no more of it. I confess you have cured me. I can see now for myself how terrible my habit of fretting had got to be; but *you* shall not suffer any more in consequence of it. I pledge my honor to that!"

He passed round the table and kissed her. The tears gushed from her eyes.

Both wept anew; but the tears were welcome tears of joy. The poor wife felt that she had fairly won her husband over again.

And from that day forward there never was a house where peace presided, and happiness dwelt, with a better prospect of permanence, than in the dwelling of Mr. Nathaniel Lemon, merchant.

NOAH'S TOMB.

A mosque has risen up over the grave of the great patriarch. I do not remember the exact measurement of the tomb; but if this is his sepulchre, Noah must have been a very tall man, for it certainly seemed to me, at a random guess, to be about a hundred feet in length. The old man who showed it to us, told me that this was his length as far as the knees, the rest being bent downwards. Over the grave is a green cloth, the favorite color of the Mahometans, and it is visited not only by Moslems, but also by Christians.—*Wortabet's Syria and the Syrians.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

There are 4382 hand-organs ground in the streets of New York city daily. —— A gentleman of New York, who came out the other day in the steamship Persia, and whose word is reliable, saw in Paris, in the middle of August, tomatoes selling at five francs each, and apricots three francs—owing to the cold wet summer, it having rained near two months. —— President Pierce intends to take up his residence in Portsmouth, N. H., after the 4th of March next. —— The library of four thousand volumes, lately belonging to Professor Lucke, of Germany, and purchased for the use of the Divinity School in Cambridge, chiefly by the generosity of Col. Benjamin Loring, of Boston, has arrived in safety at the institution for which it is designed. It will make a very valuable addition to the means of there pursuing a theological education. —— News from Key West reports the markets to be filled with wrecked goods. —— The Nebraska City News says that "corn in Nebraska promises a most unprecedented yield. The average crop will be from fifty to eighty bushels to the acre. Strictly temperate men could hardly exist on soil that becomes so uncommonly corned on such slight provocation." —— In the Irish language the electric telegraph is called "Sgeal abata bolta," the literal translation of which is, "News upon stilts." —— The Rev. David Mooro, D.D., eldest son of the late Bishop Moore, of Virginia, died lately at the rectory of St. Andrew's Church, Staten Island, in the 70th year of his ago, and 48th year of his rectorship on the island. Dr. Moore was highly esteemed for his many excellencies, and his loss will be severely felt by his parishioners. —— A mother-in-law in an establishment is a rare good servant, but a precious bad mistress. —— The San Antonio (Texas) Herald says, that a gentleman residing some thirty miles west of San Antonio, has a "livo" wolf, some eight months old, which attends his stock of sheep in the same manner as a shepherd's dog, going out with them in the morning, and returning with them at night. His wolfship was captured when young, and has been trained with the sheep. —— Some say that sausages are "*dog* cheap" in this city. However pleasant the fact may be in a pecuniary sense, the suggestions it calls up are by no means agreeable. —— Wm. Arrison, the torpedo murderer at Cincinnati, has been sentenced to the State Prison for ten years. —— A butcher, who has just died, and who was a great dog fancier, has left orders to his heir to pay the taxes on a hundred dogs belonging to him, and to devote a part of the revenues of a very fine estate to their support. There's an eccentric and benevolent butcher. —— Carefully preserve the fallen leaves of trees, and procure as many as you can; when rotted into mold, the produce is invaluable. —— The hotels in New York are crowded. At the Astor House the privilege to sleep in a room with seven others is sold at a high advance; and at the St. Nicholas, one thousand persons hive together. —— A creditor of the city of Philadelphia, despairing of being able to get his pay of the treasurer, has attached the furniture of the council chamber. —— By a recent collision on the Michigan Southern Railroad, three new locomotives, which were on board one of the trains, were completely smashed to pieces and rendered worthless. —— Besides the commerce of the lakes at Chicago, twenty-six trunk railroads and branches bring to it the trade of the interior. —— A correspondent writes that Noah Pease, Esq., of Meredith, killed at one shot forty-one pigeons from a flock that alighted upon a stand prepared for the purpose on a wheat stubble.

VARIETIES OF FOOD.

What is there that men will not eat, either from necessity or caprice? Shipwrecked mariners have often made a hearty meal of boot-soup; and mule-steak has often done the hardy pioneers good service. The natives of Tonquin, according to Dampier, give their friends arrack, in which snakes and scorpions have been infused. The Calmuc Tartars also feed on snakes, and the Syrians eat crocodiles. The inhabitants of Cochin-China prefer spoiled eggs to fresh; the Tonquinese enjoy locusts, whether raw, pickled or broiled; the West Indians have a taste for caterpillars, and ants are a luxury in Africa. Mungo Park astounded Sir Walter Scott while walking with him, by running his stick into an ant-hill, and then after it had been covered with insects, drawing it through his lips. He said they tasted like currants! Truly, there is no accounting for taste.

A Proof-Reader.—The most industrious proof-reader we remember, was a lady to whom, at her request, we sent a revise of an article she had written for us. As there were nearly a hundred superfluous commas in it, according to her account, she "sat up all night, and scratched them out with a penknife so neatly that no one could perceive them."

Hoop, Hurrah!—The ladies hoops still afford subject matter for small wits to excruciate upon. It is now asserted that a cooper of this town has entered into partnership with a milliner, the two branches of trade being identical.

Attorneys and Lawyers.—Sterne insinuates that attorneys are to lawyers what apothecaries are to physicians—only that they do not deal in *scruples*. Some of them are not averse to *drachms*, however.

The Press.—It was Victor Hugo who called the press "the formidable locomotive of universal thought." Louis Napoleon "looks out for the engine" so sharply in France, that it does not run very well there.

Musical.—"Vestvali the magnificent" has gone off to Mexico with a magnificent troupe of opera singers.

Wayside Gatherings.

The number of votes to be cast in the next presidential election will probably reach 3,500,000.

They raise six hundred bushels of sweet potatoes to the acre on the Gaudalonpe River, in Texas.

The city and county prisoners of San Francisco are to be fed for twenty-four cents a day, by contract.

Night schools are established in the city of Baltimore this winter. Schools for neglected children are also in contemplation.

The health of Dr. Kane, the distinguished Arctic explorer, being much impaired, he has taken a trip to Europe with a view to its restoration.

A Bartlett pear grown on the farm of Jewett Jones & Son, in Andover, weighed eighteen ounces, and measured ten by twelve inches in circumference.

It is now ascertained beyond a reasonable doubt, that the burning of the Niagara on Lake Michigan, by which some seventy-five lives were lost, was the work of an incendiary.

The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. David T. Kimball, at Ipswich, Mass., was recently commemorated by the people of that ancient town with much interest.

Rev. Henry Wood, formerly a clergyman of New Hampshire, has been appointed chaplain in the navy, in place of T. R. Lambert, resigned. Mr. Wood is now consul at Beyrout.

The Hampden (Mass.) County Agricultural Society have purchased a lot of land at Springfield, containing thirty acres, at a cost of $8000, on which to hold their future exhibitions.

A hog exhibited at the late Chilicothe (Ohio) Fair, weighed 1135 pounds, and measured nine feet in length, and about the same in girth. He was two years and three months old.

Ephraim Ricker, who shot one Rodgers at Berwick, Maine, a short time since, while picking apples from a tree, has been tried and sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment in Alfred jail.

A certain sign-board has the following classical inscription:—"All persons what are found fyghteing or trespussing on this ground will be executed wid the utmost wigger of the lawr."

The coronation of the emperor of Russia took place at Moscow on the 7th of September. The barbaric gorgeousness of the scene, and of the preparations for the coronation, appear to have dazzled all beholders, and it is said that the cost exceeded $5,000,000.

It appears that nearly all the Western railroads at the present time are overrun with freight transportation, and so serious is the inconvenience resulting therefrom, that a general rise in freights, both upon the roads and rivers, is anticipated, or has already taken place.

The French Inundation Committee have collected and remitted to the President of the Central Relief Committee, the sum of 105,515 40 francs—equal to $20,621 72—which has been subscribed in New York for the benefit of the sufferers by the recent inundations in France.

Near Greensboro (S. C.), an entire railroad train ran over a drunken man, lately. He had fallen on the track, and the cow-catcher being sufficiently elevated not to carry him with it, he lay there in safety, to the amazement of the conductor and engineer, who, of course, thought he was cut to pieces.

The New England Society of New York have made arrangements for a course of six lectures, to be delivered by New England orators prior to the next December anniversary. Among the speakers engaged are Hon. George P. Marsh, Hon. George Lunt, Rev. A. L. Stone and Rev. Dr. Osgood.

The officers of Murray's Asylum for the Insane, Scotland, believe that no better medicines for the mind are known than rational occupation, recreation and education; wherefore they are endeavoring to extend and vary the modes of employing, amusing and instructing those who are committed to their care.

A powder-horn was discovered recently on one of the "Hunting Islands," near the mouth of Morgan River, South Carolina, marked "2 Rudolph." It is the only trace ever discovered of the revenue-cutter Hamilton, Captain Rudolph, which was lost off the Charleston (South Carolina) Bar, in 1853, and never heard of.

The yellow Newtown pippin is the most popular apple in the English market. It frequently sells there for $16 per barrel; and packed and prepared for export, commands $6 to $8 per barrel in New York. This apple, we believe, is raised nowhere in perfection, except on Long Island and the banks of the Hudson River.

The Detroit Daily Advertiser, of October 2d, says:—"A company of six hundred men, women and children started from Tabor, Iowa, lately, for Kansas. They are farmers and mechanics, who go to make Kansas their permanent home. Two hundred men from Western Iowa volunteered to conduct them into the interior."

The Jacksonville (Ala.) Republican says so severe a frost as early as the 24th of September, has not been experienced in that section for twenty years, and considerable damage must have been inflicted on the cotton and other crops. In the vicinity of Brunswick, Missouri, it is said that at least one-half of the tobacco crop has been destroyed by the frost.

The boring of Hoosac Mountain has gone in over 300 feet, and is still in progress at an average of 4 1-2 feet a day. Fresh air is pumped into the hole through a long box by horse power, and soon clears the end after a blast. On the strength of these demonstrative experiments, it is the purpose of the parties interested to make another appeal to the legislature for more State aid.

Among the visitors at the late Fair of the Essex Agricultural Society, at Newburyport, Mass., was an aged lady from Cavendish, Vt., 81 years of age, who moved around in the crowd with no appearance of fatigue. She came from her home, 120 miles, to visit friends in the city—her first ride in the cars. When she saw the crowds of people, she said it seemed to her that "all the tribes of Israel had come again together."

The frauds of Carpentier and Grelet, clerks of the Northern Railway, in France, the most important of all the French railroads, are greater than those of Schuyler upon the New Haven Railroad, or any others yet developed in this country, and only equalled by the late swindling banker in London. The directors admit the frauds to amount to 3,000,000 francs, or $600,000; while the letters and public opinion in Paris set the amount at a much higher figure—even as high as 15,000,000 francs, or $3,000,000. The robbers are described as young men of honorable families.

The French railroads are managed well. On one railroad line, two hundred and forty trains pass a certain bridge every day, and no collision. The roads are well built. They cost high, compared with ours—but what would ours cost, if made as good as these? The stone-masonry, the grading, the ballasting, the sodding of the slopes, the depots, the station-houses, the cars, the order and the preciseness are all models which we shall follow eventually. No conductor can cheat there; no collecting in cars; no confusion on getting in. Their tunnels are excellent, and their street crossings admirable.

Foreign Items.

The book trade is flourishing in Melbourne. One bookseller there, who now has 14,000 volumes on his shelves, began business with £10 ten years ago.

Miss Catherine Hayes has arrived in Paris, to enjoy a season of repose after her long journeyings in the antipodes, the two Americas, and the East Indies.

It appears that Russia has not suffered much in her trade from the late war. Commerce and manufactures are entered into to an extent never before manifested; and agriculture is everywhere flourishing under a bountiful harvest. The custom house at St. Petersburg is overwhelmed with business.

In a thunderstorm, says an English paper, which broke over the village of Bergheinfield, on the road to Wurtzburg, in Rheinish Bavaria, lately, the lightning set fire to a barn filled with forage, and the flames spread so rapidly that they destroyed not fewer than 130 houses before they could be extinguished.

Not fewer than 71,000,000 of newspapers per annum—or about 200,000 every day—p ss through the London post-office. The number of "book-packets," exclusive of newspapers, which now pass through the London office, is at the rate of 1,400,000 per annum, being an increase of more than a million, or of 273 per cent. on the number in 1854.

A waterspout, says the Presse Belge, passed near Bedbourg (Bavaria), on the 24th of August, and encircling a child eight years of age, swept it into the air to a height of forty feet; fortunately the child fell on a haystack and was unhurt. A goat was likewise transported to a distance of three hundred paces, and was deposited safely in the highest branch of a tree.

Sands of Gold.

.... The "point of honor" can often be made to produce, by means of vanity, as many good deeds as virtue.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.—*Lomartine.*

.... We seldom find persons whom we acknowledge to be possessed of good sense, except those who agree with us in opinion.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... He that knows a little of the world, will admire it enough to fall down and worship it; but he that knows it most, will most despise it.—*Colton.*

.... Our welcome of a stranger depends upon the name he bears—upon the coat he wears; our farewell upon the spirit he has displayed in the interview.—*Talleyrand.*

.... We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others, than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb is a fruit-offering of good deeds.—*Jean Paul.*

.... To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it, is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.—*Tillotson.*

.... I beg you to take to heart one maxim, which for myself I have ever observed, and ever shall; it is never to say more than is necessary. The unspoken word never does harm; what is once uttered can never be recalled, and no man can foresee its consequence.—*Kossuth.*

Joker's Budget.

A gentleman on entering a cold room where there was no fire, expressed his astonishment that so kind a friend should give him such a cool reception.

"What is the cause of the potato rot?"—"It is attributed to the rot-ta-tery influence of the earth."—"How was this ascertained?"—"By consulting a great many common-taters."

Always accept a seat in the carriage of a lady who has eaten no dinner, for the chances are that, as she has touched nothing since luncheon, there is a good supper waiting for her at homo.

It was observed of a philosopher who was drowned in the Red Sea, that his taste would be suited, for he was a man of deep thinking, and always liked to go to the bottom of anything.

"One hears an immense deal about 'legal tenders,'" said Lord Brougham, upon one occasion; "but upon my soul, I never heard of anything *legal* yet, that was not infernally *hard* instead of *tender*."

An old author quaintly remarks: "Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among *silks* and *satins*, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up."

A Glasgow antiquarian recently visited Catheart Castle, and asked one of the villagers "if he knew anything of an *old story* about the building?"—"Ay," said the rustic, "there was anither auld *storey*, but it fell down lang since!"

.... A lady sitting down to a dinner of roast veal, the othe day, exclaimed, while eating, "I do think that butchers are the most cruel creatures that ever lived; these poor calves!—another piece off the shoulder, if you please, Mr. Smith."

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THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW, AND TOWER OF IVAN.

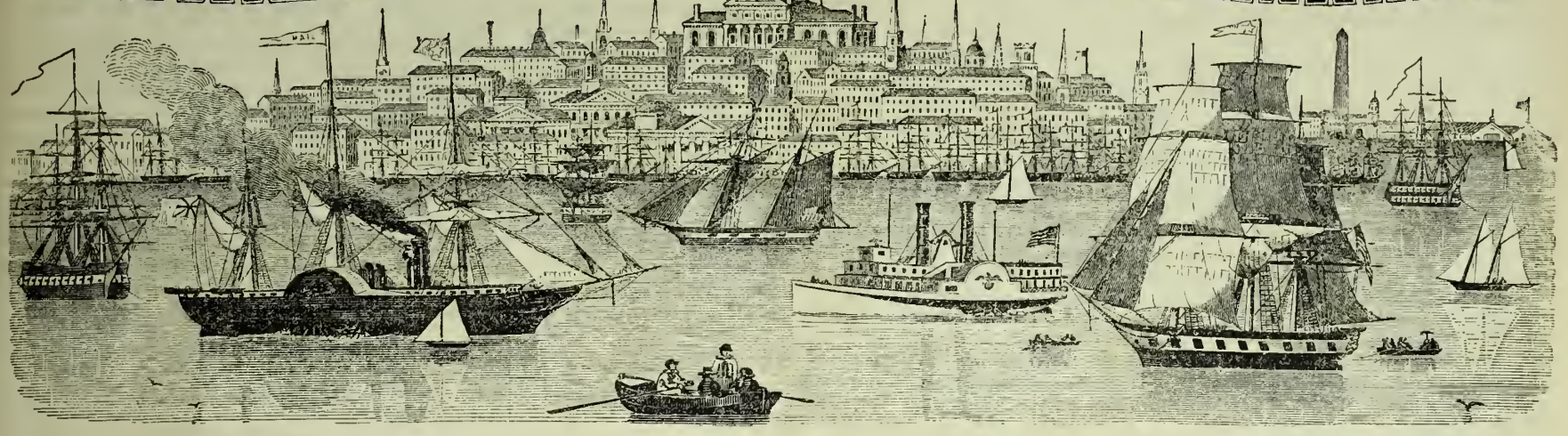
SCENES IN RUSSIA.

Since the recent coronation of the Emperor of Russia, Moscow has become more than ever an object of interest, and to gratify this feeling we have placed on this page striking representations of two of the most noted buildings, the Kremlin, and the Palace of Petrowski, in the environs of the city. The Kremlin is to Moscow what the Acropolis was to Athens, and the Capitol to Rome. It is surrounded by a strong and lofty wall, embattled with many towers and turrets, and several gates. The principal in our illustration is the tower of John the Great,—Ivan Veliki. The dome by which it is surmounted is gilded, like the other domes of the Kremlin—about 60 in all. It is 269 feet 6 inches high, and each story is a belfry. The largest bell weighs 64 tons. The bell at its base was cast by order of the Empress Anna, in 1780. It weighs about 400,000 pounds. The palace of Petrowski, depicted in the second engraving, is one of the sights of Moscow. It was a creation of the Empress Elizabeth. It is fantastically built, and glaring in color, with red and white walls, embattled like those of the Kremlin. The grounds are beautifully laid out and ornamented with trees, and the great carriage road, more than a mile in length, is one of the finest drives in the world.



THE PALACE OF PETROWSKI, NEAR MOSCOW.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

We present on this page a fine view of the State House, in Springfield, the capital of the State of Illinois, a flourishing post-town, and the seat of justice of Sangamon County. The State House is a noble stone building, of great architectural beauty, as will be seen by Mr. Kilburn's graphic delineation, executed expressly for us, together with the other pictures of the series of Springfield views, which will be seen on turning to page 312 of the present number. The State House stands in the centre of a square of three acres, bounded by Fifth, Sixth, Adams and Washington Streets. The grounds are laid out with great taste, and shaded by ornamental trees. The building cost $180,000. The town is situated three miles south of Sangamon River, and 230 miles southwest of Chicago. It is laid out with great regularity, the streets being wide and straight, the public square we have depicted being in the centre. The town contains a court house, three banks, a United States land office, churches of various denominations, several academies and hotels. Five or six newspapers are established here. It became the seat of government in 1840, a circumstance which imparted a sensible impulse to the place. It is here that the Chicago and Mississippi Railroad intersects the Great Western Central Railroad, which extends from the Mississippi across the State to Indiana. The western division of this line, which extends fifty-five miles from Springfield to the Illinois River, has been in operation several years, under the title of the Sangamon and Morgan Railroad, the eastern portion of which is still in the process of construction. The Chicago and Mississippi Railroad is completed from Alton to Bloomington, a distance of 130 miles, intersecting at the place last named, the Illinois Centra Railroad. The city is surrounded by rich and extensive prairies, which contain large quantities of bituminous coal. The population in 1853 was 6500, and has largely increased within the past three years. It must be remembered that the place was laid out only in 1822. On page 312 we continue our illustrations of its prominent localities. The next view shows the depot of the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad, which runs through Springfield. Another view presents a scene upon Washington Street. The building on the right is the Chenery House, and the church seen on the left is the Presbyterian. The remaining view on page 312 depicts the buildings occupied by the courts, State banks and insurance companies. They are located on Sixth Street, and front on the Capitol Square. [*See page* 312 *for continuation.*



STATE HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

LOYALTY AND LOVE.

"For love, at first, is but a dreamy thing,
That slyly nestles in the human heart,
A morning lark, which never plumes his wing,
Till hopes and fears, like lights and shadows, part."

The rector, at an early hour on the morning following the rescue of his ward by Herbert Yancey, entered the young officer's room and greeted him with a cordial grasp of the hand.

"When I tell you, sir," said the old gentleman, with emotion, "that I am the guardian of the young lady whom you saved last night from a watery grave, you will excuse this intrusion. I shudder to think what might have been her fate had you not have providentially interposed, and have come to invite you to breakfast with us at the parsonage, that Mabel may express our gratitude to you for her rescue."

A flush illumined Herbert's cheek, as he modestly disclaimed having done anything but his duty, then accepted the invitation with the ease of a true gentleman.

"Come right along, then," said the rector. "But first tell me, are you in any way related to the Yanceys of Virginia?"

"I am from the Old Dominion, sir, where my ancestors have resided since the first Yancey landed on the American continent, in the days of Queen Bess."

"And in which county have your immediate ancestors abided?"

"In Charlotte, sir."

"Charlotte! Can it be possible that you are the son of my old friend in England, Reneghard Yancey of Evermay?"

"I am, sir. But my father died several years since. I now reside at Evermay with my mother."

"Young gentleman, you have a double claim to my esteem, both as the son of an old friend, and as the preserver of my ward's life. But come, let us start for the parsonage. Madame Ordway, my housekeeper, dislikes to have her coffee cooled before it is drank."

"I am at your service," said Herbert, and they left the tavern.

As nearly every one in Newburyport knew by this time that opposition was to be made, in some shape, to the prayers of the rector for the king of England, it was shrewdly conjectured by the bar-room idlers that the Provincial Congress had taken the matter in hand, and that Herbert had an especial mission to execute. At any rate, it was strange that the rector, who was such a bitter opponent of everything which savored of whiggery, should walk quietly through the streets with a revolutionary officer, and that officer wearing the uniform of the most obnoxious portion of the "rebel" army.

Could they have seen how warmly the young man was welcomed into the parsonage, that focus of Toryism, their wonder would have been increased, although Herbert, at the time, had no idea of the politics of his host. But no sooner did he cast his eyes around the parlor into which he had been ushered, than he discovered unmistakable evidences of female taste. The room, although corresponding in size to the study which has been described in a preceding chapter, reminded Herbert of his own mother's parlor at Evermay. An open harpsichord, upon which lay a pile of neatly-copied manuscript music, an embroidery frame, in which was an unfinished fire-screen rivalling the products of the Gobelin looms, a sketch book, a chess board, and other evidences of refinement and accomplishments, were tastefully arranged, while the air was filled with the perfume of bouquets.

Ere Herbert could hastily inspect these attractive objects, in which he somehow felt an unusual interest, the rector re-appeared, followed by his ward, whom he introduced thus:

"Mr. Yancey, let me present to you—the son of my old friend, Mabel Gwynne, whose life you yesterday preserved."

Stammering forth his gratification at having been able to render Miss Gwynne a service, Herbert took her proffered hand, and stole a glance at the face which had haunted his last night's dreams. Though somewhat pale from the effects of her double fright, a faint blush overspread her beautiful features, while her lustrous eyes, half-veiled in their own lashes, danced in their own light. Never had Herbert before experienced the intoxicating power of female beauty.

Eloquently but modestly thanking Herbert for his timely aid, Mabel asked him to join them at the breakfast-table, which (as was the custom in those days) was spread in the kitchen. That apartment, however, was inferior to no other room in the parsonage. All the smoke and effluvia passed up a wide-mouthed chimney, at the back of which yawned the greater and the lesser oven, while the long buffet in the corner glistened with well-scoured pewter-ware. Madame Ordway was duly presented, and "grace before meat" having been said, the party sat down to the excellent repast.

Greatly to Mabel's delight, the young soldier appeared to walk at once into her guardian's good graces. In fact, there was much similarity in their tastes, each expressing a marked preference for manly sports, and yet displaying an intellectual cultivation peculiarly attractive to the fair sex. Mabel, who had enjoyed much of her guardian's society, had a keen appreciation of intellectual training, and was soon captivated by Herbert's sound remarks, polished wit and general information, so seldom displayed by gentlemen of his age. Gossip, politics and the weather were the stereotype topics of the Newburyport beaux, and she came to the conclusion, ere they left the table, that Mr. Yancey was just such a young man as Mr. Gwynne must have been; in other words, he filled her beau-ideal of masculine excellence.

Soon after they returned to the parlor, Mr. Gwynne was summoned to his study by Madame Ordway, who informed him that Frank wished to see him on especial business. This left Herbert and Mabel together, and soon the young man found that her charming person was but a fitting shrine for mental abilities of a high order. Her superior intellect was matured by study, and her accomplishments, in which she was her own instructor, were of a high order—truly feminine, yet not at all frivolous. Above all, there was no affectation in her character. Brought up with the rector upon the most frank and confiding footing, every emotion that thrilled in her heart, or floated through her head, at once found its way into words—frank, unstudied words, bearing the fresh mint-stamp of the heart.

An hour was thus passed—it did not seem five minutes to either, during which they talked of many things, but the heart of each felt a new and previously unknown emotion. All at once, their interview was interrupted by the rector, who burst into the parlor, evidently in a towering passion.

"The rascal!" he ejaculated. "The ungrateful scamp!"

"What has happened?" asked Mabel.

"Happened!" blurted the indignant rector,—"happened! Why, did you not hear Madame Ordway tell me at breakfast that her son wished to see me? Her Frank—a boy that I almost reared—that I have treated as a father should have treated a son! A boy to whom I have given the best of advice, ever exhorting him to be loyal to his king and to his church! And now what d'ye suppose, Mabel, the young scapegrace has demanded of me?"

Mabel's first thought sent the crimson heart-blood flowing through her veins—but no! Her old play-fellow could not have asked her hand. She trusted not, and replied:

"Indeed, sir, I cannot imagine."

"I knew you couldn't. Well, the impertinent jackanapes came into my study, and after a hypocritical whining about his disagreeable task, threw off his disguise, and actually ordered me—me, ordained rector of St. Paul's,—not to read prayers for the king again!"

"But, sir," interposed Mabel, relieved to find that this was the offence.

"Don't sir me, miss. I told the young scoundrel to leave my house, nor ever to set foot in it again. His poor mother, who had entered the study unperceived, threw herself on her very knees, begging him to retract, and to ask my forgiveness. But he remained stubborn, and departed without sign of repentance. Excuse me, Mr. Yancey, but this ungrateful, rebellious conduct of a young man brought up at my own hearthstone, has quite made me forget myself."

"I regret that anything has occurred to annoy you," replied the young officer, "and will take my leave, as I have important business that must be attended to."

"You will, perhaps, return and take tea with us," said the rector, as they escorted their visitor to the door, and a glance of endorsement from Mabel's eyes made Herbert at once accept the invitation, with thanks.

All that day did her imago dance before his imagination, and although he had much else to occupy his thoughts, she reigned paramount. Night came at length, and on entering the parsonage, Herbert saw with delight that the rector was more calm than in the morning. He was engrossed with the subject, however, and no sooner had greetings been interchanged than he referred to it. Exile, he said, would probably be his lot, yet he would not yield to the popular edict, and sacrifice what he considered his duty as a Christian minister.

Mabel said little. It was evident to her admirer that she was not certain in her own mind that her kind guardian was correct, yet she endeavored to soothe him as he was passing through the ordeal, cheering him with a touching devotion. Adversity, after all, is the microscope by which things that were invisible before are made plain to our wondering eye. Prosperity never brings out character. As the waters of the becalmed ocean attract no attention, so the even course of a prosperous life presents nothing observable. We need the tempest; we need to have the passions agitated, in order to have our attention arrested. It is then that our eyes are fixed, and that we seek to analyze the soul by watching each shade of character.

Herbert Yancey, sympathizing himself with his father's friend, felt himself drawn towards Mabel Gwynne by sweet chords of sympathy, as they endeavored to comfort the bruised spirit of the rector. At any other time, the young couple might have been months in becoming as well acquainted with each other as they felt when they separated that night.

"Call again to-morrow," said the rector, when Herbert rose to leave. "I must pass the day in my study, preparing my discourse—a discourse that I may not be permitted to deliver. But Mabel will be glad to see you."

"I shall be occupied in the morning, sir, but in the afternoon, will be too happy to call. Good-night."

"Good-night," replied both the rector and his ward; nor did the latter think that those parting words, which rang like silver vesper bells in Herbert's heart, grated harshly on other ears.

Concealed in a large lilac bush near the door—so near that he could have almost touched Mabel as she spoke, was Dan Holbrook. The scar on his face was more livid than usual, and gave a fearful effect to the pale ferocity of his countenance. Yet he was again baulked in his schemes of abduction; for soon after the officer's departure, an athletic young man mounted guard, as it were, before the parsonage, pacing slowly to and fro. Hour after hour did Holbrook wait the departure of this unknown sentry, but he continued his lonely round. At length, in a fit of rage, he sprang from his place of concealment, fired a pistol at the watchful guardian, and took flight. The noise of the shot roused the rector from his troubled dreams, and on going to his open window, he heard groans, as of a human being in distress.

Hurrying on a few garments, Mr. Gwynne hastened out of doors and there, almost upon the door-stone of the parsonage, lay Frank Ordway, weltering in his blood. Humanity at once cast political bitterness into the shade; the sufferer's mother was summoned; he was placed in the rector's own bed, and the good man hastened for a surgeon.

The next morning, the Newburyport gossips had it that Frank Ordway had been sent by the Sons of Liberty to "warn away" Parson Gwynne; that the parson offered Miss Mabel to the young man if he could remain; that Frank was obdurate, and that the parson had then fired at and nearly killed him. Ere nine o'clock, a score of versions of this famous tale were spread from Belleville to Joppa, and each narrator added some marvellous variation.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FAREWELL DISCOURSE.

"——And it is Sabbath morn,
And toil and leaden care are, for a time,
Forgotten. The solemn bells peal their slow chime
Imposingly. The throng, in gay attire,
Wend their diverging steps: some to adore
In consecrated aisle, with prayer and chant,
The God of all! While others, less devoutly,
But go to church in quest of novelty."

Sunday came, clear and pleasant as was that solitary Sabbath passed by Adam in Paradise, ere sin had dashed its gall into the cup of human life. The earth seemed sanctified, the very air holy, the deep blue sky more beautiful, and the few fleeting clouds that floated over its surface of such pearly whiteness, that they might serve as resting-places for angel-gazers. Nature, arrayed in her autumnal robes, stood sublimely great in her mature vigor, and the genial breath which spread a few golden leaves over the bosom of mother earth, gave no indication of the cold, bleak blasts soon to shriek the requiem of the year. It is a melancholy reflection that earth's loveliest things must be sacrificed by the unsparing hand of time,—that the fair buds which have opened their golden leaves to the sunbeam should wither, and that the earth, so lately clothed with fertility, should become desolate. But a gold-tinting sunlight enlivens these deepening shadows. A spirit of beauty pours glory upon the autumnal scenery with lavish hand, and the woods, thus garnished with the tints of the rainbow, are gorgeously magnificent, like an Hindostan sultana decked for the funeral pyre of her dead lord.

The bells rang out their assembling notes, and the streets were crowded with worshippers, on their way to the various churches. Yet it was evident that some movement was agitating the community beyond ordinary worship. The church of St. Paul's, which had been almost deserted for nearly a year by all save its parishioners, was the focus of attraction, and before its bell had ceased tolling, every pew was crowded, with one exception. Although the very aisles were filled, no one sought a seat in the rector's pew.

There was a convulsive movement throughout the church as Mabel quietly entered and took her accustomed seat. The gossips had made up their minds that she would not attend, and it had never entered their fertile imaginations that she would come escorted by Herbert Yancey. Yet such was the case. Herbert had passed most of the preceding day at the rectory, where Frank Ordway's wound had opened a new source of uneasiness. Fortunately, it was not at all dangerous, although a large effusion of blood had rendered him very weak; and as his mother naturally wished to attend him, Herbert had volunteered to escort Mabel to church. She rather shrunk from accompanying him, but the rector, who apprehended violence, rather insisted. So when the young officer made his appearance at the parsonage in citizen's dress, she accepted his arm. Indeed she began to feel that there was a mysterious blending of their destinies, and to look up to him for protection, although the earth had made but three circuits round the sun since she had first seen him.

The bell ceased to toll, the door of the vestry was opened, and the rector entered, walking to the reading desk with wonderful placidity, his countenance beaming with devoted resignation to the will of his Master. He wore a surplice as white as the drifted snow, yet no whiter than the masses of long hair which fell upon his shoulders. Many had seen him in this same attire, and with this same truthful expression of countenance upon many a solemn occasion. Yet never had he appeared inspired with such divine authority as when—after having knelt in private supplication—he stood unflinchingly before them, and commenced the sublime exhortation of "Morning Prayer."

"The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him." Among that congregation the impressive command was obeyed. Every eye was bent, with fixed intentness, upon the speaker, and each one present, rivetted by the spell of powerful emotion, listened to the sublime petitions of the Episcopal rite with unrelaxed attention. It was the prelude; what was to follow? Would he dare pray for the royal tyrant?

Yet, with the exception of a few loyal parishioners, the congregation neither rose at the "exhortation" nor knelt at the "liturgy," for it had been determined to listen in respectful silence, until the offensive "collect" should be offered. Men sat with stern resolution, and women with anxious fear, alike depicted upon their countenances; yet as the service proceeded, the sternest Son of

Liberty could not altogether steel his heart against a mysterious reverence for the rector. The purity of the good old man's soul, diffusing itself from the reading-desk, went forth like the dove from the ark. Pacifically, and with quiet calm, the clear tones of his voice fluttered over that deluge of angry passion, stealing into even the hardest hearts like the deep tones of music.

The creed was ended, the collects for the day, for peace and for grace were read, and then a current of strong emotion passed over the rector's countenance. But he bravely continued, in a distinct tone of impassioned earnestness:

"O Lord, our heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings and Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth: most heartily we beseech thee, with thy favor to behold our most gracious sovereign, Lord King George, and so replenish him with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that he may alway incline to thy will and walk in thy way. Endue him plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant him in health and wealth long to live; strengthen him, that he may overcome and vanquish all his enemies; and that finally, after this life, he may attain everlasting joy and felicity, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

When this obnoxious petition to the throne of grace was commenced, there was a shudder among the female portion of the congregation, but the Sons of Liberty seemed themselves more like culprits than like judges. The heroic courage with which the venerable rector, in a voice as firm as his conscience, had thus braved their wrath, disarmed his opponents. And the victory was completed by the response, which came from the rector himself, after he had waited in vain to hear it from the congregation: "Amen!"

King George had again been prayed for in Newburyport, and there had been an emphatic response to the prayer, yet no one had dared lay the sacrilegious hand of violence upon an ordained priest of God, as he ministered at the altar. The puritanical education of the rudest of the rude restrained them, and paralyzed their plans.

The hymn was then read, and there was a general disposition to join in singing it, as a true thanksgiving. Herbert Yancey, revolutionist as he was, had been charmed by the display of Christian fortitude, as he was now entranced by the sweet notes of Mabel's voice, as her joyful heart pealed forth the beautiful stanzas concluding:

"Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee."

The last notes died away, and the rector ascended the high pulpit, wearing his black silk gown. Kneeling, he bowed his head devoutly, as if to seek divine grace; then rising, he gazed around on the upturned mass of faces, each wearing a different expression, and announced as his text: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

Upon this important precept he commented at length, enforcing that obedience to law and to order, to church and to king, which he considered "ordained of God." Though he loved peace, he loved truth more, and with him the voice of conscience was the command of his Divine Master, in obedience to which he now exhorted his flock, in trumpet tones, to bow their rebellious necks to the "powers that be."

"With these conditions of duty," continued the rector, "should I hesitate? What have I to fear? Shall I, ordained as a disciple to preach the word, fear the frowns of men? Or shall I, in my old age, with a bare inch of life's candle left to me, desert the society which has partially supported me for years, and sustained my ministry in this sanctuary? Desert my heavenly Master and my earthly patrons, too, without any inward conviction of conscience that I should do so, and with every feeling of my nature in open repugnance to the foul wrong in which these rebellious colonies are now engaged. No, my hearers—no! You may tear from me these sacred robes; you may prohibit me, as a faithful shepherd, leading my flock into the 'green pastures' of salvation, —nay, you may shed the last drop of loyal blood in these veins, but never can you make me recreant to my trust, or a traitor to my king.

"Yet, my hearers, I see plainly that another Cæsar is to reign over this land, and he is before me in the vigorous, active forms of these misguided young men. Against them, personally, I have no quarrel, and had I, my years would deter me from warring against them. My energies and faculties have alike been wasted with my decaying frame, and I have no longer strength to resist the current. Yet fear appals me not. I have had sufficient strength to stand here to-day, and to solemnly protest against the threats communicated to me. Nay, I have prayed for King George—the lawful sovereign of us all. Blessed be my Redeemer for thus giving me strength to speak sober, truthful words in behalf of down-trodden right—in condemnation of the sway of evil, despite the menaces of those who profess to be Christians. Now when Peter was imprisoned with one of his brethren, the terrors of the edicts were powerless to silence him. When offered liberty if he would thenceforth preach no more, was there not straight-forwardness in the answer made: 'Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye; for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard?'

"This was no bravado—no boast, any more than I now speak in a vaunting tone. It was rather the result of the inspiration of that Comforter which emboldened Moses, centuries before, to refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer with the children of God, than to share the pleasures of sin for a season—the work of that Spirit which was with the ancient prophets, who, when surrounded by the splendors of the old dispensation, dared to exclaim against 'spiritual wickedness in high places,'—such as inspired John the Baptist when the sound of his voice went forth like an announcing trumpet,—such as our Saviour possessed in its entireness,—such as all who labor in his vineyard must receive. It was that spiritually-felt power of Jehovah's might which proves that there is immortality in virtue, that there is divinity in moral strength, that the fatherly protection of his Holy Spirit is given to all who ask it.

"Animated by this divine spirit, my hearers, I have remained steadfast in my allegiance to my earthly king and to my earthly church. Unawed by the fury, and the mockery, and the wrath of rebellious spirits, I have gone on in my appointed work, without doubt or fear—even until to-day, when I saw before me men whom I had been notified were ready to lay sacrilegious hands upon me, if I performed my holy duties. Bear me witness that I quailed not. You have heard my words, and I hope that you will remember them.

"But I yield!—not from any conviction of wrong, but from the necessities of age and its increasing infirmities. The sound of my voice in this sanctuary shall trouble you no more. I cannot compromise in a matter of duty, or mar the fair proportions of the church service by omitting any portion of it. I adhere to the landmarks, and if my voice is silent in days to come, let all who hear me now bear testimony that it is in obedience to the wilful decision of law-defying men. I announce, therefore, that St. Paul's Church will be closed for the solemn service of God, until this provincial contest is terminated; neither is it at all probable that you will ever again hear the sound of my voice within its walls. Yet I will say as parting words: 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem—if I forget thee, O thou church and city of my God,—let my right hand forget her cunning! If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy!'

"And now," he concluded, "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us evermore. Amen!"

As the venerable rector left the sacred desk, with a calm and resigned air, many of his parishioners were moved to tears. When he afterwards came out from the vestry, they crowded around him, and would fain have assured him of their sympathy.

"Not now, my dear friends,—not a word now. My heart is too full for speech," was his earnest remark, and he was suffered to walk home, accompanied only by his own thoughts. Glorious thoughts they were, too, for, although he felt grieved at severing the link which bound him to St. Paul's, he also felt that he had achieved a victory, not for himself, but for his church and for his king.

Upon no one did this separation-service fall heavier than upon Mabel Gwynne; yet as Herbert, during their homeward walk from church, spoke to her in kind and consoling tones, she experienced content again stealing over her mind. Her love for her guardian, or for his parishioners, was but mere instinct—an earth germ. But a heaven-sprung plant was beginning to moisten its fibres in her heart blood, and to throw forth bright flowers, which kept back the darkening shadows that chequered the present hour.

"Good-day, Miss Gwynne," said Herbert, when they reached the parsonage. "I will not now intrude."

"But you will call to-morrow," modestly replied Mabel, raising her full, irresistible eyes.

"With pleasure."

The glance was returned, and the eyes—love's telegraph—conveyed a deep meaning to those simple phrases. Yet they, simple words, were saddening sounds to the jealous ear of Frank Ordway, who heard them as he lay in the chamber above the door. Surely he must go out on the morrow.

CHAPTER VII.

TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH.

"In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets sports upon the green.
Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,
And man below, and saints above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

So universally was Parson Gwynne esteemed, even by those of a different faith to that which he so zealously adhered to, that his sermon made a deep impression upon the good people of Newburyport; not that it abated their desire for independence, but it made many express a wish that a reconciliation might be effected with the mother country, and the Sons of Liberty felt relieved when it was announced that the advance-guard of Arnold's army was fast approaching the town. The stalwart forms and bronzed faces of the continentals, as they marched through the streets, their drums and fifes playing the just adopted national air of "Yankee Doodle," made the popular heart beat right again. All was excitement. Many of the troops were known to have been at Bunker Hill, while their gallant bearing enlisted the admiration of the veterans who had fought at Louisbourg under Pepperell.

Immediately on his arrival, the captain in command reported to Yancey, who assigned him quarters, and immediately gave his men occupation in loading the stores and ammunition on board of the fleet. This arduous duty, accompanied by no small share of the attendant responsibility, necessarily occupied much of Yancey's time, but he was nevertheless able to pass every evening at the parsonage, where Mabel ever welcomed him with a cordiality not to be mistaken. The rector was generally busy in his study, for he began to arrange his papers with a view to emigration in company with other Tories to New Brunswick. Madame Ordway (whose son had recovered sufficiently to go to his boarding-house) kept discreetly out of the way, and the happy couple were thus left undisturbed to enjoy each other's society.

Each successive visit but served to increase Herbert's passion, and he found with joy that Mabel's heart was worthy of the fane in which it was enshrined. Those who had but a common-place acquaintance with her, deemed that the current of her being was incapable of emotion, so calm was her deportment; yet Herbert soon felt that he could read in her tender eyes the evidence of a nature as susceptible as his own, and of a heart which could make for him a heaven of earth. Neither was she unconscious of the hold which she thus exercised on the young soldier's affections—affections which she sincerely reciprocated. Entrancing epoch—perhaps the happiest phase of love. They spoke not of the past, they thought not of the future, but they were content with the present. In this lack of forethought was their happiness; there was none of that anxiety which is the fever of hope,—no fears, for there was no calculation,—no selfishness, for nothing was asked for,—no disappointment, for nothing was projected. Like butterflies, they basked in the quiet sunshine, without thinking either whether the buds of love-promise would ripen into bright flowers, or whether dark storms would alike sweep them and the half-opened petals away.

So entirely were Herbert's ideas absorbed by his love, that he avoided all intercourse with the good towns-people and with his comrades, thus endorsing the many slanderous reports already in circulation concerning his visits at the obnoxious Tory parson's house. He neither knew of nor heeded these idle tales, however, and was equally ignorant of the fact that in Frank Ordway he had a rival—ay, an enemy. It has already been stated that Frank had discovered his own love for Mabel, and had since eagerly fanned the flame. He had recalled their conversations, weighed every kind word which she had ever addressed to him, and had succeeded in convincing himself, as he lay upon his couch of suffering, that Mabel really loved him, although the appearance of Herbert had diverted her love. Irritated by his wound, he denounced himself for not having before secured the prize which he had coveted, and looked upon Herbert with deadly hatred. Nay, he felt that it was the young officer's hand which had levelled a deadly weapon at him, as he was walking before the residence of his beloved, happy if he could see the reflection of her shadow upon the window-blind. Dreadful, unjust suspicion, and yet, fanned by his jealousy from a thought into a fact, it had full possession of his soul. Yet it was not revenge that he sought; it was Mabel Gwynne's love.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A JAPANESE PARADISE.

After a march of ten miles along the picturesque shore, we reached one of the loveliest spots on the island. It was a village perched on a bold promontory, overgrown with the pine, banyan and sago palm, at the mouth of a charming valley which opened up between the hills to the base of the lofty peak behind Barrow's Bay. A stream of sweet water threaded the valley, which was covered with the freshest verdure, and overhung with beautiful groves of pine. It was a picture of pastoral loveliness, such as is rarely found in any country. Nothing struck me more during the journey than the great variety of scenery which the island encloses in its narrow compass. We passed through at least four different districts, which bore but the slightest resemblance to each other, either in features or character. We had both the groves of the tropics and the woods of the north, the valleys of Germany and the warm shores of the Mediterranean.

The village was large, thriving, and as neatly laid out and hedged in as an English garden. The scrupulous neatness and regularity of the Lew Chew villages was doubly refreshing to one familiar with the squalor and filth of China. The sight of the *cung-qua* (public house), which occupied the place of honor at the top of the promontory, completed our raptures. Its roof of red tiles glittered in the sun; rows of feathery sago palms threw their brilliant leaves over the wall of the enclosure; the whitest and softest of mats covered the floor; the garden blazed with a profusion of flowers; and stone basins, seated on pedestals, contained fresh water for our use. Its aspect of comfort and repose was a balm to travellers as weary as ourselves, and I directed Terry at once to hoist the stars and stripes upon the roof.

I hastened back to make a sketch of the beautiful valley before sunset, while Mr. Heine occupied himself with a view of the *cung-qua*. A venerable old man, with a snowy beard reaching nearly to his knees, approached the bank where I sat, but upon noticing me, made a profound but dignified reverence, and retired. The village was named Un-na. We had not yet reached the region of fowls, but the people sent us two small fresh fish, with a pumpkin and some cucumbers. For our breakfast, there were sent two long eel-like fish, resembling the gar, a few young egg-plants, and a basket of sweet potatoes.—*Narrative of Com. Perry's Expedition.*

AN ADVENTUROUS NUN.

Markham, in "Cuzco," relates the annexed story of Catalina de Erauso, a Spanish lady nun and warrior:—"There are two nunneries in Guamanga, Santa Clara and Santa Teresa, the former of which was the scene of a strange romance. In 1617, a young ensign in the Spanish army, having slain his adversary in a duel, fled to the bishop's palace after sanctuary. His name was Don Alonso Dias Ramirez de Guzman, and he confessed to several other murders of the same fashionable kind. From various circumstances, however, the suspicion of the bishop was aroused; and, after undergoing an examination, the young duellist proved to be a woman. A full confession then followed: her name was Dona Catalina de Erauso, a nun of the convent of San Sebastian, in Guipuzcoa, whence she had escaped, and, dressed in man's clothes, embarked for the New World. Landing at Payta, she eventually attained the rank of ensign, and became famous as the greatest duellist in Peru. The bishop placed her in the convent of Santa Clara, whence she was subsequently sent to Lima with a guard of six priests, and placed in another convent, where she remained two years, and was finally transmitted to Spain. It is added that the pope eventually granted her permission to wear man's clothes, and she went out to Mexico as an officer in the viceroy's guard."—*Troy Budget.*

A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and mere crime set no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.—*Life Illustrated.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.

We have heretofore alluded in terms of commendation to this American Art Association, the object of which is to popularize a knowledge of and taste for art, by the distribution of examples of high art, engravings, statues and pictures, at the lowest possible cost, and in some instances gratuitously. The machinery by which this great object is accomplished is similar to that of the London Art Union, and has been managed with such energy that the Association has been a success from the very start—only two years ago. It has carried a taste for art into whole communities, where before the subject was the speciality of a few individuals. It has placed noble specimens of the creative powers of genius in humble homes, whose inmates never dreamed of compassing such treasures, while giving its members more than a full equivalent for their subscription fee. Success has only stimulated the managers to new exertions, and the past year has only witnessed redoubled efforts on their part in their character of art missionaries. Before describing more particularly the plans and arrangements of the Association for the present year, let us refer to the illustrations on this and the succeeding page. In the first place, we present an interior view of the new gallery, crowded with paintings and statuary, with a throng of visitors circulating beneath its graceful arches, showing the effect of the whole when completed. In view of the necessities of the Association in the way of galleries, it has been determined to erect a building especially devoted to the purpose. To this end, Guildermeister, the celebrated architect of the New York Crystal Palace, has furnished a design and details, as follows:—

"The new gallery forms an oblong of one hundred and fifty feet depth by forty feet in width, and is divided by two rows of columns into a centre nave and two aisles, at each side of it, affording in the former ample space for statuary, while the latter give free passage to those viewing the pictures hung on both walls. The architecture of the whole is in the Gothic style, and, as will be seen, is of very light and graceful proportions, great strength at the same time being attained by the use of iron in the principal parts of construction. The columns support light arches of cast iron, the spandrels decorated with open tracery, another longitudinal row of arches bracing the columns in that direction firmly together; on these arches rest the girders of rolled iron supporting the ceiling, which is plastered with projecting ribs, forming an elaborate panel-work, and painted al fresco in delicate tints, so as to present a mellow, harmonious hue, not interfering with the works of art hung on the walls. Light is admitted abundantly through large circular skylights. The height from the floor to the ceiling is rising from about twenty-five to thirty feet. In the centre of the room is a handsome marble basin, with a jet d'eau, with seats arranged around forms—a suitable place for those wishing to rest awhile from looking at the surrounding world of art—at the same time adding to the ensemble. It is designed to have this building constructed as soon as possible, and it is confidently hoped it will be completed in time to receive the next annual collection." The succeeding illustrations are representations of a few of the numerous works of art to be distributed by the Association in January next. The first of these is a statue of "Innocence," executed by an Italian, artist in Carrara marble, after the original by Bienaimé. It is the figure of a child, lightly draped, with his arms folded on his breast, and gazing upward with a guileless and confiding expression. The next, the "Captive Bird," a life-size statue in marble, represents a child binding the feet of a dove he has just ensnared, with a fillet of ribbon. Like the preceding work, this pleasing statue is elaborately finished. We next have a life-sized and life-like bust of the great statesman, Henry Clay, carved by the celebrated sculptor, Rocia, from a single block of Carrara marble. A marble bust of John C. Calhoun, the great Southern statesmen, is next in order, and was executed by the same sculptor expressly for the Cosmopolitan Art Association. It is pronounced the most faithful likeness extant of the great original. The "Child of the Sea," another work purchased for distribution, represents a beautiful little cherub sleeping in a sea-shell. It is in marble, and sculptured by an Italian, after the original by Perelli. Following this, we present an engraving of the "Wood Nymph." This piece of sculpture will indeed be a prize to the winner. It was executed in Italy by Bienaimé expressly for the "Cosmopolitan." The statue was wrought from a single block of pure Carrara marble, and represents a partially nude female figure of exquisite beauty of face and form. On her left shoulder is perched a forest bird, while in her left hand and in her lap, she holds a profusion of wild flowers elaborately sculptured and wrought. The Cosmopolitan Art Association commenced operations in June, 1854, and met with unexampled success The first year of its existence, it had 22,418 subscribers, and distributed several hundred works of art. The second year, its list of subscribers had swelled to 24,488. From the first start, the Association linked literature and art together in its plan, and this was probably the secret of its fortunes. The first feature was to place the subscription of membership at three dollars a year, which sum ensured one of the leading three dollar magazines for the year, and also secured to the holder of the certificate of membership one chance in the distribution of works of art for each certificate. The second year the magazine feature was still adhered to, and the works of art distributed were of increased value and much more numerous. The association have now prepared a magnificent steel engraving, called "Saturday Night," which subscribers of the present year will receive in lieu of one of the magazines, if they prefer it. Furthermore, the Association have issued an elegant illustrated quarterly publication, called the "Cosmopolitan Art Journal," of large quarto form, which is furnished to the subscribers of the association *free*. More attractive inducements to subscribe can hardly be imagined. The next annual distribution occurs on the 28th of January next, when a more varied and valuable collection will be offered than has yet been presented. The marbles we have illustrated and noticed are but a tithe of those to be distributed, while the collection of paintings is unusually large and valuable. Works from the pencils of American and European artists of renown, of different sizes and styles, and representing the various schools of art, will be disseminated broadcast, satisfying and creating a taste for art. It is difficult to set a bound to the good influences of such an association, managed with spirit and liberality. It is only by such a plan that the artistic resources of this country can be developed. It is only by appealing to the people—to the masses—that any great enterprise can be accomplished in this country. Under institutions like ours, it is not to be hoped—perhaps not to be desired—that government will be more than an occasional patron of art, while wealth in this country is too equally distributed to allow of many colossal individual fortunes adequate to the support of art. And art will best fulfil its mission when depending on a whole people for its support; its character will be more truly reflective and cosmopolitan. We thus regard with peculiar favor the designs of the institution under notice, and commend it warmly to the patronage of our friends. Let it be remembered that the payment of *three dollars* not only entitles a subscriber to either a magnificent steel engraving or a three dollar magazine for one year, but to a copy of the Art Journal for one year, and a ticket in the distribution, ensuring four dollars' worth of reading matter, and a ticket which may add a costly work of art. The engraving above referred to is of large size and pleasing character. It is from the burin of Lemon, the celebrated line and stipple engraver of London, and he has been employed unremittingly on the work for two years, receiving $5000 for the labor. Such an engraving in London is never sold for less than five dollars, but the Association have been enabled to afford it at three dollars. The Cosmopolitan Art Journal, given free to subscribers, is very well conducted, and contains a large amount of valuable art information. Further particulars concerning the Association may be found in the catalogue number of the Art Journal, which, we believe, is sent free on application to C. L. Derby, the secretary of the Association, at either of its offices, 348 Broadway, New York, or 166 Water Street, Sandusky, Ohio, to either of which places subscriptions can be sent. We have devoted considerable space to the projects and proceedings of this Association, because we believe that æsthetic culture is destined to exert a most important influence on the future of this country. Hitherto, with grand and glorious exceptions, gemming our national pathway here and there, like bright flowers, the intellect and ability of this country have been devoted almost exclusively to strictly practical objects. This has been a necessity forced upon us by the very circumstances of our being. A continent to be redeemed from the forest and the savage, agriculture to be fostered and expanded, churches, school-houses and court-houses, the altars of the soul, the mind and the right, to be set up, political independence to be established on an enduring basis, commerce and manufactures to be built up, creating wealth in one way, while science developed wealth in another,—all these were foremost tasks, and work enough for many centuries, which the indomitable energy and perseverance of our people have accomplished in the lives of some half a dozen generations. The base and the shaft of the pillar were to be hewn and set up, and now comes the Corinthian capital of art. That society is not perfect in which the finer aspirations, the delicate sensibilities, the craving for beauty and ornament implanted in our nature, are not catered for. Without the arts, without painting, sculpture, music, poetry and the drama, this would be but a poor work-day world after all, and little worth. The spiritual nature needs these accessories and aids. The great



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW GALLERY.



INNOCENCE.



THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

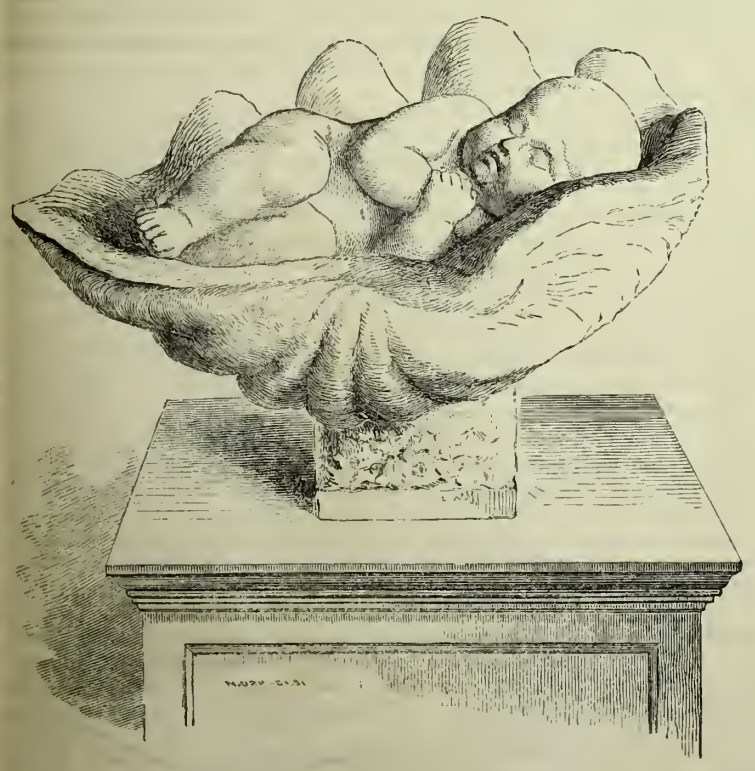


BUST OF HENRY CLAY.



BUST OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.

error—the fatal mistake of the Puritans was their ignoring of the beautiful and ornate. These stern iconoclasts, with all their grandeur and loftiness of purpose, with all their spiritual purity, lacked knowledge of the human heart, and lacked discrimination. In the carvings of the shrine, in the graces of architecture, in the gorgeous dreams of poet, and painter, and sculptor, they saw only the devices of the Evil One to lead the human heart astray, and the ruthless hammer yet wielded with an honest purpose, ruined more than the mere handiwork it shattered—it destroyed the choicest food of the soul. But the present age is wiser. The seeker after spiritual truth, faithful to the aims of his predecessors, hesitates not to worship in fanes that have taxed the utmost cunning of the architect, nor closes his ears to the strains of the organ lingering round the fretted arches of cathedral piles. There is no sect now bigoted enough to condemn works of art. Their lofty spiritualism is universally acknowledged. We should ever keep in view the high mission of art, but its culture appeals also to the worldly-minded, to the political economist as well as to the man of taste. Look at Italy—impoverished, down-trodden, politically ruined, she owes the bread of life almost to the treasures of art which she possesses, the accumulation of long centuries. The lavish patronage of art of her earlier churchmen, princes, nobles and merchant princes, like bread cast upon the waters, has proved a judicious investment. In the language of the mart, it has paid, and paid well. Look at the monopoly of many branches of manufacture engaging the French. The elegance of their fabrics, of their porcelain, of their furniture, is to be attributed to the taste of their mechanics, and that taste is but the fruit of the works of art and the artistic culture which abound in the French capital and in all the large French cities and towns. A French artizan is more than an artizan—he is almost an artist. Art adds not only to the intellectual, but to the physical wealth of a nation



THE CHILD OF THE SEA.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN FORGING.

A curious circumstance lately happened in Paris, which may be justly regarded as alarming. The science of photography has, for some time past, been the rage among the young men of fashion in Paris, and has been carried to great perfection by many of them, but none to a greater extent than by M. Aguado, whose successful studies from nature are well known among the artists of every country. Recently, this gentleman sent word to the experts of the Bank of France, that he had at length succeeded so fully in the imitation of one of the thousand franc notes that he defied them to detect it; and to show his perfect conviction of the impossibility of discovery, he warned them that the note would be presented at the bank between the hours of one and three. According to this intimation, the experts were all assembled at the *caisse*, and each note brought in was submitted to their examination before it was accepted. The hours passed by, and no false note appeared; the whole of those presented during the interval specified, lay in a row spread out before the experts, who already crowed over the idea that M. Aguado had not dared to hazard the experiment, when, just as the clock struck three, in he walked, smiling and triumphant, with a thousand franc note in his hand. "Well, have you detected my forgery?" asked he, with the greatest coolness. "No," replied the head expert, "for the good reason—you never sent it." "Why, there it lies right under your nose—the third to the left, and here is the original I took it from." The dismay of the experts may be conceived, when even upon comparing the two they found it to be impossible to say which was the genuine one, and which the false. A committee was held to determine upon the course to be adopted, as, according to report, a great number of these photograph notes were in circulation, and M. Aguado declares himself able to manufacture any quantity in a given time, and that none shall be detected, either by sight or touch. The consternation created by the announcement is not to be described, and report tells us that the bank has already accepted the offer of a learned English doctor resident there, to furnish a chemical preparation, of his own discovery, which shall immediately decompose the photograph by the touch of a camel's-hair brush, dipped in the liquid, and passed lightly over the printed lines. The adventure has served to make us laugh, although rather grimly, when it is considered that already the greater proportion of the notes in circulation may not be able to stand the test of the learned doctor's brush.—*Home Journal.*



THE WOOD NYMPH.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.

PATIENCE.

Is it to sit with folded hands,
And eyes that will not weep,
Passive and calm, while in our souls
Life's earnest thoughts do sleep?

Is it to grow more cold and proud,
Beneath our heart's sad pain?
Methinks if chastening worketh thus,
Then chastening is in vain!

Alas! pride meeteth not our need,
Nor can it aught avail,
When in our path the shadows lie,
And turns earth's sunlight pale.

This is not patience!—not at least
That patience Christ doth teach—
Alas, dear Lord! we cannot keep
Thy rules within our reach.

O, worldly maxims differ so
From all thy love doth will—
Thou dost indeed beneath thy rod
Command us to be still.

But thou hast not forbade our tears,
Thine own were freely shed!
O'er thy beloved—and may not we
Weep o'er our treasures fled?

Alas! if in our hours of pain
We had no place to flee,
Save the cold world—which in its pride
Naught of love's heart can see!

Kindred and friend may fail to read
The spirit's inmost needs,
The voice that still for love and peace,
For rest and comfort pleads.

And lonelier, wearier than at first,
We turn in tears away,
From seeking that which cometh not
To find thee while we may.

And patience hath her perfect work
When clinging to thy side,
We find in Love Divine the peace
The human hath denied.

L. H. F.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ON THE WHARF.

BY FRED. W. SAUNDERS.

The exigencies of commerce during the last fifteen or twenty years have wrought great and wonderful changes in everything connected with marine affairs. The dull sailing drogher that formerly occupied three years in an East India voyage, has disappeared before the mammoth clipper that reels off her fourteen or sixteen knots an hour with ease, and completes her voyage in a period of time that an old time ship would have consumed in loading and discharging. Steam bids defiance to adverse breezes, and "taking the wings of the morning, flies to the uttermost parts of the earth," while an "ancient mariner" would have been mast-heading his topsails, and getting his anchors. Short cuts and isthmus transits reduce the size of the world to less than half its former magnitude, and no place is now so far away that it may not be visited on a pleasure trip. Time was when a traveller who had been in foreign lands, and with his own eyes surveyed the "jumping-off place," enjoyed a certain degree of distinction at home, was pointed out as a lion, and was permitted to roar in whatever manner seemed best unto himself. But now, everybody's folks have circumnavigated the globe at least once or twice, and the voyager, instead of surprising people with the extent of his travels, is himself astonished to find that his absence has not been remarked by his most intimate friends; and if, with a view to making an acquaintance's "eyes stick out," he ventures to remark that this is the anniversary of the day on which he was presented to the sultan of Borneo, the acquaintance aforesaid forthwith gives a detailed account of how, while playing leap frog with the high dignitaries of the court of Pekin, in the month of March last past, he had the misfortune to tread on the emperor's toes, and thereby lost the chance of being made prince of Nogo, which distinction would otherwise have been conferred upon him; and what makes the matter still worse, the acquaintance's story is a fact. But perhaps the most intolerable nuisance brought about by this facility for peregrinating, is the restriction it places upon "free speech." The time-honored privilege travellers formerly enjoyed of pulling the long bow, can now be exercised no longer. If a returned pilgrim to the frozen regions of the north, trusting to the ignorance of his auditors, spreads himself on an account of the wonders there to be witnessed, some barber's clerk coolly takes up the thread of the narrative, and displays a silver medal which was presented him the *last* time he was in the Arctic circle, upon the coming of age of the heir apparent to the crown of Greenland, when he (the barber's clerk) distinguished himself by shinning up, and removing a stuffed seal from the summit of the North pole, which had been greased for the occasion.

But great as have been the changes in ships and *floating stock*, as a railroad superintendent would doubtless say, a still greater change is observable in the character of the men who navigate them. As I wander dejectedly about the docks and among the shipping, I seek in vain among the tall-hatted and long-coated mariners of the present day—who can scarcely be distinguished from landsmen,—for the careless, good-natured, happy-go-lucky sailors of old times. Now-a-days, sailors read and write, keep sober when on shore, and perpetrate other enormities; and the disciples who pin their faith upon "Captain Marryatt, C. B.," will be disappointed in their search after the jolly, ignorant, generous, superstitious, honest, half-sober, semi-pious jack tars they had been led to suppose were as plenty as blackberries about the docks of all seaport towns, and in the bitterness of their disappointed hearts they cry aloud, "Where are the Long Tom Coffins, and Jacob Faithfuls that for years I have known and loved so well, as they fearlessly plowed their way through oceans of printer's ink, and manfully spread their 12mo. sails to catch the favoring newspaper puffs of four lines duration?" Paddy's echo will mournfully reply, "I'm blowed if I can tell you, my lad, what has become of them. They are not here, neither if they were, would they be of any use, for they were slow coaches, old fogies, and behind the times, and have passed away with the lumbering tubs they manned."

It was with such ideas scuffling round and working Tom Cox's traverse under my new straw hat, that I sat, one pleasant afternoon this summer, upon a pile of cotton bales, at the end of Short Wharf, my feet hanging over toward the water, enjoying the cool breeze that comes off from the bay. Presently I observed a boat put off from an inward bound ship that had just come to anchor in the stream, and pull toward the end of the wharf where I was sitting.

"Holloa there, shipmate! pass down a rope's end, and give us a lift with this donkey, will ye, my lad?" exclaimed a familiar voice, as the boat touched the pier.

Not feeling particularly anxious to give anybody a lift with anything on such a hot day, I cocked my eye over toward the boat, to ascertain whether my petitioner was worthy any extra exertion on my part. The proprietor of the voice was a well looking sailor of the old school, in tarpaulin hat, blue jacket and pyramidical trowsers. That he was a brother sailor was abundant reason why I should comply with his request; so dropping over the end of a coil of running rigging that lay alongside, it was made fast to the lashing of the donkey—as he called his big sea-chest,—which I speedily transferred to the wharf; then dropping over the line a second time, and holding it fast for a man-rope, the owner of the chest scrambled up hand over fist, and in another moment stood by my side.

"'Bliged to ye, shipmate," he said, seating himself upon one of the bales, and brushing the sleeves of his jacket. "Proper warm this arternoon."

I admitted the charge, and sailor-like proceeded to inquire where he hailed from, and whither he was bound.

"From Batavia last, come passenger, and am bound for Washington, first boat," he returned.

"For Washington!" I exclaimed. "What the deuce are you going to Washington for?"

"I'm going to Washiugton to get justice done me," he replied, with an air of importance.

I could not repress a smile at this answer; who wouldn't have smiled at the idea of a friendless sailor going personally to the capital to obtain justice, a commodity for which the demand so greatly exceeds the supply.

"You needn't grin, shipmate," he retorted, somewhat sharply. "I want you to understand that, under the lid of that donkey, there's as good as eight thousand dollars of current coin, and if that wont get justice, what will?"

The mention of the money of course, and very naturally, inspired me with profound respect for my web-footed acquaintance, and I frankly owned that with such a backer, his chances were not so desperate as I at first supposed.

"But," I persisted, "may I be permitted to inquire the description of justice you demand? If we were all to have strict and even-handed justice meted out according to our deserts, some of us would be hung before this time next week."

"I think it's very likely," he replied, drily. "We wont argue the point, however, for I think probable you are the best judge of that sort of thing. But you may take my word that's not the sort of justice I'm after. No, sir. I want damages from the Dutch and English governments, and I'm going to have it, too, I tell ye. But I say, shipmate," he continued, starting up suddenly, "what time does that boat start for Baltimore?"

"O, not this two hours; don't you see she hasn't got half her freight aboard yet?" I replied, directing his attention toward the steamer, which lay nearly abreast of where we were sitting. "It's cooler here than it is aboard; so stretch yourself out in the shade here, and give us the set and drift of your government rumpus."

"Why, it aint much of a yarn any way," he replied, coiling himself down in a comfortable position under the lee of the bales, and with much circumlocution, he proceeded in a rambling sort of way, to give a history of his troubles.

"A little rising of a year ago, myself and an old shipmate of mine, Joe Grummet,—you know Joe, don't you? he's sailed out of this port nigh upon a thousand years."

"I've heard of him," I replied.

"Well, as I was saying, a little more than a year ago, Joe was coxswain, and I pulled the bow oar of the captain's gig belonging to an Uncle Sam's frigate, on the East India station. There were laying in harbor at the same time, an English, French and Dutch man-of-war; and, as usually happens under such circumstances, much rivalry existed between the representatives of the different nations, each endeavoring to excel the other, in every little point of sea etiquette. If one ship did anything particularly nice, there was no peace or rest on board the others until something still better had been done.

"At this time, that scourge of the earth, the Asiatic cholera, was raging with great violence on shore, and not a few belonging to the men-of-war lost the number of their mess through the same fell destroyer. As a general thing, a sailor's funeral is a matter of very little ceremony, the defunct tar—if the ship is in port—being planted almost anywhere, with very little fuss or delay; but with us, the rivalry between the ships extended even to such solemn events, and nothing would do but there must be a procession of boats, muffled oars, the national flag, a regular grave, and a parson to pilot the poor fellow beyond the river.

"Now in the matter of parsons, there is a great difference between this country and some others I could mention. In England, where church and state are so closely connected, young fellows take up the ministry, as they would any other profession, merely as a means of obtaining a living; and as a natural consequence, a good many rather rapid young clergymen are turned out by the colleges, who are no more fit for their position than I should be. As the good sense of the people prevents the worst of these youngsters officiating professionally at home, they are only too glad to accept an appointment to some distant colonial station, where an indifferent people tolerate them, despising the man, though with some show of respect for the office; and where there is no one to call them to an account, except, at intervals, their bishop, from whom they contrive to hide their short comings. Such a state of things is melancholy, certainly; but there can be no help, so long as Queen Victoria is the head of the church, and a clergyman is but a government official.

"It was upon such young Levites, as the sailors called them, that we were obliged to call, for the performance of our funeral services. Well, upon one occasion, when a poor fellow had been rolled in his hammock and covered with the flag, preparatory to the dark journey to that other country, a parson was notified, and our long procession of boats started in great state, with mournful music and muffled oars, pulled about among the shipping for show, and took our way to the graveyard; but the parson was not there according to agreement. The officers fretted and fumed, and the captain did worse, but all with no satisfactory result. A messenger was despatched for the delinquent, but he could not be found. What was to be done? A parson must be obtained somehow, for the English ship had got up a rousing funeral the day before, and it would not answer to be outdone. A messenger was sent to another clerico at the other end of the town, while we waited in the broiling sun. At length he made his appearance, with surplice and prayer book. All was in readiness, and he was about to begin, when the parson who should have been on the ground at first, was seen coming on the dead run, his surplice streaming in the wind. The new comer, unwilling to lose his fee, now that it was so nearly earned, precipitately opened his book, and in a hurried voice commenced the beautiful burial service of the Church of England, 'I am the resurrection and the life'—but had proceeded no further, before his rival, breathless and red with anger, was at his side.

"'What do you mean, sir, by interfering with my professional duties?' he exclaimed, angrily pushing his 'reverend and dear brother' to one side. 'I you want to understand, sir, that *I* am the one employed for this ceremony, and *I* am going to perform it, and—" opening his book with a jerk—"*I*—am the resurrection and the life—" and so continued to read the remainder of the service, amid the grins of all present, who could not but think that he had taken upon himself a somewhat responsible office, considering that he was quite a young man; and that if *he* were indeed the "resurrection and the life," there was but a slim chance for poor Jack.

"The funeral being over, the boats returned to the ship, while the officers proceeded toward the town, where they had been invited to meet the officers of the other ship-of-war laying in port, at a grand dinner party, given by one of the high government officials. Joe and myself, from our positions as officers in the captain's boat, formed the old man's body guard, and usually followed him about in his tramp on shore. On this occasion, we tagged along behind, and took our stations in the dining hall, to be on hand to execute any orders that might be given.

"The captain of the English frigate was a pompous and most ungentlemanly man, who mistook rudeness for frankness, and supposed that, to carry out the character of a true John Bull, he must make himself just as disagreeable as possible. For some reason with which I am unacquainted, our captain was particularly anxious not to come to an open rupture with this man, although there was certainly most abundant cause of misunderstanding, and but for this reason, I am convinced there would have been a jolly row long before. As the dinner progressed, the English captain took occasion to say that—

"'Aside from the American naval officers—who from their constant intercourse with people of other nations could not avoid picking up some refinement—he had never in his life, notwithstanding he had been in many Yankee ports, met with an American gentleman. No, sir,' he repeated, with an oath, striking the table violently with his fist, 'I have never seen an American *gentleman!*'

"The table was electrified by this unprovoked insolence. Our subordinate officers started from their seats and looked earnestly at their commander. He must have had some extraordinary reason for desiring peace; for, though he turned almost purple, and ground his teeth with rage, he nevertheless retained his seat and remained silent. Our younger officers, who of course could not take up the quarrel while their superior officer was present, slunk back into their chairs with looks of surprise and humiliation. A profound silence ensued; no one seemed to know exactly how to act. While this was going on, Joe had been standing behind the captain's chair, twisting his countenance in a remarkable manner, and in the midst of the pause that followed the Englishman's declaration, he turned to me, and in a low but distinct tone of voice, remarked:

"'That's a melancholy fact, true as gospel, every word of it.'

"The Englishman's countenance was radiant with triumph.

"'Take that, my man,' said he, slipping half a dozen sovereigns into Joe's hand. 'You're a good fellow. I wish you belonged to my ship.'

"Joe pocketed the money without a word. Our own officers were struck dumb by such unparalleled audacity from one of their own men; the sight of his taking the money from the Englishman was rather too much; it broke the spell of silence, however; for although our captain might have important reasons for wishing to avoid a brush with the English captain, he had not the slightest objection to whipping him over Joe's shoulders. Foaming with rage, he sprang from his seat, and rushed upon my imprudent friend.

"'O you infernal, mutton-headed, tarry-fisted, lantern-jawed old rascal!' he roared, shaking his clenched fist in Joe's face. 'I'll teach ye to put in your oar when gentlemen are talking! Aint no gentlemen in America, eh? You're a liar, and any one else who says so! Get out of the house, you villain! and count yourself good for twelve dozen, as soon I get on board. Aint no gentlemen in America, eh? you thundering old scallawag!'

"'I didn't say there wasn't no gentlemen in America, yer honor,' said Joe, twitching his forelock, respectfully.

"'Don't talk to me, you infamous rebel!' yelled the captain; 'think I haven't got any ears? What *did* you say?'

"'Why, yer honor,' said Joe, shifting his hat from hand to hand continually, 'when his t'other honor said as how he'd never met an American gentleman, I jist said as how 'twas true; for, d'ye mind, yer honor, it's plain enough even to me, that his t'other honor never *has* seen one; for if he'd ever been in the habit of 'sociating with American gentlemen, or indeed *gentlemen* of a'most any other nation, he'd have long ago learned better than to make any such little-boy statement as he's jest got through him. That's all, yer honor.'

"It was now the Englishman's turn to air his billingsgate; he was perfectly frantic, and demanded that Joe should be sent on board in irons and flogged to within an inch of his life. Our captain, for his own reasons, determined to humor him, and with much show of indignation, he ordered us to quit the house, but added in a low tone as we passed him, that we were to wait for him at the door. Joe touched his hat, and as he passed the furious Englishman, drew the half dozen sovereigns from his pocket, and began coolly counting them over, apparently to the great annoyance of her majesty's officer, who I really feared would get himself with apoplexy.

"I have since heard that, after we left, our captain demanded an explanation of the Englishman, who finding he was likely to have half a dozen successive duels on his hands at once, finally explained that his words were to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. That when he spoke of gentlemen, he referred to the class of people designated by that title in England—to wit, persons who live on their income, and who would scorn to engage in any matter of trade or useful profession; whereas, our people, he had observed, however wealthy they might be, always inclined to dabble in some kind of business speculation, and therefore could not be gentlemen, according to the English acceptation of the word. Our captain was fain to accept the explanation, and even went so far as to thank the Englishman for the compliment, thereby lowering himself prodigiously, no doubt, in the estimation of that worthy champion of aristocracy.

"We had to wait at the door a good spell before the captain made his appearance, and when at last he did come, he was highly indignant at the gross misdemeanors of which Joe and myself had been guilty, for he included us both in his condemnation. The affair, he said, was a very grave one. The English captain was highly affronted, had been laughed at, and compelled to explain, and what made the matter worse, we being such insignificant characters, there was no way in which he could be revenged. For sailors, he continued, to obtrude any remarks of their own upon their superior officers, was subversive of all true discipline. He considered us dangerous fellows, and by way of punishment, ordered us not to show our faces on board—at all events in the way of duty—for the space of one month. As, however, he did not consider it exactly proper to turn adrift even such rascals as ourselves, without some provision for their subsistence, he supplied us with a liberal allowance, adding that, if there was any description of vice or wickedness, of which sailors are popularly supposed to be so fond, that our stock of funds would not purchase, we were to apply to him for more; and with a series of inward chuckles, he waddled off to the landing, leaving Joe and myself no less delighted than surprised at our unexpected leave of absence for a whole month.

"Now, although Joe and myself had been for a long time particularly anxious to obtain shore leave, and had conjured up a hundred things we would like to do, in case it was granted, yet, no sooner did we find ourselves at liberty, than we were at a dead loss as to the manner in which we should occupy the time so as to make the most of it. A dozen things were proposed and rejected. We didn't care about a spree, and it was too sickly to tramp about the country. We were almost upon the point of going on board and declining our leave of absence, when Joe was struck with a bran new idea.

"Some years before he had been on board an American ship, bound to the Straits of Malacca, which had been lost among the Archipelago far down at the entrance of the Straits, not far from the coast of Sumatra. She struck on a sunken rock, or something of that sort, and went down in very shallow water, not above a dozen fathoms at the outside. Ever since the occurrence, Joe had run away with the idea that a good deal of valuable property might be raised with very little trouble, and he now proposed that we should charter a native boat and make the attempt.

"I took kindly to the notion, for I didn't suppose he would start on such an expedition unless he was pretty sure of his ground; and even if we were not successful, the trip promised to be a pleasant and somewhat exciting one. It was too late to accomplish anything that afternoon, but we were at work bright and early on the ensuing day, and soon effected an arrangement for a large sized Chinese boat of about ninety tons, with two masts and lateen sails of tremendous spread and hoist; a dozen stout China riggers were engaged to man her, a plentiful supply of rice and water was got on board, and all being in readiness, we dropped down with the evening tide.

"The wind went down with the sun, leaving us becalmed a few miles outside of the harbor. We had expected as much, and so quietly turned in to await sunrise and a breeze, which were pretty sure to come together. At the first streak of dawn, light cat's-paws began to ruffle the water, growing stronger as the day advanced, until we were bowling along about seven knots. As we swept by a projecting headland that had for sometime hidden the harbor from our sight, Joe carelessly took up the telescope to have a parting squint at the port.

"'Well, I'm blowed if there isn't that English frigate, the Intolerable, with the Blue Peter flying at the fore and her topsails hanging in the buntlines, all ready to trip!' he exclaimed, closing the slides of the telescope with a jerk. 'Who ever knew she was off to sea so soon?'

"'Yes, me know all about,' replied our Chinese helmsman, in his 'pigeon English.' 'Him catchee one pilot yesserda-a-ay, for trip down the coast. O, yes-ee, me know-ee.'

"'Well, good luck to her, and here's hoping she may have a speedy passage to the bottom, that's all I wish her,' returned Joe, benevolently.

"Our rapid headway soon sunk the harbor below the horizon, and we squared away south-south-west for the Java Sea. It was now the turn of the monsoon, which had been blowing from the northeast, and was, while it lasted, favorable for the downward trip. We calculated to reach the great island of Banca before the shift, and lay by until the wind settled steadily in the southeast, which would bring the scene of our operations well under the lee of the land, and consequently in middling smooth water. The run was made in something less than a week, and we arrived at our proposed anchorage just in season to escape a violent typhoon that had been blowing for some days. The wind soon after hauled round permanently to the southeast, and we were ready to commence operations.

"Another week was spent in hunting up the wreck, which we at length found, as Joe had supposed, in about five fathom water. Her whole hulk could be readily made out when there was no wind to ruffle the water. She was lying just as she went down; her masts gone close to the deck, her bows stove in, and the hull canted over a little to one side, in which position she was held by the sharp, projecting rocks. Our Chinese sailors were good divers, and with their assistance, aided by a strong windlass, we soon had both the ship's anchors, and about a hundred and fifty fathom of chain cable on board our lighter. This was a pretty good haul to begin with; but these apparently were the only things that could be obtained.

"The ship's deck, which was as firm and solid as ever, effectually prevented our reaching any part of her cargo, and resisted all our efforts to break it up. This was particularly vexatious, as the between decks was stowed with a description of merchandize which in all probability was wholly undamaged by water. The ship, although scarcely carrying out the old joke of being freighted with 'rum and missionaries for the coast of Africa,' was partially loaded with pipes of brandy for the East India market. Another week was frittered away in fruitless efforts to make an opening in the deck. Our month's leave had almost expired, and we must either return at once, or have our names recorded on the ship's books as deserters. This matter was duly considered, and having decided that it was quite as well to be hung for an old sheep as a lamb, we renewed our exertions to lay hold of the 'old sheep' which was beneath the vessel's deck.

"'Why not sink a keg of powder under her bottom and blow her up?' asked Joe, with animation, as we were one day considering the chances.

"'Why, that's all well enough, as far as sinking the keg of powder goes,' replied I, 'but how the deuce are you going to get the fire to it?'

"'True!' replied Joe, 'that is something of a puzzle.'

"The solution of this important question caused my shipmate to scratch his head prodigiously, as with an air of profound perplexity he paced the deck through the whole morning watch.

"'Ah, I have it!' he exclaimed, at length. 'What a chucklehead I was not to think of it before!'

"A small pocket pistol, capped and cocked, was fastened inside of a large keg of gunpowder, with the end of the lead line attached to the trigger. A piece of oiled silk, while it allowed sufficient play to the string, prevented the ingress of water; the whole concern was then covered with a coating of pitch, and carefully sunk in a proper position beneath the ship's bottom. Our lighter was hauled off several hundred feet from the spot and the string pulled. A tremendous explosion followed, throwing a column of water fifty or sixty feet into the air, and causing our lighter to quiver as though she had struck a rock. The hubbub and commotion having subsided, we had the satisfaction to find that the hulk had parted just forward of the mainmast, leaving almost the entire cargo exposed.

"To make a long story short, we soon had our vessel loaded to the water's edge with a miscellaneous assortment; and having decided not to return to the port from which we sailed, the vessel's course was directed toward Batavia, where we arrived in safety, after a somewhat prolonged passage. Almost the first thing we saw on entering the harbor, was H. B. M. frigate Intolerable.

"'That craft is bound to do us an ugly turn before we part company,' said Joe, as we swept by her, toward the town.

"We found a purchaser for one half our trumpery almost as soon as our anchor was in the ground. I thought then, and I still think we didn't get half enough for it. But eight thousand dollars in cash was not to be sneezed at, so we jumped at the first offer. We had several good offers for the remainder, and were hesitating, like the ass between the two bundles of hay, when, a we were tramping through the town one morning, who should we meet face to face but the captain of the Intolerable. He gave us a look as black as an opposition candidate's character, and passed on. I didn't much fancy the squint of his eye, and apprehended evil; nor were my apprehensions removed upon observing that we were dogged wherever we went by a couple of British marines, and upon returning to our vessel, we also found that, through the English captain's suggestions, the Dutch government had forbidden any further sale of the property, until there could be examinations, and inquiries, and I don't know what all, which meant nothing more nor less than to deprive us of the stuff altogether. The Englishman even went so far as to manufacture some cock-and-bull story about what he had known of us before, so as to induce the government officials to lay violent claws upon what funds we had already received, and to do them justice, they were no ways backward.

"Seeing how things were likely to go, it was decided between us that Joe should remain where he was, to keep up our claim on the property until some American man-of-war came into port, while I should take passage, with the money, on board a homeward bound ship then laying in the harbor, with her foretopsail loosed, all ready for sea. So now you see what I'm going to Washington for, don't ye?"

"Well, good luck to ye, my lad. I hope you'll be successful," I said, as he went on board the boat, which was now casting off her fasts.

"No fear but what I shall be successful," he returned. "I'm going to see the President and have a talk with him, and if he don't do the right thing, somebody will catch a confounded whaling, and 'twont be me, I promise you. That's the way to legislate now-a-days! If they don't do the handsome thing, why, just hammer 'em. Nothing like it to bring 'em to their senses."

And the boat swept away from the pier. How my marine friend made out in his interview with the President, and also how it has fared with Franklin, I am alike unable to say. I incline to the opinion, however, that government must have done all that was necessary in the matter, from the fact of my not having heard of our chief magistrate's receiving a "confounded whaling," or indeed, any assault having been attempted.

COFFEE-SHOPS IN BEYROUT.

They have a lawn outside, where small stools like a cubic foot are placed for the accommodation of the customer; a raised fireplace is in the corner, whereupon the coffee-pot is heard simmering, whilst immediately above it are two shelves where the narghelas are placed. The customer here enjoys the luxury of a smoke and a cup of coffee for the trifling sum of ten paras, about two farthings. Some of the large coffee-shops have the appendage of a story-teller, who comes of an evening, and either entertains the audience with a story from the "Arabian Nights," or relates to them some gallant deed of some deceased warrior. These stories are well received. In relating the story, the speaker does not stand on a platform, as in the West. The customers are divided to two sides, and an open space is left between them. In this space he walks to and fro. He begins the story by clapping his hands, which at once secures for him breathless attention. In place of the "Ladies and gentlemen" of the West, the story-teller, on clapping his hands for attention, addresses them thus:—"My honored sirs." He speaks a little, then helps himself to a whiff of narghele from one of the customers, who gladly offers it to him; he speaks a little more, takes another whiff from the narghele of another, and so on until he is done.—*Syria and the Syrians.*

It is an attribute of true philosophy, never to force the progress of truth and reason, but to wait till the dawn of light; meanwhile, the philosopher may wander into hidden paths, but he will never depart far from the main track.—*Talleyrand.*

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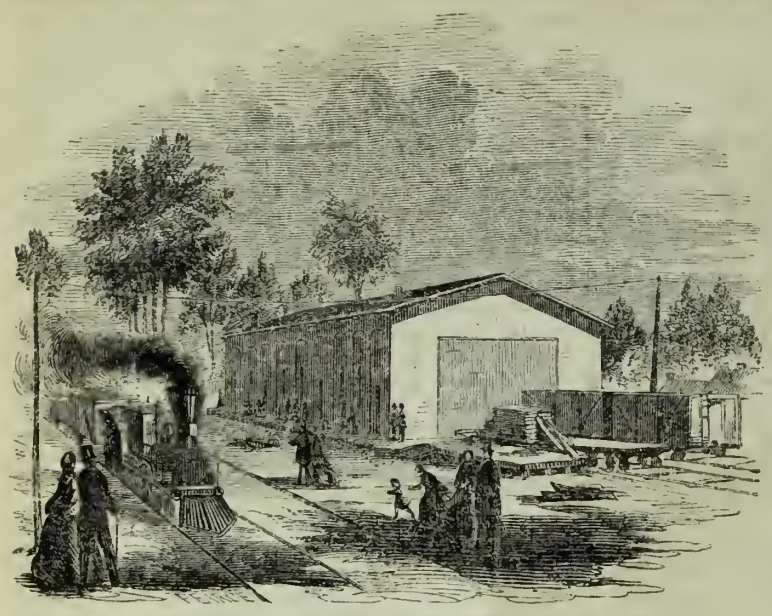
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RAILROAD STATION, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

They are fine buildings and add much to the appearance of the town. The growth of the towns in Illinois, though almost unprecedented, has by no means reached its climax. The various railroads which intersect the State have but just commenced their work of developing its resources. An immense amount of the best of land is as yet unimproved, and its occupation will materially contribute to the rapid growth of the cities. Illinois is pre-eminently an agricultural State. The soil in some of the river bottoms is twenty-five feet deep, and the prairie land is but little inferior in quality. Lippincott's Gazetteer, a very reliable work, furnishes us with some important statistics in reference to the climate, soil and productions, from which we borrow the following particulars:—Illinois, extending through more than five degrees of latitude, has considerable variety of climate. Though somewhat milder than the Atlantic States in the same parallels of latitude, there is great irregularity in the seasons. Generally, there will not fall six inches of snow at one time, which does not lie more than a few days, but at distant intervals the rivers are frozen for two or three months, and the snow lies on the ground for that period of time. The summers are hot, but tempered by moderate breezes from the prairies. Cattle are often left out of doors during the whole winter. With regard to soil, the Great American Bottom, lying on the Mississippi, between the mouths of the Kaskaskia and Missouri Rivers, is of exceeding fertility, and has been cultivated for more than a century without any apparent diminution of its productive powers. The bottom is about 80 miles in length, covering an area of 280,000 acres. On the river side is a strip of heavy timber, with dense underwood, which extends for two or three miles. The rest is mostly prairie to the eastern limit, which is terminated by a chain of sandy or rocky bluffs from 50 to 200 feet in height. This fine region is not, however, healthy, though probably a thorough system of drainage would render it so. The Rock River country is another highly fertile district on the Rock River and its branches; of the same character are the regions about the Sangamon, Kaskaskia and other rivers. Other portions of Illinois are fertile, but those we have particularized are pre-eminently so, frequently yielding 40 bushels of wheat and 100 bushels of Indian corn to the acre. This is especially true of the narrow bottoms immediately adjacent to the shores of the rivers. The prairies of this State are peculiarly adapted to the raising of dairy stock. These prairies are beautiful features of the scenery, of vast extent, decked with flowers of every hue that can gratify the eye, and covered with waving grass, conveying, besides their quiet landscape beauty, a feeling of sublimity from their vastness, similar to that created by a view of the ocean. They are in fact oceans of verdure. Besides wheat and corn, the other agricultural staples are oats, Irish potatoes, hay, butter and cheese. Besides these, there are large quantities of rye, wool, beans, peas, barley, buckwheat, fruits, garden vegetables, and some tobacco, sweet potatoes, wine, grass seeds, hops, hemp, flax, silk, maple-sugar and molasses, beeswax and honey, and the castor bean, are produced. Of indigenous fruits, there are a variety of berries, plums, grapes, crab-apples, wild cherries, persimmons and the pawpaw (a sweet, pulpy fruit, somewhat like the banana). Of orchard fruits, the apple and peach flourish best, but pears and quinces are cultivated with ease. Of nuts, the shellbark or hickory, walnut, butter-nut and pecan abound. According to the census reports of 1850, there were 76,208 farms in Illinois, containing 5,039,545 acres of improved land, and producing 9,414,575 bushels wheat, 83,364 of rye, 57,646,984 of Indian corn, 10,087,241 of oats, 82,814 of peas and beans, 2,514,861 of Irish potatoes, 157,433 of sweet potatoes, 110,795 of barley, 184,504 of buckwheat, 841,394 pounds of tobacco, 2,150,113 of wool, 12,526,543 of butter, 1,278,225 of cheese, 601,952 tons of hay, 17,807 bushels of grass seeds, 160,063 pounds of flax, 248,904 of maple sugar, 869,444 of beeswax and honey, live stock value at $24,209,258, slaughtered animals at $4,972,286, orchard products at $446,049, and market products at $127,494. In our number for July 26th, we published some other interesting statistics in relation to this State, in connection with an emblematic picture by Billings. There were in Illinois 12,282 inhabitants in 1810; 55,210 in 1820; 157,445 in 1830; 476,183 in 1840, and 851,470 in 1850, of whom 445,544 were white males, 400,490 females; 2777 colored males and 2659 colored females. The ratio of increase in the last ten years preceding 1850, was nearly 79 per cent., notwithstanding there were in other States about 50,000 citizens born in Illinois. This population was divided among 149,153 families.



VIEW IN WASHINGTON STREET, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.



COURT HOUSE AND BANK, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

WOMEN OF NAPLES.

You have heard of the bright eyes and raven tresses, and music-langnage of the Neapolitans; but I can assure you there is nothing like it here—that is to say, among the lower classes. The only difference that I can detect between them and the American Indians is, that the latter are the more beautiful of the two. The color is the same, the hair very like indeed, and as to the "soft bastard Latin" they speak, it is one of the most abominable dialects I ever heard. I know this is rather shocking to one's ideas of Italian women. I am sure I was prepared to view them in a favorable—nay, in a poetical light; but amid all the charms and excitements of this romantic land, I cannot see otherwise. The old women are hags, and the young women are dirty, slipshod slatterns. Talk about "bright-eyed Italian maids!" Among our lower classes there are five beauties to one good-looking woman here. It is nonsense to expect a beauty among a population that live in filth, and eat the vilest substances to escape the horrors of starvation. But it is otherwise as to form. In form the Italians excel us. Larger, fuller, they naturally acquire a finer gait and bearing. It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion, that a small waist is, and, *per necessita*, must be beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire, only by the longest, painfulest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them as models, and hence endeavor to assimilate themselves to them; whereas our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of the milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women the world over, that they would practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than nature herself.—*Headley's Letters from Italy.*

PARIS IN 1856.

A Scottish gentleman visiting Paris writes:—"Paris is indeed wonderfully changed since I last visited it—changed in every way. The streets are clean and kept in excellent order, and the police, although partly armed, are quite as civil and respectful as those of London. Nor is there any external indication that we strangers, as well as the Parisians, are living under a despotism which will not allow of any conversation about political matters. Still, so far as one can judge from external appearances, there is great order and skillful arrangements everywhere in Paris. Vice is at least not seen walking the streets; all the Paris gambling-houses have been shut up; the sellers of immoral books put in prison, their authors severely punished, and order and decency firmly maintained. Yet the *man* is not popular with the thinking classes, although they acknowledge his administrative ability. However, all is for the best at present; and as the emperor rides about without an escort, we cannot help thinking that he is not generally unpopular. When I visited Paris first, some thirty years ago, one could manage to live well and cheaply at the same time, although in little accessories there was room for much amendment. The streets were then very dirty, the carriages bad, and there was little appearance of wealth, and no improvements going forward in the streets and houses. Napoleon may well say, '*Nous avons changé tout cela!*' The streets are now being widened, and new houses erected, in place of old ones knocked down, all through Paris, and already the city presents everywhere indications of having renewed its youth. It is really and truly, now, a magnificent city: the houses are all palaces; the common stairs in most of the new buildings would put to shame the vaunted palaces of our great nobility in London, and the cleanness of the stairs is quite wonderful. Nor are the houses less so when you get into the interior. To be sure, you have few carpets, but the floors of the lobbies and rooms are all neatly *parquetted* in oak, which is kept so well waxed as to make it shining, and rather ticklish to walk upon for those unaccustomed to it."—*Art Journal.*

A RUSSIAN FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

Colonel Lake, in his "Kars and our Captivity in Russia," says:—"I was much interested in the temple of St. Sauveur, which was being erected. Round it are groups of figures, twice as large as life, in *alto relievo*, cut in hard white stone, and attached to the walls by iron hooks. These figures represent scriptural events, such as 'David's Victory over Goliath,' in which the faces struck me as very beautiful. Before these figures were finished, the artist died; but as little remains to be finished, the original design cannot be much interfered with. I was much delighted with the Institute for Orphans and *Enfantes Trouvés*, certainly one of the finest buildings I have ever seen. We visited it in company with Madame de Metz, who is the directress, and much beloved by the young girls, and with Madame de Belolnhsky, a very interesting, clever woman. We saw all the children and young ladies. The noble charity is under government patronage, and, besides providing for the *Enfantes Trouvés*, offers an asylum to the widows of officers. Each infant has a nurse, and a certain number are accommodated in a room airy and capacious. Each nurse has a bed, and a little cradle by its side, all exquisitely clean, and the washing department in each room is perfect. The elder girls are divided into classes, and are dressed in green gowns with white jackets. I saw them all at mass in a beautiful chapel, which was highly decorated with marble pillars, and in very good taste. We afterward watched them at dinner, a most excellent repast, consisting of soup, meat and pudding, all of which I tasted. They speak French and German, and are taught drawing, music, etc. In short, they receive a first rate education to qualify them for the situation of governess, in which capacity they leave on attaining the age of twenty. I heard them play and sing, and repeat poetry in different languages. The drawing-hall was hung round with the performances of the young ladies. The directress, in the kindest manner, begged that I would select a drawing, and accept it as a souvenir of the institution. I took one in water colors, beautifully executed, which I value highly. There is also a room for gymnastics, and, in short, there did not seem to be anything wanting either for their instruction or comfort."—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

We present herewith an authentic portrait of Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the great female traveller, who may perhaps be regarded as the most wonderful woman of the age, for she has travelled more than any of the celebrated men of the middle ages, or indeed of the present, for she has not only visited the Continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia, but America and the Polynesia; she has traversed over 130,000 miles by water, and 18,000 hy land. In appearance, she is slight, and rather under the middle size; her complexion is somewhat darkened by exposure to weather and the heat of the climates in which she has travelled. She is generally regarded as plain looking, but an English gentleman who met her at Vienna, said: "I cannot understand how any one, who has seen her while conversing, can say so. Her smile is particularly sweet and captivating. Her soul beams from her eyes, and I can compare her smile to nothing less than the sunlight darting from behind a cloud. She is very unassuming in her manners; animated and easy in her conversation. She spoke of her travels in an unaffected style, and her thoughts flew in a moment from one part of the world to the opposite, whenever she related a story and wished to draw a contrast between different people. She has been where no white man has ever dared to venture—amidst cannibals in both hemispheres—and I laid three of my fingers in a scar on the upper part of her left arm, inflicted by a cannihal of Patagonia." Madame Pfeiffer was born at Vienna in 1797. In early childhood she displayed traits of character which foreshadowed the future "strong-minded woman." An illustration of her fixity of purpose is not without interest. When Napoleon was residing at Schonhrunn, after his entry into Vienna, he was to hold a grand review of his troops, at which all the inhabitants of Vienna went, from a desire to see the greatest general of his time. Ida, who was then eleven years old, had learned from books and persons by whom she was surrounded, to look upon him as a tyrant and an oppressor of her country, and she consequently entertained the most intense hatred towards him. She had refused to go when asked by her mother, but the latter not wishing to be deprived of the pleasure, took her daughter hy force to the review. They obtained a good station, from whence they could see all that passed. At length the procession began to move, and as a body of officers were riding hy, Ida, in order that her eyes might not be polluted with the sight of the man she so thoroughly detested, turned her back towards them. The emperor was not, however, amongst them. Her mother, annoyed at her obstinacy, took her by the shoulders and turned her back again, but Ida, determined not to look at him, resolutely closed her eyes, and kept them shut till the emperor and all his retinue were passed. In her preface to her first work, she tells us of the intense desire for travel she experienced during her childhood, but which circumstances prevented her from indulging. In 1820 she married Dr. Pfeiffer, of Lemberg. By this union she had two sons, one of whom followed the musical profession, and studied under the great Mendelssohn; and the other hecame a merchant. On the death of her husband, the desires of her youth were renewed in all their vigor, and she thought that having fulfilled her duty to her family, in bringing them up and establishing them in life, she was not acting contrary to her duty in following the bent of her inclinations. She knew that dangers, difficulties, and even death, might befall her, but should any of these happen to her during her travels, she would thank God for the sweet hours she passed in beholding the wonders of his creation; and she begs her readers not to impute to her in her travels a desire for notoricty alone, nor to judge her by the common opinion that such a life is not befitting a woman. When she had, by several years of strict economy, amassed a sufficient sum, she set off upon her first pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, "for," says she, "I always felt the most intense longing to tread the spot rendered so holy by the footsteps of our Redeemer." She returned safe, filled with delight at her success, and published her first work, entitled "The Travels of a Vienna Lady to the Holy Land," a work of great interest, and bearing the impress of truthfulness in every line. Unsated in her thirst for travel, she next visited the extreme north of Europe, Iceland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, the result of her adventure being published in Pesth, in 1846. She now carried into execution a project of making a voyage round the world. This she accomplished during the years 1846 to 1848. She left Vienna May 1, 1846, and arrived at Rio de Janeiro, after a stormy passage, Sept. 18 of the same year. After travelling through the Brazils, Ida went round Cape Horn, travelled through Chili, visited Otaheite, set sail for China, and then went to India. Thence she went up the Tigris, to visit the interesting ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, then wandered through Khoordistan and Persia, passed the Caucasus, and travelled through the south of Russia, thence to Constantinople, and through Greece, home. When we remember the dangerous regions she traversed, we are astonished at the intrepidity of a woman travelling alone, amidst the most savage tribes on the face of the earth, passing from country to country, from tribe to tribe, braving dangers, fatigue, hunger and thirst; and it is indeed impossible to withhold our admiration from the lady who could undergo all these trials and hardships, and display a courage that very few of the opposite sex can boast of. But her very helplessness was her best protection. In 1851 she sailed from London for the Cape of Good Hope, and thence took ship for Singapore, to visit the islands of the Indian archipelago; after this she went to Sarawak, in Borneo, thence through the dangerous country of the Dayaks to the Dutch possessions in the interior and on the west of the island. After visiting the Moluccas, she went to California, and thence home. She has now started once more on an extensive tour, intending it to be her last. During all her journeyings she has enjoyed excellent health, and says herself that she possesses "nerves and sinews of steel." It should be added that she has not travelled to obtain a reputation, but for her own satisfaction and improvement.



MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

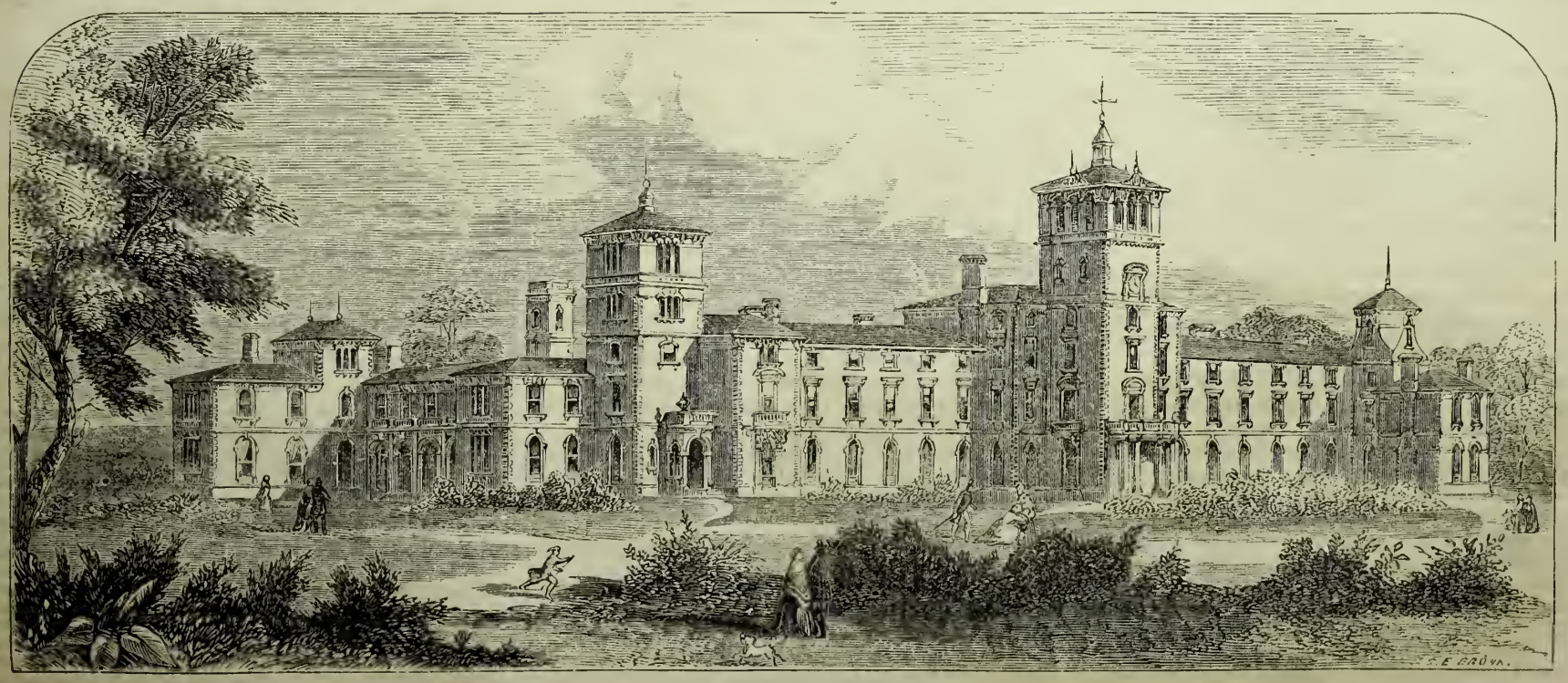
ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN,

DENMARK HILL, ENGLAND.

This institution is one of the many noble charities of England. It was founded, ahout twelve years ago, for the benevolent object of relieving fatherless children, without respect to place, sex or religious distinction, the only qualification, in fact, being that the child should be destitute, and above the condition of the pauper. The children were to be received at any age (from their birth, if necessary), and are all retained and provided for, the boys until fourteen, and the girls until fifteen years of age. The institution founded on this liberal principle has, it appears, enjoyed a career of uninterrupted and increasing prosperity. Since its commencement it has received 314 children, and it has now no fewer than 134 within its walls. It is sustained by the voluntary contributions of the benevolent; all who subscribe are members of the institution, and participate in the management of its affairs, and it now flourishes under the immediate patronage of the queen. The new building, which, it will be seen by our engravings, is of great extent and of great architectural beauty, is now in the process of erection, and will cost about $100,000. The ground is about two miles from Croydon. The site is remarkably fine, and the building will form a striking addition to the landscape. The plan is in some respects peculiar, but the architect has kept in view the hold undulations of the ground, and has arranged his design in three well marked groups, which will be appropriated to the infants, the boys, and the girls respectively. The structure, which, it is calculated, will accommodate at least 350 children, will be in an Italian style, and it will possess a frontage of no less than 350 feet, with wings, giving it a depth of ahout 200. The ornamental portions of the work are to be executed in freestone, and the great masses of surface in Devonshire marhle. Altogether the building is well worthy of the design, and the institution is an honor to the land which well boasts its multitude of charitable and beneficent channels of relief to the suffering.

ROSES AMONG THE ROMANS.

Whatever the time of the year, the Roman *must* have a rose in his wreath. "The commonest union was violet, myrtle and rose." Stout old gentlemen who wished to drink unusually deep without feeling unpleasant consequences, wore double wreaths about their heads and necks, as preservatives. The generous rose, however, did something for the ladies also. When the renowned and not over scrupulous Aspasia was a child, she had a wart on her face which defied nurses, doctors and caustic. The pretty child cried herself to sleep one night at the blot on her beauty; and lo! while she slumbered, she saw Venus's dove, and the dove told her to take some rose leaves from the statue of the goddess, and lay them to her neck. The girl did so, full of faith, and she became as perfect in beauty as in intellect, and helped Pericles to corrupt the morals of the Athenians with infinite elegance. That the rose might he so drugged as to poison the wine into which it was thrown, and with which it was often drunk when the topers were at the height of the jollity, may be seen in Pliny; which passage many evil persons have read to infamous purpose, including Tawell, who thereby committed murder contrary to scientific evidence, but happily did not escape the gallows. In what is called the classical period, roses seem to have been employed on every occasion from birth to death, inclusive, and to have made a part in every ceremony, public or private, joyous or saddening.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN AT DENMARK HILL, ENGLAND.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD CHURCH.

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

No gorgeous edifice with columns fluted,
Or towering steeple, stretching heavenward—
No lofty pile to ostentatiou suited,
Is yonder church, where heaves the velvet sward.

No—for the temple on that hill erected,
Was built by Puritans in years agoue;
Whose bones now rest in peace, where they selected
The quiet graveyard from the grassy lawn.

Its time-worn beams and rafters bear the legends
And stories wild of early pioneers,
Who, in the wild, unbroken forest regions,
Commenced a settlement in early years.

Here, where the smoke from Indian lodge ascended,
And where the dark, primeval forest rose—
The prayerful accents of the Pilgrims blended
With solemn chant and wail of Indian foes.

And here came hardy men and women tender,
And youths and maidens on the Sabbath day—
To praise with hymn and prayer the Great Befriender,
And unto him for preservation pray.

Here, when the demon War his torch had lighted,
And bands went forth to seek the Indian foe,
With women pale and children darkly frighted,
They came to ask a blessing on their blow.

Such scenes beheld this temple, now decaying,
In old colonial times, forever gone;
And Time his final stroke appears delaying,
While all around his ceaseless work goes on.

He still preserves this shrine from desolation,
A silent monitor for us, to stand;
A spectacle for serious contemplation—
A relic of the ancient Pilgrim band.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RICH COUSIN.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"But, my dear father, he has had undisturbed possession so long, that it is cruel to reduce him to beggary now."

"Cruel! You know nothing of the sweets of revenge, boy, or you would not say that. Think you that I have waited all these years to gratify a purpose, and now when the time has come, give it up because it is cruel?"

"But his wife and children? Surely, you will not—cannot punish the innocent for the guilty!"

"In that is my revenge. What would poverty be to Edward Leicester alone? No, no; he must see his family stripped of all the luxuries they have so wrongfully enjoyed; he must lose his proud position, and labor for their very bread; he must encounter all the horrors of the most absolute poverty, before I shall be content to say I am satisfied."

"Father, this is horrible! You will crush out all the love and reverence my sainted mother so carefully sought to instil into my heart. I do not believe now that you can be serious in this matter, or that you will load your conscience with so much guilt. We are wealthy. Even now I am at a loss how to spend the income that is mine—what do we want with your cousin's possessions?" Let him live in peace. It will be a sweeter revenge than any you can take."

"Silence, boy! This is no affair for you to meddle in; and though my fond indulgence gives you much license, beware how you abuse it by interfering in what you do not understand. I have told you my plans now, knowing that you would find them out on our arrival in England, not because I wanted your advice. The instant I set foot on my native land, I shall take steps to carry out those plans, and no impertinent interference of yours can prevent their succeeding. You have mentioned your mother—another act of disobedience. 'Tis pity you do not resemble her as much in mind, as you do in person. I never had occasion twice to remind her of her duty. And now let this conversation cease, never to be renewed. Whatever I do, I will not be questioned; and I warn you now never again to dare any anger by like conduct."

Dear reader, after such a conversation, need we say that Col. Leicester was an overbearing tyrant—hard-hearted and revengeful, domineering, often cruel to his dependents, pitiless to his foes, feared by his friends, with but one tender spot in his heart, and that occupied by his only son.

True, the colonel had loved his wife—a beautiful, gentle creature—who never in her life presumed to contradict him, or dared to think differently from his will. But she was born to be cherished and sheltered, and the cold formality of her life withered the warm young heart pining for its mate. Her husband wished her to dress like a princess; and to please him, she robed her slender figure in the richest satins, her pale brow arched under the sparkling gems that pressed it, and diamonds glittered on her fair neck and arms. But she sighed for the days when free and happy she had wandered amid the hills of her "Highland home," and shuddered at the thought that under the burning Eastern sky her grave should be made.

Once only did Mrs. Leicester venture to ask her husband to let her "see her home once more;" then silenced by his cold refusal, she unmurmuringly submitted to her fate, and calmly resigned herself to die. It was an unexpected piece of rebellion on the part of his gentle partner, that astonished Colonel Leicester when informed that she was no more. He had told her that he wished her to get better—in fact, she *must* get better—and she had disobeyed him; hence his sorrow was largely mingled with anger, and he forbade her name ever to be mentioned in his presence. This prohibition fell heavily on his son, who, idolizing the memory of his lost mother, could with difficulty refrain from speaking of her; and favorite as he was, this was a fault that always drew on him his father's anger and reproach.

At the time our story opens, young Leicester was in his eighteenth year. His father did not speak the truth when he expressed a wish that he had resembled his mother in temper; for in his secret heart did the old man rejoice at the evidence of a fine, manly spirit already manifested by his son. And the handsome, noble-looking youth possessed great influence over his parent, though not sufficient to turn him from his revengeful purposes. Brought up in the East amid scenes and with habits foreign to his nature, young Leicester had joyfully left his native land to seek the early home of his parents, and the knowledge of his father's purposes had been the first cloud that had overshadowed his happiness. One week after that conversation they landed in England.

Had England been searched over, a happier man than Edward Leicester could scarce have been produced at the time we commenced this little history. The devoted husband of an excellent and amiable wife, the proud and happy father of three lovely children, the possessor of a magnificent home, and an income more than adequate to meet his utmost wishes, surrounded by friends and a prosperous tenantry, what could man wish for more?

And Edward Leicester knew his privileges, and was thankful for them. No man could say that in word or deed he had offended him, and endless were the blessings bestowed on the kind landlord, the liberal master, and the firm friend. No formal ceremony, no forced show of humility prompted the greeting that everywhere met the Leicesters, that taught the cottager's wife to curtsey, and the laborer to touch his hat at their approach.

And Edward Leicester loved his people, and never lost an opportunity of increasing their comfort, and adding to their means. He built them new cottages, he planted them fruit trees, he gave them a school, and he encouraged education. His wife, no less energetic and enthusiastic, attended to other wants, and unlike many of her station, she sought for and relieved their necessities, ere she expected them to comply with all her wishes.

Again we say, a happier man, a happier family, or one that better deserved prosperity, could scarce have been found in all England. But sorrow and trial were in store, misfortune as complete as it was unexpected, and poverty as distressing as it was undeserved.

"My dear Mary, you look sad this evening. Surely, that is a scene to inspire you with pleasant thoughts." And Edward Leicester passed his arm round his wife's waist, and leading her to the open window, pointed to the lawn on which their children were merrily sporting.

"I feel sad, Edward," was the low response. "An unusual presentiment of evil has shadowed me all day, nor can I look on my children without a feeling of terror."

"My dear wife, this is unusual for you. Certainly, at present we have no reason to apprehend any trouble: but should misfortunes come, we must meet them with fortitude. Earth's bitterest trial, poverty, we have no reason to dread."

Alas for the confidence in earthly riches! That day week, Edward Leicester and his family were far away from the scene of their happiness, homeless, almost penniless, and with the humiliating consciousness that for long years they had been appropriating the inheritance of another.

"It is time to talk over our plans for the future, my Mary," said the unhappy husband and father, as the family gathered together on the first night after their arrival in the humble London lodging-house that must henceforth be their home. "Our means are barely sufficient for present wants, and I must lose no time in seeking employment. At present I am unable to determine what I had better try first."

"My husband, this is the cruelest blow of all. Freely would I have yielded up all we loved so well—freely have endured poverty and privation; but to see you labor for our very bread, O, my Edward, it is hard, very hard." And the loving wife, who without a murmur had parted with the luxuries and comforts long use had made necessaries, wept at the thought of her husband's trials.

"Mary, you know that for years I have indulged my love of painting as an amusement, and have been called no mean artist. What better plan can I adopt, than now to make it a source of profit?"

It was with sincere sorrow that Mrs. Leicester gave her consent to this proposal; but feeling at last that without something of the kind her children must perish from want, she smothered her grief, and her smile and kind caress cheered the heart of the weary artist when, in long after days, he was sinking under the united effects of incessant toil and repeated disappointment.

Colonel Leicester felt that his revenge was complete, when those whom he had employed to watch the proceedings of the ruined family, informed him that not only was his cousin laboring for an existence, but his wife also had felt herself called on to lend her assistance, and was even then toiling day and night to meet their increasing expenses.

"Ha, revenge is sweet! Truly, this is an hour worth living for," was his exulting exclamation on hearing of their poverty.

His son made no remark; he had long felt how useless was remonstrance. But the sum destined to the purchase of a splendid addition to his "sportsmanlike possessions" found its way to the humble home of his relatives, where it proved a seasonable and most welcome gift.

"Can Charles have relented, and taken pity on his victims?" was Edward's exclamation on beholding the bank notes.

"It is not from him. Too well do I know his implacable nature to imagine this most welcome present is his." Mrs. Leicester found it very hard to forgive the man who with abundant wealth had turned them all penniless into the world.

"Never mind, mama, who sent it," exclaimed little Marian, the pet of the household; "I will pray for blessings on our kind friend for sending us money to buy sister Alice medicine, and brother Charley books."

The mother looked at her sick child—her delicate, beautiful Alice—on whose sensitive nature her parents' distresses had produced a most alarming effect, and a fervent benediction was bestowed on the unknown for the much-needed assistance. Three months after, when Colonel Leicester heard that his cousin's eldest daughter was no more, he renewed his rejoicings with almost fiendish delight.

"You little thought when you rejected me with scorn, Mary Wyndham, that the day should come when I would mock at your sorrow and rejoice at your bereavement; nor did your proud husband dream that his defeated rival would one day crush him to the dust, and exult over his fallen pride."

But Colonel Leicester was far from being at ease, even when triumphing in the success of his schemes. Knowing the generous nature of his son, he was in daily dread of hearing him avow a determination to visit his relatives, even in defiance of the curse he had threatened to pronounce on him in case of such disobedience. But young Leicester had been too early impressed with the reverence due to his parent, to hazard so fearful a consequence. The dead mother's teachings were strong in his heart, and he felt compelled to content himself with occasionally sending his cousins such sums of money as he could venture on without exciting his father's suspicions. It was therefore with sincere pleasure that the colonel gave him permission to travel for a few years in company with a most estimable gentleman about to leave his native land in search of health.

We must now pass over a space of six years, during which the relative positions of the two families were but little changed. Edward Leicester's circumstances had slightly improved, but he still found it necessary to labor at his pencil for a maintenance. His son Charles, now nearly eighteen, was in a situation of but little profit, but which bid fair to reward him some day.

The colonel had grown very old in those few years. He had discovered that revenge was not quite as sweet as he had at first imagined. Unpleasant thoughts *would* arise at times, and something very near akin to remorse, whenever he thought on the child he could not but feel his cruelty had murdered. Again it was annoying to reflect that he had made himself an object of hatred to his people; that one and all detested him, and drew unpleasant comparisons between him and their former landlord. His son, too, gave him many a heart-pang; for well he knew that, disguise it as he might, the noble young man in his inmost soul looked with horror on his father's guilty revenge. Altogether, it was not wonderful that Colonel Leicester looked old, that his hair had grown gray, and the care lines had come thickly on his countenance.

* * * * * * *

Our next scene opens on the banks of one of those beautiful "Lochs," the pride of Scotland and the delight of poets. A blue sky and bright sunshine were not wanting; nor fine old trees, nor distant hills and rocks—all that artists love to paint and poets to sing of. But the loveliest object in our picture was a fair young girl, who, gazing thoughtfully on the blue waters, looked the very personification of graceful beauty. She stood on a mossy bank, one hand clasping the low, drooping branch of an overhanging tree, the other carelessly holding a gipsey hat, the long blue ribbon of which trailed at her feet. Her white dress was perfectly plain, and there was something in her whole attire that showed her one who wore no ornaments; while her exceeding beauty at once told the beholder that there was little need of them.

Long she stood in silent thought, all unconscious that one was gazing on her in rapt astonishment, with quickly throbbing heart and strange emotions. But he advances a step, and the spell is broken. With a start the maiden raises her head and beholds the intruder. The next instant she makes a backward movement—her balance is lost; for a second she seems falling into the deep waters—another, and the stranger's arm is round her; he clasps her to his breast, and she feels that she is saved from a fearful death.

After such an introduction, was it likely that they should be other than friends? They met again and again in those shady walks on the banks of the beautiful Loch, and Marian Leicester (for the maiden was none other than she we last saw as a child) gave her heart into the keeping of the handsome stranger. And stranger he truly was, for not even did she know the name of him who had established so great an influence over her future life.

She loved him passionately, devotedly, with all the strength of an innocent, unworldly heart; and he returned her affection with a love no less sincere and pure. Yet never for an instant did the young girl forget the duty she owed her parents. No promise would she make him, and he reverenced her for her filial respect.

"Fain would I call you mine, Marian," he said, when the time came that the maiden must return to her English home. "Happy should I be to call you my own betrothed, but I dare not ask you to do aught displeasing to your parents. All I may say is, do not forget me. We shall meet again, when I may openly avow my name, and with the sanction of your friends, claim your promise. Until then, darling, keep me in your heart, and never, never doubt my truth. I shall come to you some time. It may be very shortly—it may not be for years; but I shall come—never doubt that."

And Marian promised all he asked, and then the farewell words

were spoken. For one instant she was clasped to his heart, his first kiss was pressed on her brow, and they had parted.

The night after her arrival at home, Marian Leicester told her parents all. Very slightly did she allude to her feelings on the subject, but readily the mother's heart divined all her child might have expressed.

"God shield my darling from the misery of a blighted, disappointed existence!" was the mother's prayer.

"Let us trust in Providence, my wife. That our child loves an honorable man, his conduct proves. I am deeply grieved at the course of events, but they might have been worse. Our Marian has returned to us with recovered health and strength; let us not repine that a new love has brought light to her eyes, and joy to her young heart."

The father's words seemed prophetic. Marian Leicester—the quiet, reserved Marian—was wonderfully changed. Her merry songs were ever sounding through the house, a sweet, contented smile was ever on her countenance, and her words, always kind and pleasant, now took a tenderer tone.

It was summer when she parted from her lover. For six months the remembrance of those happy days was as a pleasant dream; but Christmas came, and with it a token that another also remembered. Mr. Leicester looked sad as he perused the few lines addressed to himself; but he placed on his child's hand the costly gem her unknown lover had besought him to allow her to accept, and though pained at the continued mystery, there was nothing he could reasonably feel displeased with in the letter itself. On the contrary, it breathed sentiments the most honorable to the stranger.

On Marian the letter and its accompanying present produced very little effect, and her father felt some surprise at her indifference.

"Are you aware of the value of that ring, my child?" he said, one day, looking at the sparkling gem on her finger. "Do you know that none but a very wealthy man could make you a present of so valuable a diamond?"

"I always knew he was wealthy, dear father, but that makes no difference. I should have been as happy had his letter come alone. I needed nothing to remind me of my promise."

The winter passed, and when the spring came, Charles Leicester received an offer from his employer to go out to China and transact business for him—an offer so good that the young man felt unable to refuse. It was a sad parting for the whole family; but none dared make objections to what was so obviously for the benefit of the beloved son and brother. After his departure, Edward Leicester's health declined visibly. He lost the energy that had hitherto characterized his endeavors to maintain his family, and again they were made to suffer all the evils of poverty.

Early in the spring they heard that Colonel Leicester and his son had returned to India, the health of the former having suffered severely from his short sojourn in his native land. The estate was given in charge of an agent. The friend, whose secret aid had so materially assisted the stricken family, appeared to have forgotten them. Marian's unknown lover preserved the strictest silence, and the summer passed sadly to the parents and child, in the gloomy old house they had made their home.

Before the autumn came, serious fears were entertained about the safety of the ship in which Charles had gone passenger. This was the crowning of their misery. Even Marian's brave heart yielded to this great sorrow; and but for one hope, she would probably have given way to despair. As it was, in her deepest grief there came the remembrance of her promise, and she fought bravely with her fears, lest health and beauty should leave her. She knew that in his eyes she had been exceeding fair—must he return to find her a miserable invalid? No, she would hope on; something whispered to her heart that her brother would yet return, and they should be happy.

The old proverb says, when affairs get to the worst, they generally "take a turn for the better;" and it proved so in Edward Leicester's case. Their money all gone, himself confined to a sick bed, his wife vainly striving to earn enough to support them, and Marian worn out with anxiety and toil, nothing could be more gloomy than their prospects, when a letter arrived from Charles—a letter doubly welcome, as the token of his safety and the bearer of welcome assistance.

The same post brought another surprise in the announcement of Colonel Leicester's death, and a letter from his own hand, written on his death-bed. In it he bequeathed his English property to Marian, on condition that she became the wife of his son. Of her he spoke affectionately—her parents he had evidently not forgiven.

This letter was a cruel blow to the gentle-hearted girl, and was the cause of more suffering than all her previous troubles combined. She felt that one word of hers would place her parents in affluence forever—removing them effectually from the fear of poverty or want. But could she speak it? Could she forever crush out of her heart all those sweet hopes that through so many trials had sustained her drooping spirits? Could she consent to marry her unknown cousin, of whom she absolutely knew nothing, and forever banish the remembrance of *him* who alone could possess her heart? And must she see those dear parents, in sickness and suffering, pining for the comforts in her power to bestow? The thought was distraction.

But Edward Leicester and his wife loved their child too well to see her sacrifice herself for their benefit. The character of their young cousin was totally unknown to them, and the father had done little to prepossess them in favor of the child. Marian was forbidden to agitate herself with any more questions on the subject.

"Our happiness would be dearly bought by the sacrifice of yours, my darling," whispered the mother, as she pressed her child to her bosom and kissed away the tears from her pale cheeks.

Filled with gratitude for their unselfish kindness, the poor girl parted with the precious token she had received from her unknown lover, and with the proceeds obtained for her invalid father numerous little luxuries rendered absolutely necessary by long custom.

"Marian!" She was seated in the dingy little room they called their parlor; tears were on her cheek, and painful thoughts were evidently occupying her mind; but the sound of that voice has driven them away, the tears that are now falling are tears of joy, for once more Marian is clasped to her lover's heart.

"My own, have you doubted? despaired of my coming? forgotten your promise?"

"Never, never. But O, the trouble, the poverty."

"Hush, my Marian, it is all at an end. No more care, no more sorrow, nought but joy and love for my beautiful bride."

With mingled feelings the father gave his consent to his daughter's betrothal. He felt that the stranger exerted a great influence over himself, that he felt peculiarly pleased and interested in him; yet the mystery of his name was still unsolved, and that excited suspicion.

"In two days you shall know all; at present I am too anxious to remove you from this wretched place, to spare time for the long explanations that will be necessary. Surely you cannot doubt me."

Edward Leicester gazed searchingly into those truthful, earnest eyes, and felt that his fears were groundless.

It was the afternoon of the second day. For many long hours the party had travelled without rest, and Mr. Leicester and his wife were leaning wearily back in the luxurious carriage so carefully provided for the comfort of the invalid. The bright autumn sun shone in the windows, the roads were dusty, the air was oppressive; Marian removed her bonnet. The sight of her ungloved hand appeared to suggest a thought to her companion.

"I have never seen you wear your ring, Marian. Did it not meet your approval? or is your dislike of ornaments so great?"

He was watching her attentively, and she blushed deeply at the confession she was about to make.

"I kept it through long months of poverty and distress, and once I thought that nothing would tempt me to part with it. But a few weeks since my father saved me from a fate worse than death, and in gratitude I felt compelled to give it up, painful as the sacrifice was."

"And so it would have been 'a fate worse than death,' to have married your rich cousin, would it, Marian? That little speech is more precious to me than a thousand assurances of your love. But here we are at our journey's end." And before Marian could recover from her astonishment to inquire how he had learned her well-kept secret, the carriage turned into a magnificent avenue of trees, dashed past the gate-keeper's lodge, and in a few seconds drew up at the entrance of an elegant and strangely familiar mansion.

Springing to the ground, the young man assisted his companions to alight, and then led them confused and puzzled into the house, where bowing attendants ushered them into the well remembered rooms. Edward Leicester and his family were in their old home, and to their companion they now looked for a solution of the mystery.

"This is Marian's home, and I am Bernard Leicester," was his answer to the inquiring looks and words. "My father's command, not my own will, kept up the deception. He wished to put my betrothed wife to a severe proof, and truly she has passed nobly through it; and in my new character I must strive to obliterate any lingering prejudices she may entertain against a marriage with her 'rich cousin.'"

ADVICE TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

Let me strongly forewarn you against one frequent error. Young physicians often dream that by extending the circle of their acquaintances, they must afford themselves the best chance of extending the circle of their private patients. In following out this chimerical view, much invaluable time is frequently lost; and, what is worse, habits of pleasure and indolence are often with fatal effect, substituted for those habits of study and exertion that are above all price. No man will in any case of doubt or danger intrust to your professional care the guardianship of his own life, or of the life of those who are near and dear to his heart, merely because you happen to be on terms of intimacy with him. The self-interest of human nature forbids it. To have professional faith and confidence in you, he must respect you in your calling as a physician, and not merely in your character as a social friend and companion. The qualities for which he might esteem you in the latter capacity are often the very reverse of those which would induce him to confide in you in the former. The accomplishments which may render you acceptable in the drawing-room are not always those which would make your visits longed for and valued in the chamber of sickness and sorrow. I repeat, therefore, that if you dream of making patients by making friends, you will utterly delude yourself, and damage your own prospects. By your undivided devotion to your profession, labor to create for yourself a sound and just medical reputation, and that will create for you patients.—*Simpson's Physicians and Physic.*

WHAT THE HEART IS.

The heart is like a plant in the tropics, which all the year round is bearing flowers, and ripening seeds, and letting them fly. It is shaking off memories and dropping associations. The joys of last year are ripe seeds that will come up in joy again next year. Thus the heart is planting seeds in every nook and corner; and as a wind which serves to prostrate a plant is only a sower coming forth to sow its seeds, planting some of them in rocky crevices, some by river courses, some among mossy stones, some by warm hedges, and some in garden and open field, so it is with our experiences of life, that sway and bow us either with joy or sorrow. They plant everything round about us with *heart* seeds. Thus a house becomes sacred. Every room hath a memory, and a thousand of them; every door and each window is clustered with associations. —*Christian Freeman.*

WOMAN.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine.— *Shakspeare.*

LAPLAND LOVE-MAKING.

When a young gentleman in Lapland desires to assume new responsibilities, he lays in a large stock of brandy, and his parents, relatives and friends meet in as great numbers as possible, to treat the friends of the bride desired. Neither bride nor bridegroom is expected to betray anxiety or interest in the proceedings; the Arctic Mrs. Grundy, who is very strict in such matters, would be very much scandalized if they should. Besides the great mass of relatives and friends, of aunts and fourth-cousins, who must attend, there is a still greater number of outsiders, who are attracted by their curiosity to see whether anybody gets the mitten. The intensity of their curiosity is to some extent determined by the amount of brandy circulating. On the side of the gallant, there is a spokesman called *Sognonaive*. Brandy flask in hand, he goes over to the other party, and offers liquid hospitality to the father and mother of the young lady. This is a signal for indiscriminate attack of a similar nature by the entire invading party upon the lady's friends. Everybody drinks to her father, everybody drinks to her mother, and she herself is borne in grateful memory. When all are sufficiently elated, the proposal is embodied in a long speech, vibrating between poetry and prose. Her parents ask to see the *kileh*, the wooing presents. If they are accepted, the matter is settled, and there is nothing more but to go the next day to the parson, to get them published.

Most matches are made at the fairs and great festivals, but they are never made without brandy. Indeed, "courting with brandy" is a proverb among Laplanders equivalent to the French *comme il faut*. When the lady is rich, and the suitor is not, he very often throws his brandy away. The influence of riches in matrimonial matters is nowhere felt more strongly than here; dress counts for nothing; one sheepskin is as good as another. Rank is determined only by the number of reindeer a man owns. Practically, marriage is a mere matter of bargain and sale. Still, the Laplanders recognize the sacredness of the relation in their way. The silver which they pay for their bride must not be in the shape of rix dollars—it must be made up into ornaments. This is better than nothing. If a marriage is broken off, the party who takes a divorce generally returns the bridal presents, and the more conscientious add a gift for the wasted brandy. So, too, when the parents say "no," many are so generous as to pay for the brandy. As all the relatives have a word to say, there is generally a good deal of quarrelling before the answer is agreed upon, and some management is required, oftentimes, to make it favorable.—*European Sketches.*

LIGHTING THE DESERT FIRE.

A strange Bedawy, with an idiotic cast of features, now came from the neighboring tent, carrying in his hand an instrument like a broken pickaxe. Passing through the circle of spectators, he advanced towards where we sat, and, when within a yard of us, raised his weapon and sunk it deep into the soil at our very knees. The whole thing was done with such deliberation and quickness that we both started back as if the blow had been aimed at our head. The Arabs laughed heartily at our fright, but the operator took not the slightest notice, and labored away as if frantic, till he had excavated a considerable hole. Another Arab now came up and threw in a few of the dry prickly shrubs that grow so plentifully in the desert; and then applying match and tinder soon had them in a blaze. A third threw in a cloakful of dry camel's dung over the burning mass. The skirt of his under garment supplied the place of bellows and fanned the heap into a brisk leaping flame. Thus they kindled the desert fire, and the half-naked Arabs gathered round it, spreading out their thin, bony hands to catch the genial warmth, and then rubbing them with evident satisfaction. Ever and anon, one of the circle would add fresh fuel, while others started up the smouldering embers with their hooked sticks or massive clubs. The night wind, too, sweeping round the tent, made the flame leap and play like a thing of life, and sometimes sent showers of sparks and hot ashes into the beards of the little circle, occasioning a momentary confusion, followed by a hearty laugh.—*Porter's Five Years in Damascus.*

EPICUREAN FANCIES OF SERPENTS.

We have before referred to the extraordinary length of time a python has been known to fast without injury. Their fancies as well as their fastings are rather eccentric. Every one has heard of the snake who swallowed his blanket, a meal which ultimately killed him. A python who had lived for years in a friendly manner with a brother nearly as large as himself, was found one morning solus. As the cage was secure, the keepers were puzzled to know how the serpent had escaped; at last it was observed that the remaining inmate was swollen remarkably during the night, when the horrid fact became plain enough: the fratricide had succeeded in swallowing the entire person of his brother; it was his last meal, however, for in some months he died. A friend informs us that he once saw in these gardens a rat-snake, of Ceylon, devour a common coluber natrix. The rat-snake, however, had not taken the measure of his victim, as by no effort could he dispose of the last four inches of his tail, which stuck out rather jauntily from the side of his mouth, with very much the look of a cigar. After a quarter of an hour, the tail began to exhibit a retrograde motion, and the swallowed snake was disgorged, nothing the worse for his living sepulchre, with the exception of the wound made by his partner when he first seized him. The ant-eater, who lately inhabited the room leading out of the python apartment, has died of a want of ants.—*London Quarterly.*

WONDERS NEVER CEASE.

Among the wonders which are related of the "Great Western," that leviathan of steamers, which Mr. Brunel is now building in the Thames, the latest advices state on good authority, that several acres of grass land, in a high state of cultivation, will be put on board, and as many cows and sheep as will supply all the passengers with milk, cream, fresh butter and butcher's meat during the voyage out and home. It is also said that the proper machinery will be put on board for *boring for coal*, which, it is confidently predicted, will be found, and thus the vessel will be prepared for any length of voyage, even to the antipodes, without fear of being short of fuel!—*Saturday Courier.*

HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.

How is it that some men thought to be so old, still look so young, while others thought young must still look old? The cause lies very frequently in themselves. Mr. Rant, once, on being asked the reason, said: "I never ride when I can walk; I never eat but one dish at dinner; I never get drunk. My walking keeps my blood in circulation; my simple diet prevents indigestion; and never touching ardent spirits, my liver never fears being eaten up alive." But he forgot to add one of the greatest causes of lasting youth, "a kind, unenvious heart." Envy can dig as deeply in the human face as time itself.—*Concord Freeman.*



BERNARDO DEL CARPIO SUING TO THE KING.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

We present on this page a number of fine designs, executed expressly for us by Mr. Warren, illustrating the most striking points in this most popular of Mrs. Hemans's lyrical poems. The story, which the poetess has made immortal, is thrilling and touching. Bernardo del Carpio, a renowned Spanish chieftain, had made frantic efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count of Saldana, who had been kept in prison by Alfonso, king of Asturias, almost from the hour of Bernardo's birth. Bernardo made war upon the crown with such success, that the leading nobles urged upon the king to compromise the matter. Alfonso agreed to restore the count to his son on condition of the latter surrendering the fortresses and prisoners he had taken—and the champion faithfully fulfilled his part of the contract. He rode forth to meet his father—the ballad informs us of the result. The early chronicles and romances leave us entirely in the dark with regard to the ultimate fate of Bernardo. Mr. Warren has sketched five designs —the first, representing Bernardo appealing to the king to release his father; the second, showing him on his way to meet the count; the third, the unhappy discovery of the truth; the fourth, the champion bringing the king and his victim face to face; and the last, the tomb of Count Saldana. The drawings are full of spirit, and the engravings beautifully executed.

The warrior bowed his crested head
And tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free
His long-imprisoned sire.
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys,
I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord
O, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes,
A ransomed man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I
Will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son,
And bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest,
The charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they passed,
There came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode,
As a leader in the land.
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there
In very truth is he—
The father whom thy faithful heart
Hath yearned so long to see."



BERNARDO REPROACHING THE KING.

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved,
His cheek's blood came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side,
And there dismounting bent.
A lowly knee to earth he bent,
His father's hand he took—
What was there in his touch that all
His fiery spirit shook?

The hand was cold—a frozen thing—
It dropped from his like lead;
He looked up to the face above—
The face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—
The brow was fixed and white;
He met at last his father's eyes,
But in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprung and gazed;
But who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts that saw
Its terror and amaze.
They might have chained him as before
That stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm,
And from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low,
And wept like childhood then:
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen
The tears of warlike men!
He thought of all his glorious hopes,
And all his young renown—
He flung the falchion from his side,
And in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands
His darkly mournful brow,
"No more—there is no more," he said,
"To lift the sword for now.
My king is false, my hope betrayed,
My father—O, the worth,
The glory and the loveliness
Are passed away from earth!



BERNARDO KNEELING AT THE FEET OF THE CORSE.

"I thought to stand where banners waved,
My sire! beside thee yet,
I would that *there* our kindred blood
On Spain's free soil had met;
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then,
For thee my fields were won—
And thou hast perished in thy chains,
As though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more,
He seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks
Of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp,
The rearing war horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—
The king before the dead!

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge,
My father's hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king,
And tell me what is this!
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—
Give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul,
Send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light—
Be still, keep down thine ire—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak:
This earth is *not* my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove,
For whom my blood was shed;
Thou canst not—and a king? His dust
Be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell;
Upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,
Then turned from that sad place:
His hope was crushed, his after-fate
Untold in martial strain—
His banner led the spears no more
Amidst the hills of Spain.



BERNARDO RIDING TO MEET HIS FATHER.

RUSSIAN CROWN DIAMONDS.

The crown treasury of the czars at Moscow contains many precious stones. The two most considerable are diamonds, one the size of a pigeon's egg rose-cut. The Russians have given it the name of Orloff. The other has the form of an irregular prism, and is of the size and almost the length of a little finger; it bears the name of the Shah, and formerly belonged to the Sophis, and was one of the two enormous diamonds which ornamented the throne of Nadir Shah, which were designated by the Persians by the names of "Sun of the Sea," and "Moon of the Mountains." When Nadir was assassinated, his treasures were pillaged, and his precious stones divided among a few soldiers, who carefully concealed them. An Armenian named Shafras resided at that period at Bassora with his two brothers. One day an Affghan came to him, and offered for sale the large diamond, the "Moon of the Mountains," as well as an emerald, a ruby of fabulous size, a sapphire of the finest water, called by the Persians the "Eye of Allah," and a number of other stones, for the whole of which he asked such a moderate sum that Shafras suspected that they had not been honestly come by, and told him to call again, as he had not the money in the house. The Affghan, fearing Shafras was going to act with treachery towards him, left the place and could not again be found, although the three brothers made every search for him. Some years afterwards the elder brother met the man at Bagdad, who told him that he had just sold all his precious stones for 65,000 piastres and a pair of valuable horses. Shafras had the residence of the purchaser, who was a Jew, pointed out to him, and he went to him and offered him double the price he had given for them, but was refused. The three brothers then agreed to murder the Jew and rob him of his purchase, which they did, and on the following day poisoned the Affghan, and threw both the bodies into the river. A dispute soon after arose between the brothers as to the division of the spoil, which terminated in Shafras getting rid of his two brothers by poison, after which he fled to Constantinople, and thence to Holland, where he made known the riches he possessed, and offered them for sale to the different courts of Europe. Catherine II. proposed to buy the "Moon of the Mountains" only. Shafras was requested to come to Russia, and he was introduced to the court jeweller. The terms demanded by Shafras were—letters of nobility, a life annuity of 10,000 roubles, and 500,000 roubles, payable by equal instalments in ten years. Count Pannin, who was then minister, delayed the settlement of the bargain as long as possible, and in the meantime had the Armenian led into such extravagance that he fell into debt, and when the minister found that he had no means of paying what he owed, he abruptly broke off the negotiation. Shafras, according to the laws of the country, could not leave until his debts should be paid, and the court jeweller prepared to take advantage of his embarrassments, and intended that the diamond should fall into his hands for a fourth of its value. Shafras, however, discovered the trap, and, disposing of some of the less valuable stones, paid his debts and disappeared. Agents were sent after him, but he escaped them. Ten years after, while at Astrachan, renewed offers were made to him, but he refused unless the bargain should be settled at Smyrna. Catherine accepted, and became the possessor of the diamond for letters of nobility, 500,000 roubles, and 170,000 paper roubles. Shafras, not being able to return to his country, where he would have had to give an account of two homicides and two fratricides, fixed himself at Astrachan, where he married a countrywoman, and had seven daughters. One of his sons in-law poisoned him to get his share of his property. The fortune he had acquired (from ten to twelve millions) was divided, and soon spent by his successors, and several of his grandchildren are now living at Astrachan in abject misery.—*Galignani's Messenger.*



TOMB OF COUNT SALDANA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

For the three months now drawing to a close, our name of Fall is much more poetical than the English autumn. It is a season that impresses the dullest organization. "Falling, falling"—such is the refrain alike of the whispering breeze that sighs through the grove, and the rude storm that rattles and clashes the mailed branches of the old oak wood. "Falling—falling," murmurs the rivulet, as the crisp leaves drop upon its surface and are whirled away to the distant river, to be lost in its depths ere they reach the tumultuous ocean. "Falling—falling," sound the syllables as our footstep in the forest rustles the dry leafage that strews the path. Lo! from the slender and quivering branches of the birch-tree, the yellow shower descends like the golden rain that filled the lap of Danae. The red flakes descend from the huge oak like drops of blood from a warring giant. The blood red banner of the maples is rent to rags and scattered to the breeze—the emerald verdure of the meadow gives place to a sere brown, as the illusory mirage of the desert yields to the barren sand of the Sahara. The glories of October but herald this fatal fall.

Thus transitory are the pageants, the gauds and glories of this earth. As the monarch of the forest, lately robed in purple and gold, now stands a naked skeleton, so must the magnates of the earth, clothed in "purple and fine linen," be stripped, one by one, of their imperial vestments, and be finally laid in the narrow sepulchre, as gaunt, as lifeless, as unadorned as these lone tree-frames on the hillside. If we pursued the parallel no further—and looked only to the present, gloomy enough would be this darkling period of the fall. But we know that summer will once more renew the glorious garniture of the grand old forests, and we know too that the lost of earth will again be clothed with a brighter raiment in the realms of immortality. So with not too mournful eyes let us contemplate the funeral pageant of the fall of the leaf.

A FAVORITE.—We find no exchange on our list which affords the home circle so much pleasure as that favorite and long-established paper, *The Flag of our Union*. Its columns are chaste, beautifully printed, full of excellent reading matter, conveying a good moral always, and in a most attractive form. We unhesitatingly say to any one who wishes to introduce *a ray of sunshine* to the fireside, subscribe for this best of the Boston weekly miscellaneous papers. It is edited by Mr. Ballou, who has had long experience on the press, and who exhibits good taste and ripe scholarship in every issue of his widely circulated and excellent paper.—*Star in the West.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—We have been enlisting the services of some new and popular writers for the Flag, besides making other imp ovements in its columns. The Flag is still the favorite miscellaneous weekly of this country—beautiful in form, elegantly printed, and filled with delightful and *original* reading matter.

HANDLING THE PAPER.—On receiving our paper, the reader should place a pin neatly in the back, cut the leaves *carefully*, and then it can be read most conveniently, and "like a book."

SPLINTERS.

.... It is not our earnings but our savings that make us rich—as what we digest makes us fat.

.... Since the first of January last no fewer than 10,000 patents have been issued in the United States.

.... Long metre tunes have been abandoned in the California churches as too slow for the country.

.... In a London shop they give "credit to gentlemen, but require cash from members of parliament."

.... The interior of the chapel at Mt. Auburn is very beautiful and well worth a visit.

.... The king of Prussia lately told the emperor of Austria that Humboldt was the greatest man since the flood.

.... At Mandana, in Wallachia, there is a village inhabited by women alone, mostly disappointed ones.

.... A hair-dealer in this city advertises false mustachios warranted to deceive the most expert eye.

.... Mr. George Peabody, it appears, contributed $10,000 to Dr. Kane's arctic expedition.

.... Shakspeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon, has been purchased by a committee who will restore and preserve it.

.... The New York Society Library, founded in 1754, coevally with Columbia College, has about 40,000 volumes.

.... The bark Dragon, of Salem, from that port to the Fejee Islands, averaged 197 1-3 miles for 85 days.

.... A curious genius in Paris has lately invented a mechanism by which he can walk on the water.

.... Nearly every brewery in Cincinnati is *enlarging* its dimensions so as to make lager bier.

.... The great comet of 1264 and 1555 is expected to make us a *flying* visit. No danger from sparks.

.... The old English penny was indented so as to be broken in four pieces—hence far things—four things.

.... Interior works of watches are now made in Massachusetts equal to the European ones.

.... Christian Dellinger, who lately died in Virginia, at 92, was present at the surrender of Cornwallis.

.... A man in Indiana lately died from the effects of eating a large quantity of poisonous oysters.

.... They have been exhibiting a Shanghai egg at Wilmington, N. C., weighing five ounces.

.... The Keller troupe, with their beautiful statuesque and pictorial groupings, have been successful in Washington.

.... The quickest mile ever trotted in the United States was Flora Temple's, 2.24 1-2.

EASTERN POESY.

To the East, the cradle of our race, we constantly and almost involuntarily turn our eyes, "as the adoring Parsee seeks the sun." The earliest writings with which our intelligence is made familiar, the sacred Scriptures, are strongly colored with the hues of the Orient. Beside our Robinson Crusoe we place the Arabian Nights; the adventures of Sinbad the sailor are as familiar to us in boyhood as those of the English mariner. The East is with us the realm of the imagination, as the West is the arena of stirring practical life. All in that far world is seen through a golden haze—its burning sands, its green oases, its "tinkling caravans," its leagues of pilgrims wending Mecca-wards, its gigantic elephants, its fierce beasts of prey, its splendid palaces, mosques, fountains and bazaars, its caravansaries and story-tellers, its gorgeous despotisms, and its mysterious religious rites. It is

> "——the land where the olive and myrtle
> Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
> Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
> Now melt into sorrow, now maddeu to crime."

It *seems* the land of poetry—and it *is* the land where poetry has most flourished, pervading every walk of life, and furnishing the medium of instruction, of worship, and of pleasure. How gorgeous and inexhaustible are its poetical treasures, may be learned from a charming little book by Rev. Wm. Alger, entitled "Poetry of the East," and giving, together with numerous specimens of Hindu, Persian, Arabic and Sufi poetry—"orient pearls at random strung"—a splendid dissertation on the fertile theme of Oriental muse. It will awaken in many minds a desire to explore the gorgeous realm of fancy more fully.

As we read the poetry of the East, we experience the emotions and visions which Mr. Alger says are awakened by Moore's "Lallah Rookh," which he praises, as thoroughly imbued with the Oriental ottar. "The lines dissolve in voluptuous language of music; Oriental superstitions impregnate the thoughts: and as we read, or listen, visions of snowy Peris, red wine-fountains in gushing spouts, porphyry palaces, golden domes, and birds of Paradise float before us, and a breeze laden with perfumes from the 'gardens of Gul in their bloom,' is wafted to our nostrils."

We learn, moreover, that the Orientals have cultivated every style of poetry

> —"have run
> Through each mode of the lyre and are masters of all,"

narrative, didactic, ethical, erotic, bacchanalian, religious, epigrammatical. We have interminable epics and satirical couplets; poems of hundreds of lines and sparkling quartrains, wittier than ever Martial or Voltaire penned. Mr. Alger has opened a little way the gates of this paradise, and allowed us a glimpse of the glories streaming forth.

THE SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

A little episode of Florence Nightingale's career in the Crimea is quite too touching to be passed by unnoticed. It appears that in one of the battles of the campaign, a Highland soldier had his right arm so severely wounded that, when taken to the hospital, the surgeons at once declared that it was impossible to save the limb, and that amputation must be immediately performed. Miss Nightingale thought otherwise, however, and caused the operation to be delayed. In the meantime, by careful nursing, she cured the wounds and saved the arm. The poor sufferer's heart overflowed with gratitude to his benefactress, which he expressed in words as well as he was able; but his silent gratitude was more eloquent. He told a comrade that whenever Miss Nightingale passed him, *he kissed her shadow on the pillow.* That soldier had as true a heart as ever beat beneath the stars and orders of a field marshal.

CRAYON DRAWING.—Mr. Charles Barry, whose pencil has so often been employed in illustrating our columns, has recently executed several crayon portraits, remarkable not only as correct likenesses, but as works of art, for their spirit, vigor and style. Mr. Barry is a thoroughly educated artist, and excels in more than one branch of his profession. Should he make crayon drawings a speciality, he need fear no competitor. Mr. Barry has rooms at No. 8 in this building.

FRENCH'S AMERICAN DRAMA.—Among the recent issues of this fine series of acting plays, published by Samuel French, 121 Nassau Street, New York, are "Speed the Plough," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," and the "Red Musk." These plays are all finely printed, have the stage directions, scene plots, costume and every requisite. They enjoy a prodigious circulation.

OUR NEW ESTABLISHMENT.—We feel a little proud of the completeness and finish of our new publishing hall, No. 22 Winter Street. Our friends and readers visiting Boston, must not fail to look in on us and see the *modus operandi* by which we produce 103,000! Pictorials weekly for circulation throughout this extended country.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can supply any and all back numbers of the "Pictorial" from its very commencement at a charge of six cents each.

ENGLISH TRAITS.—Emerson's "English Traits" are quite popular in England. Its general tenor is complimentary to our friends over the water.

SECRET SORROWS.—"Every heart," says Longfellow, "has its secret sorrows; and oftentimes we call a man cold, when he is only sad."

THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR.—Punch says that the coronation at Moscow was the "*crowning* success of the war."

FORREST IN FIVE CHARACTERS.

On the last page of the present number we have placed a fine engraving after an original design by Champney, made expressly for us, representing our great American tragedian, Edwin Forrest, in five of the characters performed by him at the Boston Theatre. The whole group of dramatic figures is surmounted by the muse of history, on the left of whom is seen the Parthenon of Athens, and to the right a portion of the Roman Colloseum. On the lower part of the design are a Roman helmet, shield and sword. The central figure depicts Forrest as Macbeth, in Shakspeare's tragedy of that name, one of the grandest compositions of the tragic muse. To the right he appears as Spartacus in the late Dr. Bird's tragedy of the "Gladiator," and as "Metamora" in Stone's piece of that name. To the left he figures again as Jack Cade, in Judge Conrad's play of "Aylmere," and Virginius, in Sheridan Knowles's fine tragedy of that name.

Forrest is now confessedly the greatest living tragedian who speaks the English tongue, and we question whether any continental actor approaches him in excellence. His rise in the profession, from the start, was rapid; but, undazzled by his early fame, he has never for a moment remitted his studies, and now stands before us the consummate artist. It was the fashion, at one time, with a certain set to decry him and deny his genius. Because he was gifted with a fine voice and magnificent *physique*, this clique chose to pronounce him a purely physical actor, able enough to personate Damon or Rolla, but incapable of embodying the subtile creations of Shakspeare and his contemporary dramatists. There was a time, too, when we thought these charges had affected the artist himself, and when, in deference to their unjust censures, he was somewhat inclined to subdue his style to tameness. But he has outlived this cant of criticism, and established for himself certain sound principles of art to which he now rigidly adheres. His popularity and his powers have suffered no diminution. If he has ever played to a poor house we are not aware of the fact. On the contrary, he is, in the language of managers, a "sure card." Whether his stay in a city be long or short, he is sure to draw full houses to the very latest night of his engagement. In the whole history of the stage there is no such example of continuous success. Mr. Forrest has amassed a princely fortune by the profession in which he has labored for more than a quarter of a century.

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.—When Franklin was ambassador to the English court, a lady who was about being presented to the king, noticed his exceedingly plain appearance, and asked who he was. On being told that he was Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the American ambassador, she exclaimed, "The North American ambassador so shabbily dressed!" "Hush, madam, for Heaven's sake," whispered a friend, "he is the man that bottles up thunder and lightning."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Charles G. Dolliver to Miss Frances E. Stevens; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Joseph Burnet to Miss Margaret Harkius; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Thomas S. Hoyt to Miss Arazine P. Lovejoy; by Rev. Mr. Bradlee, Mr. John Lupemea to Mrs. Catharine Vaughan, both of Cambridge; by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Moses W. Dillingham to Miss Julia A. Ross; by Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. Justin Hinds to Miss Mary S. Thayer.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. Frank Hunnewell to Miss Mary Simmons.—At Charlestown, by Rev Mr. Tappan, Mr. Charles H Doane to Miss Sarah J. Stockman.—At West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. Alfred Stover to Miss Jane Walker, of Birmingham, Eng.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Langworthy, Mr. T. A. Rollins, of Boston, to Miss Ellen Augusta Lord.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Charles A. Thacher to Miss Clara Augusta Austin.—At Quincy, by Rev. Dr. Lunt, Mr. Andrew Buffum, of Lyun, to Miss Sarah E. Congdon.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Nathaniel Jones to Miss Sarah Hawkes.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Henry P. Chamberlain, of Boston, to Miss Eliza Ann Chamberlain.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Nathaniel G. Stover to Miss Mary A. Sinclair.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Sylvanus F. Morton, 69; Mrs. Eliza L. Green, 64; Mrs. Dolly Bacon, 83; Widow Eliza T. Warren, 58; Mrs. Dora A. Batchelder, 25.—At Charlestown, Miss Lucy J. Tinkham, 19.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Ann Maria Goodridge, 33.—At Quincy, Mrs. Mary Aroline Kimball, 24; Mr. John Hall, 54; Mr. James Rideout, 69.—At Waltham, Mrs. Adaline P. Champney, 45.—At Watertown, Mr. Thaddeus Cole, 84.—At Weymouth, Widow Lucy Tarbell, 62.—At Weston, Miss Sarah Woodward, 90.—At Salem, Michael Shepard, Esq., 76.—At Newburyport, Mr. Rufus Greenleaf, 57.—At North Fairhaven, Mr. Joshua Morse, 62.—At Oxford, S. Edward Davis, Esq., formerly of Augusta, Ga., 37.—At Fitchburg, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Plummer, 34.—At East Fairhaven, Mrs. Sally, wife of Mr. Cornelius Bly, 76.—At South Lancaster, Mr. Elisha Turner, 54.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Rachel Wordell, 31.—At Shrewsbury, Mr. William G. Holt, 26.—At Ashburnham, Capt. Francis Lane, 69.—At Pittsfield, Mr. Luther Banister, 37; Mr. Henry A. Robbins, 37.—At Keene, N. H., Hon. John Wood, 78.—At New York, Capt. Charles R. Day, 33.—At Franklin, Mrs. Almira, wife of Rev. Dr. T. S. Clarke, 54.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALLING DOWN.

BY ALVIN HOSMER.

The melancholy days have come,
 The leaves are falling down,
And Nature's face, of late so gay,
 Is darkened by a frown;
The meads, the rills, the vales and hills,
 Have put their sackcloth on,
And there in deepest grief they mourn,
 All desolate and lone.

So Summer died in peace serene,
 Then Autumn came to reign,
And though she smiled to fields and woods,
 They smiled not back again;
Then frosts with sacrilegious hand
 Laid all their beauties low;
And now to view the once fair land,
 With thoughtful steps I go.

Ye vales, ye hills, how sad your look,
 How sudden your decay!
And thou, my gentle, murmuring brook,
 How sad thy song to-day!
And O ye woods, majestic woods!
 Where now your sweet refrains?
O, of your sweet, deep solitudes
 No vestige now remains.

Oft as I view your loneliness,
 My heart grows lonely too,
And thinks of friends whose fond caress
 Once caused soul-joys to flow;
Of all that band of other years
 But one or two I see!
The rest—back, back ye bitter tears—
 Are lost to earth and me.

Man! take thou up a fallen leaf;
 A message 'tis to thee!
Read, read and learn thy life is brief,
 There learn of thy decay;
Thou'rt falling down, that fleshy load
 Will soon be laid below;
Yes, man, that long and dreary road
 Must soon be thine to go.

A little sleep must nature take,
 But spring will come again,
And with reviving song will wake
 To light and life the plain;
So man must sleep, so man must wake—
 Must rise with Him to reign,
And once in that blest paradise,
 We shall not fall again.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PAINTER'S WIDOW.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THERE was a pile of furniture beside the threshold, and the town-crier was, in a loud voice, calling for purchasers. A few passers-by stopped; but scarcely had they cast their eyes on the articles exposed for sale, than they went on their way. The very beggars passed without turning on them a covetous glance. The crier, weary of his vain efforts, ceased, and, shaking his head, said to a little man in spectacles who was standing beside him:

"You will not pay your expenses, Master Caverdona; I am afraid there is no one in Rome so poor as to purchase the rags of the widow of Pelegrino. All there is here will not bring you three ducats."

"And the wretch owes me twelve!" exclaimed the little old man, striking the ground with his cane. "Twelve ducats, Jacobo, as sure as I am a Christian! More, perhaps; for I had confidence in her husband; I furnished him with oils, pencils and colors without end. Who would have thought he would have died without paying me? I am too good, too confiding. You see that this unhappy dauber has left me, by way of security, rags, a woman and four children. I can sell neither the woman nor the children, and the rags, you say, are not worth three ducats. Ah! the poor people who have anything of their own are very unfortunate, Jacobo; everybody cheats them, taxes them, pillages them."

The town-crier looked behind him.

"Don't speak so loud," said he, in a low tone; "the widow is there with her little ones, and you know how soft-hearted she is; she would take what you say for a reproach. After all, Master Caverdona, it was not Pelegrino's fault that the fever carried him off."

"No, but it was his fault that he took twelve ducats' worth of merchandize of me."

"He would have paid you if he had lived."

"I believe it."

"Of what do you complain, then?"

"How?—of what do I complain?" exclaimed the exasperated old man; "that he did not leave enough to pay his debts. That is the way with you common people. It would seem as if the grave-digger gave a quittance of all obligations to those whom he buries. Learn that one should not borrow when one may die insolvent."

The crier shrugged his shoulders.

"The honesty of the poor does not always depend upon themselves," said he, "it depends also on Providence. They can pay only with their labor; and when God deprives them of health, he is responsible, and not they. Who knows, Master Caverdona, whether your twelve ducats will not go towards purchasing for you a place in paradise?"

The little old man assumed a scandalized air.

"Do not jest on sacred things, Jacobo," said he sharply; "and occupy yourself in summoning customers, rather than in making remarks."

Jacobo obeyed with a smile, while Caverdona approached the movables scattered on the pavement, to estimate anew what he might receive for them. Whether the poor painter's widow had heard nothing of what had been said, or was not affected by it, she had not changed her expression or attitude. Seated on the ground, not far from the threshold, she held in her arms two children of nearly the same age, who were playing with the dishevelled tresses of her hair, a third was rolling at her feet, and the last singing and weaving a few blades of straw attached to its cradle.

The countenance of the widow was tranquil; neither tears in her eyes, nor sighs on her lips! It was more a sorrowful resignation than complaint, and more dangerous than despair; this gloomy self-abandonment which makes one pass through life as if condemned to the scaffold, without anxiety, without precaution, almost coldly, because the result is inevitable and sure. Meanwhile a few persons had collected around the pitiful furniture of which the crier had announced the sale.

Imitation rules the world of men as attraction that of things; it is the only law. New passers-by succeeded, and stopped because the others had stopped; where there was no one a little while ago, a crowd soon gathered. No one bought, but every one looked without knowing why. Each seemed less curious at what he saw than at what excited the curiosity of others. Two gentlemen who were passing, found themselves arrested by the constantly increasing throng.

"What is the matter?" asked the elder, with that air of sullen hauteur which distinguishes an Englishman, on the continent.

"If it was in our good city of Paris, my lord," replied the other, in that coquettish and familiar tone which distinguishes the French in the four quarters of the globe, "I should reply to you that it was a porter's wife beating her husband, or a cat with its ears cut off."

"It is less than that, Signor Frenchman," smilingly observed the Jew with the weasel profile, who had heard the two gentlemen.

"What is it then?"

"The poor furniture of a painter who died a few days since, which Master Caverdona is going to sell."

"Who is this Master Caverdona?"

"A merchant, my gentlemen, who will furnish you with colors at the lowest prices."

"Do you take us for painters?" interrupted the Englishman, with a peevish air.

"In fact, the Jew is too familiar," added the Frenchman, lightly. "Learn, sirrah, that you speak to Lord Pembroke and to M. de Vivonne."

The face of the Jew brightened.

"Lord Pembroke!" said he; "is he not the rich amateur in pictures?"

"Precisely."

"Ah! my lord, how apropos is our encounter! I have in my shop the works of all the Spanish and Italian painters."

The Englishman looked at him.

"What is your name?"

"Israel."

"Ah, ah, I have indeed heard of it. It is said that you are a crafty fox, who buys at the weight of copper and sells again at the weight of gold; no matter. Have you Poussins?"

"Three, my lord."

"Crespis?"

"Several."

"And Dominichinos?"

"At discretion."

"Your address?"

The Jew gave it to him. While Lord Pembroke was writing it, the auction re-commenced, and a cradle was set up for sale. No price was offered for it; the Frenchman observed it.

"Master Caverdona will have difficulty in recovering his debt," said the Jew.

"Is it much?"

"Twelve ducats, sir."

"And has the widow been unable to raise them?"

"Yes."

"Has she no friends?"

"They were so poor!" observed Israel.

"Twelve ducats!" repeated M. de Vivonne. "Do you understand, my lord, how people can live when they are obliged to resort to such a step as this for twelve ducats?"

"The common people have no wants," observed my lord, philosophically.

"They are very fortunate! As for me, I spend three hundred thousand francs per year and want everything! I am obliged to cut down my trees, sell my lands, and I never have two hundred louis by me."

"Ah! who can live now, sir? I who speak to you, have drawn on my income in advance six thousand guineas."

"Nobility is not independent, my lord; it must keep accounts like a plebeian; it is humiliating! If I was rich I would throw to this unfortunate woman her twelve ducats; but play has ruined me."

"As buying pictures has me. Would you believe that I am at this moment proposing to a broker in Rotterdam, fifty thousand crowns for the Seven Sacraments of Poussin, and he refuses? I shall be forced to raise it to eighty thousand and perhaps more."

The Jew heard all, fully resolved to profit by the Englishman's taste for painting; but a few paces off, another person was also listening to the conversation of the two foreigners. This was a middle-aged man, dressed in black, and who was remarkable for nothing but the vivacity of his glance. He had smiled as he heard the complaints of the two gentlemen on the poverty of the nobility, and had cast upon them a look of bitter irony, to which they had paid no heed. At this moment the crier offered for sale a smoky picture.

"Has he pictures also?" asked Lord Pembroke, laughing.

"Some sign of a merchant of maccaroni which has been left with the painter," observed M. de Vivonne.

"At six paoli!" cried the seller.

"It will not bring them," said Israel.

There was silence.

"I will give three ducats," suddenly said the man dressed in black.

A rumor arose in the crowd.

"Three ducats!" repeated the astonished Jew.

"Who is that man?" asked my lord.

"It is Master Stella, sir."

"The painter?"

"Yes, and one of our finest connoisseurs."

"Can this picture have any merit?"

"It is a chef-d'œuvre, perhaps," said M. de Vivonne, with indifference; "who knows? A Caraccio or a Titian."

"Belonging to a mere dauber?"

"Why not? Has not a Corregio been found lately serving as a sign to a button-manufacturer?"

"Three ducats!" resumed the crier; "will no one bid more?"

"I will give four ducats!" cried the Jew.

"Eight ducats!" resumed Stella.

"Ten ducats!"

"Twelve ducats!"

There was a pause; Israel asked to be allowed to examine the picture more closely.

"It is useless!" hastily interrupted the man in black; "I will give twenty ducats!"

Until then, my Lord Pembroke had observed all without speaking. He at last advanced, and, with that tone of calm and cold superiority which fortune gives, said briefly:

"Fifty ducats!"

The painter turned towards him.

"The picture is not worth them, my lord," observed he.

The Englishman looked at him sidewise, and smiled proudly.

"It is well, my dear sir," said he, drawing himself up; "one has not a collection worth a hundred thousand pounds sterling without knowing a little about paintings. You doubtless have your reasons, Master Stella, for bidding on the picture?"

"I have, my lord."

"Well! I also have mine."

And, turning towards the crier:

"A hundred ducats," said he, "and let that end the matter!"

The crowd seemed to wonder. All eyes were turned towards Lord Pembroke; the poor widow, overcome with joy, thought herself in a dream; and Master Caverdona wiped his spectacles, laughing. The crier, after having asked three times if no one would offer higher, declared that the picture belonged to my lord. Master Stella had followed all with his eye; he let the Englishman pay the hundred ducats.

"You did not expect to be outbid, master?" said the latter looking at him with a bantering air.

"Pardon me, my lord, I did hope so," replied Stella.

"How so?"

"I had heard your conversation with this gentleman; I knew that, too poor to give twelve ducats to the widow of Pelegrino, you were rich enough to pay eighty thousand pounds for a Poussin; I wished to profit by your taste to make you relieve a misfortune; I succeeded in persuading you to a good action by giving it the appearance of a good bargain. When I proposed three ducats, I was sure you would offer more."

"So this painting—"

"Is not worth the six paoli at which it was offered."

M. de Vivonne laughed.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Englishman; "if that were so, Master Stella should be accountable to me—"

"For the hundred ducats?—willingly. In case my lord had not bid upon this picture, I should have purchased it, not in order to possess a master-piece, but to have one good memory the more in my heart. If my lord regrets that he has been surprised into an alms, and if he cannot resolve to dispose of a hundred ducats in favor of an unfortunate woman, he may transfer this pleasure to me."

"Softly!" exclaimed Vivonne; "if he relinquishes it, I will take it. This is a lesson, is it not, Master Stella? You have wished to prove that we people of quality have the caprice of art without comprehending it, and that, prodigal in satisfying our manias, we are miserly in fulfilling our duties."

"Alas! sir," said Stella, "it is not only you that are thus, but all men. Our tastes often become vices. We do not love master-pieces in painting, that others may enjoy them, but to possess them by stealth, to heap them up as misers do their treasures. Our love of art is not, as it should be, a reflection of the love of humanity, it is a folly which flatters us. Painters or amateurs, we prefer, for the most part, a smoky picture to a face smiling with happiness. The sons of Adam are selfish, and their selfishness makes them cruel."

"You preach well, master," said M. de Vivonne, with slight constraint; "thanks for the homily; and in order to prove to you that it has taken effect, take this for your protege."

He presented to the painter a purse, which the latter received.

"And I, I will keep the picture," said Lord Pembroke, seriously.

"Do better, my lord," said Stella. "Give it a place in your collection. Every time you pass it, it will remind you of a family consoled; this remembrance will be worth more than a Raphael."

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is stated that the French government has given an order prohibiting any further transportations to Cayenne. —— Captain R. Burton, so celebrated for his daring visit to Mecca and Medina, and his journey to Abyssinia, is also about to start, under the direction of the British Geographical Society, for East Africa, for the purpose of penetrating to Lake Unidmesi, and, if possible, to the sources of the Nile. —— There were great rejoicings at St. Louis, recently, in consequence of the passage of the bill granting lands to the La Crosse Railroad. —— William B. Smith, charged with killing his own son, has been convicted of manslaughter in the first degree by the circuit court of Tippah county, Miss., and sentenced to a term of fifty years in the State Prison. Smith is now over seventy years of age, and will, according to the "higher law" of nature, be reprieved by death before the expiration of fifty years. —— There is a Presbyterian church in Northampton county, Virginia, comprised entirely of ladies. They are twenty-two in number. —— The British government has presented a gold medal and telescope to Captain Lapham, of the ship Helen R. Cooper, and a gold medal to Captain Williams of the ship American Congress, for their humane efforts in rescuing from a watery grave the crew of the British ship Boomerang; also a gold medal to Captain Knowles of the ship Chariot of Fame, for like conduct in the case of the British barque Romulus. —— The American Board of Foreign Missions are now causing to be built a vessel named the Morning Star, to aid in the great missionary work, especially among the missions in the Pacific Ocean. —— Dr. J. L. L. Bledsho, of New Orleans, has succeeded in training the larger species of mosquitoes known in New Orleans as "galliuippers," to perform all the objects hitherto only accomplished by the leech or the cupper. A dozen of these insects are equal to six leeches, and placed on the desired spot, will at once commence to suck blood in the same way, and with less trouble, than the older institution.——The receipts at the late Connecticut State Fair were over $10,000, an amount exceeding that of any previous fair, and more than sufficient to cover all expenses. —— A new Methodist church was recently dedicated at Bristol, R. I. The cost of the edifice was about $23,000, and it is considered one of the finest specimens of architecture in New England. The Congregationalists are also erecting a new church there at a cost of $25,000. —— Josiah D. Bangs, for twelve or fifteen years connected with the New York daily and Sunday press, died there suddenly. He was one of the ablest descriptive writers of the city press. —— The late English papers state that seventy-five paupers from the village of Ennis, in Ireland, have been embarked for Australia. —— Some of the crack oarsmen of New York have challenged the Union Club, of St. John, N. B., to engage in another encounter, for $2000 a side. The crew is considered superior to that which was lately defeated on Charles River. —— The receipts of the late U. S. Agricultural Fair at Philadelphia were $33,555. The expenses, the Philadelphia Gazette says, will amount to $35,000 or $40,000. —— A man in Mount Vernon, Westchester county, N. Y., recently undertook to solder up a leak in a tin can containing burning fluid. The flames from his blow-pipe ignited the fluid, the can exploded, and the house took fire and was burned to the ground. Wise man, that!

TALL MEN.—Byrne, a famous Irish giant, who died in London, some years since, measured eight feet two inches. Cornelius Magrath, who died in the year 1760, measured seven feet eight inches. Edward Malone, another Irishman, was seven feet seven inches, and was nearly equal in stature and size to Daniel Cardanus, a Swedish giant. Dr. Cheselden, tho famous anatomist, speaks of a skeleton discovered in a Roman camp near St. Albans, England, which he judged to have been eight feet four inches. Goliath of Gath, according to Bishop Cumberland, was eleven feet high, and Maximinius, the emperor, was nine feet:—tall boys, all of them.

OUR ANCESTORS.—The immediate ancestors of a man are two—his father and mother; in the next preceding generation, they are four—his grandparents; in the next they are eight, and so on to the seventh ancestral generation, when they are 128—to the tenth, when they are 1024—and to the twentieth, when they are upwards of a million! Truly, it must be humbling to the pride of an aristocrat to think he is descended from such a mob.

CURIOUS.—Spriggins was advised by Dr. Jackson to take wine and bark three times a day. So, three times a day, punctually, after swallowing a glass of madeira, he would indulge in a furious bow-wowing for half an hour, to the terror of his friends and neighbors. He was then doctored for hydrophobia, and is all right now.

ANCHORS.—The cost of anchors for the British navy is immense. To supply it once only requires more than 500,000 pounds sterling. Each first-rate anchor employs twenty men forty days; forty per cent. of the metal is wasted in the forging, and the cost of such an anchor is £400.

A BRAVE DEED.—A lady of Piscataquis county, Maine, Miss Philbrick, lately trailed a bear, put an ounce of lead into his skull, received the State bounty for his head, has a nice bearskin bed-quilt, and the thanks of her neighbors for the exploit.

WAR FEVER.—Since the war in the East all Europe is affecting the soldier. Even babies have been in arms, and ladies to "bare" arms.

DEFINITION.—Love has been described as an absorption of self in an idea dearer than self.

Wayside Gatherings.

The propagation of fish by artificial means has been quite successful in Ohio.

Rurick, a noted Kentucky race-horse, only three years old, has been sold for $5000.

Madame Alboni left England for Paris in October, where she is engaged in the Italian Opera House for two seasons.

The Governors of Maine and Maryland have appointed Nov. 20 for a day of thanksgiving.

In Errol, N. H., a fine child of Mr. John L. Van Buskirk was drowned lately in a firkin of swill.

Two night inspectors at Portland have seized eight cases and 50,000 cigars, on board a vessel from Cuba.

Advices from Ontonagon, Lake Superior, of the 20th September, state that mining business is active, and yielding largely.

From July 1 to October 1, 1856, there were 66,867,235 feet of lumber surveyed at Bangor, Me. In 1855, the amount was 85,981,420 feet; in 1854, 72,271,388 feet.

A California pamphlet alleges, upon pretty good evidence, that five thousand murders have been committed in that country in six years.

Hon. Joseph E. Dawley, one of the Senators from Bristol county, has been appointed by Gov. Gardner, one of the board of alien commissioners for the State.

Of the thirty American doctors who served in the Russian army during the war, it is said about one-third died. The rest have returned without exception.

Mr. George Perley and Mr. G. T. Merrill, while building the county road from Gray to Pownal, removed the end of a ledge, and disturbed and killed forty-two milk adders.

Twenty years since, St. Louis had less than ten thousand population, and now it amounts to more than one hundred and thirty thousand.

There is an oak tree near Raleigh, N. C., which, at the sun's meridian, covers with a shade a space of 9000 feet. It would afford shelter for 4500 men.

Intelligence from Nicaragua has been received to the effect that affairs are assuming a more favorable aspect as regards the stability of Gen. Walker's government.

The Secretary of the Treasury has purchased, for the sum of $20,000, a site in Nashville, Tenn., for the new custom house, post-office and court rooms, authorized to be erected at the present session of Congress.

Mendiola, the old guide who piloted Gen. Taylor through his campaign into Mexico up to the battle of Buena Vista, died in Mercer Valley, Texas, a few days since, at the advanced age of ninety years.

The dwelling of Mr. Jackson Dawson, in West Union, Va., was destroyed by fire on the 25th ult., and in it seven persons, Mr. Dawson, and all his children, five in number, and a Miss Lavenia Myers, were burnt up.

Mr. Joseph Littell, a well known member of the theatrical profession, and for a time a member of W. B. English's company, died in New York recently, of consumption, aged 35 years. Mr. Littell held a good position as an actor.

The oldest "meeting-house" on this continent is in Hingham, Mass. It is a huge, square structure, with the belfry rising out of the centre of the roof. Inside are the old square pews, which bear a look of similar antiquity. It is nearly two hundred years old.

The growth of Western cities is marvellous. Twenty-two years ago, Governor Porter concluded the Pottawatamie treaty, on the site of Chicago, and now it is a city of eighty-five thousand population, with at least one hundred railroad trains arriving and departing daily.

In olden times in England they had circular fruit walls; the walls with the trees, and consequently the bed of earth wherein they were planted being movable, so that the trees might be turned to the sun, or removed from an unfavorable wind.

The Countess of Braziski, a Polish lady of great wealth, was recently at Baden, when a spark from a gentleman's cigar fell upon her dress which took fire. The flames were soon stifled, and she received no injury, but thirty thousand francs worth of lace was effaced from the earth.

The Paris Crystal Palace appears to have been the only successful affair of the kind. The company have realized over 9,000,000 francs, and the government has purchased the building at a handsome premium over its cost; to what purpose to apply it is not stated.

The Pacific Sentinel says that one William Boucle, an old resident of Santa Cruz, has near his dwelling three young plants of green tea, from seeds found last spring in a caddy purchased for consumption. When the writer in the Sentinel saw these plants, they looked well, and were about a foot high and in blossom.

George W. Johnson, one of the largest sugar planters on the Mississippi, below New Orleans, who died recently, has left an estate valued at not less than $700,000. He has by his will manumitted all his slaves, 209 in number. They are all to be sent to Liberia in four years from his death, and each one is to be furnished with $50.

At the present time, all Europe is preparing for war. France and England are in readiness for action at the shortest notice. Russia is strengthening all her military posts, Spain is vibrating between anarchy and despotism, Naples and other Italian States are in a belligerent attitude, Prussia and Austria are increasing their fleets and adding to their fortresses, and Swden is arming herself against Russia.

The Firemen's Triennial Parade at New York, on the 13th ult., was the greatest demonstration of the kind ever got up in that city. Besides the 115 companies belonging to that city, and the various associations connected with the department, there were other companies from Buffalo, Binghampton, Brooklyn, Newark, Jersey City, Easton, Pa., Detroit, Mich., and Charlestown, Mass. Thirty-two bands furnished the music.

The bridal arrangements, the magnificent trousseau of the bride, in view of the approaching marriage of the Princess Royal of England, at Berlin, attract so much attention that hundreds are actually going from London to witness them. There are six rooms filled with silks, satins, velvets, lace, artificial flowers, embroideries in gold and silver, bonnets, gloves, linen, diamonds and jewelry, shawls, mantles, and toilet requirements of every description and color.

The Newport Mercury records the death of a venerable printer, a compositor in that office, by the name of Henry Barber, at the advanced age of 76, who had been employed in that office for the uninterrupted series of sixty-five years, a period of time perhaps unparalleled heretofore. He never wore glasses of any kind; had never been five miles from home, had never seen a railroad or locomotive, and all that he knew of a steamboat was the exterior seen from the office window.

Foreign Items.

It is said that the Spanish government intends to remove the sequestration laid on the property of Queen Maria Christina.

The Moniteur des Comices announces that a German chemist has discovered the means of obtaining crystallized sugar from birch wood.

The Emperor of Russia has conferred on Prince Paul Esterhazy, who represented Austria in the coronation, the Order of St. Andrew in diamonds, which is the highest distinction that can be obtained in Russia.

Mdlle. Rachel's health is gradually improving, but a change of climate is deemed absolutely necessary for her complete restoration, and her return to the theatre cannot, it is stated, be counted upon until the autumn of 1857.

Mr. W. Brett has renounced the project of laying down the electric cable to Algiers, by way of Cagliari and Bone. He is going to take soundings between Marseilles and Algiers, to see if the great submarine valley is not prolonged.

Among the notabilities at the Mozart Festival, held at Salzburg lately, was an old silver-haired man, called Karl Mozart, son of the immortal composer, and last of the name. He was the greatest living object of interest present.

The Emperor Napoleon, as to whose health so many exaggerated and even ridiculous reports are in circulation, is not seriously unwell. There is, in fact, nothing the matter with him but some flying gout pains, for which he went to be cured at Plombieres, and which will prevent him from taking so much horse exercise as he has been accustomed to.

Sands of Gold.

.... Vice stings even in our pleasures, but virtue console even in our pains.—*Colton.*

.... More evil truths are discovered by the corruption of the heart than by the penetration of the mind.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Every person complains of the badness of his memory, but none of their defective judgment.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Beauty, devoid of grace, is a mere hook without the bait.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Nothing hides a blemish so completely as a cloth of gold. This is the first lesson that heirs and heiresses commonly learn.—*Hare.*

.... Thou oughtest to be nice, even to superstition, in keeping thy promises; and therefore thou shouldst be equally cautious in making them.—*Fuller.*

.... An egotist will always speak of himself, either in praise or in censure; but a modest man ever shuns making himself the subject of his conversation.—*La Bruyere.*

.... Friendship requires actions; love requires not so much proofs as expressions of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.—*Jean Paul.*

.... It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake, or pretend to do, what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.—*Plutarch.*

.... In our road through life, we may happen to meet with a man casting a stone reverentially to enlarge the cairn of another, which stone he has carried in his bosom to sling against that very other's head.—*Landor.*

Joker's Budget.

Marriage is designated a "bridal" state, as it puts a curb upon most people.

Too fearful to contemplate.—There is a work advertised, called "Every Man a Lawyer." What a state of society!

Dr. Johnson compared plaintiff and defendant in an action-at-law to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and daring each other to remain longest under water.

Teacher—How many kinds of axes are there? *Boy*—Broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, axe of the legislature, axing price, and axe of the Apostles. *Teacher*—Good! go to the head of your class.

On the failure of two bankers in Ireland, named Gonne and Going, some wag perpetrated the following:

"Going and Gonne are now both one,
For Gonne is Going, and Going is Gonne!"

"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette; "just give me your hand, if you please." "La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask pa."

A female in the Utica Lunatic Asylum is a lady of enlarged ideas. She talks of becoming the empress of the world and using the next rainbow for a waist-ribbon. Only the bump of ambition extra developed.

A kiss on the forehead denotes respect and admiration; on the cheek, friendship; on the eyelids, tender sentiment; on the lips, love. The young men of our acquaintance have not much "respect" for young ladies.

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MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

The engraving below, from a design made for us by Mr. Hill, represents one of the most brilliant exploits of the American arms during the second war with Great Britain—the engagement between the American and British squadrons on Lake Champlain—in which the latter were defeated by Commodore Macdonough, while at the same time, on the land the American General Macomb defeated the troops under Sir George Provost, Governor General of Canada, with great slaughter. The forces of the British were largely superior to ours. Previous to the 11th September, 1814, the British general had been strengthening his works at Plattsburg, and only awaited the arrival of the British squadron to undertake the annihilation of the American fleet and army. The British fleet consisted of the following vessels: frigate Confiance, 39 guns; brig Linnet, 16; sloops Chub and Finch, 11 guns each; and 13 gun-boats and row-galleys, mounting in all 95 guns, and carrying 1050 men, under the command of Captain Downie. They made their appearance round Cumberland Head, on the morning of the 11th, and immediately engaged the American squadron, under Commodore Macdonough, then moored in Plattsburg Bay, consisting of the ship Saratoga, the brig Eagle, the schooner Ticonderoga, the sloop Preble, and 10 gunboats, mounting altogether 86 guns, and manned by 820 men. The first gun from the Confiance was the signal for a general action, and Sir George Provost, who was posted on one side of the river Saranac, instantly opened his fire on the American works opposite. Heavy firing at this point continued during the day, and frequent ineffectual attempts were made to ford the river. At a bridge about a mile above, a detachment of American regulars repulsed a division of the enemy, and an effort on his part to force the passage of the bridge in the town, was effectually checked by the American riflemen under Captain Grosvenor. But the most desperate fighting occurred at a ford about three miles from the works, where a portion of the enemy succeeded in crossing. There was a hand-to-hand fight here, and numbers fell on both sides. But the result of the naval battle decided the action on land, and completely frustrated the plans of the British general. After getting round Cumberland Head, Captain Downie anchored his fleet within three hundred yards of the line formed by Commodore Macdonough, placing the Confiance frigate in opposition to the Saratoga, the Linnet to the Eagle, Captain Henley; one of his sloops and all his galleys to the schooner Ticonderoga, lieutenant-commanding Cassin, and the sloop Preble, his other sloop alternately assailing the Saratoga and the Eagle. The latter vessel was so situated, shortly after the commencement of the action, that her guns could not be brought to bear, and Captain Henley cut her cable and placed her between the Commodore's ship and the Ticonderoga, from which position, though she exposed the Saratoga to a galling fire, she annoyed the enemy's squadron with much effect. Some minutes after 10 o'clock, the starboard guns of the Saratoga being dismounted or unmanageable, Commodore Macdonough brought her larboard batteries to bear on the enemy's frigate with such effect, that the Confiance almost immediately struck, with 105 round shot in her hull, her captain and 49 men killed, and 60 wounded. The Saratoga suffered badly, but not in proportion, though she mounted 13 guns less than her adversary. On the contrary, the enemy's brig surrendered to her 15 minutes after the Confiance had struck her flag. In the meantime Captain Henley, in the Eagle, had captured one of the enemy's sloops, and the remaining British vessel surrendered to the Ticonderoga after being terribly cut up. The principal vessels of the British fleet being now captured, and three of their row-galleys sunk, the remaining ten escaped from the bay in a shattered condition. The total loss of Commodore Macdonough's squadron amounted to 52 men killed and 58 wounded. The enemy lost 84 men killed, 110 wounded, and 856 prisoners, the latter outnumbering their victors.



MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

Another week thus passed away, and on the Saturday which closed it, the main body of troops arrived, and encamped or bivouacked in the long ropewalks at the south end of the town. The people greeted them with hearty cheers, and sent large supplies of fresh meat, with newly-baked bread, to the different companies, putting every one in the best of humor, from the drummer boys to Colonel Arnold himself. That officer fixed his headquarters at Davenport's Tavern; and when Herbert called to report that all the men were in camp or bivouac and provided for, he had an opportunity to study the features of the commander. But he could find nothing about him to enlist his feelings, as Washington's commanding presence had at first sight. Colonel Arnold, while professing an ardent devotion to democratic principles, imitated the extravagant follies of monarchical service, and demeaned himself with an insolent hauteur that would have been envied by many a haughty officer of the "King's Own." Although in the flower of manhood, his florid countenance already bore the premature furrows of dissipation, and budding carbuncles gleamed on his aquiline nose. A bland look, glazed with a constant smile, appeared to struggle for mastery over the natural workings of a compressed mouth, around which the nervous workings of ambition, sensuality and daring were unmistakably stamped. The thick, heavy lids of his eyes drooped with languor, as if to shield them from observation; nor did he ever gaze frankly into the face of the person with whom he conversed. He wore the continental blue and buff, but his coat and waistcoat were heavily embroidered with gold, while his linen cambric ruffles were of the most delicate texture.

"Aha! my young quarter-master," he said, when he turned to address Yancey. "We find everything in apple-pie order."

"Captain Wilder and his company have been very active," modestly replied Herbert.

"Yes—yes! So is my watch active, but without winding it up, not a minute will its hands advance. As the key of Wilder and his men, do me the honor to taste a glass of wine."

The glasses were filled, but ere they were raised, in walked Major Morgan, the commander of the Rifles.

"Well arrived!" exclaimed Arnold. "I was just drinking a complimentary health to your young subaltern here, who has done us such good service."

"Old Virginia, colonel, is always up to time," laughingly responded Morgan, advancing toward the sideboard and filling his glass. A glorious type of the American rifleman was he, from nature's most athletic and well-developed moulds. Generous as a prince of the blood, chivalrous as a knight-hospitaller, and fond of humor as a French cadet, he was prodigal to improvidence, instant in resentment, and bitter in his animosities. Every one loved Dan Morgan, save his enemies, and they had good reason to hate as well as to fear him; for when he once outlawed any one from his heart, language could not convey any sense of the intensity of his scorn, or of the depth of his loathing.

"Gentlemen, your good healths," ceremoniously pledged Colonel Arnold. The glasses were emptied, and he continued: "Now I wish to see you about invitations which I have received to attend church to-morrow. Of course, I am anxious to go."

"You, colonel?" asked Morgan, as if somewhat incredulous.

"Yes. Not that I care a piu for their preaching, but because if we go, the faithful will send lots of fresh provisions on board the fleet. Not a bad dodge, eh?"

"As you please, colonel," bluntly replied Morgan. "But the Rifles are Virginians, and Virginians are Christians; so we can go where there is the smallest hope of provender."

"Good, major,—good! Why, let me congratulate you on your conversion, and you can hear Parson Parsons, who must be double-refined in his faith. Fancy a Captain Captains, or a Major Majors!"

"I shall be proud to attend the Rev. Mr. Parsons's command," replied Morgan, whose honest heart abhorred deceit, and who did not fancy speculating on the well-known principles of the Newbury people.

"For my part," said Colonel Arnold, "I am almost tempted to hear some old Tory here, who continues, *on dit*, to pray loyally for the king, and takes a pretty girl to church to keep the Sons of Liberty quiet. It must be rare sport."

"I fear, colonel," remarked Herbert, in a hurried tone and with a flushed cheek, "that you will be disappointed, for the Episcopal church is closed."

"Closed is it? Faith, I will have to go to the parsonage, then. Will you talk to the domine while I make love to the maiden?"

Ere Herbert Yancey could reply (and it was, perhaps, well that such was the case), the door was opened, and a dozen or more men entered, two by two. Ranging themselves along one side of the room, one of them advanced, saying:

"Colonel Arnold, permit me to introduce myself to you as Harry Folansbee, chairman of the vigilance committee of the Sons of Liberty, which committee you also see before you."

"Gentlemen and Mr. Folansbee," said Colonel Arnold, with a low bow, "I am happy to see you. Will you take a glass of wine?"

"Thanks," replied Folansbee, "but we have called upon business which may not be of an agreeable nature. Can we be honored with an interview with you?"

"Certainly, gentlemen. We are but provincial troops, and now that we have thrown off the king's authority, it is our duty to obey the people. What is your pleasure?"

"We would prefer, colonel, that the interview should be private."

"Ah! but these gentlemen are my advisers. One my right hand warrior, the other my less experienced but equally zealous quarter-master. I have no secrets from them."

"We should prefer, colonel, your private ear."

"Do not think that I intend remaining," said Morgan; "a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. Good-morning. Come, Yancey."

"Let me see you early in the morning. Good-day," remarked Colonel Arnold, as he bowed them to the door. Then advancing towards the committee, he asked, in rather a pompous tone: "Your business, gents?"

"Flints and ramrods!" said Major Morgan, as they went down stairs; "those fellows look as solemn as a coroner's jury, and Arnold will find it hard work to manage them, if they have any unreasonable request to make of him. I have no idea that he will grant it, whatever it may be, for he is fond of snubbing these citizens."

Herbert made some brief reply, and when they arrived in the street, he pleaded an engagement, and left Major Morgan.

"A gallant young fellow!" muttered the major, as he watched Yancey's retreating form; "but he acts strangely. Never mind, though; he's no hypocrite, and that's more than I can say of our commander-in-chief. Holloa! Here comes the delegation down stairs, looking black as night at that. Wonder what they wanted? None of my business, though." By this time, the soliloquizer had lighted a clay pipe, and sitting down, he gave himself up to the luxury of smoking it.

Ere he had given many whiffs, down came Colonel Arnold, his face flushed with anger.

"Where's Yancey?" he asked.

"Don't know," replied Major Morgan. "He walked off just now."

"Do you know Yancey?" asked Arnold.

"Not much. But I used to know his father when I was a wagoner, and I think the son is a chip o' the old block."

"No Tory blood?"

"Tory blood?—not a drop. What makes you ask that question?"

"Never mind now, major; I may inform you to-morrow."

Arnold returned up stairs, and Morgan, as he puffed forth a cloud of smoke, said to himself: "Tory blood indeed! It is not the Virginians, above all the Virginia riflemen, who have Tory blood in their veins, Mr. Peacock."

Herbert Yancey, on leaving the tavern, repaired at once to the parsonage, where he found Mabel awaiting him, and they were soon earnestly engaged in animated conversation. The young soldier, animated by her presence, described to her his southern home and the picturesque scenery of the mountains near it, and often when he turned to look on his auditor, he saw her star-like eyes glistening with the lustre of the self-same feeling that suffused his own. Those who know not love may assert that hours are of equal length, but to fond hearts the movement of time is as irregular as the beating of the pulse. A week of ordinary life, if counted by hopes, fears and fancies, is an age; and when Herbert rose at ten o'clock to say "good-night," he knew Mabel better, and she saw deeper into his heart, than many who hold familiar intercourse for years.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAN PROPOSES, BUT WOMAN DISPOSES.

"There are moments in life—though alas for their fleetness!—
As brilliant with all that existence endears,
As if we had drained the whole essence of sweetness
That nature intended should last us for years.
They pass—and the soul, as it swells with emotion,
Believes that some seraph hath hallowed the clime;
For never were pearls from the bosom of ocean
So precious and dear as those moments of time."

SUNDAY morning; but what a difference since the last "day of rest," when almost every animate object was at rest. Now, the rattle of the drum and the shrill notes of the fife echoed the church bells, and the streets were filled with curious gazers at the various companies, as they marched to church. There were the Virginia riflemen, in whose haughty, determined look, and picturesque hunting shirts, was an air of careless strength and success,—the continental infantry, already in a good state of discipline,—the volunteer companies, with their handsome uniforms, exchanging, as they marched past each other, glances of friendly yet critical scrutiny, which seemed to indicate a spirit of latent and gallant ambition. These were the men who were to win the liberty of their native land, and to become immortal upon the brightest pages of her glorious record. Like the chivalric Bayard, they were *sans peur* and *sans reproche*.

The riflemen marched to the Rev. Mr. Parsons's church, and Herbert Yancey accompanied them, not caring to swell the staff of Colonel Arnold, who went to the Second Congregational Church. His own chaplain preached there, the Rev. Samuel Spring, who made such a favorable impression that when the war was over, years afterwards, he was invited to become its pastor

Mr. Parsons selected as his text: "Zebulon and Naphtali were a people who jeoparded themselves unto death, in the high places of the field." There was a wide difference between his denunciations of England and his appeals to the warlike spirit of the people, as compared with the discourse of Parson Gwynne the Sabbath previous, but Herbert paid little attention to it. His thoughts were with Mabel, and he was anything but pleased when, after services, Major Morgan accepted an invitation for his officers to dine with a party of citizens. After dinner, which was prolonged by the usual toasts, there was an evening dress parade, so that it was sunset ere Herbert Yancey could leave. Need it be chronicled that, after exchanging his uniform for plain clothes, he hastened to the parsonage. Madame Ordway was alone in the parlor, and informed Herbert that he would probably find Mabel in the garden summer-house.

Hastily traversing the walks, Herbert found the object of his search in a rustic bower, over which rich masses of luxuriant woodbine intertwined in one magnificent tissue, through which pierced the rays of a full moon. Never had he thought Mabel so lovely as when she rose from her seat and welcomed him within the leafy portals.

"Mabel."

"Herbert."

Not another word was exchanged, and silently they sat down side by side, enjoying that true repose of feeling—that certainty that we are understood without the effort of words—which is the intoxication of intercourse. True, they had not known each other but a few days, yet each of their hearts had been well prepared by virtuous education, by loneliness, by previous absence of all ardent emotions, to become immediately possessed with that powerful spirit which "never loves but one," and each willingly yielded to its rapture. Love such as this, when the dew of innocence yet sparkles freshly from the virgin blossoms of the soul, is happiness indeed. We may be pleased with fame, proud of rank, overjoyed in the acquisition of wealth, elated by the possession of power, but we are never blessed until we know that we are beloved, nor ever, in after life, do the delights of "first love" return.

Thus far, Herbert never "told his love." Nothing had he said, for the heart, when full, does not easily find words to express its emotions; there had been no interchange of vows, for vows were not needed, and now they sat in happy silence—a silence which, like the banquet of a fairy dream, was lighted by constellation after constellation of pleasant thoughts, which shed their blessed radiance far into the future. Glorious is it, in after life, to look back upon such a scene as this, which casts its halo vista from the spring of youth to the deeper, more bitter waters of life.

The notes of the "tattoo," as drum after drum struck the curfew note, aroused Herbert to a sense of his duty. The crisis of his fate was approaching; love and happiness were to be staked upon the decision of the coming hour. Wait—why, the word was impossible. He was to leave the next day.

"Mabel," he at last exclaimed, with an effort, "we leave to-morrow."

"Is it certain?" she replied in a tremulous tone, and looking up into Herbert's face with one of those glances that can neither be given nor interpreted until the heart is illuminated by the flame of pure affection.

"Too certain. Ah, Mabel, you cannot imagine how I hate to leave—to leave Newburyport!" stammered the young officer, who, brave as a lion, felt powerless and cowardly.

A combined expression of love and maidenly delicacy struggled for the mastery on Mabel's countenance, and though a tender smile gleamed upon her lip, her vein-traced eyelids trembled as they drooped over her luminous orbs.

"Perhaps," she replied, "you will find it even more agreeable at Quebec. Soldiers, I have heard it said, are fond of change."

"Change!" exclaimed Herbert. "Name it not. Can the flower close its petals to the kiss of the golden sunlight, or the lake refuse to reflect the rays of the overhanging moon? Can the green bough turn aside its leaflets from the rain drops for which the noontide sun makes it pant? or can the silvery beach-sand but yield to the impress of the ocean wave? Does the sun change, or does time halt in its career? Ah, do not attach that word change to man—at least, to me!"

As he spoke, Mabel raised her eyes, but drooping with the weight of tenderness, they soon sank again beneath their long silken lashes, which threw a shade upon her blushing cheek. Yet the young lover's heart took courage from the look that gleamed upon him with momentary radiance, and the burning enthusiasm within his breast found voice:

"Mabel—dearest Mabel, need I tell you that you are the idol of my soul, my matchless divinity. Day after day have I basked in the sunlight of your smiles, and at night the very stars to me look dim, for my adoration of them has been transferred to your angelic form. Pure and good emotions hitherto unknown have welled forth in my soul, realizing all that poetry has dreamed and that love has deified. Mabel—fairest, gentlest, dearest Mabel! That glorious name is the magic spell of my life; can it be my own? Can I regard you, dearest one, as my pledged bride—as my betrothed? Light of my heart, life of my existence, will you be mine?"

Mabel shuddered, as if pierced by an arrow, and tears of which she was consciousless stole down her beautiful face. Leaning forward, she joined her hands convulsively together, and seemed to hold her breath that she might drink in every sound of his voice. She made no reply, for her heart was too full for utterance. Neither did she resist when Herbert clasped her in his arms, imprinting upon her stainless brow, her downcast eyes, her pure and roseate mouth, vehement and long-lingering kisses.

"Mabel—dearest Mabel, speak! Tell me that you love me. Say that I may look upon you as my plighted bride."

"Herbert," she replied, in tones which refreshed his heart, as cool water in an oasis refreshes the desert pilgrim,—"Herbert, my heart is yours!"

Joyous words—a rainbow of promise, which brought joy into

the young man's heart, where the music of hope kept merry pace with his thoughts. He could not see her eyes, for they were fringed by their long lashes, but he could feel the workings of her heart playing upon her lips like delirious joy.

There they sat, his arm yet lingering about her waist, and she not being loth to have it linger there—each "the ocean to the river of [the other's] thoughts" There he told her of his home, where the storms of winter are seldom felt, and where—blessed in each other's smiles—they might wander all day long, or recline by the cool spring, listening to the songs of joyous birds. There, too, his dear mother would welcome them; there would be no absences, and the cold world should only come between their hearts in visions of light and of love.

Thus built Herbert castles in the air, as many a young lover has before him, and the fair creature by his side listened and smiled, feeling happier than she had ever felt before. Earth was then to her a paradise, nor did she yearn for a brighter or purer heaven.

The well-known voice of the rector awakened them from their dream, and they sprang to their feet.

"Dearest," said Herbert, "this ring was my father's, and was given to me by my mother as her most precious treasure. Can I not exchange it for that small cross which you wear?"

In a second, Mabel detached the cross from her neck.

"This," she exclaimed, "is all the link between myself and my parents—I mean my own parents. It was on my neck when the good rector took pity on the shipwrecked infant; it has remained there since, and it is now all that I have to give you. Take it, and now farewell. I cannot go with you into the parsonage, and you will find the lower gate open. Good-by!"

Again did Herbert clasp her to his manly breast, and then they parted. The recording angel had registered their impassioned vows in the book of life—ay, and a human witness had been near by, listening to every word, though it fell like a clod of earth upon his coffined hopes. Little dreamed the young lovers that Frank Ordway had been near enough to touch them, crouching like a lion in the foliage, eager to spring upon Herbert and drink his heart-blood, yet restrained by a deep, hopeless love for Mabel. They parted in joy, but they left him in anguish.

"You have been out late to-night," said the rector, as Mabel approached the open door where he stood, a crimson glow flushing her cheeks, and her blue eyes radiant with joy. Yet she did not feel the least apprehension that she had done anything at all reprehensible, for the visits of Herbert had apparently given pleasure to the rector. So looking up in his face with frankness, she replied:

"I have been sitting in the summer-house with Mr. Yancey."

"Come into my study, Mabel," said he, in a kind tone. "I wish to have a few moments' conversation with you."

Never before had she thus been addressed with formality, and a nervous apprehension began to take possession of her whole frame as she followed him into the study, where he motioned her to a seat beside his large arm-chair.

"Mabel," said the rector, gazing at his ward with a look of anxiety, "I fear that I have done wrong—that is, I have not done right in sanctioning indirectly this sudden acquaintance with Mr. Yancey."

"O, sir, why?" asked Mabel, imploringly.

"Because I do not know him well enough," answered the rector.

"Not know him well enough!" exclaimed Mabel. "Why, sir, is he not the son of your own friend? Did he not risk his life to save mine?"

"Ah, Mabel," said the rector, in a grave tone, "why this interest in one who is almost a stranger—an acquaintance of a fortnight's standing?"

A shadow appeared to pass over Mabel's face like a cloud which shades a lake from the sun for an instant; then did her deep blue eyes appear more animated than before.

"You have never deceived me, Mabel; I know that you will not deceive me now. Do you think, or have you reason to believe, that Mr. Yancey loves you?"

"Sir," replied Mabel, turning so pale that the tracery of her blue veins was perceptible through her alabaster-like countenance, "I know that he loves me, for he has confessed his attachment."

"And you, Mabel?" asked the rector, in a tone of bitter anguish.

"I return his love," was the firm response.

"God grant that you may receive it!" said the rector, rising and pacing the room. "Think not, my dear Mabel, that I seek to detract from your happiness, or to say a word in disparagement of Mr. Yancey. His father was a high-minded, honorable man; and he, by rescuing you from a watery grave, has strong claims upon our gratitude. Still, my dear girl, I fear that I may rather have encouraged too rapid an acquaintance, and hope that, for my sake, you will be guarded how you place your affections in the hands of one of whom, personally, we know but little. May our heavenly Father watch over and bless you! Good-night."

Mabel's heart was too full for utterance, and as she rose to receive the pure kiss which the rector implanted upon her forehead, she feared that perhaps she had been hasty in suffering her feelings to be enlisted. But no. It was wronging Herbert Yancey to doubt him for an instant, and mastering her emotions for an instant, she exclaimed, "Good-night!" then hastened up stairs.

After she had left the room, the rector, taking a letter from his table, scanned it with great care. It was evidently written in a disguised hand, and read thus:

"HONORED SIR,—Are you aware that a wolf is in your flock—that a heartless libertine is seeking to do you a wrong—that the affections of your ward are to be trifled with, her life rendered miserable? Beware! Profit by this admonition, which comes from A FRIEND."

"And yet," muttered the rector to himself, after he had read this missive at least a dozen times, vainly endeavoring to detect some familiar feature in the chirography,—"and yet it is wrong even to attach suspicion to a fine looking young fellow, the son, too, of an old friend. He saved Mabel's life; why should she not love him? But O, if he should deceive her!"

Many were the doubts that crossed the rector's mind, and it was late in the night ere he extinguished his lamp and retired to rest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONNET.

BY MARY CORRINNA CLAIR.

The wailing wind of autumn, sad and drear,
Comes to my ears to-night; all day the sun
Pours down intensely, saffron, sober dun,
Rich scarlet hues, and green and gold appear.
Nature her children in bright robes of cheer
Has clothed; so soon by pale death to be won,
So soon their course, all regal, will be run,
And trees be leafless, leaves be dank and sere!
Upon thy marble face, my friend, the hue,
The hectic flush of death, I plainly see;
I weep, thy unwonted loveliness to view,
Knowing that death, thus gaily, comes to thee;
Winter will pass, spring will earth's robes renew—
Thou shalt be clothed with immortality.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT WATER.

The extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every twelve hundred tons of earth which a landholder has in his estate, four hundred are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowdon and Ben Nevis have many million tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster-of-Paris statue which an Italian carries through London streets for sale, there is one pound of water to every four pounds of chalk.

The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and the turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent., the other ninety per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailsful of water.

In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sun-flower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat-plant exhales, in a hundred and seventy-two days, about one hundred thousand grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out about ten tons of water per day. The sap of plants is the medium through which this mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap, various properties may be communicated to the growing plant. Timber in France is, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and poured over by the root of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.—*New Orleans Delta.*

BURIED TREASURES.

The Tiber is not only rich in historic associations, it is rich in treasure. An English company has actually offered to turn the current of the stream far above the city and around it, provided the government would give them what they might discover in its present bed. This would be attended with a vast expense, but it would pay. Treasures of art from age to age have found their way into the stream, which would bring in the market a perfect remuneration. In the museum of St. John Lateran, a magnificent column of stone is lying, which was taken not long since from the Tiber, a portion of which has been polished to display its beauty, and no one can see it without wishing to have more of the secrets of this river revealed. Statuary more perfect and perhaps more beautiful than any of the ancient works of art now seen in Rome lies embedded in groups beneath the stream. Agostino Chigi, the famous banker at the time of Leo X., once gave a splendid entertainment to the pope and his cardinals, at which the dishes were all precious metals. The price paid for three fish was 250 crowns. It is said that the dishes were all thrown into the Tiber by order of the rich banker, in order that no less illustrious guest might ever use them. The sacred vessels brought from Jerusalem by Titus, among them the golden candlestick, are reported to have been lost from the Milvian bridge, and if so, are still lying there. The present government of Rome will suffer nothing belonging to ancient art to pass from her territory, nor is it able to carry on such an investigation on its own account.—*New York Observer.*

BEAUTIFUL PETS.

The Baltimore American describes in enthusiastic language the beauties of the beautiful little deer which were brought from the island of Java by the United States frigate Macedonian, and are probably the only ones of the kind ever seen in the United States. They are described as about the size of the ordinary rabbit, but resembling the American deer in shape. The American says that "the limbs are very delicate, and the hoof, which is cloven, is almost transparent. In color they are reddish brown, with white breast and stomach. From the nose, and extending back to the ears, is a tan colored stripe on each side, and under the lower jaw a white stripe, forming a trident. They feed like cattle, and chew the cud, like that species of the animal creation. They are easily domesticated. The eye is large and projecting, but the ears are short and oblong. They are said to be very swift, and their appearance would indicate it, as they are formed precisely like the red deer of this country."

THE RAINING TREE.

The island of Fierro is one of the largest in Canarie Group, and it has received its name on account of its iron bound soil, through which no river or stream flows. It has also but very few wells, and these not very good. But the great Preserver and Sustainer of all remedies this inconvenience in a way so extraordinary that man will be forced to acknowledge that he gives in this an undeniable demonstration of his wonderful goodness. In the midst of the island there grows a tree, the leaves of which are long and narrow, and continue in constant verdure, winter and summer, and the branches are covered with a cloud which is never dispelled, but resolving itself into a moisture, causes to fall from its leaves a clear water, and cisterns at its foot to receive it are never empty.

A MAGICAL MANGO.

Everybody has heard of the Indian juggler's trick of producing a young mango tree from a seed which he takes from his bag, and submits to your examination. The seed is sound, and fit for planting. The juggler collects a quantity of earth, moistens it with water, and, taking a mango-stone from his bag, plants it in the earth he has prepared. Over all, he places a moderate-sized round basket, upon which he spreads his cloth or a native blanket. After an interval of discordant music and incantation, the cloth and basket are removed, the muddy seed is taken from the earth, and you observe that long, slender, white fibres, forming the root, have suddenly shot out. Again it is planted, and covered as before, and the music becomes more discordant and the incantation more furious. At length the charm is complete, and the removal of the basket displays a young and tender shoot, with two opening leaves at its summit. Exclamations of surprise from the bystanders, and satisfaction from the band of jugglers, complete the second act. Again all is covered up anew, and the ear-splitting music goes on. Suddenly the coverings are removed, and, to the amazement and delight of all, the first shoot of a young mango-tree, with its small light-colored leaves, makes its appearance.

"Seven years ago," says a correspondent of Chambers' Journal, "I was the spectator of such a scene at Madras, where I had gone on sick leave, and was glad of any amusement to relieve the monotony of a forced confinement to the house. I had a shrewd suspicion that, if I could examine this tree of miraculous growth, it would turn out a very simple affair. Acting on this idea, I suddenly seized it, and, in spite of the clamor of the jugglers, bore it off. It certainly had the appearance of a real mango-shoot. There was the dirty stone, wet and discolored, with the earth clinging to it. From its lower part, the white fibres of the recent root streamed out with a most natural appearance, whilst from the upper side sprang a perfect young shoot, six or eight inches in height, with the leaves in their earliest growth. A basin of water solved the mystery, for, on washing the stone, I found it old and dry, and split down on one side. From its cavity I took out a small bundle of grass roots, one end of which was tied with thread, and withdrew the young shoot of the mango from the top of the stone. Here you have only one part of the apparatus of deception. It is perfected in the following manner: The mango, an evergreen, grows in almost every large garden in India. A confederate first pulls a sufficient quantity of the roots of grass which are white, long and fibrous, and resemble the first growth of roots from the mango-seed. He ties them up, inserts the tie-end in the cleft stone, and gives them secretly with the cloth to his chief, who plants a mango-stone with the roots. The moist earth in which it is buried removes all appearance of deception. Again the confederate is ready with his progressive slips of mango, which, at every removal of the basket, he contrives to place within reach of the operator without being seen; and the latter, in his manipulations whilst covering up the basket with the cloth, slips them into the upper part of the slit in the mango stone. The same process may be continued so as to give you the fruit growing in its various stages, but this of course must depend on the trick being performed in the fruit season. I was twenty-three years in India, and never met with anybody who could explain the *modus operandi* of this trick, though almost all—not all—felt satisfied that it was a trick."—*Travels in India.*

PICTURES.

A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls and nothing on them; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful, and, perhaps, Idyllic scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Is it winter in your world?—perhaps it is summer in the picture; what a charming momentary change and contrast! And thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.—*N. H. Patriot.*

THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.

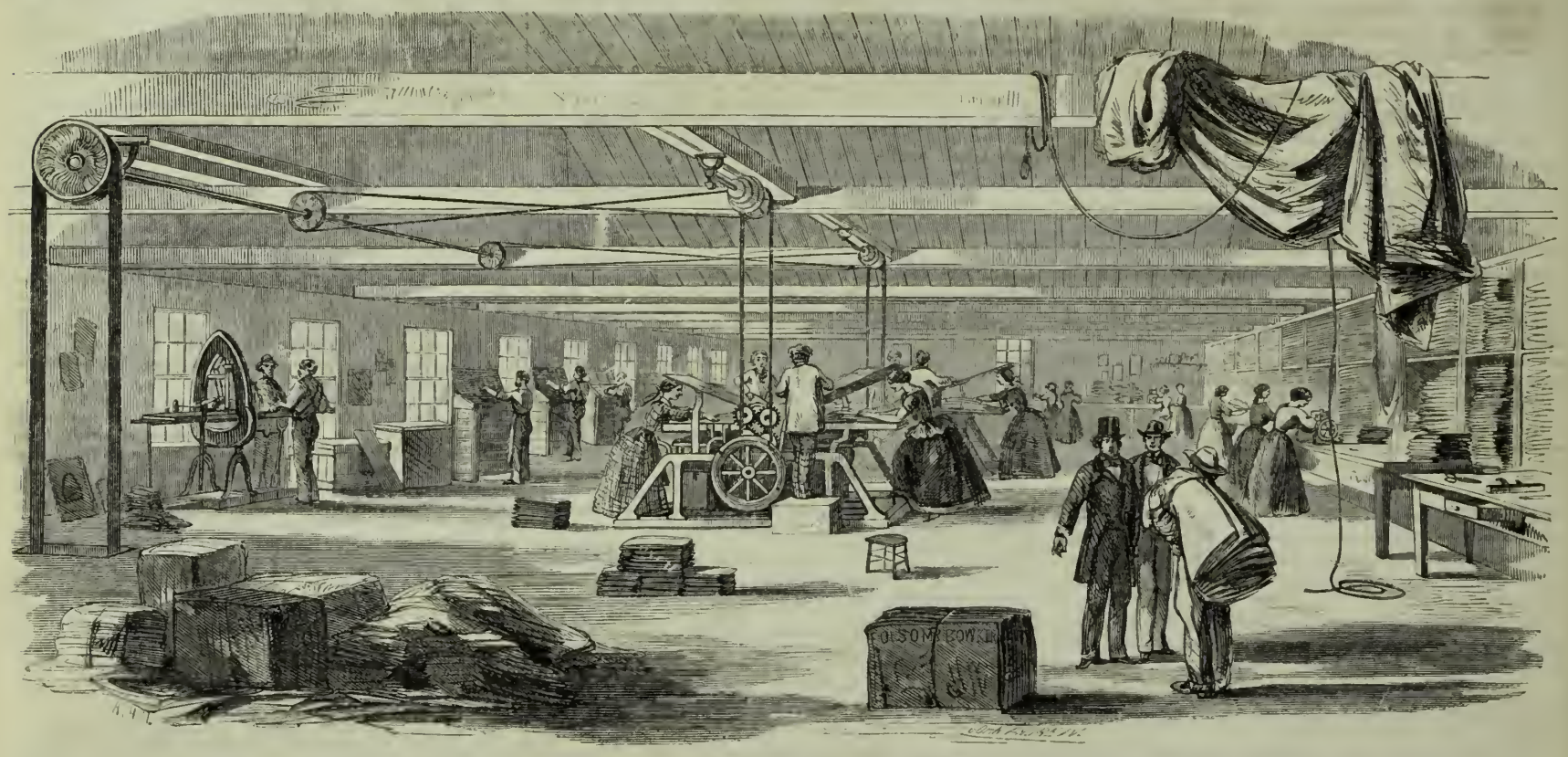
If the head that sleeps beneath the crown is uneasy, it is not because it is laid upon its pillow in uncomfortable lodgings. Crowned heads generally look out for the best quarters, and the pretty head of Queen Isabella of Spain has certainly a most magnificent shelter. The engraving on page 325 gives an accurate view of her superb palace, one of the finest in Europe, or rather, in the world. It is an undisputed model of architectural taste, beauty and grandeur, and its effect is most striking to the eye. It is situated at the western extremity on the site of the original Alcazar, or castle of the Moors, which was burned down on Christmas eve, 1734. Its extent is enormous, being 470 feet each way, and towering, a perfect mountain of masonry, to the height of 100 feet. The rustic base is of granite, and the window work is of white Colmenar stone, which glitters in the sunlight like marble. The architecture is a combination of Ionic and Doric. It contains a small but splendid Corinthian chapel, a library of nearly 100,000 volumes, and has one of the finest armories in the world. Our picture is drawn from the most favorable point of view, and the proportions of this remarkable edifice have been faithfully presented by the artist. The foreground is enlivened by the introduction of a military detachment marching into the courtyard over the lofty bridge. A regiment of infantry are passing in, and behind them comes a squadron of heavy horse. Some of the citizens are grouped together, watching the military pageant. The royal troops are not regarded with particular favor just at present, for they have but recently shed the blood of the people in the streets, and proved themselves the obedient instruments of O'Donnell in the late suppression of popular liberty. There are several other fine buildings in Madrid, such as the Chamber of Deputies, the Palace of the Councils, the Post Office, the Custom-House, the Palacio de Buenavista, and a few churches, but the city, with these exceptions, is not particularly remarkable for beautiful, nor has it any ancient, edifices. The recent date of its becoming the Spanish capital (under the reign of Philip II.), fully accounts for this. During the sway of the Austrian dynasty, which lasted about a century and a half, the only important buildings erected were convents, and these were far from being ornamental structures. Yet Madrid has very much to interest the traveller, as it has a peculiar and unique physiognomy of its own. And this interest in the capital of the nation may be somewhat enhanced when the former power and splendor of the Spanish people is remembered, which have been waning for centuries. The present critical condition of the nation seems to foretoken a still greater decay of its national strength.

FOLSOM & BOWKER'S BAG MANUFACTORY.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers views of the manufactory and ware-rooms of Messrs. Folsom & Bowker, 122 Commercial Street, in this city, widely known in their connection with the manufacturing by machinery of the various kinds of bags now so generally and extensively used in putting up flour, grain, hams, spices, and hundreds of other commodities in daily use. It may not be generally known that machinery is made to lend its powerful aid in their manufacture—that by its use bags are made faster, stronger and neater, and much more uniform in size and finish than they can possibly be by hand, and that formerly thirty or forty grain bags unevenly and very roughly made with the needle, was considered a good day's work; while now, the *sewing machine*, with its never-tiring arm, urged to its work by the ceaseless power of steam, and fed by the immense cutters and folders, rests nor pauses not till from 600 to 800 are made in the same time, and the printing presses finish nearly as many thousands. It is no wonder, when we consider these advantages and the gradual increase of the demand for the article for many years past (until now it is almost incredible), that these gentlemen should extend their means to meet this call; and we will endeavor to explain to our readers their *modus operandi*, which the engravings connected with this article will greatly assist us in doing. The first engraving gives a view of the Cutting and Sewing Room. In this department are some twenty sewing machines, attended by females, who are now seen at their work; here each bag is cut into proper dimensions, folded and sewed, or packed on long shelves, until the hungry maw of the sewing machine shall call for them. The third engraving is the same room viewed from the opposite end, where the bags are pressed into compact bundles for transportation, and the same being delivered,—the whole forming a busy and animated picture. The largest engraving displays the Printing Department, where three presses are almost constantly employed. The great variety of purposes for which the bags are required, and the various inscriptions to be imprinted, describing what they are to contain, rendering this absolutely necessary. In the fourth picture, we have a view of the Counting Room, through which the bags are finally despatched, properly put up according to the distance they are to be transported, and where samples of the many kinds and styles manufactured are constantly on view. It is almost impossible in an article like this, and where our space must be properly divided to suit the tastes of our many thousands of readers, to give such an extended notice of this business as we could wish; we shall, therefore, satisfy ourselves with a few hasty and general remarks. It is a fact not generally known that, during the late high price of flour, thousands of the poorer classes were forced, in the absence of larger means, to purchase the article by the bag. This extended over nearly every portion of our country; and in addition to the regular call, created an almost inconceivable demand for this variety of bags, which are made by tens of thousands at this establishment, the proprietors of which find a ready market in New England, at the same time shipping largely to the South and West, the latter particularly. It is curious to note how large results are often attained by small beginnings. Mr. Folsom (the senior partner and now the oldest manufacturer of bags in this city) was, some four or five years since, engaged in the making of clothing, in which he employed two or three sewing machines. The beauty and strength of the work attracted the attention of a gentleman who wished to have a few hundred bags made in an exceedingly strong and superior manner. This person made Mr. Folsom a proposition to sew them with his machines. After some demurring on his part, he consented; and when the work was finished, it gave such good satisfaction, a contract was offered Mr. Folsom by the gentleman, was accepted, and from using two or three machines in tailoring, the firm now use upwards of twenty, as we have shown, always at their highest speed, and running every working hour. We may as well mention, in this connection, that these sewing machines are all of the patent of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, whose extensive manufactory on Washington Street, near Waltham Street, is an ornament to our city. It is always a matter of pleasure to us to record individual instances of success which are the results of perseverance, energy and tact; and the firm whose name heads this article is deserving of more than this passing notice. They are always at their posts, ever ready to make a bid or to contract for the making of from one to thousands of pieces of the goods they manufacture; and having all the advantages of new and improved machinery, can compete with any other party in the business successfully, while their dealings are characterized by honesty and fairness. We were happy to observe that their employés were many of them females, some of whom we were informed, had been in the employ of the firm since the commencement of its business. A visit to their pleasant ware-rooms and manufactory would amply repay any who make it, whether from curiosity or on business, and we can assure all that they will be politely attended to in either case.



CUTTING AND SEWING ROOM.



THE PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

MESSRS. CHICKERINGS' GRAND PIANOFORTE.

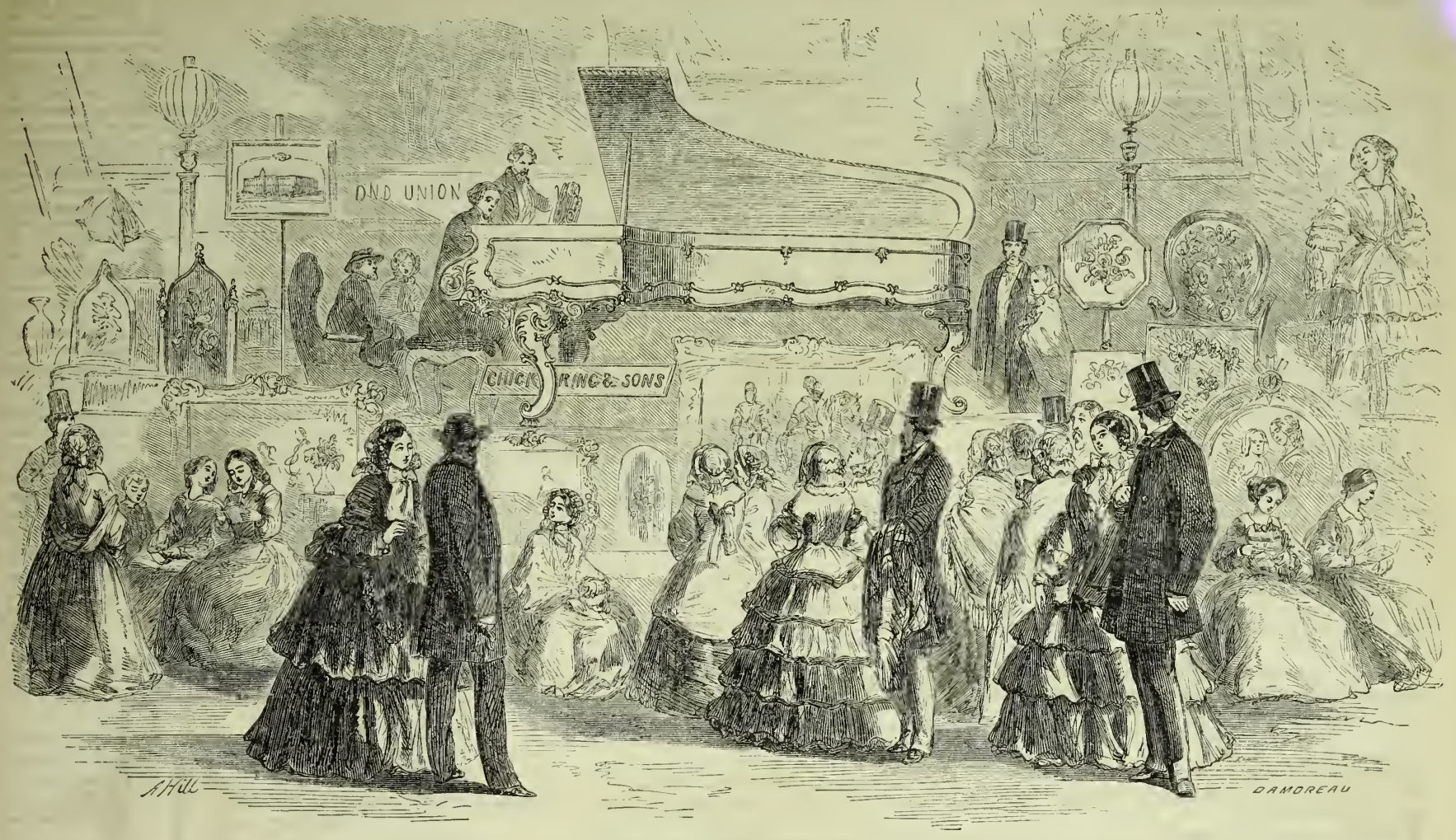
The highly beautiful and tasteful Enameled Grand Pianoforte, exhibited at the late fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association in Boston, by Messrs. Chickering & Sons, which the engraving on next page represents, was made by the Messrs. Chickering more for the purpose of showing to what a state of perfection their art had arrived in this country, than with the expectation of finding a purchaser for so costly an article. It is in the pure style of modern French furniture, and would grace any of the most *recherché salons* even in Paris. The body and legs of the instrument are made of the finest white maple, and the whole finished with a degree of art unsurpassable for mechanical excellence and delicacy of construction. The exquisite carvings upon the case and legs, from drawings made by the principal designer of the manufactory, attracted all eyes during the exhibition, and are of equal merit in the conception and performance, both of which were the work of one individual. No one who is not conversant with the process can be aware of the amount of work and the extreme care necessary in bringing it to a desirable conclusion in the enameling and gilding of so large and ponderous a body as this. This portion of the work was done by Messrs. Stromberg & Co., who can well challenge the world to produce a more perfect specimen of finished art in this department. The encomiums which have been passed upon this elegant article, with regard to its outside perfections and



CUTTING AND SEWING ROOM.



THE COUNTING ROOM.



MESSRS. CHICKERINGS' GRAND PIANO FORTE.

designs, may with the same justice be lavished upon its interior, which is equally unexceptionable in all the requirements of a grand piano, in the fullest sense of the term. Its tone, its power and its sweetness were equally the theme of admiration from the admiring crowds that constantly surrounded it, and had it been entered with the other superb instruments of the Chickerings for competition, it would doubtless have obtained as flattering an approval. When we look back some fifteen years, and refer in our memory to the perfect (as it was then called) piano of the elder Mr. Chickering (of kindly memory), and then cast our eyes upon this magnificent evidence of the advancement of the art, we cannot avoid the conviction that the motto of the new firm, "Excelsior," is not an assumption, but a reality, which is still more strongly shown by the recent announcement in the Transcript of an award of one gold, two silver and two bronze medals for superiority in all the various departments of their business. Our engraving not only delineates the superb instrument above referred to, but the manner in which it was exhibited on a high platform, enabling visitors to see it to advantage from all points. Grouped in various parts of the picture are sketches of the wares of other exhibitors, the whole forming an agreeable souvenir of the great Mechanics' Fair, one of the "institutions" of which Boston is justly proud. We have alluded above to the contrast between the enameled grand piano under notice and the pianos turned out a few years since from the same establishment, as representing a prodigious improvement; but how much greater the contrast between this work of art and those manufactured forty years ago! We should like, for the curiosity of the thing, to see this Chickering piano and one of the date of which we speak placed in juxtaposition. It would speak volumes. The little spindle-shanked oddity, with its few jingling notes, would be a spectacle of fun. What an amazing advance in mechanical and musical science has taken place in this country within a quarter of a century! When we think of the number of pianos made, we fancy that the market must be glutted, and yet, to our astonishment, we learn that the principal manufacturers, with all their facilities, cannot meet the growing demand.



THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID, SPAIN.

[For description, see page 828.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FORT NIAGARA.

BY JAMES F. PITTS.

[An accurate sketch of this locality is presented in Vol. X., No. 13, of Ballou's Pictorial.]

Old fortress! still thou standest sentinel,
Where swift Niagara meets Ontario;
Thy massy walls seem frowningly to tell
Of former strife and foe.

Thy ministers of death, the cannons black,
Look now as warlike as in days of yore;
When hostile columns marched to the attack,
Along Niagara's shore.

A superstitious air doth hang around—
Strange scenes thou'st witnessed in departed years;
And still thy wall uprears.

Thou art a monument of former age—
A relic of a generation past—
A place of former war, of strife and rage,
Where peace prevails at last.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NELLIE KENT.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

Frank Layton came down stairs, whistling a popular tune—he always whistled when he had nothing else to do. The library door half opened, and his father's voice said:

"Frank, my boy, come in here a moment, I want to speak to you."

Frank went in, closed the door after him, sat down in a chair, and gazed listlessly at the fire. He wondered what was coming.

"Are you never going to get married, Frank?"

There it was, the question direct, without any preliminaries.

"To tell you the truth, father, I have entertained the idea for some time. But I have seen nobody that suits me as yet."

"I have two in my mind now, Frank, either of whom would make you a splendid wife."

"Indeed—do I know them, father?"

"I think not. They are the nieces of your mother's old friend, Mrs. Moxey. They have both come here to live with her, lately, and from what I have seen of them, I should call them very beautiful girls."

"Well, father, supposing that I should see fit to propose to either of these young ladies and should be rejected, what then?"

"Pooh! no danger of that—not in the least, Frank."

Frank passed his hand over his curly hair. One of his greatest and by no means unpardonable weaknesses, was vanity.

"I suppose Mrs. Moxey will try to marry off her nieces, so that they may not be dependent upon her," said Frank, after a pause.

"There you are wrong, Frank. Both of these girls will have splendid fortunes when they come of age. Mr. Bernard was as rich as a Jew, and left all his money to be divided between his two children, Julia and Lucy."

Perhaps the old lawyer was thinking of some will he had drawn up. But it is certain that Frank winced a little as he guessed his father's motive for mentioning the subject to him. He had almost made up his mind that he wouldn't like either Miss Julia or Miss Lucy Bernard in spite of their splendid fortunes.

* * * * * * *

"My dear fellow, let me introduce you to the beautiful sisters," said Alfred Dale to his friend Frank Layton, as they met a few evenings after Frank's conversation with his father, at the house of Mrs. Moxey.

The sisters were indeed beautiful. Frank, as he chatted merrily with them, hardly knew which he liked best—Julia with her black hair and her splendid form, or the brown-haired Lucy with her sweet smile. He quite forgot that he had almost vowed not to like either of them.

"Take care of yourself, Frank," whispered Alfred, as they passed close to each other in the dance.

Frank blushed a little—for with all his vanity he had not forgotten how to blush. Suddenly his eyes fell upon an elfish-looking little figure in a corner of the room. The little face was shaded with a profusion of dark brown hair combed plainly back, and the eyes wandered restlessly over the room. Frank gazed wonderingly, but the next minute was entirely engrossed in a conversation with Miss Julia.

Once more, in the course of the evening, as he stood near Alfred Dale, he caught sight of the plain little figure.

"Here, Dale," said Frank, whispering, "don't look round abruptly now, but tell me if you can, who that elfin lady is in the opposite corner."

"My dear fellow, don't bore me with your elves. You know I am not in that strain."

"But just tell me,—who is it?"

But Alfred had already retreated, and was half way across the room.

As Frank wended his way homewards that night, he tried to think which of the two sisters had pleased him most. But though he examined his own mind carefully, he found that he admired them both equally.

And so weeks went on, and Frank's admiration had changed into love. At least he acted like a man who is attacked with that disorder. But still the problem remained unsolved. For the life of him he could not tell which of the ladies he liked best. Julia he had discovered to be a coquette, but that only fascinated him more. Then Lucy always agreed with him in everything he said. And every one knows how pleasant it is to have one's opinions always acceded to.

He was leaning back in his chair, hearing the wind blowing without, and thinking how comfortable the fire was on a cold day. Then he began to whistle, but stopped suddenly, with the wise reflection that he was a vain fellow after all. Even if he proposed to Miss Bernard, he might be rejected. But then as a good son he would run the risk, and besides that, he was desperately in love—with which, Julia or Lucy? He certainly didn't know which to propose to.

A bright idea entered Frank's head. He would draw lots—that would be just the thing. And by way of improving this bright idea, he selected two slips of paper, and was proceeding to arrange them fastidiously, when the door burst open, and Alfred Dale rushed in quite unceremoniously. Frank wished him an hundred miles off. The fellow always came where he wasn't wanted.

Instead of taking the offered seat, Alfred walked excitedly about the room without speaking a word. Frank looked at him in astonishment. He was certainly insane.

"Frank, how I wish I wasn't poor."

"A fine expression for a man who said only a short time ago he was glad he was poor, because he wanted to work his way up in the world."

"What a memory you have. But then, you know, there was no Miss Bernard in the case."

Frank longed to ask which Miss Bernard was in the case, but hardly dared to.

"I tell you, Layton, I was never more sorry for anything in my life, than when I heard that girl had a splendid fortune."

"Why?"

"Because if Julia had been poor, we should have been on an equality. You must know, Frank, I am over head and ears in love with her."

Frank set his teeth together. From the instant the name of Julia had escaped Dale's lips, Frank was quite sure that it would have been her to whom he should have decided to propose, if he had drawn lots.

"Frank, are you going to strike me?"

"No, Dale,—you are a good fellow. What say you to a saunter down the street?"

"And a call at Mrs. Moxey's," added Alfred.

And away the two young men went, arm-in-arm, Frank inwardly vowing that he would propose to Julia that very day.

Just before they reached Mrs. Moxey's residence, a graceful little figure ran up the steps.

"Who is she?" asked Frank, suddenly interested,—"the very same face that I saw some weeks ago at Mrs. Moxey's."

"So that is your elfin lady, is it? I heard she was some poor relative of Mrs. Moxey's. That estimable lady seems to have a countless number of relations."

"Did you hear her name, Dale?"

"The elfin lady's—yes, I think it was Kent, though I am not quite sure."

Julia looked splendidly on this particular day, and Frank became more decided than ever. He was consequently quite mortified when he found that Alfred entirely engrossed her attention, and that very little was bestowed upon himself. He seated himself by Lucy, but somehow her serenity ruffled him to-day. He longed to have a downright quarrel with some one.

His eye suddenly caught sight of the elfin lady, as he had christened her,—and he watched her as she glided across the room, and seated herself in a corner with her work. She certainly looked as if she might enjoy a quarrel, and Frank had half a mind to provoke one some way or another with this unknown lady. But then nobody introduced her to him, and therefore he had no opportunity.

Julia was holding a very animated conversation with Alfred Dale about a book she had been reading lately. There was a laughing dispute about some passage, and Julia proposed to get the book to show who was right.

"Ah, I forget," said she; "Nellie will do just as well as the book. Just repeat the passage for us."

The elfin lady quietly did as she was bidden, and the result was that Julia was declared to be in the right. Frank thought that the poor relative was of some use after all.

Day after day went on. Frank had not proposed yet to Julia, even though that lady had exerted all her powers to fascinate him, and treated Alfred with coldness. After all, Frank was not certain but what he liked the serene Lucy better. Besides that, Alfred had scarcely spoken to him lately, and had acted as if possessed by some demon. A certain old-fashioned rule came into Frank's head, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Alfred to be sure was miserably jealous, but then Frank would be magnanimous, and give up forever the idea of aspiring to Miss Julia's hand.

This momentous sacrifice once concluded upon, Frank put on his overcoat, for it was quite a chilly day in spring, and prepared to find Alfred. But he was neither to be seen at his office nor his home. No one knew where he had gone. Just as Frank was about to give him up in despair, he saw his well-known figure in a cross street. Hastening, he soon caught up with him.

"My dear fellow, how are you?"

"Well enough," growled Alfred, evidently not much pleased with the interruption.

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere."

"A very indefinite locality."

"Well then," said Alfred, angrily, "it is none of your business, to speak plainly."

Frank's good humor was growing wonderfully less, but he managed to speak bravely:

"Now Dale, don't be angry with me. You know we have been friends since we were boys, and I should like us two always to be friends. Don't you remember when all the other boys in school were against me, you took my part?"

"What is the use of recalling those old stories?" And Alfred turned moodily away.

"Because I never want to forget what a good, generous fellow you are. Why, I am not the least bit in love now with Miss Julia Bernard,—Miss Lucy is more to my taste."

"Why, Frank, I thought you had entirely supplanted me with your father's money and your good looks. I am not quite sure you haven't now."

"My dear fellow, I am not so vain that I cannot see that the lady does not care the least for me."

"If that is the case, there is hope for me yet. And I don't care if I am poor, I will work my way up yet. Frank, I am sorry I spoke so to you; I had no right to be angry with you."

"Never mind that. Are you going to Mrs. Moxey's select party this evening?"

"Yes, to be sure. I didn't think though of going a little while ago."

The young man parted at the door of Alfred's office, Alfred looking quite pleased with himself and all the world. Frank wended his way homewards in a spirit of cheerful martyrdom. There were no longer two to choose between, and the state of glorious uncertainty he had been in for the last three months was quite done away with. As he opened the front door, he met his father with coat and hat on all ready for going out.

"Come into the library just one moment, Frank."

Frank followed his father a little reluctantly. He would like to have been excused.

"Have you proposed to either of those young ladies yet?"

"No," said Frank.

"And when do you mean to?"

"I cannot possibly tell."

"Cannot tell, when you have been dilly-dallying these six months. I tell you it is of the greatest consequence that you should marry one of them. If you don't, you young rascal, I'll marry one myself, and leave you nothing in my will."

The old gentleman paused a moment to take breath, and then went on.

"I am going to Mrs. Moxey's—she is as anxious as I am that you should marry one of her nieces. Just see what you subject me to, Frank. Mrs. Moxey actually thinks that my calls on your behalf, are really on her account. There is no limit to the vanity of women."

And the old lawyer departed, leaving his son to rather uncomfortable reflections. In the first place, Frank disliked the idea of marrying any one for her money. As much as he admired Lucy Bernard, he almost resolved to forget her, rather than that it should be said he married her for her wealth. Then there was the disobedience to his father's express wishes—an act he had never been guilty of before. However, he determined that that evening should decide his fate one way or another, and in the morning he would give his father a direct answer.

Mrs. Moxey's party was quite a brilliant affair. No one knew better how to get up a party than the widow. And her two beautiful nieces were quite an attraction. Alfred Dale was present, of course, and Julia and he were exceedingly good friends. Frank almost envied Alfred his happiness. As for himself, he took a seat by Lucy Bernard with the uncomfortable feeling that his father's eye was fixed upon him watching his every movement. He became quite silent, very different from the usually agreeable Frank Layton. Lucy Bernard, after rallying him a little on his apparent dulness, left him to his own reflections. He watched her conversing gaily with some gentlemen in another part of the room. After all, it would be a frightful thing to marry a person who would never differ with him from one year's end to another, even if that person were rich and beautiful. He would have liked a passionate person better.

Quietly passing through the brilliantly lighted rooms, he went through the door that led out on the piazza. Something dark on the floor attracted his attention. Stooping down, he discovered a bunch of violets, which from the fragrance they retained, seemed to have been freshly gathered.

In an exceedingly sentimental turn of mind, he stood gazing at the moon, as the "queen of night" suddenly emerged from a filmy cloud. One by one he dropped the violets over the railing of the piazza, counting a year with each one. Twenty-four violets he had dropped into the darkness, and just twenty-four years had he lived. Twenty-four years of idleness; but from that night forth, he would commence to work out his own fortune.

"Will you spare me a few of my violets?"

The voice quite startled him; he was certain no one had passed through the door since he himself had. He looked around the piazza—a black object was just observable on a bench in the corner. Then the figure slowly arose and came towards Frank—there was no mistaking Miss Nellie Kent.

"Pardon me the use of your property—were they so very valuable to you?"

"Everything is valuable that we toil for. I climbed a steep hill for those violets this afternoon."

"I'm very sorry; I did not know they belonged to any one in particular." It was certainly a very odd, elfish little figure, and a very pretty face that the moon shone upon. "Did the moon attract you, too, Miss Nellie Kent?"

"No, I came here because it was so warm and so tiresome in there."

She had hrushed past him, and re-entered the lighted rooms. With the remnant of the violets in his hand, he soon followed, and a few minutes after took his leave of Mrs. Moxey. Frank's dreaded explanation with his father came sooner than he expected. As he opened the outer door that night, his father was pacing the hall, his face looking pale and careworn.

"Is it all settled, Frank?"

"No, father," was Frank's resolnte answer.

"And why not?"

"Because I find I have no stronger feeling than admiration for either Miss Julia or Miss Lucy Bernard. And I can never bring myself to marry any one merely for her money."

"Then, Frank, we are ruined."

"How so, father?"

"If you will have the circumstances, you must know that I invested all my property in a speculation and failed. That is, I have lost everything, and find myself as poor as I was thirty-five years ago. I did hope that my son would retrieve my fortune by marrying Miss Bernard."

"He will do better than that, father—he will work for you."

"Work! I believe little in a son who goes contrary to what he knows are my express wishes."

"I could not do what I should regret all my life; but I can and I will work hard."

"Nonsense, you never worked in your life."

"The more reason that I should now, father."

But the old lawyer was already slamming the door after him, muttering to himself, "ruined, ruined entirely." Frank could hear his father pacing his room all through the night. Once and awhile the sound ceased, as if he were resting. But in a few minutes the walking re-commenced. It was so painful for Frank to hear, that his resolution almost wavered. Once or twice for his father's sake he almost came to the determination to marry Miss Bernard and her splendid fortune. But then he could not lose his own self-respect, which he should certainly do, if he married with such a mercenary object in view. No, he would rather work night and day.

He walked out early in the morning hefore his father was up. The cool, fresh air was quite reviving, and more for the sake of forgetting his anxieties than anything else, he climbed a hill and saw the sun rise over the water. Coming down, his attention was attracted by some violets, that brought back to his remembrance one scene of the previous evening. He gathered a bunch of the fragrant flowers, determining to send them to Miss Nellie Kent in place of those he had destroyed. Consequently, as he passed Mrs. Moxey's house, he left them at the door, and then went home to breakfast and an angry father.

In due course of time, the misfortune of Mr. Layton, senior, became widely known, and friends fell off accordingly. Mrs. Moxey grew a little colder, though all the rest of the household remained unchanged. In spite of the freezing reception he received from that respectable lady, Frank still was a constant visitor; for out of the affair of the violets had grown quite an acquaintance with Miss Nellie Kent. In fact, the elfin lady occupied his thoughts much of the time.

The marriage of Alfred Dale with Julia Bernard was quite a settled affair; the chief regret of Alfred being that Julia was not as poor as himself. Now, it is a strange thing, but an actual fact, that Frank Layton made the proposal to Miss Nellie Kent, that he had thought of making to two other ladies before her. And he was accepted; and more than that, it was arranged that he should be married at the same time as his friend, Alfred Dale. After that, Frank was to commence in earnest to work out his fortune.

The wedding-day came and turned out like a great many others, to be the best day that could possibly have been selected. The brides were certainly beautiful. One knew not which to admire most. But the ceremony was over, and the party returned from church, and Nellie stood by the window looking out.

"Mrs. Nellie Kent Layton—how does that title sound?" asked Frank.

"Not quite right, Frank. It should be Mrs. Nellie Kent Bernard Layton—though everybody use to call me Nellie Kent."

"I thought that was your name."

"No, Bernard was my father's name. But I never told you of your mistake, Frank, because I wanted you to think me poor."

"But you were poor, Nellie—at least, I thought it was Julia and Lucy who were rich."

"No, they have each of them only a little property. My father was very rich, and left me all his property." Frank stood silently looking out of the window. "Are you so terribly sorry that I am rich?" asked Nellie, timidly.

"No, my dear," said Frank, drawing her towards him. "But I was thinking that I should still adhere to my plans for working, so as not to be dependent upon my wife. Besides that, Nellie, you know that 'everything is valuable that we toil for.'"

WHALING EXTRAORDINARY.

A Yankee skipper is at present in Manchester for the purpose of getting two rifles of a very peculiar character made by Mr. Whitworth, the eminent mechanical engineer. They are each forty pounds weight, and are intended to shoot whales that cannot be approached and killed in the ordinary method. The barrel is only thirty inches long, rifled polygonally to describe one turn in length. The projectile is a shell of three pounds weight, six inches long, fired from the shoulder with 2 1-2 drachms of powder, and having a charge inside of four ounces. The skipper states that he killed three whales last season out of forty fired at with a bomb, in the shape of an arrow twenty inches long, and having India rubber wings to guide its flight. The rest spouted blood, but got away, owing to the length of the homb detracting from its destructiveness. They are one hundred feet long, and weigh two hundred tons. The ship and crew are now waiting at Cork until the rifles and shells are completed.—*London Times.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WEENONA.

BY WALTER EVERETT.

Hail, thou bright, majestic river!
Sporting with the summer gale;
Where the sunshine arrows quiver,
In the peaceful, smiling vale!
Here once dwelt an Indian maiden—
Fair Weenona! blithe and free;
And her step was like a sunbeam
Dancing o'er the playful sea!

Young and handsome was Weenona,
Light and graceful as a fawn;
And her cheeks were like the roses—
Like the crimson blush of morn!
Like the dew-stars' brilliant sparkle,
From their jewelled realms of light,
Were her eyes;—her silken tresses,
As the darkness of the night.

One there was—a dark-eyed warrior,
Proud and noble, and a king!
He had seen the queenly maiden,
Heard the young Weenona sing.
One bright evening she sat musing,
Near her wigwam, by the stream;
Bright the star-beams shone above her—
Lovely was Weenona's dream.

Suddenly there stood before her,
One she loved—a warrior bold:
"Fair Weenona, has Abankee
Dared to you his love unfold?"
"Ay, he has," the maiden answered,
"Ha! the villain!" and he frowned;
Darkly as the storm-cloud's threatening,
Ere the rain-drops pierce the ground.

Clearly shone the moon above them,
Near them rocked their light canoe;
"Let us fly!" Weenona whispered—
"Red Bird, I will follow you!"
Like an arrow from its quiver,
Swift they sped a-down the stream;
Ah, they saw not their pursuers,
Nor the tomahawk's pale gleam!

O'er the cataract's mad waters,
Through the white and seething foam,
They were wafted safely onward,
To their far-off forest-home.
There they lived and loved together,
In their wigwam—happy twain!
And Weenona's song of gladness
Echoed through the hills again!

In the Valley of Wyoming,
Years agone, one lovely night,
Languished gentle, young Wenona,
And her spirit took its flight!
Soon her husband followed after,
To the silent land of shades;
Never more their songs of gladness
Echoed through the valley-glades.

Near the river, where a willow,
Drooping, weeps o'er grassy mound,
There they laid the Indian lovers—
Sacred be that spot of ground!
In the silent "Vale of Waters,"
There is fair Weenona's grave;
Underneath the fringing osiers,
By the blue and shining wave;
And the violet lifts its head
O'er the long-forgotten grave.

MONACO.

Upon the southern shore of North Italy, between the Sardinian States of Genoa and Nice, washed by the rolling waters of the Mediterranean, is situated the independent principality of Monaco—a principality containing fifty-three square miles of territory—which is more than twice as much as that possessed by the world-renowned republic of San Marino. The principality of Monaco was founded as early as the tenth century, in favor of the house of Grimaldi, under whose rule, with partial interruptions, it has ever since remained—the prince usually residing in Paris a considerable portion of the year. It has a population of about seven thousand inhabitants, who are prouder of their little State than Napoleon is of his empire. Their capital, built on a rocky promontory, is a town of twelve hundred people, defended by fortifications erected by Louis Fourteenth. The entire principality is under the protection of Sardinia. The people of Monaco, conscious of the inferiority of their State in point of size, have adopted the policy of attracting attention by making a great noise in the world, and it is said that for more than a century, this little principality, not eight miles square, has not ceased for a single day to disturb all Europe with its protests, its pronunciamentos and declarations of right. In this manner it has thus far escaped the encroachments of its more powerful neighbors.—*Portfolio.*

SHIPS AND THE SEA.

I do not know of anything that shows more evidently the limitless capacity of man, and his prerogative to conquer the dominions of nature, than a ship. Even the first rude bark, creeping timidly from the shore, was an indication of this delegated lordship over the material world—the first pushing out of those attennæ of the human mind that were to clasp around the globe, and stretch out their measuring lines among the stars. And now follow this adventurous achievement, from that simple boat to the vessel that bore Columbus stretching out beyond all ancient landmarks, and beating onward, like the energies of his own dauntless heart, through the gray mystery of the deep—follow it to the deck of a modern steamship condensing in its enormous and beautiful model the art and science of six thousand years, and whipping its surges with its lash of fire, and you will understand how this great and wide sea has accomplished the purposes of wise and benevolent design, by developing, through its very difficulties, the mind, and elevating the social condition of man. Yes, the sea is a great civilizer that carries round the wide world tokens from land to land, and binds together the destinies of the race.—*E. H. Chapin, D. D.*

AN UNFAITHFUL STEWARD.

The Duke of Devonshire was once rambling over his estates, and had prolonged his walk to an unusual distance, when he perceived that one of those sudden showers, so characteristic of sultry summer, was about to burst above him. He disliked a drenching, and hoping that he might presently discover some farm-house, or other means of shelter, he hurried to the top of a hill not far off, when his eye was arrested by a scene in the valley below which he could compare to nothing but one of enchantment. It was a little Gothic farm-house nestling among the trees, and surrounded by the greenest and most beautiful meadow lands he had ever seen. The duke was perfectly transported by the air of dreamy quietude which hung about it, and he fancied he could almost hear the hum of innumerable bees in the clover-blossoms. When he reached the door, he discovered a middle aged woman spinning, and a young girl of fourteen or fifteen years employed at the churn. The rain had just commenced to patter down in large drops, so that the duke had a good excuse for entering. The poor woman knew the duke only by reputation—she had never seen him before; but she knew from his look and bearing that he was no ordinary person, which of course created considerable trepidation in the heart of the simple matron. The duke said:

"Be not concerned, my good woman, for the sudden shower coming up is the sole cause of my intrusion in the midst of this little paradise." The woman curtsied and stammered out some sort of reply. "I am quite famished," said the duke, "and if you will be so good as to give me a mouthful of something to eat, I will endeavor to intrude on your hospitality no longer than the shower continues."

"I have nothing in the house, your honor, but some bread and cheese, and a drink of ale," replied the woman, reddening.

"O, that will do very well," answered the duke, who had never tasted a morsel of coarse bread in his life. "I think I will try some—anything to stay my appetite."

While he was partaking of the homely fare which the poor woman spread before him, he inquired if she owned the cottage and the few acres of beautiful green meadow land which surrounded it.

"We did once, sir—that is my husband did; but—" here she hesitated.

"Go on!" said the duke, who saw in a moment that some trouble was lurking at the bottom of it. "I am always interested in the distresses of the poor—if that is your condition."

"It was, sir, till the Duke of Devonshire's steward came to me one day, and said the duke wanted it, and that he would give me sixteen acres away yonder on the hillside, which was good for naught (I could never keep one sorry cow on it but it would look like it were starved), for my five acres here at home, which would keep two sleek and fat."

"But my good woman," said the duke, "do you suppose the Duke of Devonshire would be guilty of so base an act? Why did you not apply to the authorities for redress?"

"Alas!" answered the poor woman, bursting into tears, "the steward assured me if I made any resistance, the duke would take away everything I had, and send me straight to the work-house. Indeed, I used to think the duke was a good man before this, and my husband, honest man, believed it also."

The duke was sensibly affected, and turning to the window, said: "I am a friend of the duke's, and at present am stopping at Chatsworth Hall; but I doubt if the duke, till the present hour, has ever heard a word of what you have been telling me. Indeed, I am so confident of this, and am so much interested in your grievances, that you shall accompany me on my return, and shall learn from the duke's own mouth the falsity of what the steward has told you."

At first the poor woman hesitated. But the duke assured her that no harm should befall her; that he would stand by her to the last; and that she should soon have the satisfaction of having all her former rights restored to her. Thus re-assured and encouraged, the poor widow, after the shower had subsided, started off in company with the duke on his return to Chatsworth.

When they arrived at the Hall, the steward was sent for, and was completely thunderstruck on beholding the poor woman whom he had so basely defrauded of her rights, in company with the duke his master. He was questioned, and without attempting to deny the charge, he fell on his knees and confessed his iniquity. The duke was perfectly calm during the confession, and when he was done, he turned to the woman and inquired how much her five acres of land were worth to her a year. He then figured up the amount, adding interest and compound interest, and then turning to the steward, said: "Pay this woman the amount, and then I have a settlement to make with you for the remaining sixteen acres which you have appropriated to your own use, which I shall likewise confer upon this poor woman. It is now sixteen years since you commenced to serve me as steward, and this is the second of your offences known to me; and I warn you, as you value your situation, that you never be guilty of a third."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE POETRY OF THE EAST. By WM. ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall. 1856. 12mo. pp. 280.

In this elegant volume, the Rev. Mr. Alger, who is fully competent to the task, has unrolled a splendid panorama of Eastern poesy, giving us glimpses of a wealth of the existence of which the mass of readers is probably unaware. His prefatory essay on oriental poetry is a production of great interest and importance.

THREE-FOLD TEST OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By WM. R. GORDON, D.D.

The reverend author of this volume handles the exciting subject of spiritualism in a novel manner, and argues from his standpoint with considerable force. It is a book which will provoke much controversy. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY. By the VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND. Translated by CHARLES I. WHITE, D.D. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 763.

A complete translation of De Chateaubriand's great work, with a biography of the author, and copious critical and explanatory notes. Apart from the purpose of these essays, which sprang from the recoil of a devoted spirit against the atheism of the French revolution, they are models of style, and the translator has given in pure English the equivalent of the pure and brilliant French of the original. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

THE BANISHED SON, AND OTHER STORIES OF THE HEART. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 271.

There are twelve of these charming stories, now to be read with a mournful interest since the death of their gifted author. The perfect purity and womanliness of her writings enhances the effect of their power and brilliance. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST. By S. N. CARVALHO. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 380.

The author enlisted as an artist in Col. Fremont's last expedition, shared the adventures of the party, and also passed through a variety of perils of his own. With a wide field for description, he has managed his materials with skill, and made a very readable book. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

PASSION AND PRINCIPLE.—T. B. Peterson has published this fine story by Mrs. Grey in pamphlet form, and it may be obtained of A. Williams & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, we have received "L'Inquietude," "Kiss Schottish," "Di Provenza il Mar," from La Traviata, and the "Messenger Polka." Also from G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, the "Rigoletto Polka Redowa," "Love Chase Gallop," and a new version of "Pop goes the Weasel."

CAPE COD.

On this and the next page we present a series of faithful sketches, drawn for us on the spot, by Mr. Kilburn, and delineating some of the most striking localities on Cape Cod, a portion of Massachusetts exhibiting many features of interest. The second view in this series depicts the town of Provincetown, originally a part of Truro, but incorporated as a township in 1727, with the investiture of peculiar privileges, the inhabitants being exempted from taxation. At this time, and for ten or twelve years thereafter, it was a flourishing place, but at the expiration of this period, the people began to forsake the town, and before the year 1748, it was reduced to two or three families. In 1755, it contained about ten dwelling-houses, and in 1776, about twenty houses and 205 inhabitants. After the Revolutionary war, it gradually rose from its state of depression. The town of Provincetown is situated on the end of the peninsula of Cape Cod, and lies in the form of a hook. It averages about three and a half miles in length, and two and a half in breadth. The entire township consists of beaches and hills of sand, and a few shallow ponds. The harbor is completely landlocked, and very capacious and safe, and is a place of great importance to navigation. This was the first harbor at which the Mayflower touched in her passage to Plymouth, in 1620. Provincetown stands on the northwestern side of the harbor, on the margin of a beach of loose sand. Immediately behind the town is a hill or cliff of sand, as seen in our view, upon the summit of which stands the town-house, making a very conspicuous landmark, which may be seen for miles from every point of the compass. The houses are mostly situated on a single street two miles in length, and running near the water's edge, provided with a good plank sidewalk for the entire distance. The street is very narrow and irregular, and upon stepping from the sidewalk, the foot sinks into the sand, which is so light that it drifts about the houses like snow in a driving winter storm. Although surrounded on every side by the ocean, good water is obtained by digging at a moderate depth a short distance from the shore. In our view, the town house is seen upon the cliff; the building immediately beneath the flag-staff is the bank; the church to the left is the Methodist; the next is the Orthodox, and the remaining one seen is the Universalist. Provincetown has a large shipping interest, and a great many whalers are owned and fitted out here. It has become during the summer the resort of a great many strangers, for the purposes of fishing and inhaling the invigorating sea breezes. It is about fifty miles east-southeast of Boston. In the extent of the mackerel fishery carried on here, this port ranks as the fourth in the State, being surpassed only by Gloucester, Wellfleet and Newburyport. In 1851, sixty vessels, with a tonnage of 4332 tons owned here, were engaged in the mackerel fishery, employing 688 men and boys. During the year 1852, 17,640 barrels of mackerel were inspected at this port. The population, by the last census, was 3157. The remaining sketches of our series were made in and about Truro. The settlement of Truro was commenced about 1700. Its Indian name was Pamet, and it appears to have been purchased in 1697. In 1705, it was erected into a township called Dangerfield, and in 1709, it was incorporated by its present name. The town is situated on the northern extremity of the peninsula of Cape Cod. It is about fourteen miles in length, and three in breadth in the widest part. Excepting the salt marshes, the soil is very light and sandy, and free from stones or the growth of wood. No hay, with the exception of marsh or salt hay, is produced, and the appearance of the soil is rather dubious in regard to pasturage. The whole face of the township is composed of sand-hills, and narrow valleys and depressions. The tops of some of the hills spread into a plain, and from these, in the northern portion of the town, nothing can be seen but the ocean and one wide waste of sand covered in places with moss and sparse grass, and in others white, loose and drifting like snow. There is now no wood in this part of the cape, although tradition says it was once heavily wooded; but from the present appearance it is hard to realize it. Pine seed has lately been planted to considerable extent, and embryo pine forests are to be seen in various places. The Highland Light, delineated in our third engraving, stands upon an elevated cliff, and forms a conspicuous object from the inland, as well as from the seaward side. The telegraph line from Boston runs to this light-house, and vessels coming into the bay are telegraphed from it. Not far from this light is the windmill, seen in our last engraving, a fair sample of the mills with which the cape is studded. Pond village, depicted in our first engraving, occupies the inside of the cape. The view we present gives a good idea of the scenery and general appearance of the villages in this part of the cape. The hills, which rise in graceful and regular swells, are entirely destitute of trees or shrubbery, which gives them a peculiar and barren appearance. Truro Beach, which forms another of our pictures, is quite near Pond Village. It forms no harbor, but vessels lie in the offing and communicate with the shore by boats; the fish-houses, etc., make a picturesque appearance. Provincetown is connected with Boston by the regular packet Ohta, Capt. Young, and other packets, and by stage, which runs through Truro, Wellfleet, Eastham, Orleans, Brewster and Dennis to Yarmouth, fifty miles, where it connects with the Cape Cod Railroad. Truro is about 110 miles by land, and 55 by water from Boston. The inhabitants derive their chief support from the fisheries. In 1852, 52 vessels and 581 men and boys were employed here in the mackerel fishery; 2541 barrels of mackerel were inspected in that year. In the great gale of 1841, this town lost 57 men, whose homes were in a circuit of two miles—27 of them married, and only eight over thirty years of age. The population at that time was about 1900; the number of widows, 105. In 1850, the population was 2051.



POND VILLAGE, TRURO, MASS.



VIEW OF PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

THE CASHMERIANS.

The Cashmerians are a handsome race, with the oval faces and aquiline nose peculiar to the Affghans, somewhat of the Jewish type, but of a more open expression: they have fair complexions, with a slight blush of red upon the cheek. The Mussulman population seemed to me to have the finest features; but the Hindoos (almost all Brahmins) have fairer skins, more white and pink—some would be reckoned fair even in England—and the tint of the skin is to me more beautiful than that of the generality of my own countrymen. The men are broad-shouldered and stoutly built, of a middling height. One sees fewer of the extremes, neither very tall nor very short men, as in most other countries. The dress of the lower classes consists of a loose woolen frock, reaching below the knee, gathered in round the waist by a piece of white or colored cloth, and a white turban on the head. The better classes wear the same style of dress, but made of a much finer material, the fine wool or Pushmeena, from which the shawls are made. This is usually either of lilac or fawn color, and is very expensive. Mahomedans and Hindoos wear the same dress, and all have the face unshaven. Some of the children are lovely; and along the banks of the river the little girls, seen playing and dabbling in the water, called forth our warm admiration. The women I am not able to describe. It is the custom in the East for all respectable women to conceal the face and figure as much as possible; and



HIGHLAND LIGHT, TRURO, MASS.

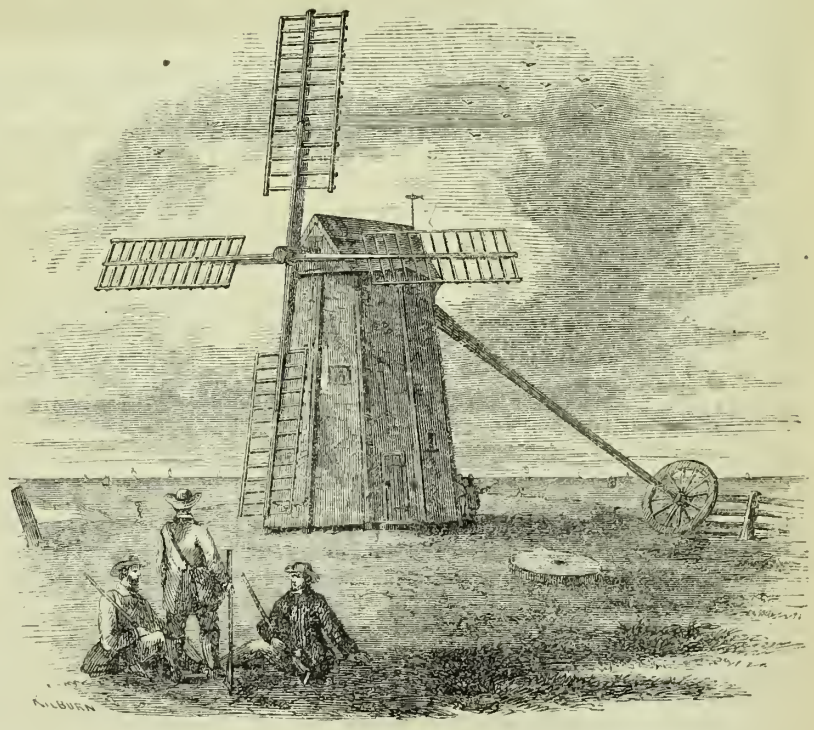
RAILROADS IN EUROPE.

The great railroad line from Paris to Marseilles, a distance of 535 miles, is now completed, except the bridges at Lyons, across the two rivers, the Soane and the Rhone, at the junction of which the city stands. These bridges, when finished, will be as fine specimens of workmanship as can be anywhere found. The one across the Rhone is already nearly done—built of cast iron—and it presents a most beautiful and picturesque view, as seen from a point about half a mile above it. The piers of the bridge across the Soane are now building in water forty or fifty feet deep. Great cylinders of cast iron are first planted on the bottom of the river—by some means, I know not how—which reach above the surface of the water. From these the water is pumped out, and the workmen descend in them as in a well, and carry on the work of rearing the piers from the bottom of the river. This bridge across the Soane is approached by a tunnel five or six miles in length! How far it is below the surface of the earth I cannot tell. But it is no uncommon thing in this country to travel for a mile or two at a time through a tunnel, and that, too, at the rate of about forty miles per hour. But the railroads in this country are so delightful! There is scarcely any perceptible motion. The roads are beautifully graded, and then covered with pebbles or small fragments of rock pounded in so as to make them firm. The sides of the embankments are turfed. The tracks are always double, so that there is no



RACE POINT LIGHT.

distance it has a very pretty effect, but the coarseness of the material injures very much the appearance when seen too closely. The higher classes of ladies, in their houses, wear loose silk trousers, and a kind of silk skirt, all generally of a red color. The taking style of their dress gives a romantic effect to their personal beauty and natural symmetry of form which has always attracted the notice of travellers; and they have become the ideal models of natural grace and perfection the world over. Nowhere else in Asia, if in the world, are to be found so close resemblances to the statuary of the ancient sculptors whose fidelity to nature was unrivalled, as the natives of Cashmere exhibit in the outlines of symmetrical elegance of mould. The refinements of modern life do not seem to have developed a greater degree of physical beauty.—*London Literary Gazette.*



WINDMILL NEAR HIGHLAND LIGHT, TRURO, MASS.

although this is less the case in Cashmere than perhaps any other part of Asia, still an Englishman cannot become acquainted with the appearance of many. The girls of a marriageable age, and all those at all remarkable for personal appearance, are kept shut up. We could therefore form our opinions only from the few of the commoner classes met about the town and surrounding country. The young women do come down to the river to wash their feet and clothes. But our boat, with its gay pavilion and numerous rowers, was a marked object wherever we went; and, I suppose from fear, whenever we approached, the young ladies ran off as quickly as they could. On a few occasions, turning sharply round a corner, we surprised a fair bevy of damsels, and a glimpse thus obtained, confirmed the opinion generally entertained of the beauty of Cashmerian women. They better deserve the name of fine than pretty. They are tall, stoutly limbed, with a majestic walk; the nose and upper lip beautifully formed; the dark eye large and soft, like that of the gazelle, with the long, silken black lashes and magnificently arched eyebrows. The hair is parted in the centre, gathered into several plaits behind, which are again collected into one and worked with worsted into a tail reaching to the ankles. A red or white fillet is bound round the head, and the dress consists of a large, woolen, loose frock of red color; this reaches a little below the knee, and sometimes they gather it round the loins with a white scarf. At a little



TRURO BEACH, MASSACHUSETTS.

danger of a collision. The coaches are elegant, and the whole management of the roads is conducted with the strictest reference to the convenience, comfort and safety of the passengers. Travelling by rail in England, and especially on the continent, is much more pleasant, and vastly safer than in the United States. The express, and the direct trains, as they are called, make but few stoppages on the long routes, and ordinarily not more than one or two minutes at a station. Then everything is so quiet. There is no bustle nor noise at the station. In obtaining tickets, but one person can approach at the same time, and he must get his change and retire before another can apply. In a word, there is perfect system about everything. The coaches are not like ours. They are divided into apartments that resemble elegantly furnished private carriages. On the continent there are eight seats in these apartments; in England only six. The first class on the continent is far superior, in point of comfort, to the first class in England. In England they have no means of warming the coaches in cold weather. In France they warm them by means of cylinders of hot water, which are changed two or three times during the night or day. They keep the coach very comfortable. How unlike are these careful and thorough regulations to those generally enforced on the railroad routes in this country, where comfort is often sacrificed to speed.—*New Yorker.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IMPROMPTU.

[*On returning the ashes of documents dedicating me to Ambition.*]

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Ha! there's Fame's winding-sheet! gaze on it now!
Methinks the flames are writhing round my brow.
I send thee embers! the mere earthy part:
Their spirit message burns upon my heart.
Soft, magic lines—that wake the spirit lyre;
Wild, burning lines—that set the heart on fire!
Behold the dregs!—the cup is drained full well;
Yet am I sane, the thrilling tale to tell.
Thou deemest not oblivion fanned the fire?
Nor canst thou truly view the act with ire!
Again I say—my lyre is not for fame;
And when I die—then with me dies my name!
I burn thy missives! with them—burn the lays
That wake within my soul such hankering after praise.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RIVAL LOVERS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

The unclouded moon of a June night was shedding its radiance over a rocky cliff, which frowned darkly on the waters of a stream which washed its base. A well-beaten footpath passed over the brow of the cliff, and about midway, springing from its scanty soil, was a clump of bushes.

A little before nightfall, a man, apparently about twenty-five, who, although not wearing the garb of a sailor, showed by his swart visage and the peculiarity of his gait, that his home was on the deep, walked rapidly along the path, which, for a considerable distance, previously to reaching the cliff, passed over an open plain. He did not slacken his pace till he reached the summit of the cliff, where grew the bushes. He then stopped, and with looks of eagerness peered through the gathering gloom, in the direction he had just come. As he stood, the outlines of his lithe though muscular figure were clearly defined against the western sky, from which the red glow of sunset had not yet entirely faded. Even his handsome, well-cut features could be seen in profile, though not the sinister expression which marred their beauty.

"I am certainly in season—he cannot yet have passed," said he to himself, and after carefully scanning the landscape on every side, he crouched down behind the bushes in such a manner that they would have concealed him from the view of any one who might approach the spot, even without the aid of the increasing darkness.

Minute after minute crept away, but the stillness remained unbroken.

"He is a laggard, and I wish I could say a coward," he muttered impatiently, as compressing the spring of his gold repeater, he found that an hour and fifteen minutes had passed, since he had been on the watch. He half rose, but quickly shrunk back again, for at that moment he imagined he heard distant and hurried footsteps. He was not mistaken. They came nearer and nearer, nor did the steep ascent scarce check their celerity. He who was lying in wait would already under any circumstances have known them from all others, for love even fails to render the hearing more acute than the bitter and deadly hate by which he was animated. He did not move an inch, until he who was approaching was within three or four paces of where he lay concealed, when he suddenly rose, sprang into the path and confronted him.

"You walk as if you were in a hurry, Phil. Marsden," said he.

"If you think so," was the reply, "courtesy will teach you not to attempt to detain me."

"Do you know who I am?"

"I do. He who has once met with Ryan Hinkson wont be likely to forget him. Good evening, sir."

"Softly—softly—not so fast. You leave not this spot, till you promise to make no further attempt to win the affections of Mary Enfield."

"First make it appear by what right you demand such a promise, and I shall be better prepared to give you an answer."

"In the first place, you basely stepped in between her and me, and with your honeyed words stole her heart from me."

"That which was never yours, couldn't be stolen from you."

"Say that again, Phil. Marsden, and you'll be sorry for it!"

"You know it to be the truth, as well as I do. The character of the man Miss Enfield honors with her choice, must not be open to such infamous charges as have been cast upon yours, or if it does, he must not shrink from adopting such measures as will be likely to disprove them."

"I leave it to such as you, to try to silence every vile cur that barks."

"When a man is suspected of sailing under the black flag, if the means of exculpation be within his reach, it can be no disparagement for him to avail himself of them."

"Dare you say that *you* believe I have been guilty of what you mention?"

"Yes, for I believe it to be the truth."

"And you have tried to make Mary Enfield believe it?"

"For such an attempt there is no occasion. It came to her ears before it did to mine, and if you would avoid getting into trouble, you will leave this neighborhood at once."

"Your advice will be more welcome when it is asked. I shall remain here as long as suits me, and in the meantime, I defy you, or any one else, to prove that I am anything more or less, than the captain of the Sea-Gull, soon to sail for South America, and now lying eight miles below here, where she has been taking in her cargo."

"If you have been slandered, I sincerely hope that it will be made to appear. And, now, once for all, good night. This is an unprofitable discussion, and can result in good to neither of us."

"Is it your intention to call on Mary Enfield?"

"And if so, what then?"

"Simply that you wont go there to-night."

"I know of nothing that should prevent me."

"Advance a single step in the direction where she lives, and you are a dead man!"

"That remains to be proved," said Philip Marsden.

Ere the words had left his lips, there was a flash of steel in the bright moonlight, but before the uplifted hand of Ryan Hinkson had had time to descend, the poniard was wrenched from his grasp, and hurled into the stream below.

"You wont escape me so!" exclaimed the ruffian, and exerting his strength to the utmost, he attempted to push Philip over the edge of the cliff.

For a few moments, the struggle was a fearful one, and he seemed likely to effect his purpose; but at the instant Philip felt that his strength was forsaking him, with a desperate effort he shook himself free, at the moment he had again dragged him to the very verge of the precipice. This triumph of strength on the part of Philip having been unlooked for, Hinkson was off his guard. He had no time to plant his feet more firmly, and the frantic attempt he made to clutch at a sapling, when by the sudden recoil he found himself swayed downwards over the brow of giddy descent, proved unavailing. There was a wild, piercing cry, a sullen plunge, and then all was still.

Philip crept to the edge of the precipice and looked down, but the black shadows, thrown half across the stream, rendered the darkness impenetrable. He loudly and repeatedly called Hinkson by name, but received no answer. As the cliff sloped inward towards its base, offering no projection against which he could have struck as he fell, he could not think that he was anything more than stunned, and if so, there was not a moment to lose. At a short distance, the bold shore dropped abruptly down almost to a level with the water. There in the morning he had moored a small boat, and thither he now hastened with the celerity of one who felt that a human life depended on his speed.

It was the work of only a few moments to unfasten the boat and propel it to the place where Ryan Hinkson fell; but the water sleeping in the shadows of the cliff, presented a dark, unbroken surface, which the eye could not penetrate. At a little distance down the stream, there was a small cave, the entrance to which lay basking in the moonlight, though all beyond was hidden by a thick copse which lined the shore. As the eye of Philip was for a moment directed towards the mouth of the cave, some dark object glided like a shadow from the sparkling expanse and was lost to view. It must have been a boat, he thought, and yet, he knew of no other, except the one he was in, which belonged in the neighborhood.

It was useless to remain longer where he was, for without doubt, Hinkson, stunned by the fall, had at once sunk beneath the waves. His first impulse, as he sprang to the shore and secured his boat, was to seek for those who would assist in searching for the body, and make known to them the particulars of what had taken place. But he was withheld by a sudden fear. Ryan Hinkson, as was well known to all in that vicinity, had done his best to supplant him in the affections of Mary Enfield, and though he had been unsuccessful, he had publicly boasted, that if his life was spared, she would never be the wife of Philip Marsden.

Though Philip had been called away on business before Ryan Hinkson's arrival, and had only two days previously returned, he had already been apprised of all this, as well as the bitter taunts and reproaches which the rival lover had heaped upon him, on account of what he pleased to term his underhanded attempts to gain Mary Enfield's love, who, he said, as Marsden undoubtedly well knew, had, when they were children, promised to be his wife. This was true, for Ryan, a handsome, bold and fearless boy, was during childhood her constant playmate, and in one of his imperious moods, which frightened and overawed his gentle companion, he had really exacted from her such a promise. Though at the time she was frightened at his violence, she subsequently thought of it as only a part of the play, for he was accustomed to act the tyrant, and when at the age of nineteen, she herself being five years younger, he decided to go abroad and seek his fortune, she experienced a sense of relief which she could not disguise.

When three years afterwards Philip Marsden became her accepted lover, she certainly did not consider herself under any obligations to the bold and overbearing youth, whom she had not heard from since his departure. It was after an absence of full five years, no one knew whither, that he suddenly made his appearance, as the captain of a merchantman, he said; but it was whispered from one to another, that neither the rakish-looking craft of which he was the commander, nor the reckless, outlandish-looking men composing the crew, made good his assertion, any more than the quality of merchandize of which the cargo consisted. It was certainly, for the most part, of the choicest and costliest quality, and several articles ornamented with embroidery so rich and delicate as to make them worth more that their weight in gold, had been literally forced upon Mary Enfield by Ryan; for as she refused to accept them, he had contrived to leave them in some place, where after he was gone, they would be sure to meet her eye. He imagined that he was sufficiently acquainted with the tastes of the sex, to know that they would exert a silent eloquence in his behalf. They doubtless had their attractions for Mary, the same as they would have possessed in the eyes of any other handsome girl of eighteen, though when weighed against the suggestions of prudence, they were not powerful enough to induce her to appropriate any of them; not even a pearl necklace of such rare beauty, that a duchess might have coveted it.

As has been said, Philip Marsden was assailed by a sudden fear, for he had been indiscreet enough, after listening to Ryan's boast that Mary Enfield should never, while he himself lived, be the wife of Philip, as to say that he had better look to himself then. It certainly, as he was now aware, sounded like a threat, though in reality it was merely an idle outbreak of passion, such as persons of an ardent temperament will sometimes indulge in, and to which they attach little or no meaning. His words, he imagined, would doubtless be remembered by others as well as himself, so that few would be willing to believe that Ryan's fall from the cliff was accidental.

So much time would be consumed before he could procure the necessary assistance, that even if the body could be found, it would be too late to restore vitality. The only way he concluded, to prevent suspicion from being directed against himself, was to remain silent. Even to Mary, he would not breathe a word of what had taken place, who during all this time had been impatiently expecting him, he having found means to let her know that he had returned.

When she first took her seat at the open window, looking out on a smooth, green lawn in front of the house, the shadows of a few majestic oaks were thrown nearly across it; but they had continued to creep along towards the trees, silently and steadily, and now would soon gather themselves up beneath their branches. She started, bent forward with an eager look and listened. In a few moments she fell back into her former attitude.

"It was nothing," she murmured to herself—"nothing but my own imagination. If I only knew what that wild and frightful cry meant."

She was mistaken in thinking it nothing but imagination, for the words had scarcely left her lips, when, emerging from a part of the path which had been concealed by some shrubbery, into the moonlight, she saw some one coming. It needed no second look to tell her that it was Philip Marsden. He advanced with hurried, unequal steps, and instead of approaching the door, turned aside from the path and went directly up to the window. He looked pale and haggard, an appearance which was heightened by the white moonlight which shone into his face.

"What makes you so late this evening, after having kept away two whole days since you returned?" said Mary. "But I see now—you are unwell."

"What makes you think so?"

"You look pale."

"Do I? Hark! Did you hear that?"

"Yes."

"What did it sound like?"

"I can hardly tell, but it seemed to me as if some person hailed another who was at a considerable distance."

"Did you know the voice?"

"No, I don't think I ever heard it before."

"I thought it sounded like Ryan Hinkson's."

"It wasn't his—I am certain it wasn't."

"No, I might have known it couldn't have been his."

"You have seen him since he returned?"

"Yes, a dozen times, though he wasn't always aware of it."

"Have you seen him to-night?"

"No—or rather I did see him for a few minutes."

"Where?"

"Why should you care where I met him?"

"I was thinking of that wild cry I heard a while ago. It appeared to me to proceed from the cliff."

"Whose voice was it?"

"I couldn't tell. I thought it might be yours. At any rate, it sounded like a cry of distress, and just as you appeared in sight, I was on the point of going to see if I could ascertain the cause of it."

"It was the cry of a loon—nothing more."

"No, I can distinguish between the cry of a human voice and that of a bird. But who is that coming this way at so late an hour? I hope it isn't Ryan Hinkson."

Philip turned and saw a man hastily approaching. At first sight of him, he experienced an emotion of joy, for he thought it *might* be Ryan, who after all, had escaped drowning. He soon saw that he was mistaken, for the man he saw coming was shorter and stouter.

"I don't know who it is," said Philip, "but, of course, you would rather he wouldn't come here, and I see no way to prevent it, unless I go to meet him."

He turned away abruptly without waiting for her to reply, for the man was already within a short distance of the house.

"I was right in supposing I should find you somewhere about here," said he, stopping short, as Philip met him. "I have a few words to say, which it will be well for you to listen to."

"Very well, I am ready to hear you."

"I am first mate of the Sea-Gull, and I was a witness to what took place on the cliff. There was one with me who witnessed it too, and in less than an hour from now, unless you make your escape, you will be arrested for the murder of Capt. Hinkson."

"But he fell accidentally. I would have saved him if it had been in my power."

"That will be more easily asserted than believed. I am myself inclined to think that you speak the truth, while on the other hand, the man who was with me is willing to make oath that after stabbing him with what he took for a dagger, as it glittered in the moonlight, you pushed Hinkson over the cliff. Be that as it may, he sunk to the bottom as if he had been so much lead."

"And you, near at hand, yet made no attempt to save him?"

"What good would it have done? We knew if there'd been any life in him, the moment he touched the water he would have swum like a duck."

"The body will be found in the morning, and then it will be seen that he received no wound either from knife or dagger."

"You are mistaken in thinking it will be found. The chances against it are more than a hundred to one. The river has a strong current, and there will be time for it to be carried out to sea between this and morning. But all this is to no purpose. Unless you have a fancy for occupying a felon's cell, you had better be casting about for some means of escape."

"It will not be of any use. I know of no place of concealment, and I cannot meet any one within a dozen miles of here, to whom I'm not personally known."

"The night will take care of that. People will be in their beds. I know of a place where you will be safe."

"Where is that?"

"On board the Sea-Gull. We are in want of more men, and if I'm not out in my reckoning, you would make as good a sailor as ever walked a deck. We are all ready for sea, and by midnight the Gull will spread her white wings to the breeze. Come, there's no time for hesitation. You must decide at once, either to leave this place, or stay and abide the consequences."

"A place that is disreputable, can hardly be a safe one."

"I should imagine that the forecastle of so fine a craft as the Sea-Gull would be quite as reputable, and altogether as safe, as the place where you will be obliged to take up your quarters, if you remain here."

There was a sharp and painful struggle in Philip's mind as he thought of Mary Enfield, but the disgrace of the dark crime, which seemed likely to be proved against him if he remained where he was, and which in all probability must be expiated by an ignominious death, soon determined his indecision. He was guiltless, and it was his duty, he believed, to spare himself as well as Mary, the unutterable anguish and terror which must result from remaining where he was. He might, he imagined, if the Sea-Gull proved to be the kind of vessel he feared, soon find some means of escape, while his sudden disappearance, great as might be the anxiety and sorrow it might occasion his betrothed, would be as dust in the balance, when weighed against what must arise from the realization of the revolting and terrific picture which had stamped itself upon his imagination.

"I will go with you," said he, turning to the man who stood at his side.

"That is right; and ten or a dozen years hence, when this unpleasant affair shall have blown over, you can, if you will, return."

"I shan't care to return then," said he, speaking to himself, rather than his companion. "I have neither parents, brothers nor sisters, and there will be no one living then, who will care to see me."

June, in her gorgeous robes, her tresses braided with sunbeams, and her hand still clasped in the dewy fingers of spring, was advancing with timid steps, and with her smiles, warming into richer and more luxuriant life the wide-spread landscape. Mary Enfield was sitting at the same window, where a year previously she sat, when she saw Philip Marsden for the last time. She had not heard a word from him since then. She believed him to be dead, for if he had not been, he surely would have found means to send her some message, either written or verbal.

Six months after Philip's disappearance, Ryan Hinkson made her a visit. This put an end to the fears, which at times she found it impossible to banish, that there had been a quarrel between Philip and him, and that he had fallen by her lover's hand. Hinkson either did not, or pretended not to know anything relative to his former rival. But Mary had no faith in his protestations, and when he renewed his suit, she turned from him with such undisguised abhorrence, that he found, although he no longer had a rival to contend with, his chance of success appeared even more hopeless than formerly.

As has been mentioned, Mary was sitting at the same window, where she sat when she for the last time saw Philip Marsden. As memory dwelt sadly on the incidents of that evening, she saw a man approaching the house, by the path crossing the fields and pastures, which Philip had always been accustomed to take. Her heart gave a sudden bound, for the thought flashed into her mind that he had returned. She rose, and leaned eagerly forward from the window. She listened, for there was no moon, and the ear would be truer than the eye. The step was quick and eager, but it was not Philip Marsden's—worse still, it was Ryan Hinkson's. She drew back, and with a feeling of hopeless anguish, sank into her chair.

"Well, my pretty Mary," said he, coming up to the window and leaning his arms on the sill, "I think you have had plenty of time to forget that renegade lover of yours."

"Even if I have," she replied, "it will make your presence none the more welcome."

"What if I should tell you that I had seen him since I was here last?"

"*Have* you seen him? Do you mean what you say?"

"I *have* seen him."

"Then he is alive?"

"He was a few months since, though it would have been better for himself if he had been dead. He had leagued himself with a set of lawless men, and will never dare show his head here again, if he should live to be a hundred."

"That, as well as the rest of what you have said, is as false as your own black heart!" said a voice close by his side.

"Philip!"

Mary rose as she pronounced the name, and extended both hands towards him who had so suddenly made his appearance. But she drew back at the sight of several men who were standing just back of Philip Marsden.

"Mary, you have nothing to fear," said he, and then turning round, he addressed one of the men. "This," said he, "is Ryan Hinkson, the Pirate Captain!"

Hinkson, the moment he comprehended that he whom Philip addressed was there for the purpose of arresting him, attempted to escape. He was swift of foot and seemed likely to succeed, when all at once he faltered, and just as they came up with him stumbled and fell forward on his face. One of the men raised him up, and found that he had broken a blood-vessel.

"I've only a few minutes to live," said he, speaking with difficulty, for the blood was gushing from his mouth. "Let me lie here on the turf. Where is Mary?"

"She shall be called," said Philip, who had hastened to the spot when he saw him fall.

"I am here, Ryan," said she, drawing near to the place where he lay supported by one of the men.

"I've caused you a great deal of grief and anxiety," said he, "but I shall cause you no more. I have tried to injure Philip Marsden, and more than once, have attempted to take his life. My wicked designs have been frustrated, and I am glad that they have been. I have accused him of what he was never guilty of. He is good and honorable, and in every respect worthy of you. May you be happy together. As respects myself, I have only one request to make. Bury me near the sea—so near that its voice can be heard in sunshine, as well as in the storm."

"Your request shall be complied with," said Philip.

"And if you and Mary should ever visit the spot, do not curse me, but—"

The next word died away into an indistinct murmur, and the man who supported him, withdrawing his arm, and suffering him to sink back on the turf, said:

"He is dead!"

One day, full six years after the foregoing incidents, Philip and Mary, who had long been cheered by the light of their own hearthstone, stood together in the shadows of some tall pines, in whose branches the wind answered to the moaning of the sea. They were watching a bright-haired boy, who, a few minutes before, had left them, and was at a little distance, gathering shells on the smooth, hard beach, edged with foam, where the flowing tide broke with a low, soft murmur.

Suddenly a small boat shot from out a cove, scarce a stone's throw distant. Its only occupant was a stranger, whose sunburnt countenance showed that he must have long been exposed to the influence of a tropical sun. Rowing swiftly to a place nearly opposite where Philip and Mary Marsden stood, he sprang ashore, and pulling his boat on to the sand so that it could not float, approached them. He raised his hat, bowed, and addressed Philip:

"What is the meaning of that green mound, just back of you, I saw here a few hours since?" said he.

"It is the Pirate's Grave," replied Philip.

"And that pirate was Ryan Hinkson?"

"Yes."

"You don't remember me?"

"I do not."

"I was once the first mate of the Sea-Gull. When you made your escape from the vessel, I saw you, and could have prevented you, but I suffered you to go, and raised no alarm. I soon afterwards escaped myself, and since then I have led a better life."

"I am glad to hear it—heartily glad," said Philip, "and hope you will continue to do so. It is time for us to go home now—the sun is getting low. Will you go with us?"

"I should like to, but my course lies in a different direction. I knew that Hinkson was buried somewhere hereabouts, and thought that I should like to look upon the grave of one whose tempting tongue caused me to leave an honest life for one beset with danger and stained with crime. Farewell to you, and the lady. We shall never meet again."

As he passed the little Philip, who was still playing on the beach, he stopped and laid his rough hand on his sunny curls. Mary sprang forward a few steps, saying, as she did so:

"What if he should take him and carry him away?"

Her alarm was only momentary. He passed on, as the words left her lips, and in a few moments more, was gliding swiftly over the summer sea.

A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT.

There is a good reason why it is built with so little depth of hold. It is to allow the boats to pass the shoal water in many parts of the river, and particularly during the season of drought. For such purpose, the lighter the draught the greater the advantage; and a Mississippi captain, boasting of the capacity of his boat in this respect, declared, that all he wanted was a heavy dew on the grass to enable him to propel her across the prairies! If there is little of a Mississippi steamboat under the water, the reverse is true of what may be seen above its surface. Fancy a two-story house, some two hundred feet in length, built of plank, and painted to the whiteness of snow; fancy along the upper story a row of green latticed windows, thickly set, and opening out upon a narrow balcony; fancy a flattened or slightly rounded roof, covered with tarred canvass, and in the centre a range of skylights, like glass forcing-pits; fancy, towering above all, two enormous black cylinders of sheet iron, each ten feet in diameter, and nearly ten times as high, the funnels of the boat; a small cylinder on one side, the 'scape pipe; a tall flagstaff standing up from the extreme end of the prow, with the "star-spangled banner" flying from its peak—fancy these, and you may form some idea of the characteristic features of a steamboat on the Mississippi.—*Capt. Mayne Reid's Quadroon.*

COURTING IN SPAIN.

Should you have occasion after nightfall, to traverse the dimly lighted streets, you will not go far without brushing past a figure muffled in an ample cloak, and with the sombrero slouched over the eyes, leaning against the iron bars. As you pass, your ears inform you that it is conversing in a low voice with some one within, whom the darkness shrouds from observation. In all probability you will take no further note of the whispering pair; but if you be more curious than wise, and bestow on them more than a passing look, another becloaked figure will probably step out from some corner, and politely request you to refrain from interfering with other people's business. If this hint be not sufficient, he will prepare to enforce it by other means, and, by displaying his navaja, threaten to appeal to arms. He is engaged in one of the most sacred duties of Spanish friendship. To guard from danger or discovery—or, as it is termed, "*guardar los espaldas*," "to guard the back" of a friend who may be playing the lover—is an office to be undertaken only by a tried comrade, whose devotion and courage may be proof against the rude trials to which such a position subjects him. If the fair one be noted for her attractions, then there are rivals to be encountered, whose jealous passions, if aroused by witnessing another thus engaged, nothing would so soon appease as a thrust of a knife, given, as may be supposed, without much regard to the rules of fair play. Under these circumstances, the second is summoned to stand, like the knight of old, ready to do battle against all comers, should they approach with hostile intentions. I need not add, that these nocturnal meetings are a frequent occasion of brawls, and that lives are sometimes lost, and usually dangerous wounds are given and received, when the knife is brought into play. This custom, though more prevalent among the lower classes, is not entirely banished from the upper ranks of society. In truth, the mystery and romance attending it have too many charms for Spanish lovers of every degree, ever to permit it to become the exclusive usage of any one rank in life. It is far more congenial to his temperament to throw a veil of secresy over his attachment, which not unfrequently from the first, wears a certain air of romance. On the Alameda he encounters some dark-eyed beauty, whose glance fires all the susceptible nature of his southern bosom. To follow her footsteps when the gay throng disperses—to linger in the narrow street where her home is—and, by one of those mute but expressive signs known in southern climes, to testify his passion to her as she sits at the balcony that commands a full view of the moving world in the street—or to convey a message by some Mercury familiar with such errands—are the usual steps that precede an interview. This, however, let it not be imagined, is to be sought amidst the shady alleys of the Alameda. No; the fair ones of Spain are too jealously guarded by mamas and duennas, ever to know much of solitude, far less to enjoy them with a companion. But when gates are barred, and the household wrapped in sleep, it is then that the Spanish maiden rises to keep her tryst with her lover.—*Murray's Cities and Wilds of Andalusia.*

LEARNING TO SING.

It is common for teachers of sacred music to maintain the doctrine, that all men, without any exception, can if they will, learn to sing. The following statement, made by Bishop De Lancy, recently at a meeting of the Trustees of the General (Episcopal) Theological Seminary, discloses a case which by no means stands alone. Attendance on musical instruction would not benefit everybody. When he was a young man at Yale College, he heard a sermon preached there, which declared it to be the duty of every man to learn to sing. He accordingly went to a singing-master, who, after some lessons, gave him up, telling him, "Sir, you have no *ear!*" (Laughter.) Fearing, however, that it might be incompetency on the part of the teacher, he went to another, who tried him patiently for some time, but at length told him one day, "My dear sir, I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but, really, I do not think it worth your while to go on, you have *no voice*." (Laughter.) Still remembering the fervent exhortations of the sermon, and determined to try once more, he went to a third, who concluded *his* exertions with the testy, but perfectly correct declaration, "Sir, you have *neither voice nor ear*, and can never learn music if you should live to the age of Methuselah." (Loud laughter.) We may add, that one of the most eloquent preachers of our country had much the same experience. He studied patiently for several months with a skilful teacher, but at length the teacher gave it up, declaring it was useless to attempt to give him any practical knowledge of the musical scale.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

ROSES.

The most famous roses were those of Pæstum and Samos, happy localities, where the rose-trees bloomed twice every year. The tallest rose-tree we ever heard of, is the one at Sans Souci, and was thirty feet high; but it was trained against a wall, which certainly diminishes the wonder. To plant the tree in ancient times served for ends that are attained now in various ways—it commemorated the dead, celebrated events, illustrated anniversaries, and had many pleasant significations besides. Whole ship-loads of roses were brought to Rome. There were shops in which nothing else was sold; and the artistically-woven garlands were held in such esteem, and the garland-makers in such honor, that the name of Glycera, of Sicyon, has survived as that of a celebrated artist, with whom, however, we imagine Constantine would not be afraid to enter into competition. Glycera, we must add, was so peculiarly admired, as well as generally celebrated, that her lover painted her portrait, and Lucullus gave no less than £300 sterling for a copy of it.—*Notes and Queries.*

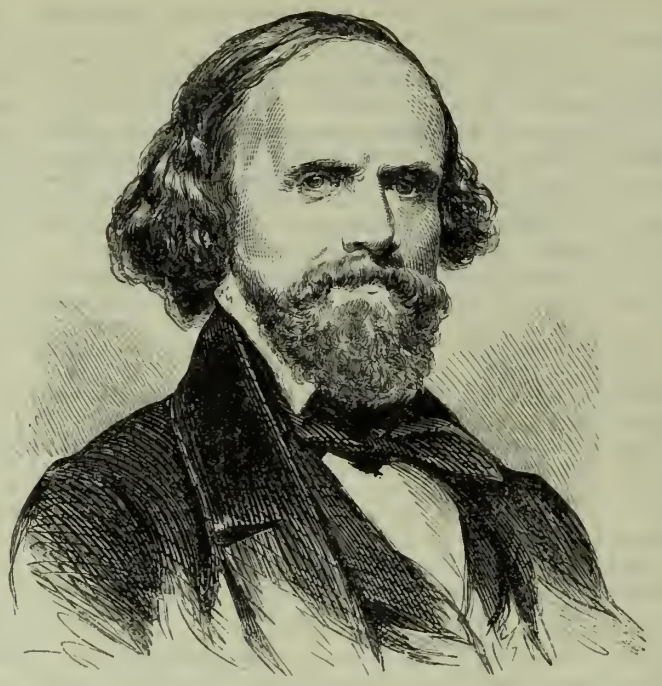
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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass

SETH CHENEY, THE ARTIST.

We present on this page a faithful portrait of this artist, from the pencil of Barry, drawn expressly for us from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case of this city. The recent decease of Cheney, at the age of fifty, has not only plunged a circle of friends in mourning, but has left a sensible void in the domain of art. He died at Manchester, in this State, whither he has recently erected a convenient studio, in which he hoped to continue those fine crayon drawings which had established his fame, and also to essay a branch of art new to him—painting in oil. We are not aware that his life embraced any of those striking vicissitudes which enable the biographer to impart to a truthful narrative the fascination of romance. As a man, Cheney was known and respected for his moral purity and worth; and we have heard that he declined employing his talents in perpetuating the features of any person, however high in station, whose character did not command his respect. He was a careful and constant student of nature, but he was also familiar with all that art had accomplished in the course of time. A residence abroad gave him an opportunity of studying the master-pieces of art contained in the great European galleries, and also of examining the processes adopted by the best living artists. No man was better acquainted with the literature and theory of art. He did not fall into the common error that patient labor is unnecessary to the development of genius. On the other hand, he believed that genius imposed the necessity of labor. The effects he produced by light and shade alone, without the aid of color, appeared marvellous to those who are not aware that the simplest materials are most effective in the creative hand of genius. Though Mr. Cheney's efforts were confined to portraiture in crayon alone, yet his portraits deserved to rank with those of Stuart, and Copley, and Vandyke. His heads have their characteristics: they are not simply delineations of external form, but of character. He was equally successful with male, with female and with children's heads. His crayon portraits do not challenge attention by elaborate detail in the finishing—they are lightly shaded, and very delicately and openly lined, but every touch has a purpose and an expression. No other hand could add a line without marring the unity and exquisite harmony of his work. Everything that came from the hand of Cheney was a gem, and the drawings he left behind him will be cherished by their possessors as among the choicest treasures of art. It is pleasant to know that his talent was highly appreciated, and that his labors commanded large and remunerative prices. In his branch of art he was certainly without a rival.



THE LATE SETH CHENEY, ARTIST.

THE GIPSY CAMP.

The engraving given below delineates a part of a camp of English gipsies, with a dark-eyed and dark-skinned daughter of the tribe crouching in front of one of the tents. The artist has well depicted the wild, dishevelled beauty of the gipsy, with the air of cunning almost always inseparable from her expression. These Bohemians generally pitch their tents in scenes of the most exquisite rural beauty—not, perhaps, from a peculiar taste for the beauties of nature, but because their needs require wood and water, and these are rarely unpicturesquely blended. The gipsies, Bohemians, Zingari, or by whatever other names they are known, preserve their characteristics under whatever clime they pitch their tents, and however widely dissevered their branches. As they never or rarely marry out of their circle, the physical type, brilliantly oriental, is preserved in all its purity, and their peculiar language, with some local modifications, is the same all over the world. The English gipsy girl speaks a dialect which is intelligible to her dark sister on the banks of the Ganges or the Nile. This language is purely oral, yet a distinguished German *savant*—we forget his name—has actually reduced it to writing, and published a dictionary and language of the gipsy tongue, so that any young gentleman with a moderate amount of industry can learn to "patter Romany," if he thinks the accomplishment worth acquiring. The gipsies have many curious and poetical traits, but they are by no means desirable acquaintances. To cajole and to thieve is their regular business. We know not how much honesty they may show in their dealings with each other, but certainly they glory in fleecing the Philistines or outsiders. A year or two since, a colony of English gipsies landed at New York, but we know not whether they are still sojourning in the "home of the brave and the land of the free;" but we do know that they succeeded in "doing" a shrewd Yankee farmer out of a considerable sum of money, by pretending to put him in the way of stolen treasure. Yet gipsies are very useful people—in novels and on the stage, where they run off with noblemen's and princes' children, who turn up the in nick of time to possess immense estates and the like.

AN IRISH DUELLIST.

Pat Power, of Daragle, was a fat, robust man, much distinguished for his intemperance, and generally seen with a glowing red face. He on one occasion fought with a fire-eating companion named Bill Brisco. When taking aim, he said he still had a friendship for him, and would show it; so he only shot off his whisker and top of his ear. When travelling in England, Power had many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance. On one occasion, a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room when he entered at the other. The representative of Irish manners at this time on the English stage was a tissue of ignorance, blunders and absurdities; and when a real Irishman appeared off the stage, he was always supposed to have the characteristic of his class, and so a fair butt for ridicule. When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gold watch, with a gentleman's compliments, and a request to know what o'clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person who sent it. He pointed out one of the group. Power rang the bell for his servant, and directed him to bring his pistols and follow him. He put them under his arm, and, with the watch in his hand, walked up to the box, and, presenting the watch, begged to know to whom it belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his own silver one from his fob, and presenting it to his servant, desiring him to keep it; and putting up the gold one, he gave his name and address, and assured the company he would keep it safe till called for. It was never claimed. On another occasion he ordered supper; and while waiting for it, he read the newspaper. After some time, the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table; and when Power examined their contents, he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such good fare; and he pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and, directing him in Irish what to do, quietly made his supper of the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he had laid down before his master, and the other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed, there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring him "they were at a very proper distance for a close shot, and if one fell, he was ready to give satisfaction to the other." The parties immediately rushed out without waiting for a second invitation, and with them several persons in the adjoining box. As they were all in too great a hurry to pay their reckoning, Power paid it for them along with his own.—*Ireland Sixty Years Ago.*

A WITTY RETORT.

On the day of the baptism of the imperial infant in Paris, a number of ladies were standing behind the ranks of the National Guard, on the line of the procession to the church of Notre Dame, when the Guards, getting tired of the long delay, lit their cigars, and soon the whole line was in a smoke. Some of the ladies began to complain of the smoke. An old soldier, turning around, said, with a smile: "Then they don't smoke in your regiment?" A charming little Parisienne wittily replied: "In our regiment? Sometimes; but never *in my company!*"—*Galignani.*



A GIPSY CAMP—AN ENGLISH SCENE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL.

In our last number, we presented our readers with engravings of some of the principal works of art to be distributed, in January, by the Cosmopolitan Art Association, and we spoke at length of the plan and merits of this society. We have now before us a number of the Art Journal, published hy the Association, and distributed gratuitously to all its subscribers, and furnished at a low price to non-subscribers. It is a large quarto, very handsomely printed, and containing a large amount of reading matter, with appropriate illustrations. Besides a detail of the operations of the Association under whose auspices it is issued, it contains a variety of essays on art, together with correspondence from artists, and art-information. A leading feature with the Cosmopolitan Art Association has been, from the outset, a linking together of literature and art, and the establishment of this handsome journal strengthens the chain. We do not doubt that it will continue to exert a happy influence in extending and improving a taste for art in this country. This taste is not spontaneous, like a love for the beauties of nature, for though Art is based on Nature, and thence draws its breath of life, still it is something very different. In fact, the literal imitation of nature is a low branch of art. A wax figure is, in many respects, truer to nature than a marble statue, but the marble is truer to life. This distinction between art and nature, and the relationship between the two, and the thousand questions arising therefrom, it is the province of a journal attempting to popularize art to examine and discuss. The conductors of the journal before us have amply proved their ability to manage such a publication with success.

PRESERVE YOUR PAPERS.

This is a hint that our regular subscribers hardly require, as such universally preserve and bind the "Pictorial" at the expiration of each six months, making two elegant volumes each year. Persons who have not seen this journal bound, in our durable and uniform style of full gilt, with illumined title-page and index, cannot form a just idea of the great value and interest of the work in this form. We charge one dollar per volume for binding the paper in this style, and those who wish to possess the work from its commencement can be supplied with perfect sets thus preserved. The whole *ten* volumes are furnished for *twenty dollars*, and form a fund of delightful reading, valuable information, and entertaining illustrations for the centre-table, that will prove invaluable to any family circle.

A GOOD APPETITE.—In a single year the city of New York eats 185,000 oxen, 12,000 cows, 550,000 sheep and lambs, 40,000 calves and 280,000 swine. The voracity of the Dragon of Wantley was not a circumstance to this.

COTTON.—The cotton crop of this year appears to be a very slim one. The Mobile Register, a well informed paper, sets it down at 3,200,000 bales.

SPLINTERS.

.... The papers now talk about ladies being attired in the width—not height of fashion.

.... The provincial nobility of Russia, the great boyards of the south, are almost patriarchal in their habits.

.. Salted rats are now exported from British India to China, as a luxury for the mandarins.

.... The sea-serpent has been seen off the Cape of Good Hope. He passed the summer off Nahant.

.... The organ ordered for our magnificent Music Hall will cost the sum of $25,000.

.... If a Colt's pistol has six barrels, how many barrels ought a horse pistol to have?

.... The Affghans are devastating two Persian provinces. They are quite daring and formidable.

.... A large nugget of gold has been found in Wicklow. Perhaps Ireland will prove another Australia.

.... The Dowager Lady O'Brien, mother of Lord Inchiquin and W. Smith O'Brien, died recently.

.... A gentleman in Newark, N. J., lately exhibited a Duchess D'Angouleme pear weighing over two pounds.

.... A moose was lately run down hy the Grand Trunk Railroad cars, which ran off in consequence.

.... Austria is trying to form a navy in the Adriatic to compete with that of Sardinia, which is increased.

.... If the emperor of Russia meets the emperor of France next winter at Nice—wont it be nice?

.... A veteran who was captain of the foretop of the Victory when Nelson fell, lately died in England.

.... The re publication of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's novel of "Dred," in Canada, has raised the copyright question.

.... An elk harnessed to a buggy was lately driven full speed through St. Paul, Minnesota.

Game keepers in England poison foxes with strychnine. Fox hunters don't like the proceeding.

.... Sir Henry Holland, the queen's physician, has gone home much pleased with his visit to this country.

.... A magnifying glass was lately found in one of the temples of Nineveh by Mr. Layard.

.... A young shipbuilder of Palermo, Italy, only 16 years old, has lately modelled a splendid vessel.

PLEASANT LODGINGS.

Every man likes to have a good house to live in. If he has the means, he builds one to suit his taste; if he has not the capital, he hires the best he can afford—and such is the dearth of good houses in the market, that there are many competitors for every vacant tenement. But there is one house in our mind's eye, about which there is more competition than any other building that we know of. Single and married gentlemen are after it, and so long as it stands, there will probably be the same eagerness to occupy it. This house is not the property of an individual, but belongs to an immense company, and the proprietors are always quarrelling about tenants. The building is leased for a term of four years; and though the proprietors sometimes renew the lease, yet of late they disagree so among themselves, that probably no future tenant can hope to obtain a renewal of the lease. What renders the rage to get possession of this house the more surprising is, that it is not by any means a convenient building, though a large one, and it stands in a very unhealthy situation. Indeed, two of the tenants died shortly after taking up their quarters in it. Moreover, it stands in a very hospitable neighborhood, and the lessee is always expected to see a world of company, and, of course, must be terribly out of pocket for their entertainment. Still a perfect army of house-hunters are after this particular house of all others, whenever it is in the market, so great are the attractions of the "White House" at Washington.

Now, in order to console the disappointed bidders for the lease of this celebrated mansion, we may as well quote what the New Yorker says of it:—"Congresses, from time to time, have been liberal enough to tack on some little appropriation to meet a specified want in the arrangements of the 'White House.' The result is, that the structure, as it now stands, is a sort of a cross between a barn and an Oriental palace. There are Turkey carpets in one room and bare floors in another; sumptuous sofas, cunning in needlework here, and there broken-backed chairs with three legs; one dozen of gold spoons and another dozen of pewter; gigantic $1000 mirrors in the front rooms, and broken windows in the back; well heated and ventilated parlors, and leaky roofs and damp cellars. The whole concern, in all its equipments, is not only a disgrace to the reputation of the American people for taste and liberality, but its location, near the marshes of the Potomac, is fatal to the health of the presidents, and was the probable cause of killing at least two of them."

Thank our stars we are not president of the United States! Read the above to your children and friends; and when they go to their snug little dormitories, contented with their lot, they will exclaim, "What would the poor president of the United States say if he had such a nice bedroom as we have?"

GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS.—The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, of this city, have awarded Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, melodeon makers, on Cambridge Street, a gold medal, for their new musical instrument, the Organ-Harmonium, and a silver medal for their Melodeons, exhibited at the Fair of 1856. This is the first gold medal ever awarded for a reed instrument in this country. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have also just been awarded a silver medal for their Melodeons, exhibited at the Pennsylvania State Fair, held at Pittsburg, and three first premiums for their Organ-Harmoniums from the State Fairs of Vermont, New Jersey and Ohio, making six first premiums received in one month! Their Melodeons and Organ-Harmoniums must certainly be instruments of unusual merit, having been awarded the *first premiums* at every Fair in which they have been exhibited.

FRENCH, GERMAN AND ITALIAN.—Mlle. Virginie Wagner, a highly educated lady, who has taught these languages in Europe and this country, gives instruction in them to adults and children at their residences, or at her rooms in this city, No. 24 Winter Street. Miss Wagner visited this country with strong letters to our leading literati, and she refers, among others, to Mrs. H. G. Otis, Messrs. Longfellow, Sargent and Fields. We learn that she proposes to give a course of French readings, and also that she is looking for a partner to enable her to establish a superior school in this city. She has been liberally educated for the profession of a teacher.

MADAME LAGRANGE.—In 1848, Madame LaGrange, the charming prima donna who has been delighting fashionable and critical audiences at the Boston Theatre, married a Russian nobleman, the Count de Stankowich. The name was probably that of an honorable gentleman, but how would it look to English eyes on a play-bill? Stankowich! Why, it would be a worse name for a prima donna than Amos Cottle for a poet.

AUTHOR AND BOOKSELLER.—Mrs. Stowe took up her residence in London to obtain a copyright for "Dred," under which she claims an injunction on the publication of an edition of her book in Canada, or any of the British provinces The Canadian publishers will test her claim, and the matter will make food for the lawyers and fun for the public. It would be rather curious if an expensive lawsuit should eat up all her profits.

HABITS.—Habit to man is what action is to oratory, the attribute on which depends all success or defeat in the career of human existence. How hard to wed a good habit, how difficult to repudiate a bad one!

VERDANT.—That was rather a green young gentleman, who, footing it from his native wilds to our modern Athens, inquired of a gentleman in Cambridge, "how fur it was to Boston meetin'us?"

WILD BOAR HUNT IN ALGERIA.

On our last page we have placed a fine picture, engraved expressly for us, from a design by Horace Vernet, representing a wild boar hunt in Algeria. It not only conveys a faithful idea of this dangerous and exciting sport, but evinces the eminent ability of the artist. What life and fire there is in the grouping—what action in the horses, and how life-like the attitudes of the riders! The furious boar is rending the flank of one of the horses, which is represented as rearing in his intolerably agony; while the young Arab, who has passed at a gallop, is checking his blooded steed, and bending from the saddle, presents a pistol with deadly aim at the head of the outraged monster. The dogs, infuriated and reckless of danger, are springing on the quarry. A number of horsemen, French and natives, are spurring up to the scene of action. Wild boar hunting is a fascinating sport, though always full of danger. Boars on the continent of Europe are usually hunted on foot, the sportsmen having spears to ward off their attacks, and to despatch them when at bay. The Emperor Napoleon I. carried to his grave the scar of a wound received while pursuing this dangerous sport. The enraged animal made a dash at him and came near conquering the conqueror. Napoleon used often to laugh at the dismay of his generals who were daunted at this new danger, and kept themselves in the background, each one shouting, "save the emperor!" though not one advanced to the rescue. Talleyrand once invited Napoleon to visit him at his estate near Paris, and promised him a boar hunt by way of amusement. Napoleon, who was not then much acquainted with the character of the game near Paris, joyfully accepted; but great was his indignation when it afterwards turned out that he had been galloping half the day after the ex-bishop's pigs, turned out of their pens and made to perform the part of ferocious wild animals "for this occasion only."

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is to woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of all present enjoyment. That's why smiles and tears are mingled at the wedding, and why the bridesmaids always find it necessary to use their pocket-handkerchiefs.

ILLUSTRATED PAPER.—The Boston illustrated paper, *Ballou's Pictorial*, enjoys a most remarkable circulation, but well deserves its success. Mr. Ballou, son of the late Rev. Hosea Ballou, is the editor and proprietor,—never giving currency to any questionable or vulgar matter, his pages are the cheerful fireside companions of the refined, as well as of the humbler homes of the land. It is one of the most successful literary enterprises in the world.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

LOGICAL.—It is said that the reason why the Irish make better sailors than the Welsh, is because they prefer a *shamrock* to a *leak*.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Abner A. Kingman to Miss Sarah J. Kingman; by Rev. Mr. Stone, Capt. Francis M. Hodgdon, of Boothbay, Me., to Miss Esther Bingham; by Rev. Mr. Richards, William M. Lothrop, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth K. Rogers; by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Christopher Tilden, Jr., of Dorchester, to Miss Caroline E. Scott; by Rev. Dr. Gannett, James M. Keith, Esq., of Roxbury, to Mrs. Mary C. Richardson; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Samuel Craig to Miss Elizabeth Cross.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Copp, Tracy P. Cheever, Esq. to Miss Louisa R. Kilburn.—At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Babcock, Samuel Haskell, Esq., of New York, to Miss Mary F. Amory.—At East Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Merrill, Mr. William T. Raybold to Miss Harriet M. Wood.—At Brookline, Charles Edward Johnston, Esq., of Liverpool, Eng., to Miss Mathilde Eustis.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. John Proctor to Miss Martha W. Fish.—At Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. Martin Thomas, of Roxbury, to Miss Annie B. Sprague.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. David Hart to Mrs. Hannah M. Southwick.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Mariner Goodwin to Miss Alice Cilley.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Cushman, Mr. William S. Frost, of Marlboro', to Miss Rebecca F. Bcese.—At Springfield, by Rev. Dr. Osgood, Mr. George May, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Miss Amelia E. Chapin.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. George Dana, 66; Miss Harriet Pomeroy Clarke, 31; Mr. James V. Honeybun, of the Island of St. Helena, 30; Mrs. Lucy Ann Richardson, 30; Mr. Newell Sturtevant, 48; Mr. George A. Woods, 49; Mrs. Mary Fessenden, 79; Mr. Charles W. Haskell, 41; Miss Helen Howland, 22.—At Cambridge, Mr. John Preston, 57; Widow Sarah Anderson, 73.—At Chelsea, Miss Agnes Cunningham, 29.—At Dorchester, Widow Hannah Lyon, 75; Mr. Eleazer Wilder, 79; Mr. Moses D. Leeman, 39.—At Somerville, Mr. James Jackson Gardner, 52.—At South Reading, Rev. Isaac Hurd, D. D., of Exeter, N. H., 70.—At Quincy, Widow Sarah Adams, late of Boston, 70; Widow Sarah Gay, 76.—At Lexington, Mr. Loring Pierce, 81.—At Abington, Mr. Elias Nash, 67.—At Abington Centre, Dr. Ezekiel Thaxter, 69; Mrs. Sophia Cushing, 66.—At Worcester, Mr. Shepard Pratt, of Shrewsbury, 83; Mrs Lucy Goddard, 70; Mrs. Rebecca Curtis, 41.—At Auburn, Mrs. Charlotte D. Rice, 58.—At Leominster, Samuel Abbott, Esq., formerly of Boston, 91.—At Pittsfield, Mr. Spencer Field, 68.—At Fall River, Mrs. Catherine Read, 31; Miss Abby Ann Chace, 17; Mr. Joseph Carr, 72.—At Bolton, Mrs. Abigail Sawyer, 69.—At Holliston, Mr. George W. Putnam, 35.—At South Adams, Widow Lydia Padelford, 89.—At Lyme, N. H., Mrs. Lucy, wife of Mr. Samuel W. Baker, 65.—At Lebanon, N. H., Hon. Elijah Blaisdell, 74.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MEMORY OF LITTLE SUSIE.

BY CAROLINE WHITWELL.

Our little Susie slumbers
In a dreamless sleep,
And she will never wakon
To see the grieved who weep.

Locked the lips and eyelids
Of the pale face fair,
For Death has now our darling—
He clasps the treasure rare.

And to his silent chambers,
Hung with gloom and night,
He bids us bear the loved one,
And shut her from our sight.

Yet we enshrine but ashes,
Laying her away,
The light still lives and lingers
To never know decay.

Tender care can do no more,
Love its all has given,
Gazing still a last farewell,
We leave her now to Heaven.

Place the pure and infant form
'Neath the flowery sod,
While hope and faith are whispering,
The spirit dwells with God.

The little ones are loaned us;
Taking them to our breast,
We enshrine them in our hearts,
And dream as mortals blest.

But Death speeds on his mission,
Ere we heed his tread,
He has seized his precious burden
And with it heavenward fled.

O Life! we muse and ponder
Thy mysteries o'er and o'er
All in vain—'tis still the same—
Ever a hidden lore.

[Written for Ballou s Pictorial.]

LOVE AND DUTY.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

When Mr. Danforth married Lucy Earle, he pompously said to a friend that it would have been very great presumption in her friends to *expect* such a match for her, a poor, obscure little schoolmistress.

"But I overlooked her circumstances," he added, "and I flatter myself that she knows and feels the distance between us on that point too well ever to allow her family to presume upon the connection."

Lucy Earle's father was a gentleman—a gentleman in the best and truest sense of the word. He was poor, it is true, but no man had ever found Walter Earle deficient in politeness or self-respect. He wore his threadbare coat with an air as dignified as if it had been an emperor's, and he bowed more respectfully to the gray hairs of a beggar in the street than he did to those of Mr. Danforth. For, truth to tell, Mr. Danforth was originally a low, mean man, and his rising in wealth and power had only cast a little gold dust in the eyes of those who worship wealth, even when unaccompanied by worth.

Mr. Earle was a schoolmaster, on a slender salary, in a country town. Mr. Danforth owned a summer residence there, and in one of his seasons of leisure, he had been attracted by the uncommon loveliness of four sisters, who passed and re-passed his house every day, as he afterwards found, to give certain lessons assigned to each in their father's school. He had condescendingly made their acquaintance, and had successively offered to Jane, Kate and Matilda his fortune and hand. He had no heart, and they knew it; and it was almost with a thrill of horror that they learned from their father that he had asked consent to pay his addresses to Lucy, the youngest, and many thought, the loveliest of Mr. Earle's lovely and interesting daughters.

"And does Lucy consent, father?" said Jane, who, having been first on the list of Mr. Danforth's expected wives, felt qualified to open the matter without unnecessary delay.

Almost sadly, Mr. Earle answered:

"Lucy is a child, and Mr. Danforth's carriage and horses are filling her fancy completely, and then his town house and country house! And indeed," added he, "what can I do? If she likes him, how can I refuse him? God knows, I do not know what is to become of any of you. I am dying, Jane. A few months longer and you will have no father. Every day finds me weaker, and soon I must give up my school. Dear Jane, will it not be a comfort to me, in dying, to feel that one of you is provided for, and that, if worst comes to worst, you can claim a home surely, in a sister's house?"

"Never, father! No foot of mine shall ever enter the door of that pompous fool, who, having a spite against me and my sisters for refusing him, has absolutely forbidden little Lucy—for I must still call her so—from having any intercourse with us after her marriage, and she, poor, blind, simple child, has promised to obey him."

Mr. Earle gasped for breath.

"Separated you! Jane, is this possible? Can it be that Danforth would do this?"

"Ask Lucy, father. She will tell you."

"No, Jane; I will not ask any one. If this is so, why, let it go on. Lucy, poor child, will soon see her folly."

"My poor father, you had enough to struggle with before, what with poverty and sickness, and a large and unproductive family! How will you bear it, to be separated from her who was so long the pet and darling of us all?"

"Only for a little while will it disturb me, Jane," said her father. "It is for you only that I think how hard it will be. But we will not talk of it. Both are eager for the wedding to take place, and Mr. Danforth urges hard for next week; and if it must be, why, do not let us delay it."

And this was the way in which Lucy Earle, in her beauty and youth, came to be married to the rich Mr. Danforth, who numbered five times her age, and who had nothing but that same wealth to recommend him. It was near winter, so he whirled her off to town, scarcely intending ever to bring her back to her native place again, to be troubled with poor relatives.

The winter commenced cold and blustering, and on Christmas morning, when the bells were ringing for church, and the organ was just pealing out, "For unto you is born this day!" Walter Earle's spirit was born, a new angel, into heaven.

Jane wrote to Lucy, but Mr. Danforth answered the letter, saying, in brief terms, that he could not think of *his* wife being compelled to travel at so inclement a season, that she was grieved for her father, sent love, etc.

Jane tore his answer in pieces, and stamped upon it. "Cold-hearted, selfish being," she said, to Kate, "to refuse her this, when her heart is longing, no doubt, to be with us! How mean and cruel!"

So Lucy never saw her father, after her wedding day, and the three girls mourned as much for that as for their father's death. In three weeks, they removed from the house which was no longer theirs, and before the spring opened, they had gone to town, and opened a small school in a hired house. They would not go to see Lucy, nor send for her, nor even send to inform her of their coming, but left it to chance to unfold it.

Frequently they saw the carriage which was recognized as Mr. Danforth's driven past, and once they caught a glimpse of Lucy. She wore no mourning, but looked sad and pale.

All day, after this sight, the sisters were wretched about her. They feared that she was ill. Unhappy they knew she must be. How could it be otherwise—tied for life to that tyrannical and pompous being to whom she had sacrificed her youth and beauty, and the affections of her family? The poor girls cried and sobbed through the evening, after their pupils had departed, and retired to dream of their father and of their lost sister.

One day, Lucy came to the door, evidently unconscious that it was their name, although the same, that was engraved there. The simple announcement, "The Misses Earle's Academy for young Ladies," did not suggest a passing thought that they could be her sisters who taught there. She brought a lady in her carriage, who, it seemed, was looking for a school in which to place a little girl. It was Mr. Danforth's sister, and it was, perhaps, dangerous that she should witness the burst of passionate love and grief that Lucy exhibited. Nature, however, has nothing to do with conventionalities, and she would not be repressed in the embrace of the sisters. It was their first meeting since the death of their dear old father; and even Mrs. Arlingham could not look on unmoved. But she shortened the scene by reminding Lucy that Mr. Danforth was waiting for them, and the obedient wife immediately prepared to depart. She lingered after Mrs. Arlingham had stepped out, to say a few loving and tender words, and to promise to come again alone.

It was a sad pleasure which the sisters felt, in seeing Lucy; they loved her too much to have it other than sad, when they felt how large a barrier separated them.

Lucy exacted, with difficulty, a promise from Mrs. Arlingham that she would not acquaint Mr. Danforth with the fact of her sisters' residence in town. She would prefer his not knowing it, she told her, because he would think it was foolish to spend her time with them. She was not quite candid here, for she did not tell her how much he felt above her family.

So she would pass a stolen hour or two with them, while he was taking his afternoon nap; and recalling old memories, she would seem to be weeping at them, while in reality it was the thought of her own bitter wrongs which she was mourning. He found it out; the fact of her visits was revealed to him by the servant who drove her down often in the one horse carriage. He was amazed that his authority should be set at nought. "Leave your family, or leave me!" was his swelling sentence, uttered in his most grandioso tone. And almost Lucy wished that she could do so. But his riches and position were too weighty to resign without a struggle, and she reflected that, except in this instance, Mr. Danforth had never treated her positively ill. Had she been bound to him by a single tie of love or reverence, her bondage would have been easy; but she was not.

Lucy, however, was not very sensitive. Had it been Jane, it would have been a perpetual martyrdom. To Kate, Mr. Danforth would have been an object of mirth and ridicule; and Matilda would have borne down his grand airs by still grander ones of her own. But Lucy had married him before her character was half formed, and she had nothing but indifference, and a false show of respect which she did not feel, but which the custom of society compelled her to observe, to set against his arbitrary rule.

What wonder, then, was it, that when Alfred Harwood became an inmate of Mr. Danforth's family she should rebel against the fate that had chained her to a man like her husband? He was the son of an old friend of Mr. Danforth, and he availed himself of the opportunity thus offered him, of spending a winter in town. He had been too close a student for his health, and his father had extorted a promise that he would abandon his books for some months. Lucy was interested in him, at first, on account of his ill health, and then from his evident sympathy with her state of mind. He saw she did not love her husband, as, indeed, how could she?

Her heart was constantly whispering to her, what a different woman she might have been had she not sacrificed her youth as she did. And purely because Alfred Harwood was the only man with whom she had ever been domesticated, or shared any home feeling with, her thoughts were perpetually recurring to him as to the one with whom she might have shared even poverty, and yet have been blessed above all other women.

In the midst of these thoughts, her husband fell ill. Then indeed she showed herself a true woman. Night and day she watched by his side, never leaving him except for the sleep which outraged nature resolved upon claiming. She tended him most faithfully, and even his seared and selfish heart acknowledged her as unrivalled in a sick room.

She was so much afraid that she should not perform her duty to him! She dreaded so much that her feelings toward Alfred Harwood might make her willing to have her husband taken away; in short, there was nothing that the most refined and tender love could have performed for a dearly loved object, that Lucy did not voluntarily perform for Mr. Danforth. He liked, too, to have Alfred near him; and in the quiet hush of the darkened room, the student sat for hours, holding the sick man's hand, and bathing his hot forehead.

His pride and haughtiness towards his wife had disappeared. He was as dependent and humble as a child; and Lucy thought often that she *could* have loved him, despite his age, had he always treated her with the consideration and gentleness due to her youth.

The days thus spent were in reality the happiest she had known. Mr. Danforth was more thoughtful of her comfort, more considerate of her ease, than ever before; and she felt more truly grateful to him for this than she had ever done for his marrying her from her poverty, and raising her to wealth and station.

Not a word nor a look ever betrayed to Alfred Harwood that he had ever been in her dreams; and on his part, he was merely kind and respectful. What was it, then, that prompted Mr. Danforth's thoughts? No one could tell; but as he lay there, subdued and humbled by pain and sickness, looking for sympathy into the eyes of both alternately, a sudden thought sprang to his mind. It returned as often as he woke, and saw the two sitting apart, each engaged in a different pursuit, and apparently without a thought of each other; for even Lucy's dreams, brought on by her husband's arbitrary sway, were all over.

One would hardly think that a man like Mr. Danforth could be magnanimous, and yet he showed a degree of magnanimity that few could follow. When the sands of life seemed to be fast running out, he told them, separately, that he was dying, and that he wished them to be united, as soon as a decent respect to his memory would permit. He also made his will, giving Lucy his whole property, unreservedly.

Mr. Danforth lingered many weeks after this. Lucy was worn almost to a shadow with watching, and her health seemed to be failing; but she would not forsake the bed of the sufferer. "I have never given him *love*," she said to Jane, who was now almost constantly in the house, "but I can and will give him *duty* to the last."

He insisted on Harwood remaining in the family until he should have passed away; and with his last breath, he pressed his hand, as if to assure him that he was glad to leave his wife in his care. Lucy felt thankful that she could have her sisters with her through this scene; and they, with the readiness of sisterly affection, gave up their school to others, during the period of her trial.

"And why not give it up altogether?" said Lucy, one morning, to Jane. "Why should you toil, when I've enough for us all?"

"Do not name it, Lucy. I could not live upon the bounty of any one. I must be free and independent. Let us be glad that we can have the privilege of seeing each other, so long denied to us. When Kate and Matilda are married, I will then give up teaching, and stay alternately with you all; but now you must allow me to continue as I am."

When Mr. Danforth died, Alfred Harwood set out upon his travels. He had really abandoned study, and now proposed to travel for a year, or perhaps longer. At the end of fifteen months he returned, with renovated health and spirits, and a heart devoted to Lucy Danforth.

The life, hitherto so tried by wayward circumstances, seemed to be brightening up as the sun was declining towards the west. People wondered that they had never known Mrs. Danforth's real good qualities before. As Mrs. Harwood, she shone upon them with a new light, not dazzling, but serene.

"Who were those three ladies in mourning at Mrs. Harwood's, last evening?" asked an elderly man of fine appearance, with two young girls hanging around him.

"Papa, those were our teachers," said Caroline and Julia together. "They are the Misses Earle."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Benton. "You must introduce me to-day when I call at your school."

He went; and in less than three months, Jane Earle was situated as happily as Lucy was, and very near her, too.

"'At evening time, there shall be light,'" said Matilda, reverently. Her own life, and that of the merry, laughing Kate, proved this.

"If our dear father were but living to witness the happiness of his children!" said Lucy.

"And can you think that he does not see it, Lucy?" asked Harwood. "I reverently believe that, while the material body is not with us, the spirit is never absent, but ever watching above those whom it loved on earth."

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

They are having swimming races by dogs in the Connecticut River at Hartford—purse $20 and $50. —— In Chili, the most stable and prosperous of the South American republics, great attention is being paid by the government to education. They have established 42 new schools during the past year, making a total of 758, in which are 30,000 pupils, one-fourth of whom are girls. Chili is also expending large sums of money for steamships, railroads, and other public works. —— Ex-Governor Sprague, the most extensive manufacturer in Rhode Island, died recently, in Providence. —— Dr. Carnochan, of New York, has performed for the second time his great operation for the cure of neuralgia of the face, by insecting the entire trunk of the second branch of the fifth pair of nerves, as far as the base of the skull. The patient, a medical gentleman from one of the southern States, had suffered excruciating pains for five years. —— Three men and a woman travelling in an ox wagon were burnt to death by a prairie fire near Buckhart Grove, Illinois. —— Illustrative of the coldness and formality that prevail at the English court, Mr. Emerson writes: "When Thalberg, the pianist, was one evening performing before the queen at Windsor, in a private party, the queen accompanied him with her voice. The circumstance took air, and all England shuddered from sea to sea. The indecorum was never repeated." —— They have got a machine in New York State for cutting down and cutting up trees by steam. —— As Mr. John Hall, sexton, of Quincy, was in attendance at a funeral in the westerly part of that town, while the procession was solemnly wending its way to the abode of the dead, his hat was observed to fall, and his head to drop upon his breast. Assistance was rendered, he was removed from the seat of the hearse, and medical aid was promptly at hand, but life was gone. —— Yellow fever, cholera and small pox were prevailing at Guayamas, Porto Rico, on the 9th ult. It must be rather "sickly" there. —— The original Sabbath in England, as established in A. D. 960, commenced on Saturday at three o'clock, and lasted till daybreak on Monday. In the reign of James I., 1606, a fine of one shilling was imposed by act of parliament, on every person absent from church on Sunday. —— Washington once said to his soldiers: "Boys, when the enemy lay down their arms, don't hurrah; posterity will hurrah for you." —— The New York Crayon says: "We understand that the grave of Gilbert Stuart is unmarked even by a headstone. A friend of ours lately made search for it in the graveyard on Boston Common, where he was buried, but without success. Surely this should not be. —— A. Hosler, Chicago, has received the silver medal, of the Mass. Charitable Mechanic Association, for his beautiful photographs and dagnerreotypes. —— Mount Vernon was so named by Lawrence Washington, George's eldest brother, in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whose command he had held a commission at the siege of Carthagena, in 1740. —— Serious apprehensions are entertained that Colonel Babbitt, the Secretary of the Territory of Utah, who was formerly the delegate in Congress from that territory, has been murdered on the plains by the Cheyenne Indians.

HOOK AND LADY MORGAN.—Hook was not always very refined in his wit, as the following anecdote shows. Taking up a MS. volume of romances, he said surlily, "What garbage have we here?" "That," replied my lady, "is a collection of tales on which I have employed the whole eighty-horse power of my genius, and which only wants some appropriate motto on the title-page to make it complete." "Is that all?" answered the Tartaric Theodore: "what do you say to those lines from Macbeth then?

> ——'Tales
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.'"

Her ladyship looked carving-knives, but fortunately used none.

VERDANCY.—That was rather a verdant chap who went into an apothecary's in Western New York, lately. "Do you sell drugs here?" he asked of the clerk. "Certainly, sir. "Wall, how much do ye tax for 'em?" "Twelve and a half cents apiece." "I'll take one, if you please." The clerk stepped into a back room, did up a piece of logwood and handed it to Jonathan, who paid his money and walked off, as proud as a peacock with his bargain.

RELIGION.—It was Carroll who said: "I have lived to my ninety sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things that the world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause; but what I now look back on with greatest satisfaction to myself is, that I have practised the duties of my religion."

MUSICAL HINT.—Eleven at night is by far the best time for amateurs to commence practising on the clarionet; everything around you is so still at that hour, that you can determine the tone of the instrument, and the accuracy of your own blowing, with more ease and certainty than at any other time.

SUPERSTITION.—Many persons still believe that a ring made from the hinge of a coffin will cure the cramp, and that a halter wherewith a criminal has been hanged, if tied round the head, will cure the headache. Tight round the neck, it is an infallible cure.

AN EPICURE.—A gentleman fond of good living, refused to start his colt for the "two-year-old stakes," on the ground that if he won them, they wouldn't be worth the eating.

INTEMPERANCE.—A London paper contends that "drinking begets drink." He says that the inebriate, however impoverished, always contrives to obtain the stimulus that ruins him.

Wayside Gatherings.

A destructive fire in Hong Kong, China, lately, resulted in the loss of two hundred lives.

The porcine animals that roam the woods of Ohio have found plenty of acorns this year.

A party of thirty-six German and French emigrants have settled in Wythe county, Virginia.

The Earl of Caithness has invented a machine for sawing stone. So it seems the nobility can be useful.

The English East India Company has resolved that the seizure of Onde is *not* an act of spoliation and robbery.

At one time lately there were from Chicago and Milwaukie seventy-two vessels on their way to Buffalo, with 1,062,647 bushels of grain.

At the Ohio State Fair, a brass wire screen was exhibited that was so fine that in a single inch of its surface there were 25,000 meshes.

Hon. Solomon Foote, of Rutland, was re-elected United States Senator for Vermont on the 22d ult., for six years from the 4th of March next.

Rev. Isaac Horsford has resigned his situation as city missionary in Lowell, and accepted a call to the chaplaincy of the Lunatic Asylum, Worcester.

There are more than a quarter of a million of Jews in the United States, about 35,000 of whom are in the city of New York, where they have 20 synagogues.

The laying of telegraph wires across the Atlantic next spring is now regarded as a matter of certainty. How such a project would have made Columbus stare!

Land on the banks of the Atchafaya, in Louisiana, which sold, eight years ago, for less than $5 an acre, cannot now be purchased for less than $25 to $75 an acre.

At the late Episcopal Convention at Philadelphia, the House of Bishops remitted the sentence of suspension against Bishop Onderdonk, pronounced twelve years ago. He resumes his ministerial functions.

At an election of trustees at a Jewish synagogue in New York, lately, two sets of candidates were in the field, and the two factions got so furious that the police had to interpose to prevent a bloody knock-down.

The whole number of banks of discount in Vermont is forty-one. Their resources amount to $9,046,834, and their liabilities are $8,622,196. There are fifteen savings banks, two of which are in the hands of the receivers in chancery.

Ole Bull, the distinguished violinist, it is stated, has not taken the stump for any one of the presidential candidates. He is now in Illinois, and since the last of August, he has been unable to move about, having had a severe attack of bilious fever.

The silk manufacture in this country is at present in a depressed condition. The raw stock has gone up to unprecedentedly high figures, so that it cannot be manufactured without loss. Most of the sewing silk mills in the country are either stopped or preparing to do so.

The Chinese potato is likely to succeed here, after all. Mr. Prince, of Flushing, L. I., has 35,000 plants of it; and *he* says it will make good bread, and supersede every other potato, and in thirty years the annual crop in this country will exceed the cotton crop in value.

In Troy, N. Y., recently, some brute in human form set a large bull dog upon a boy of twelve years, named James McConnell, without the least provocation, and before the lad was rescued, the dog had torn more than two pounds of flesh from his back, and it is said to be hardly possible that he can recover.

Mr. E. F. Parker, after three years of solitary labor high up inside the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has at length completed, and in a handsome manner, his re painting of the eighth dingy old picture originally done by Sir James Thornbull in the reign of Charles II.

Adolph de Werdinsky, a Hungarian refugee, died in Hull, England, recently, of starvation. He was too proud to accept charity. He was the only child of the late Count Adolphe de Werdinsky, who was a general in the Polish army, and a princess of Poland, who died in childbirth. Deceased was educated at home, in the most costly manner.

Advices from Bermuda to Oct. 8th, report that notwithstanding cold weather, yellow fever continued to prevail at Ireland Island, Paget, Pembroke and Southampton. Somerset and Warwick have been fearfully visited; their united population numbers 2600; and upwards of 500 persons in these two parishes have been attacked with the fever.

Mr. N. A. Wheeler, of Bainbridge, N. Y., recently stopped at the Girard House, Philadelphia, fell asleep, and has not since awakened, though everything has been done that could be thought of by medical men to bring him to. It is the impression of his attending physician that there is an effusion of blood in the brain. At the last accounts he appeared to be fast approaching dissolution.

The Wolfborough Pioneer states that a short time since, a Mrs. Tilton, of North Sandwich, drowned her little girl aged about one year, by putting her into a stream of water, face down, and laying a rock upon her to keep her down. She then went to a neighbor's house, and told the family what she had done, and requested them to go and take her out, as it might disfigure her face by laying in the water.

Sylvester Lind, of Chicago, has given to the trustees of the Presbyterian University, about to be established at Forest Lake, some twenty-five miles north of that city, the munificent sum of one hundred thousand dollars, to be applied to the enterprise. The only condition prescribed is that $40,000 shall be used for the benefit of professorships, and the income of $60,000 shall be perpetually used in preparing young men for the ministry.

The Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal, which, as its name indicates, is intended to unite the waters of the Chesapeake Bay with those of North Carolina, embracing Albemarle, Currituck and Pamlico Sounds and their tributary streams, is now in process of construction by the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal Company, under charters recently granted by the States of Virginia and North Carolina.

In the recent survey for the Atlantic telegraph, it was found, that for more than 1300 miles in a direct line, in mid ocean, the bottom is an almost unbroken level plain. Not a single rock or a particle of gravel or sand was found over this large surface, but the bottom consisted of minute microscopic shells, soft and yielding as a snow bank, into which the sounding lead buried itself 10 or 15 feet deep. Of course the telegraph cable will bury itself in the same way. The greatest depth attained was 2070 fathoms, about two and a third miles.

Foreign Items.

The Emperor Alexander has promised to renew the annual pension of eight thousand ducats to the Prince of Montenegro.

It is said that a company of Yankees in Russia are making a million dollars a year on a contract for keeping the Moscow railway in repair.

The Epoca calculates that the amount of ecclesiastical property to be sold in Spain, in virtue of the law of desamortizacion, was 700,000,000 reals, and that 300,000,000 worth has been sold.

In Great Britain, about sixty thousand families own all the territory, which is occupied by twenty-seven millions of inhabitants. Five noblemen—the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Dukes of Argyle, Athol, Sutherland and Buccleuch—own perhaps one fourth of all Scotland.

The emperor of Russia has resolved to introduce the Gregorian calendar into Russia, and thus to do away with the difference of twelve days between the old style and the new. This change will greatly aid the development of commerce between Russia and the rest of the Christian world.

A Russian prince, who is a fanatical admirer of an instrument which has fallen into general disfavor of late years, the guitar, has summoned all the guitarists of Europe to a public trial of their skill next month at Brussels, and has promised a gold medal to the best player, and a silver one to the second best.

The Italians in New York, as well as those who sympathize for Sardinia in her present struggle against Austria, have opened a voluntary subscription to contribute towards defraying the expenses for one hundred cannons, to be presented to the Sardinian people, for arming the new fortress on the point of erection at Alexandria in Piedmont.

Sands of Gold.

.... A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.—*Shakspeare.*

.... He who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.—*Lavater.*

.... We have all of us sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortunes of others.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... Human nature is so constituted, that all see, and judge better, in the affairs of other men than in their own.—*Terence.*

.... Schismatic wranglers are like a child's top, noisy and agitated when whipped, quiet and motionless when left alone.—*Talleyrand.*

.... If thou desirest ease, in the first place take care of the ease of thy mind; for that will make all other sufferings easy. But nothing can support a man whose mind is wounded.—*Fuller.*

.... He who cannot feel friendship is alike incapable of love. Let a woman beware of the man who owns that he loves no one but herself.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Solitude is one of the highest enjoyments of which our nature is susceptible. Solitude is also, when too long continued, capable of being made the most severe, indescribable, unendurable source of anguish.—*Deloraine.*

.... The wisest man may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday, and to-morrow than he is to-day. Total freedom from change would imply total freedom from error; but this is the prerogative of omniscience alone.—*Colton.*

.... There are souls which fall from heaven like flowers; but ere the pure and fresh buds can open, they are trodden in the dust of the earth, and lie soiled and crushed under the foul tread of some brutal hoof.—*Jean Paul.*

Joker's Budget.

"Well, Dick," said a doctor to a polite man, whose wife he had been attending, "how is your wife?"—"She is dead, I thank you."

Lately, an enthusiastic hunter of autographs, resolving to have the signature of a distinguished poet, took up his bill for £20, held in despair by his tailor!

Critics says that the difference between a successful lover and his rival is, that one kisses his miss, and the other misses his kiss. A distinction and a difference.

A servant girl, writing a letter, asked her master if the next month had come in yet; he laughed. "Well," said she, "what I mean is, has the last month gone out yet?"

"You flatter me," said a thin exquisite, the other day, to a young lady who was praising the beauties of his moustache. "For heaven's sake, ma'am," interposed an old skipper, "don't make that monkey any *flatter* than he is now."

An old lady, looking at the curiosities in a museum, came to a couple of sea-dogs; and, after gazing at them with wonder, inquired of a wag who stood near her, if they barked. "No, madam," says the wag, "their bark is on the sea."

A gentleman, whiskered up to the very eyes, was passing along the street, when a couple of jolly tars on a land cruise observed him. "Shiver my timbers, Jack," said one to the other, "that fellow looks like a rat peeping out of a bunch of oakum."

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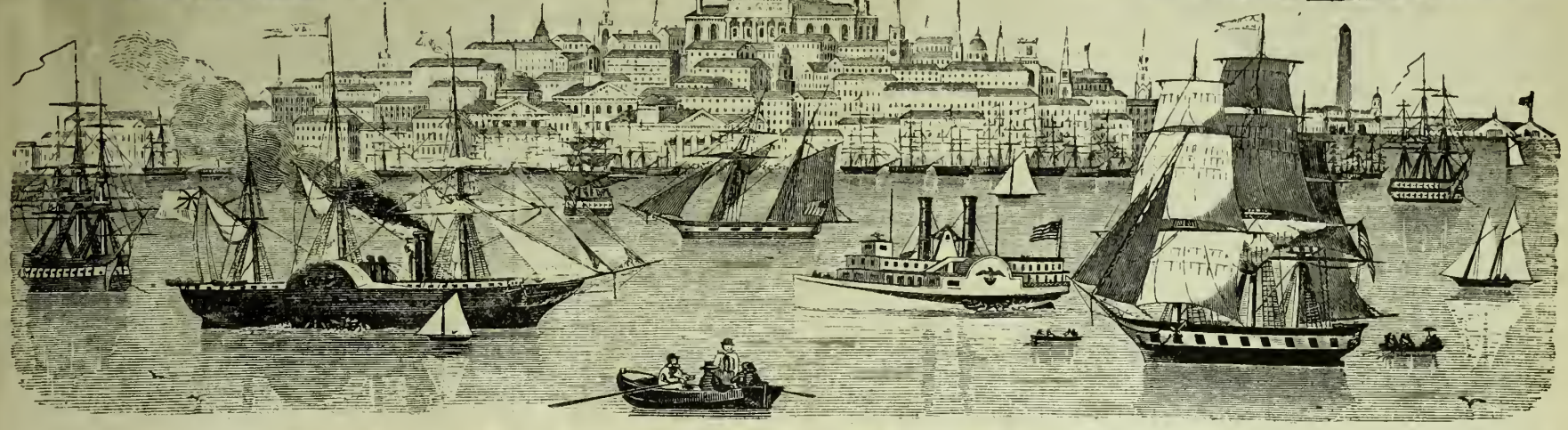
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REPRESENTATION OF A WILD BOAR HUNT IN ALGERIA.

[For description, see page 333.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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STATE OF KENTUCKY.

The fine emblematical picture on this page is from the pencil of Billings, and was designed expressly for our Pictorial. In the circle in the centre is delineated a scene in one of the wildest passes of the Mammoth Cave, the greatest natural curiosity in the State, and one of the wonders of the world. On the right is seen one of the world-renowned "Hunters of Kentucky," in his forest garb. On the left are a party of Indians on the war-path. In the lower part of the design is a group of deer, and above, the State arms, representing two citizens joining hands, with a scroll containing the memorable motto, "United we stand, divided we fall." Kentucky was originally included within the limits of Virginia, from which State it was separated in 1786, when it was organized as a territorial government, and so remained until its erection into a State in 1792. No extensive exploration of the State is known certainly to have taken place until about 1770, when the celebrated adventurer, Daniel Boone, penetrated into its then remote and inhospitable wilds. Four years afterwards, a permanent settlement was effected at Harrodsburg, but the early settlers were constantly engaged in fighting the Indians, whose hostile operations gave to the State the title of the "dark and bloody ground," until the conclusion of the treaty with General Wayne in 1795. The State is bounded on the northwest and north by Illinois, Indiana and Ohio (from which it is separated by the Ohio River), east by the Big Sandy River and Cumberland Mountains, dividing it from Virginia, south by Tennessee, and west by the Mississippi River. It includes an area of about 37,680 square miles. In Kentucky are found bituminous coal, iron, lead, freestone, gypsum and other minerals. Salt and medicinal springs are peculiarly numerous in this State. In her climate, Kentucky enjoys a happy medium between the extreme severity of the far Northern States and the extreme heat of the Southern States. In fertility of soil it rivals the most favored parts of the great Mississippi valley. Its staple products are Indian corn, tobacco, flax and hemp, besides which large quantities of wheat, rye, oats, wool, peas, beans, Irish and sweet potatoes, barley, fruits and market products, butter, cheese, hay, grass seeds, maple sugar, beeswax and honey, and some buckwheat, rice, wine, hops, cotton, silk and sugar cane are produced. In 1850, there were 74,777 farms in the State, occupying 5,963,270 acres of improved land. Kentucky, when first settled, was one of the best wooded of the Western States, and boasts of a great variety of forest trees. Cultivated fruits abound here. In 1850, there were in the State 3471 manufacturing establishments, producing goods worth $2,487,493. In January, 1854, there were 233 miles of railroad in operation, and 552 miles in the course of construction, and 486 miles of canal. Kentucky carries on an active trade with New Orleans and other large places on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. Most of her rivers are navigable to a considerable distance for steamboats, and still further for flatboats. In 1854, the State school fund was $1,400,720. There are many colleges and academies in the State. The population is about 1,000,000.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE BANQUET AND THE QUARREL.

"Quick in revenge, and passionately proud,
His brightest hour still shone forth from a cloud;
And none conjecture on the next could form,—
So played the sunbeam on the verge of storm."

While Herbert was enjoying this interview with the idol of his affections, most of his brother officers were at Davenport's Tavern, dining with Colonel Arnold. He had ordered the best dinner that the house could provide, and the best wines in the cellar sparkled on the table, in company with French brandy, Danish liquors and real old Jamaica rum. The landlord was a great favorite with the sea-captains who sailed from Newburyport, few of whom returned without either bringing some present, or well-executed commission, which added to his stock of beverages.

Colonel Arnold, of course, presided, and distinguished himself by an unusual flow of spirits as he plied his guests with the good things provided for them. His ambition was, while in conversation, to astonish by sudden combinations, and to follow with story after story each one, like the forms of the magical kaleidoscope, of a different cast from its predecessor. Only one guest could at all approach him as a humorist, and that one we have already introduced to our readers. It was Dan Holbrook, the man who so unsuccessfully endeavored to abduct Mabel Gwynne, whose horse-whip mark he yet bore on his face. He was even more flashily dressed than usual, and wore a large diamond ring, though the deep mourning of his finger-nails showed that it was not in its proper place. With Colonel Arnold, however, he was on terms of the most familiar equality, and the two alternately set the table in a roar with their stories, the only faults of which were a horrible profanity, and a total disregard of truth. The conversation at length fell solely into their hands, and after illustrating almost every comical phase of existence with graphic vivacity, Arnold exclaimed: "A truce to tale-telling, Dan! Sing us a song."

"Ay, Benedict. What shall it be?"

"Something lively, man."

"Well, shall I give the glee to which we smashed glasses as an accompaniment, last year, at Albany?"

"No, no, Dan. I have to pay the bill, and the item would not be an agreeable one for my exchequer, the emptiness of which may yet seduce me back to King George and his guineas. So give us something less roystering, more sentimental, and equally bacchanalian."

"You're too deep for me, Benedict. Why not sing a sample?"

"Agreed," responded Colonel Arnold; "so here goes." And he sang in a clear, full voice:

"Then fill the cup to-night—to-night,
For the sun hath sunk away;
And let the wine be bright—be bright,
And that shall rule our day.
For when the disk of Phœbus flies,
And hides his golden head,
The star of Bacchus then should rise,
To light the world instead."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the gay set. "Let's drink to Colonel Arnold, and may we soon follow him into Quebec."

Every glass was drained, and amid the clatter of their replacement on the shining table, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" shouted Arnold, who felt vain of his musical abilities, and was gratified at the applause just bestowed upon them. But no sooner had his eye rested upon the new-comer, than the self satisfied smile was clouded by an ungracious, angry expression.

"So," he said, "our quarter-master is in the land of the living, after all! I sent to your room this morning, sir, to inform you that I had a desire to converse with you."

"I was with the Rifles, colonel," calmly replied Herbert. "Surely that was where I should be?"

"The Rifles, ha!" retorted Arnold, with a smile which served to render his countenance almost diabolical in expression. "Odds fish, gentlemen, but the Rifles are late on parade."

Herbert's face flushed, but the gallant Morgan came to his relief.

"While the Rifles were on parade, Colonel Arnold, Quarter-master Yancey did his duty, and at roll call to-morrow morning, you will find him present. Off duty, his time is his own."

"O, certainly," said Arnold, in a more humble tone. "Take a seat with us, quarter-master, for a few moments. You know the officers present. This gentleman is my friend, Daniel Holbrook, Esq., of New York, dealer in horses, discounter of notes and drinker of all potent beverages."

Holbrook rose, and advanced towards Yancey with outstretched hand, but the latter, with a ceremonious bow, took possession of a vacant chair next that of Major Morgan. There was something in Holbrook's appearance that, at the first glance, created a feeling of dislike in the young officer's mind, though he knew not why. Every one has felt, sooner or later, the strange, instantly created power of repulsive antipathy, which, in this case, had no foundation, save an ugly, scarred countenance. Had Herbert known from whom the freshest scar came, and how it was imprinted, he could not have felt a more deadly enmity than at once took possession of him.

The slight was noticed. Doubling up his declined hand, Holbrook struck the table with it as he again took his seat, while a black storm of anger swept over his swarthy features, the scars gleaming more intensely red. "Not shake hands with me?" he muttered. "He shall repent that."

But Herbert Yancey took no notice of what was passing at the head of the table, for Morgan was whispering to him that most of the party were just intoxicated enough to be quarrelsome.

"Never fear," replied Herbert; "I am not in a quarrelsome humor."

But hardly had the words escaped his lips, when he heard Colonel Arnold announce: "Fill your glasses, gentlemen. Holbrook has a toast to propose in honor of that rebel belle of Newburyport, the rector's ward."

As Herbert filled his glass, he felt a presentiment that his heart was to be stirred, and his fine eyes streamed fire upon Holbrook, as he rose. Returning the defiant look of the young soldier with a glance of malignant ferocity, he said, with emphasis:

"I give you the health of Mabel Gwynne, ward of the Tory rector of St. Paul's, nor did my arm ever circle a bonnier waist."

"Liar!" shouted Herbert, unable to restrain himself. "Never was Mabel Gwynne's form polluted by the touch of such as you."

"Take this for the word," retorted Holbrook, in a hissing voice of concentrated ire, while as he spoke he seized a bottle from the table, which he hurled at Herbert Yancey's head. But scarce had the missile left the hand which threw it, ere Herbert, with a bound, sprang across the table.

"Yes, liar!" exclaimed he, in a voice of thunder, seizing Holbrook's throat with a vice-like grasp, and tightening his hold until the fellow's eyes began to protrude from their sockets. "I—have—a—mind—to—shake—your—deceitful—tongue—from—your—head." And as he spoke, he accompanied each word by a quick shake, as a dog shakes a kitten, forming a running commentary on what he said.

The moment that Holbrook saw the consequences of his unprovoked assault, he became convulsed with terror, and gave a howl like that of a wild beast, as Herbert's grasp tightened on his throat. Another second, and it was lowered into a mere gurgling sound, while every muscle of his pallid countenance was racked by pain, and his frame writhed in convulsive efforts to escape. Escape—it would have been easier for prey to have escaped from the death-grasp of the enshrouding folds of a boa-constrictor.

"Part them—part them!" cried Arnold. "For heaven's sake, do not let Dan be strangled like a dog!"

"He deserves it," said Morgan. Then stepping behind Herbert, he threw his arms around him, caught his wrists with a grasp yet more powerful than their own, and whispered: "Let the reptile go, Yancey. You've nearly choked the breath out of him."

Herbert relaxed his hold, and others coming between them, the couple were parted, forming a striking contrast. Herbert Yancey, defiant and vengeful, seemed like a knight-paladin, ready to defend a "faire ladye" from wrong accusation. Holbrook, at first bewildered and stupified by pain, gazed at his late assailant in dogged silence, until his scattered recollections returned. Then turning to Arnold, who had not left the table, he said, bitterly:

"Is this the way, Benedict, that you permit an old friend to be throttled at your table, and that, too, by a traitor?"

Well was it for Holbrook that Morgan had not relaxed his hold, but Herbert struggled in vain to again lay hands on his traducer.

"Yes," continued Holbrook, with a gesture of menace towards Herbert Yancey,—"I told you when you came here how that flirting jade at the parsonage had entangled him, and now you see the proof. Talk about treason and traitors, when you have this popinjay here!"

"Let me go!" literally shrieked Herbert Yancey, his eyes flashing like steel,—"let me go, I say!"

"Stop—stop!" cried Arnold. "This brawl will ruin us—will stop our expedition. Gentlemen officers, I entreat—I command you, resume your seats. Holbrook, sit here. Order, gentlemen,—order."

The magic of discipline stilled the tumult, and Herbert Yancey seating himself by Morgan's side, cast defiant glances at Holbrook.

"Gentlemen," said Arnold, "I little thought that our evening's festivities would have been disturbed by such a scene. I now have to request that you will retire; and to you, Major Morgan, I commit the custody of Quarter-master Yancey, who will consider himself under arrest until morning parade. At that time, I will guarantee that he shall have a full opportunity to defend his honor, though I regard his conduct this evening with but little favor."

"Colonel," said Herbert; but ere he could utter another word, Morgan whispered into his ear: "Silence now, for your mother's sake." The young officer, disarmed by this talisman, bowed politely, and after saying "good night, gentlemen," left the room, followed by Morgan. A few moments more, and Colonel Arnold was left alone with Holbrook.

"Now tell me, Dan," said Arnold, when the door closed on the last officer who went out, "what in the name of the satter made you open on that young fellow ere he'd been a moment in the room?"

"Curses upon him!" muttered Holbrook. "My throat feels as though it was pinched by a blacksmith's heated tongs."

"Take some more toddy, man. But you deserved it, for you had your plans so well laid. There you had made the young mechanic believe that this Yancey shot him, and had also began to open a cross-fire at the parson's by anonymous letters. But you wouldn't let your pear ripen. Worse than all, you began by abusing a pretty woman. What could I do?"

"What could you do, Benedict? What did I do for you when you were set on by the Yale students at New Haven? What did I do when you tried to run away with the Patroon's mulatto wench at Albany? What did I do when you had lost your last pistareen at the 'Green Dragon?'"

"You stood by me, Dan, like a man," replied Arnold, who was somewhat troubled at these reminiscences. "But policy—policy is now necessary, Dan, for us to play the cards in a great game, and pocket long odds. You saw all the Riflemen stood by their comrade, and what could I do?"

"All very fine, Benedict," retorted Holbrook, with a sarcastic sneer. "Yet policy is not pleasant to a man who is being strangled to death. Never mind; I'll fix that coxcomb's flint."

"No murder here," said Arnold, in a beseeching tone, for he felt the reproaches and the recollections of his old associate in crime.

"Murder?—not from me," was Holbrook's bitter response. "Catch me at sunrise within twenty miles of here! But let me get near him, and he'll repent this night."

"That's it—that's it. I'll send him on some scout, and let you know it. But now as to these Canadians—can I depend on them?"

"Policy again, my foxy Benedict. But now let us leave this young Virginian, and talk of business. Have you your plans and estimate of forces all copied for me?"

"Here they are," replied Arnold, "Washington's instructions and all."

But we will not now unfold this—Arnold's first treason against the infant republic, as he concocted it with his ally. Little thought the hundreds of brave men who that night dreamed of victory and of liberty, that while they slept, their leader was scheming how to profitably betray them and their country.

CHAPTER X.

A SUBTLE PLOT.

"Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here:
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes,
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys."

Herbert Yancey's slumbers were disturbed by troubled dreams, through which the presence of Mabel Gwynne floated like a silver thread; and when he awoke, he could elicit no augury of good from the gloomy sky without. Dark, massive clouds, sullenly tinged with the dawning light, came rolling up from the sea, depositing a gloom-shroud of mist on their pathway. No ray of sunshine cheered the earth with its gladness, and as Herbert looked from his window, he could but feel that the depressing heaviness of the atmosphere was in accordance with his own dejected spirits. The calm which follows a tempest of angry passion is accompanied with a gloom far more painful to the mind than the gloom which precedes it. And as Herbert, pacing his chamber, recalled the events of the preceding evening, currents of thought, no less tumultuous than the elements without, whirled through his troubled brain like the wild harping of a thousand minstrels. Gladly did he turn from the brawl at Colonel Arnold's table to the previous avowal of his love to Mabel, and gradually did recollections of her soften the darker shadows of his heart.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" cried Herbert; and in strode Major Morgan, wrapped in a large green blanket, which he wore Indian fashion.

"Well, quarter-master," said he, in a pleasant tone of voice, "I have come to resume my guard, and am glad to find my prisoner looking so well. Make haste and dress, man; I have news for you."

"A challenge, of course."

"A challenge," echoed Morgan, in a contemptuous tone. "And who, pray, do you expect to fight?"

"Who? Why, that impertinent fellow Holbrook." The very recollection of the insolent allusion to Mabel made Herbert's face flush with anger.

"Well, then," replied Morgan, "let me advise you to smother your anger, and save your sword or pistols for other opponents."

"Does the scoundrel not dare fight?" asked Herbert.

"There you have it, right in the centre," answered Morgan. "At any rate, he has taken good care to keep out of your way. Colonel Arnold sent for me about an hour since, and after a long palaver, said that he regretted the fracas last night—that Holbrook was intoxicated—that on awaking this morning he expressed great regret—and that he had actually started for Albany post haste. So, young bottle-thrower, you are now champion of this pretty miss; nor do I see that it is any one's business whether she be Whig or Tory."

"So the scoundrel has ran away!" exclaimed Herbert, a contemptuous smile curling on his lip. "I had hoped to punish him."

"Never mind—never mind. You may meet him some of these days, and in a more appropriate locality for a duel or a chastisement than this straight-laced town. Arnold is evidently troubled that there was any dispute at all, and has given the waiters a Spanish dollar apiece to make them hold their tongues. I must say, though, that to me it seemed strange to see such a scapegrace as Holbrook evidently is on such intimate terms with our commander. Depend upon it, Yancey, unless I am mistaken, neither is any better than he should be."

"Holbrook and Colonel Arnold allies?" exclaimed Herbert Yancey, fixing a searching glance on his companion's countenance.

"Flints and hammers, but I begin to think so. At any rate, Colonel Arnold—"

"Bids you good morning, gentlemen," said that officer, entering. "Your servant again, Major Morgan. Hope you are well, quarter-master. Really, though, you should not leave your door ajar when you discuss your comrades."

"Listeners," bluntly muttered Morgan.

"Never hear any good of themselves," continued Arnold, in a soft, purring tone. "I know, gentlemen, that it must have seemed strange to both of you that Dan Holbrook should have placed himself on such intimate terms with me, but he himself gave the

reason. In other years, when I was a mere tradesman at New Haven, and he had not become a drunken horse-jockey, fortune so willed it that he rendered me service on several occasions. You, gentlemen, who are from the honor-esteeming Old Dominion, should not blame me for being ungrateful."

"That we wont!" frankly exclaimed Major Morgan, "and here's my hand on it."

"Excuse me, colonel, for harboring such thoughts," said Herbert; "I was wrong in losing my temper last night, I admit, but I could not hear Miss Gwynne's name aspersed in a drunken bout."

"I honor your spirit," replied Colonel Arnold, in whose eyes a close observer of human nature might have read the glory of a triumph, won by appealing to noble sentiments at the sacrifice of truth. Having gained this point, he went on: "To be sure, it would do the provincial cause harm to have it said that its officers quarrelled over their cups, but I think I have suppressed the matter. Now for business of greater importance. I am a candid man, gentlemen, and speak plainly. The more radical of the Sons of Liberty, Mr. Yancey, have taken some offence at your visits to the rector's—nay, some of them go so far as to assert that it was you who fired at the young man—"

"I?" interrupted Herbert Yancey,—"I play the part of an assassin? O, Colonel Arnold, this must be a joke."

"No, no," replied Arnold, with a sardonic smile perceptible on his lips. "And I have come here to free your reputation."

"How?"

"The matter is to be discussed by the council to-night."

"I will be there."

"Do not. Discretion is the better part of valor, and I entreat you to abstain. Your presence there might inflame the mob; and although I have no doubt as to your innocence, yet, for the sake of the cause, of the army, of the feelings of General Washington, I advise you to avoid this unjust storm until you can feel assured that justice will be done you."

"Run away?—never!"

"Hear me out. I have issued an order detailing you, to whom the duty as quarter-master belongs, to sail this morning, in advance of the fleet, to reconnoitre the mouth of the river. If you find no hostile demonstration there, you will land, and see what fresh provisions can be obtained. Such are my orders; surely you will not hesitate to obey them."

"But," said Herbert.

"No buts," interrupted Major Morgan. "From what has been whispered here and hinted there, Herbert, I now see that you are in a false position here. It is a noble thing in Colonel Arnold to give you a chance to let the breeze blow over until you can return to face it, surrounded by your friends. Nor is there any disgrace for a soldier to obey orders."

"And the cause, quarter-master," adroitly chimed in Arnold. "Just think how the Tories would chuckle to hear that a young Whig officer had been entrapped in some snare adroitly set. How General Washington would grieve!"

"Ay," said Major Morgan; "but what would your mother say? You well know, Herbert, how these people are excited, and how deaf they are to justice, though their hearts are right. Take my advice, and sail—"

"Within an hour," interrupted Arnold. "I had the sloop fitted for sea yesterday; she drifted down to the bar with last night's tide; the wind is coming round to the southward, and you have only to ride down to Plum Island, go on board, and set sail."

Both spoke so earnestly, and with so much apparent interest in his welfare, that Herbert Yancey at once gave way before their joint argument.

"I will go," said he; "but I must first see—no, I must write—must write to my mother."

"That you can do on board of the sloop, and send the letter back by the pilot," replied Colonel Arnold. "Remember, I wish you to leave before there is the least suspicion breathed against you in public."

"Pack your valise, Herbert," said Major Morgan, "and I will ride down with you."

"But my horse?"

"I will have him taken on the transport with mine, if we carry them," replied Colonel Arnold, "yet I doubt if we take any at all. There are no paths where a horse can travel, and no forage."

"Well," exclaimed Herbert Yancey. "Do you order the horses, Major Morgan, and by the time they are saddled, I will join you below with my valise."

Morgan left the room, and Arnold followed him. In a few moments, though, the latter returned, with a large paper packet in his hand.

"What—all packed? Well, here are your orders, and I trust that, ere many months, you will return to shake off these idle charges. Meanwhile, we shall meet at the mouth of the river, and not only be comrades, I trust, but friends."

"Ay, that we will," cordially responded Herbert Yancey, seizing and shaking Colonel Arnold's hand, while his eyes glistened with moisture. "Never shall I forget your kindness, and some of these days you will find that, whatever my present faults may be, ingratitude does not enter into my composition. Good-by."

Major Morgan was already mounted when Herbert came down stairs, and the two were soon trotting down the river side, to where the sloop lay in waiting. On the way, Herbert learned some of the rumors afloat to his prejudice, and felt sick at heart to find how unjustly he had been accused of infidelity to the cause of liberty.

"Never mind—never mind," said Morgan, as Herbert shook hands with him ere stepping into the boat. "The Riflemen know your innocence, Herbert, and if any Yankee says a word against you before us, he will regret it. Good-by until next week."

CHAPTER XI.

THE ORDEAL OF THE HEART.

"——In dreams, in dreams,
The radiance of thy glance upon me beams;
No star has met
My gaze for years, whose beauty does not shine,
Whose look of speechless love is not like thine."

Mabel Gwynne, like the object of her affections, had passed a troubled night. Her rosy lips, as she tossed on her dream-disturbed couch, told tales which, if breathed consciously by daylight, would have brought the crimson tide to her cheeks; yet why should she blush to announce her first love, or to tell the dream joys which chorded in unison with her brightest hopes? One of the elf-messengers sent earthwards by the fairy queen, to scatter "sweets of forgetfulness" on dreamy pillows, must surely have winged his way to her quiet chamber, to nestle in the curls which clustered untrammelled about her head, and whisper sweet conceits into her ear. True, these dreamy thoughts were on but a single theme, and that was love, yet they swept across her heart like the south wind over the strings of an æolian harp, swelling it with notes of liquid harmony, a joyous accompaniment to her brightest hopes. She was by Herbert Yancey's side—that Herbert to whom she had plighted her love, and they wandered in the Acadian groves of dream-land, where the silvery music of fountains mingled with the notes of the turtle-dove,—where the perfume of sweet flowers filled the air,—where the crescent moon, peering through the fragrant canopy of foliage, cast a chequered light around them.

Blessed dream! Imagination painting in the distance this bright picture, radiant as the rose-hues when first tipped by morning's light, and the lovely dreamer felt that neither neglect, nor scorn, nor indifference could conquer the deep tide of love on which her bark of happiness exultantly floated. But, just then, a portentous cloud seemed to glide between earth and heaven; a far distant moan trembled through the air; the affrighted birds flew to their coverts, and the leafy shadows were absorbed in a general gloom. Yet Mabel cared not. Her warm heart still throbbed responsively to the warm pleadings of affection, and for a while she was insensible of the coming storm. Suddenly she perceived the lowering darkness; she heard the rumbling echoes; she felt the hand of Herbert withdrawn, and with a shriek of terror she awoke. The reverberating echoes of a thunder-stroke were echoing around, as she endeavored to recall her thoughts, and she trembled with awe. Then, her mind becoming more calm, she buried her face in the pillow, and shed tears of joy to think that it was but a dream from which the thunder had awakened her.

Soon the thunder ceased to roll, but the day dawned heavily; and Mabel, who had not closed her eyes, began to have apprehensions that her dream was an omen of evil. Could it be ominous of that bitter chalice of disappointment which is the portion of the trouble-stricken heart left alone to suffer in the darkness of affliction? But no, no! Herbert would never disappoint her—never leave her unprotected, to encounter the storms of adversity.

On going down stairs, she found the rector pacing the floor of the sitting-room, and although the good old man bade her "good-morning" with an assumed air of cheerfulness, she saw at a glance that his manner was but a disguise with which he sought to conceal troubled thoughts.

"Good morning," she replied. "Did you hear the thunder just before daylight?"

The rector made no reply, but walked backward and forward in the room, gnawing his finger-nails, as was his wont when troubled. To Mabel this silence was intolerable, and she watched him with an expression of eager apprehension, which, at last, turning his eyes upon her, he perceived. Halting, he gave a convulsive shudder, and said: "Sit you down, Mabel. I wish to speak with you."

The color went and came in the young girl's cheeks; her temples throbbed, and her heart beat high, for she felt that the subject of all subjects was to be discussed. Yet what had she to fear? So drawing a chair near one in which the rector seated herself, she listened with eager earnestness.

"Mabel," said the old man, in a tremulous voice, "I feel it my duty to have a more perfect understanding with you. You are my adopted child, dear Mabel, and since the day on which the Lord threw you into my charge, a waif from the broad ocean, I have endeavored to promote your happiness, even as if I had been your parent. Nay, weep not, for the service has been to me a labor of love. Year after year we have enjoyed sweet confidence, and I have seen the helpless babe cast, Moses like, by the raging waves upon the shore, grow up into a true-hearted, loving woman, ever more than ready to repay my love. Yet within a few days—pardon me if I am wrong—I feel that there is a secret between us. Is it right, Mabel, that we should thus be strangers?"

He paused, but received no reply. Mabel had covered her face with her hands, and bitter tears oozed through her closed fingers, while her frame was convulsed with emotion. She essayed to speak, but in vain, for sobs choked her utterance:

The good rector saw her embarrassment, and continued:

"Indeed there is perhaps no reason why we should not ever agree as we have agreed. I know your secret, dear Mabel, and I assure you that I have no objections to your giving your affections to the son of my old friend Yancey, if—"

"If what?" eagerly interrupted Mabel, her eyes flashing with joy through her tears.

"If he loves you—that is, if he is not merely trifling with your affections as an amusement."

"O, sir!" Mabel here stopped, for it was a marvel to her that any one could doubt the love in which she reposed such confidence.

"Tell me," exclaimed the rector, who saw with concern how her feelings were enlisted,—"tell me, has he professed affection for you on such short acquaintance?"

"Sir," replied Mabel, with sudden composure, while her cheeks and brow burned, "he has told me that he loved me."

"And you?" asked the rector, springing to his feet as he attentively watched Mabel's countenance.

"And I, sir," said Mabel, calmly,—"I responded to love by pledging him my own"

"When was this interchange of vows?"

"Last night, sir."

"And do you put full trust in him?"

"Full trust in him, sir!" passionately exclaimed Mabel, in a faint tone. Then passing her hand across her brow, she raised her eyes with a triumphant glance, and continued: "Why, sir, after what you yourself told me about the father, could I doubt the son?"

"Ah, my dear girl," answered the rector, "you little know the world, or the character of mankind. Deeply do I reproach myself for not having warned you—"

"Not against Herbert Yancey," interrupted Mabel. "Not against my deliverer from a watery grave. No, sir; I—"

She was interrupted by Madame Ordway, who entered the room almost breathless, exclaiming: "He has escaped, after all!"

"Escaped?" said the rector. "Who has escaped?"

"The man who tried to kill my Frank, before this very door. Ah, Miss Mabel, after all that I have done for you, who would have thought that you would have set a stranger so crazy that he tried to kill my Frank, just because he was near here at night?"

"But who is it?" inquired the rector. "Who was the cowardly assassin? Who do you mean? Surely not—"

"It was that Yancey. He was to have been taken up and tried before Squire Tracy this morning, but the rascal probably got wind of it. So he slipped down to Plum Island, got on board a sloop, and is off."

"God preserve us!" ejaculated the rector. "That fine-looking young man an assassin and a fugitive?"

"Never! never!" shrieked Mabel, whose brain rang with a confusion of sound as if of a hundred cataracts and a thousand voices endeavoring to make themselves heard above the roaring of the waters. Vision after vision flashed across her scorching brain, each different from the other, yet in each did she see Herbert Yancey. Yet all this was but a second in its passage, and then, pressing her hand to her brow as if to still the wild pain of its beatings, Mabel fell heavily to the floor.

"Woman," exclaimed the rector, "you have killed her!"

"She had better be dead than the wife of a murderer," said Madame Ordway, whose love for her son led her to look upon Herbert as a criminal of the deepest dye. "But do you take her by the shoulders, sir, and let us carry her up stairs. Poor child!"

Lifting her up as they would have lifted a statue—so cold, so pale and so lifeless was she,—they carried Mabel to her room, where Madame Ordway, with many reproaches against Herbert, applied the usual restoratives.

"Do I dream again?" asked Mabel, as she recovered from her swoon. But no. The lamp of her mind gradually illuminated the past, and she exclaimed with frantic impatience: "Has Herbert Yancey really gone?"

"Poor girl!" whispered the rector, stooping over her pillow and imprinting a kiss upon her pale, cold forehead. "Do not think of one so unworthy."

"Not think of him!" replied Mabel, in a deliberate tone. "Have I not plighted myself to him? Is he not mine?"

"Nay—nay," said Madame Ordway; "be quiet now, and endeavor to sleep."

But Mabel refused to be quiet until she had learned the whole truth, and the more she heard, the more she felt assured that Herbert was innocent. True, his abrupt departure looked suspicious, especially as Colonel Arnold declared that he was ignorant of it; but hope whispered Mabel not to despair. Others might doubt him, but her love would be all the purer and holier from being hidden in the treasure-cell of her trusting heart. Meanwhile, she lay on her bed, pale and motionless, though an occasional tear glistened on her drooping, half closed eye-lashes.

In the afternoon, the booming of cannon met her ear, and she cast an inquiring gaze at the rector, who sat watching by her bedside.

"It is the rebel force setting sail," he replied. "And I fear that Madame Ordway's deluded boy has gone with them."

"My dear father," said Mabel, "pray with me."

The good man knelt, and poured forth ardent supplications to the throne of grace, while Mabel mentally followed him. Soon, beneath the calming influence of the divine petition, the heavy weight in her spirit dissolved in a flood of tears, and a ray of heavenly comfort shone into her benighted heart.

"I feel relieved now," said she, as he arose, "and I have a favor to ask."

"Name it."

"I ask," and never had the persuasive tones of her voice fell so plaintively upon the rector's ear,—"I ask that, as you love me, you will never mention Herbert Yancey's name in my presence, or allude to his visit here, until his name is free from suspicion."

"I promise," replied the rector; "ay, and promise for Madame Ordway, too, hard though the task may be." Again was Mabel clasped to the old man's heart, which rejoiced as over a loved one lost. "Now," he added, "go to sleep, and make to-morrow morning bright and fresh. Good-night."

She slept, but it was a troubled sleep, nor were her waking moments thenceforth cheerful. Her all-engrossing hope was that Herbert might prove his entire innocence—of his love for her she entertained no doubt. When the heart is truly filled with love, doubt is excluded.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



HARVEST IN NORMANDY.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

We have grouped together, on this and the next page, a series of interesting pictures illustrating some phases of European agriculture. The first represents the manner of getting in the grain harvest in Normandy, France. In the foreground, we have one of the famous Norman horses, led by a peasant woman, in the picturesque costume of her district, and loaded with wheat sheaves, while in the distance are seen other female peasants engaged in cutting and binding sheaves. Women are largely employed in the heavier labors of agriculture in Europe. The next picture represents the annual apple-gathering in Normandy. A cart, to which a stout horse is harnessed, receives the golden fruit handed in by the laborers. Women and children are bringing in the heavily laden baskets of fruit, and the proprietor and his lady are superintending the operation. In the distance two men are beating down the apples from a tree, which are gathered by the women and children at the foot of the trees as they fall. The third picture on this page delineates the woodcutters and wood-carriers in the forest of Brotonne, Normandy. A long file of horses and mules, the foremost furnished with panniers and bells, and each bearing a heavy load of even cut sticks, winds its way through the mountain pass. A peasant boy in his sabots, or wooden shoes, heads the column. On one of the horses a peasant girl is riding, her feet comfortably ensconced in a pannier, listening to the compliments of a querly-equipped rustic attendant. In the distant gorge of the hills a quaint old town is visible. The peasant women of Normandy wear a very picturesque dress, the effect of which is heightened by gay colors. The petticoat is perhaps of intense red, the neckerchief of pink, the apron striped with orange, and not infrequently "bends over all," not exactly the "blue sky," but the much less poetical canopy of an immensely large scarlet umbrella, which is used as a defence against the overpowering heat of the sun. Seen among the depths of the green forests, such forms give a richness and harmony to the picture, which would otherwise be wanting. Although there are coal mines in forty different departments of France, yet the abundance of firewood produced in the forests is still sufficiently great to prevent coal from being used exclusively, even where the wood is not procurable; while the want of internal means of communication still further limits the use of coal. Many of the French colleries are lying idle, or nearly so, because the expense of the coal itself, added to the cost of transport over insufficient roads and canals, raises the price too largely to enable the seller to compete with the forest proprietor. It has been stated that in the department of Aveyron, the coal mines, if properly worked, would provide a supply nearly equal to the wants of France; but that the deficiencies in respect to roads and canals render this bounty of nature almost unavailable. One eighth of the surface of France is still covered with woods and forests, the annual produce from which, comprising building timber and firewood, is estimated at about thirty millions of dollars. Ten years ago it was estimated that France, with one half as many more inhabitants, consumed only one fifth the quantity of coal burned in England. The consumption of every kind of fuel in Paris amounted at that time in value to nearly eight millions and a half dollars a year, being nearly one half the amount of the annual rent of all the houses in Paris, and two thirds of the sum spent by the inhabitants in wearing apparel! This estimate, if correct, places in a striking point of view the expensive nature of wood fuel. The firewood for the supply of Paris, paying duty on entering the city, is brought down the river Seine on rafts. Sometimes the supply is obtained from a great distance; and in that case, the wood is seasoned before being made up into rafts. The bark is stripped off at the time of the wood being cut, and then allowed to remain exposed, the wood becomes hardened, and much better fitted to be used as fuel. Some forests, contiguous to the Seine, are preferred to others in respect of the quality of wood there obtained—one kind, for instance, obtained from trees growing in a stratum of stones and gravel, is much esteemed at Paris. Two or three other kinds are used on account of the pleasant perfume they emit; while others also are in good favor for the bright, sparkling and cheerful blaze which they yield. Wood, however, is paid for at a very dear rate; and to economize fuel, the Parisians often keep their fires in a smouldering state, or use a kind of charcoal composition with the wood. When the wood rafts arrive in Paris, which they do to the number of four or five thousand every year, they stop at the Isle Louvier, one of the three islands formed by the Seine within the walls of Paris. Here wood depots are established, from which the retail dealers in this commodity obtain their supply. In France and Germany, the selection of the best wood for fuel, and the cultivation and protection of the trees yielding it, have been made the subject of a separate branch of practical education. The best wood for fuel is oak; the next is beech; the harder the wood, in a general way, the more heat it emits in burning. The trunks of large trees, sawn into convenient lengths, and then split into billets, make the best fuel; but where wood is scarce, it is found most profitable to cut down the trees when from thirty to forty years' old, when they have acquired a considerable height of stem, but no great girth. In the woods which are planted for this purpose in France and Germany, the trees are made to grow slender, by being placed near together, and most of the lower branches being cut off. This is a well-known mode of determining the manner in which a tree or plant shall grow, whether tall and spare, or short and bulky; and it is simply a matter of calculation, under particular circumstances, as to which of the methods will be, on the whole, most conducive to the object in view. About sixty or seventy years ago, a German traveller, Riesbeek,



APPLE-GATHERING IN NORMANDY.



WOODCUTTERS AND CARRIERS IN NORMANDY.

gave rather a quaint account of the condition of Prussia at that time; and while defending certain monopolies which existed at that time, and which, he said, were established by the king for the good of the people at large, he gives us an insight into the employment of wood for fuel, the sale of which was monopolized by a company:—"This company is not allowed to set an arbitrary price on its commodity, but the wood is taxed; and they are obliged to furnish the best sort. Though the price of the wood be high, it keeps pace with the wages of the manufacturers; so no one feels it but those who live upon their own estates without doing anything, or those who receive stipends from the court. If the former of these would work like the other parts of the industrious public, they would reckon the article of firewood in their account; as they do not, they are very properly punished for their laziness. As to the latter, to be sure they do not get much, but what they get is sufficient for the decent purposes of life; and the king's maxim is, that every man shall have enough, but no man shall have too much. To the former the monopoly is of service, for the company is obliged to sell him wood as cheap as if there was no monopoly; and, besides, he is himself allowed to take a certain portion of it to market, where the regulations enable him to sell it to better advantage than he would do otherwise. The monopoly also serves to preserve the forests, which all Europe has so long lamented the diminution of. The scarcity of wood makes people more cautious how they grab and burn. Nor does the monopoly affect any but the inhabitants of Berlin and Potsdam, who have great advantages over the rest of the country from the residence of many officers of state in them, and the facility with which money circulates. Strangers, indeed, who reason from the state of their own purses, and see that the materials for fire are as dear at Berlin and Potsdam as Brazil or Campeachy wood, form no prejudices in favor of the Prussian monopolies, and thus far they are in the right." The last fact mentioned, that of firewood being equal in price to dyewood and ornamental wood brought from abroad, is not a little remarkable. A wonderful degree of activity has been shown within the last few years in devising new kinds of fuel, which, being compounded of easily procurable ingredients, shall be cheaper, or cleaner, or more portable, or more fitted for particular purposes than coal. Mr. Williams, a director of the Dublin Steam Packet Company, has devised a kind of composite fuel, in which peat is brought prominently into use. In one of his methods, peat-moss, pressed nearly dry, is further dried with powdered limestone and mud. In another preparation, he combines bituminous matter with peat, and this produces fuel which answers all the purposes of pure coal, and is much cheaper and more portable.—Our next picture represents a Tyrolese peasant at vintage time. He is a sort of walking grape-trellis loaded down with bunches of delicious fruit. The last picture in the series depicts the manner of mak-



TYROLESE PEASANT AT VINTAGE TIME.

ing wine at Pola, in Istria. In the immense tun on the ox-cart, is a peasant treading down the grapes, the juice of which flows into the tubs set outside. All wine, so called, is made from the juice of the grape; and in those countries where the grape is best cultivated, there is the best wine made, or there at least it may be made, if the cultivators possess the requisite skill. All the beverages produced from other fruit, such as cider from the apple, perry from pear, and home made wines from the raisin, currant, gooseberry, orange, etc., are rather substitutes for wine than wine itself. Each of the countries in the middle and south of Europe has its own proper and peculiar reputation for the kind of wine produced. Port is the produce of the banks of the Douro, in Portugal, not far from Oporto. Sherry is derived from vineyards situated in the vicinity of Xeres, in Spain. Claret, or Bordeaux, is the produce of a small district not far distant from the city of Bordeaux. Burgundy and Champagne are the names applied to the wine made in these two French provinces. Rhenish wines, Moselle and Neckar wines are named from the vineyards situated on the banks of the great rivers bearing those names; and the special names, such as Riedesheimer, Hockheimer, Johannisberger, etc., relate to particular vineyards which have acquired a wide-spread reputation. Tokay is a most expensive wine, made at and named from the town of Tokay, in Hungary. Thus it is also in Italy, in Southern Germany, in Greece, and in the Mediterranean islands: each country produces wine, which, when tasted by a connoisseur, is found to possess its own peculiar properties, distinguishable from others. The general routine of wine-making is pretty much the same in all these districts, and may be illustrated by a few examples. In sherry-making, for instance, the grapes, which are allowed to hang till perfectly ripe, are plucked before the middle of September; and those growers who are most attentive to their wines, place the grapes in baskets, and expose them to the sun for forty-eight hours, turning and sorting them all the while. When the wine is to be made, the grapes are carried to the pressing-room. The presses generally used in the sherry districts are simply large wooden troughs, about eight feet square by twelve or fourteen inches deep; and each will contain, at one time, as many grapes as will yield a butt of wine. A coarse wooden screw stands in the centre of the trough, worked by a lever; and a large quantity of grapes being heaped up on one part of the trough, the laborers commence by strewing them with a little powdered gypsum. Some of the grapes are then spread over the bottom of the remainder of the trough, upon which the men jump with great violence, having heavy wooden shoes on their feet. The grapes being then piled up round the screw, the press is worked, and the "must" or juice flows out abundantly. The bottom of each trough is elevated two or three feet above the floor of the cellar, with two or three spouts so arranged as to allow the must to fall into vessels beneath. The must is poured into butts; and the skins and husks, after having had water added to them, are again pressed to yield an inferior quality of must. The must is allowed to ferment in casks, and gradually exchanges its sweetness for the more alcoholic quality of wine. Of the ruder modes of expressing the juice from the grapes, it is scarcely necessary to speak. The illuminations in the Harleian and other manuscripts, and the paintings on the walls of Egyptian buildings, give abundant evidence of the state of this art in the early stages of a nation's history; and the grape-pressing process adopted at Pola, in Istria, where a man treads the grapes in a kind of cart, and another collects the juice in vessels, will sufficiently exemplify the method still adopted in many countries. All wine is thus fermented; but a great number of minute particulars determine the manner in which the fermented juice is brought to the state of saleable wine. Thus, in some wines, especially port, brandy is added; and in nearly all, age is an important element of goodness. Hence it arises that old wine commands a higher price than new. At Xeres there are very large cellars, in which the sherry wine is deposited, in casks which are always kept in the cellar. The casks contain wine of all ages, from one year to half a century. The stock of the finest and oldest is never exhausted; according to the price at which wine expedited to the market is intended to be sold, it contains a larger or smaller proportion of old wine; but it is only in wines of a very high price that even a small portion of their very finest wines is mixed. What is withdrawn from the oldest and finest casks, is made up from the casks which approach them nearest in age and quality; so that a cask of wine, said to be fifty years old, may contain a portion of the vintages of thirty or forty seasons. The labor of the vine-dressers in the wine countries is often laborious. Thus one of the Rhenish wines is produced at a village called Asmanshausen. The hills behind and around this village are so very steep that it is only by artificial means, often by planting the vines in baskets, that any soil can be retained around their roots. The vineyards are a succession of terraces, or steps, extending from the top to the bottom of the hills, some of which are nearly a thousand feet in height. In some places more than twenty terraces may be counted, rising one above another; they are supported by walls of masonry from five to ten feet high, and the breadth of some of the ledges on which the vines grow is not more than twice the height of the walls. To reach many of these narrow plats, the vinedressers, male and female, must scale the precipices, and hang, as it were, from the face of the rock; while a great deal of the soil itself, and every particle of the manure, must be carried up on their shoulders. It has been remarked that "the life of the Rhineland vinedresser indeed presents a rare example of industry and perseverance." Though by no means rich, they are generally the proprietors of the vineyards they cultivate; and though their appearance does not always verify that which painters draw or poets describe, they at least exhibit an aspect of cheerfulness and intelligence. Independently of the hardness of the labor of cultivating the vine, which is not confined to one season, but must be carried on perseveringly through the whole year, and is most severe during the heat of summer, the vine is a delicate plant; frost, hail or rain may in a few hours annihilate the produce on which the cultivator depends solely for his subsistence. With regard to the commerce and consumption of wine, it is estimated that the average consumption in Great Britain is about six million gallons a year—not more than one fourth the amount of spirits drank, which arises in a great measure from the very high duty chargeable on foreign wine. The inhabitants of Great Britain do not consume more than one quart of wine a year, poor and rich together. In Paris there is a wine market exclusively devoted to this branch of business. It is a well conducted establishment, and the scene of a very large trade. The piles of storehouses are seven in number, four in front and three behind. The two centre piles fronting the river Seine, are divided into seven compartments, and are used as a market, one of the buildings in the back division containing brandies. The spaces between the several masses of buildings form avenues or streets, of which there are several named after different kinds of wine—as the Rue de Champagne, Rue de Bourgogne, Rue de Languedoc, Rue de la Cote d'Or. There are counting-houses for the merchants, and small bureaux for the officers who superintend the entrance and delivery of wines. These entries amount sometimes to fifteen hundred casks a day. The whole establishment contains more than three hundred thousand square yards; it is enclosed by walls on three sides, and has a frontage towards the Seine, nine hundred yards in length. The stock usually contained in this "Halle aux Vins" is from twelve millions to fifteen millions of gallons.—The remaining engraving in this series tells its own story. It is a sketch of an Irish egg-seller. The girl is seated on a little rugged pony, that supports, besides her weight, two huge panniers filled with the produce of the poultry yard.



EGG MARKETING IN IRELAND.



WINE MAKING AT POLA, IN ISTRIA.

THE "MONEY-MAKING SPIRIT."

This game of money-getting all the world over is, after all, only another name for exertion, emulation, ambition, adventure, independence, success, power. We can see no reason to expect its disuse—none even to wish for it. It is so general, so universal; its good is so practically acknowledged, that a thousand platitudes from pretended skeptics do not damage it in the least. The skepticism and the platitudes only prove its utility; the taunts of laziness only demonstrate itsworth. The world *will* have it, the world *must* have it. It is always wanted—sometimes for good, oftentimes for evil; but the good and the evil weigh in this instance only on the same scale as in all other human arrangements. It may be called for to ravage a continent; it may be required to civilize one; it may be wanted to hollow out a mountain range that too long has made enemies of nations; its potent forces may be asked to build hostile barriers on a peaceful plain; but in all these cases it only stands up to represent hate or human passion, human enterprise or human love, husbanded for the inevitable strife alike against physical foes or social evils. The taunt of avarice against England will appear of all taunts the most hollow, when it is remembered that we groan under the heaviest of debts, and that our squandering propensities seem well nigh exhaustless, and when every great national effort, however chimerical or visionary, is sustained with the grandest force and the most enduring prodigality. It is said that we carry out our plans in this country by length of purse; but length of purse only means length of arm and brain, of muscle and will. The money is voted because, though the gap will be felt, the energy can be counted upon for its speedy filling up. And the strength required to fill up that chasm is not that of the sordid man. It is no base metal; it is faith, mountain-moving faith—faith in skill, industry, intelligence, vigilance, and the grand endeavor which conquers all things.—*The "Manchester Papers."*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"TEMPORA MUTANT."

BY JAMES F. FITTS..

"The seasons change"—eternity advances—
The course of Time is onward, day by day;
The beautiful of earth, beneath his glances,
Continue still to droop and fade away.

"The seasons change"—the friends so fondly cherished,
Remain to us in memory alone;
The aspirations of our youth have perished—
Upon the rapid wings of time have flown.

"The seasons change"—the days of youth have fleeted,
The spring-time of our life has passed away;
Yet, in our inmost heart we still secreted
The pleasant memories of a former day.

"The seasons change"—the past is all behind us,
Our future—ah, how little now remains—
Long years have passed away since fate consigned us
To wander here in life's oft-trodden lanes.

"The seasons change"—at length the full fruition
Of hope brings Lethe to our weary souls;
The oft-desired, the heavenly transition
To realms above, for earthly pain consoles.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE QUARREL AND THE CROWN.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

The sad, old, French king Charles was mad again and exiled to one of his woodland palaces. Still clothed in purple and fine linen, he fared sumptuously every day, and never wanted for attendance, even though the strife among the royal dukes for the regency continued unabated; but most faithfully because most lovingly performed, was the service of his fair daughter, Kate. True, there was but little to be done; she could only sing him to sleep in the hot noontime with old ballads that had tears in their very tones, repeat old, mystic legends to him when the day was growing dim, or wander out, holding his hand and directing his steps in the great sunny openings of the park; and constantly preferring these pleasant duties to the frivolous variety of court, she lived in calm contentment till her father should once more recover his reason. The Princess Kate is drawn in an ancient picture as wearing bands of chestnut hair round a small head, from whose broad braids unruly tresses are forever escaping into curls caught and snarled again among strings of pearls; eyes of a yellow hazel, with a perpetual laugh in them, while the white lids lift brown lashes almost to the arch of the well-defined brows. Straight, small, French features, among which the mouth is rather wide than otherwise, but a width of crimson velvet curve, that you would gladly see continued, above those small, ivory teeth, and a chin upturned and deeply cleft with a dimple to match those two in the oval, rosy, waxen cheeks. A white shoulder is partially heaved into light beneath a net of lace gathered up by a white, unjewelled hand; and the whole, surrounded with a black, worm-eaten frame, hangs mouldering and retreating, day by day, further and further from sight, in the hall of the castle of Azincourt.

The park of the present residence of the mad king was very ill trimmed, and the foresters had entirely deserted their cottage in the forest and taken other and finer abodes to themselves—pleasanter ones than the low, stone buildings could not be, their one story covered with ivy and deeply embosomed in the wild green growth of summer, where the birds built, unmolested, below the eaves and the stately deer trod across the very doorstone—and so the two strangers, who had installed themselves unasked in the abandoned place, seemed to be fully persuaded. Of these youths, one was Lord Guilford de Vere and the other a renowned young Welsh knight, Sir Owen Tudor. While the first was remarkable for nothing but the elegant ennui of high rank, the last was remarkable for everything but that. His memory was stored with lays attesting the ancient historic splendor of his country and the daring deeds of his ancestors. Trained in all manly exploits of the age, he had no rival on field or flood, and in polite learning he fully proved the superiority of his Welsh blood and breeding. Rather tall and sinewy, this slender athlete possessed, nevertheless, an extraordinary beauty of countenance, and the long, black locks, black, flashing eyes, fine features, sparkling teeth and beardless face were as beautiful as a woman's.

It is not to be supposed that the princess, leading her father through the glades, had escaped the notice of these foreigners, nor that her fresh, naive beauty had not made, unfortunately, too deep an impression upon them. At first sight Lord Guilford was enraptured, but cooled on discovering her rank, and suffered his admiration to dwell on her pretty attendant, whose station was about equal to his own. But Sir Owen, "an eagle, changed an eagle to the spheres," and from the first glance of the lovely Kate had felt and nurtured a passion sudden as those in Arabian tales, and which, though impossible, was sweet as first loves usually are. Neither, in turn, had the princess failed to observe the young hunters, and while used in her father's court to meet the delicate languor of Lord Guilford, the energetic, fiery motions and manners of the other presented a new phase of life for her study, which she did not fail to improve, as frequently, when stationed with her friend Rose within a bower of her own, quite hidden by the green undergrowth around, they had been compelled to listen to the conversation of the unsuspecting hunters as they dressed their game on the bank without; and twice had Sir Owen, in propria persona, crossed the path of the princess with a respectful bow and a flush on his dark cheek, while she with a naive childishness had turned to look at him.

The king was growing decidedly better, and one sunny afternoon, accompanied by Rose and the physician, his daughter was guiding him on his accustomed walk.

"King cups," said he, pointing to the brilliant patches of blossoms, "are the kings underneath—little fellows—tired of their crowns? It would seem as if I had worn a wreath of such things once. Pluck me some more, Kate; twine those harebells among them, from the rocks yonder, and come back with thine arms full of flowers like a girl in the streets, child!"

The physician took his hand while Kate sprung to gratify the first desire he had expressed for many months, and plunging into the copse threaded the familiar ways, gathering a thousand rare blossoms and wreathing them together while plucking a handful of iris growing beside the stream, and finishing the adornment with large, white hawblooms, she beheld it with satisfaction. "O, he said harebells!" said she, with a disappointed cadence, as she remembered, "and there they are growing in the clefts so far up I never can reach them, and there are some scarlet berries—lovely—drooping over these white haws, well, I'll try!" And hanging the wreath on her arm, with sprays of blossoms thrust carelessly everywhere about her, from the crown of her hat, half off her head, to the little feet, she began clambering. On the other side of the rocks, at their base, sat Sir Owen, and hearing the little soliloquy, had glanced over and was now gazing unobserved at the climbing flower-nymph, till at last the harebells were within her reach. They grew in a cleft just under the summit, and were well nursed with constant dew, and the spray which in rough weather was frequently tossed to them by the torrent below. She filled her hands with the bells and the long, hair-like leaves, and then glanced at the bough of red berries growing half-way down the face of the rock. It was impossible to reach them unless she slid down the smooth surface, trusting to the bush to stop her progress. And how would she reach the ground after picking the berries? O, time enough—she would see then; and was turning round preparatory to her slide, when she slipped, lost her balance, and falling over with a series of whirls, launched into the air, and would infallibly have been dashed into the torrent had not the little bush put forth its briery arms and caught her frock fast in a hundred thorns, while she hung, still grasping her flowers and looking round for relief. "The stem will break in a minute!" she exclaimed; but the minute had not passed ere Sir Owen, with a few bounds, had reached the summit, and taking the very step she had intended, slipped swiftly downward till brought up with sudden impetus against the bush that supported her, catching her slender waist in his strong grasp just as the bush with a sharp crack broke away and whirled down into the stream, leaving only the twigs clinging to her apparel. What to do now? further slipping would bring them only into the deep water that broke up almost immediately into a cascade of some forty feet, and the rock was everywhere smooth as glass. The stream was but about twenty feet wide, perhaps he could clear it. She glanced into his eyes and saw the same ideas—all this, for thought is more instantaneous than electricity, in some half-dozen seconds, and bracing his foot against the little stump, with the momentum of his slide still quivering in his person, he sprung—the waters dashed and roared beneath, the air whirled, whistled and slipped around them, ages seemed passing in that instant, the world booming back and away from them, she closed her eyes and awaited the shock of descent, should it ever come, and at last like one waking from a dream, found herself close in Sir Owen's embrace, on the opposite shore. Her first impulse at her release was to fall at her preserver's feet and cover his hands with kisses, for she was young and life very sweet; her next, to draw up with dignity and beg that he would request any favor the first lady in France could bestow, and her last, remembering how frequently she had heard his conversations and watched him in the forest, was to do nothing, which accordingly, like a guilty little child, she did. Rather wondering at her coolness, but at the same time noticing the little self-conscious air, and divining her last thoughts by his own, the knight said:

"Pardon, lady; but perchance we are both better acquainted than the other dreams of."

"And monsieur knows then," said she, dropping the crushed rose, while merriment filled her eye and she broke into a gay laugh, "that I know his haunts—that if I do not know his name and station, I know at least a thousand thoughts to which he has given utterance?"

"My name is Owen Tudor, and I am a knight of Wales."

This sudden knowledge of their immense disparity of position which she had half hoped might not be so great, acted like a damp spell upon her glowing thoughts, but in a moment the imprudence and heedlessness of youth returned, and with elastic smiles she answered:

"But the Tudors are descended from kings?"

"So we believe, madam," he replied.

"Then we are not so unequal as it would seem?"

"Quite as much so," was the response to this rather singular question.

"Would it have cost you so much to accept a rank I was willing to accord?" she winningly asked.

"Since it was not mine I should have been far less a free man," he returned.

"I understand," she said for the first time, with a falling inflection, knowing very well that a sweet voice is always sweetest in gentle interrogations; "but because arbitrary fate, by no virtue of mine, has made me what I am, there is no inequality in a friendship which I must always owe to him who saves my life. I would not like to have died, and I *should*—but for you."

The tears came into her eyes, but Sir Owen steeled himself against the witchery as far as it was possible.

"Lady," said he, after a moment's pause, "Tudor can never dare aspire to anything but thy knight. Give me but thy scarf that I may do battle in thy name forever!" and as the custom was, sunk on one knee before her.

"There is nothing," whispered she, "to which Tudor might not aspire. But be indeed my knight, brave youth, till—"

She stopped, confused and blushing, plucked the dagger from his bosom, and clove one of her long, brown curls in lieu of the absent scarf, and returned the weapon, for the first time put to such gentle usage, with the tress twisted round it. Pressing the lock to his lips, Sir Owen thrust it into his bosom while turning to continue the path. The stream, which widened both above and below this point, was only to be crossed by a footbridge at a league's distance, and beguiling the way with pleasantest conversation, the two went on, and by sunset separated at the foot of the great avenue, not, however, till young Sir Owen had agreed to meet her next day again, and turning every step or two to watch his fine figure as he strode away, she finally ran in with her wilted flowers to the old king, who had quite forgotten his wish by this time. She knew very well that she was indulging in vain a passion that ought to be strangled at its birth, she knew she never could be a knight's wife; but blindly closing her eyes upon the future, she laughed, lived, enjoyed, loved, in the present. And Sir Owen, with all the strength of his intellect, as he saw the barriers to happiness in this direction, with all the fortitude of self-control determined never to risk his secret in words, and with all the fire of his heart felt that this lovely creature had kindled a flame there which neither time nor circumstances could extinguish.

"Has the lady smiled on thee?" asked Lord Guilford, as he entered the cottage. "Well, she smiles just so on me," added the same personage with a yawn.

Sir Owen's eyes flashed, but his sleepy friend observed nothing and continued his remarks, whose subject was in reality the pretty Rose, till the knight wondered were he dreaming or waking, that he dared speak in that manner of one so free from coquetry and deceit as the Princess Kate.

The night on slow pinions overswept the sky, and the dew was yet undried by morning, when Kate met her undeclared lover again; and not once but a thousand times, frequently accompanied by Rose and de Vere, did they stroll through the fresh blossomed vines at sunrise, or listen in the shade to the bubbling nightingale at evening. One night, the moon was sinking in the sky, but still with faint lustre filled the pleached alley down which the damsels were wandering, when parting the boughs Lord Guilford joined them, and in an instant more Sir Owen leaped into the group, and in a few moments Kate found herself arm in arm with the knight at some distance from the others. Up to this time, whatever might have been guessed by each of the other's sentiments, no actual protestations of love had passed between them. Taking from the folds of her dress a slip of paper, and unrolling it, the princess repeated with mock solemnity a madrigal whose burden was herself.

"If I had ever seen Sir Owen's pen-strokes," she said, gaily, "I would vow that these were part and parcel of them. I picked them up where he should not have dropped them—at the feet of the old lord-chamberlain!"

He extended his hand to take the paper.

"Nay, sir," said she, restoring them to their former position, "they are far too precious to be restored."

They were sitting on a mossy bank from whence she started to secure a glowworm that glimmered across the way.

"Nay," returned Sir Owen, "these verses are too trifling to be the subject of thy highness's laughter."

"If I laugh at them," she rejoined, glancing at him over her shoulder while stooping to the worm, "it is with the secret joy that cannot contain itself!"

"The lady jests with a simple baron. Such joy is not for the great, only for those who love."

She rose; she turned; she came forward and stood before him; bending, she looked into his eyes.

"But I *do* love thee!" she said, in an earnest yet half-pleading tone," and *we* love, though all the wooing is on my side!" and stooping lower, she touched her cherry lips to his.

Bold as the little charmer was, she trembled when feeling his arms encircling her, his lips returning her kisses, his breath coming and going on her cheek; while with all the forgetfulness that such love begets, he uttered more melting and passionate sentences than she could ever have dared wish to hear.

When they parted that night she wore his ring, a plain, gold circle, upon her finger, and locking her joy in her own heart, sat long alone, only gazing at this outward token of it. For a few days, in a state of blissfulness, they two saw and heard only each other; and then fearing lest he should weary of his gilded toy, Kate, in order to rivet faster his chains, entered on a course to loosen them altogether, by playing off her charms on Lord Guilford, conversing and accompanying him instead of her lover, and, in short, according to her ability, flirting to the last extreme with this languid gentleman. At first, Sir Owen refused to believe his eyes, then sought a hundred excuses for her, and finally, stung by maddening jealousy, poured a hundred vehement reproaches upon her. Kate had thought that such conduct would only increase his passion, and stood still with the first words, prepared for a little scene, but now amazed and unwarrantably indignant, she turned upon him with angry eyes.

"Let Sir Owen remember another time, that when I give my word I keep it," she returned. "Because I am promised to one man, shall I shut myself up like a Turk in a seraglio, from all others? No! if such is to be my fate, better escape it now. I

choose always to receive the homage of whom I please. Sir Owen is released from a bond that must be galling, since he strives by such petty means to break it! I scorn him and his vows!" And tearing the ring from her finger, she flung it at his feet and he saw her no more.

That day, Queen Isabel came down into the country and took her daughter away from the place under her own protection, since the English, invading the French territory, had taken Harfleur, vowing in addition, to seize the princess for their king's wife, and certain provinces as her dowry. Braced by pride and anger, Kate firmly put down any remorse that might linger in her heart, and believing that she had trodden out the flames of love as suddenly as they had been kindled, went gayly off with her mother, while Sir Owen still lingered in the forester's cottage.

One night a herald tapped at the lattice. "Englishman," whispered he, "your king desires you! Not sixty leagues hence he prepares for the French onset. Harry the Fifth counts on Sir Owen Tudor to win a battle for him!"

Like sparks of fire struck in the dark by sudden blows from steel armor, so memories of war and longing desires for the din of arms and clang of trumpets, flashed through the soul of Sir Owen, and snatching his armor, he left Lord Guilford to follow at his ease, and dashed through the forest with the herald till they reached the English camp.

Meanwhile, Kate had been warned by her mother that if they were defeated her hand would be the price of peace, and half in pique at her lover, half in caprice, she had consented, while Queen Isabel, reviewing the French forces, destitute as they were of muscular commons, and abounding in revelling noblesse, could not for a moment doubt the issue.

Day after day the hostile armies had marched up the opposite river-side, and at last, the English, crossing, had forced the French to withdraw to a village some miles distant, where, spending the night in caronsal, the latter awaited the dawn which, as they expected, would be the last the English would ever see. Thirty deep, and a line long as the eye could reach, swelled the crescent of their forces at sunrise, heavily laden with armor, and composed almost entirely of cavalry; but a mere handful, light, half-naked, standing only three deep, on marshy ground, the bowmen of King Henry surrounded him where he rode, glittering in kingly insignia, and determined on death without victory. For a few moments the battle arrays stood regarding each other, till three French dukes rode out and haughtily demanded surrender.

"Back for your lives, gentlemen!" returned King Henry, and with the thundering "charge!" that volleyed through the ranks, the archers sprang forward, biting the earth, planted their stakes and blackened the air with hurtling darts that turned the French boasters, already half sunk in mire, with the direst loss and confusion. Then began the melee. Shouts, groans, trumpet brays and hautboy peals, whistling arrows, clashing swords, splitting lances, shrieks, curses in divers tongues and spurting streams of blood.

"Well done, Sir Owen!" cried the cheering voice of the English king, as with battle-axe and broadsword swinging in either hand, the Welsh knight had cleared a square of twenty gayly caparisoned foes around him, and now lifting his helmet from his aching brows wiped his dripping sword upon the saddle cloth. "Had I a dozen like thee the battle were mine ere now!"

Sir Owen glanced at the man for whom he was winning a bride and that bride almost his own, while rapidly twining a long lock of chestnut hair in the crest, then with a jerk replaced his helmet, tightened the strap, and shouting to his battalions to follow him, "on, on!" dashed into the centre of the French. A thousand arms encircled him, great blows parried his, torrents of red blood bathed him, showers of yellow sparks flashed out in a sudden darkness before his eyes, a shock, a concussion upon his head as of two worlds grinding together—darkness closed round him, light and sense flowed from him, and he fell on the field of Azincourt. But Henry won.

Six months, victorious as Mars, Henry traversed France, and fortress after fortress fell before him. At length Rouen opened its gates to his conquering host, and there, for the first time, he beheld his future queen. Kate had never once paused to reflect, and clad in gay recklessness she danced up the hours that led her to his feet; and with the same gay sprightliness that had enraptured Sir Owen, she made Henry the Fifth acknowledge her power. Ignorant of her lover's fate, Sir Owen had taken her at her word she thought, and as the king's wife, she returned with him triumphant to England.

A year had passed, and if any repentance of her sudden anger that evening in the wood came to Kate, she never showed it by sign or word, but with merriest quips wiled the hours away; and if any tears were shed by her, or any mournful moments sighed alone when Lord Guilford brought Rose, his bride, to court, they were shrined in the deepest secrecy.

One day, at Westminster, they were hanging trophies taken in the late wars, and many of the courtiers, together with the king and queen, were straying through the aisles and among the gorgeous chapels. A familiar banner caught Kate's eye. It was one wrought by herself and sisters for the Duc d'Alencon.

"Who captured that?" she inquired of the king.

"Is it thy finger-work, Kate?" he rejoined. "It was taken by poor Tudor, the bravest knight in Wales, and for the matter of that, in England itself. I would he had lived, that thy hand might have given him an earldom!"

She waited a moment before asking with a steady voice:

"And where is he now?"

"I saw him fall on the field of Azincourt."

Others drew near, and the queen turned aside, and through a low arch entered a chapel alone. A giant weight seemed to be crushing down her heart, hot tears, not to be shed, to be withering her sight, her reason reeled, and when, after a time, the king entered, he found her fainted on the floor. Sir Owen was amply revenged.

The next month was an eventful one for Kate; for out of Rouen in France, whither they had gone, she followed an interminable funeral procession and buried her husband, dead of a long, silent disease, among the kings of Westminster.

But while all these things were transpiring, in the forester's cottage in the old French park, a wounded man lay for many months in the alternate delirium and stupor of fever. At last, one night, a gleam of intelligence lighted his dim eye. He surveyed, questioningly, the crone who peered over him with the dripping candle in her hand.

"Ten months, honey, hast thou lain at death's door. Now by Saint Mary's aid thou'lt gain flesh, heart and health!" whispered she.

And slowly as the year wheeled round again, with the first blush of spring, he rose, feeble but recovered, and in the depth of summer Sir Owen, with the strength of manhood once more at his command, left the well-recompensed old nurse and journeyed on a knight's devoir through Germany and Spain, till full three years had dragged away; but still hidden in his bosom was a long lock of chestnut hair, once well soaked in blood.

Time went by, both for Sir Owen and the English court, and summer was again at its luxuriant height in the white-cliffed islands. A longing wish had filled Kate's heart to see the land that had nurtured Sir Owen, to roam through Wales, and perchance to set foot in the very castle where he had first drawn breath. Not with any hope or desire of seeing him, nor with any knowledge of his existence, for she believed him dead, but partly to solace the wild grief and remorse that had ever since waged in her heart. Men thought it was the queen who was inconsolable; they mistook, it was only that Kate who had broken the pledge she made to Sir Owen Tudor. She had ridden all day over the long slopes of the blue hills, and at sunset had housed her train in an old romantic castle whose lord had offered it, through a page, to the travelling strangers. Breakfasting alone next morning, alone she sauntered out through the wild glens, for she was now near the village of his birth. Pale were her cheeks, her hair damp and loose, and her whole array, far from its former costliness, was only carelessly simple. She had wandered some distance, when suddenly at the base of a willow growing out of a rock, she confronted a well known figure, sitting motionless and looking dreamily into the still water. Bubbles of light broke in the depths of her hazel eyes. Sudden carnations blossomed below her temples. Was it a vision—was she awake—had the dead king of England deceived her—was Sir Owen Tudor alive and here before her? She stepped forward, trembling in every nerve.

"Owen!"

The knight looked up.

"Kate!"

"Thou wert not then slain at Azincourt?"

"Your majesty, I am here!" he returned, rising and bowing, while he laid a bitter stress on the first two words.

A moment longer she looked at him, still trembling with painful agitation, and then casting her eyes on the ground, flung herself at his feet.

"Forgive me! forgive!" she cried. "O, Owen, can you never forget?"

The old embrace and the impasssioned kiss were his only responses, assuring her of pardon.

"And can you now love me, unfaithful that I was, as then?" she murmured, as they stood there, sunshine flecked in soft green shade, a little after.

"More precious," he returned, "because more longed, more suffered for!"

The queen of England was her own mistress, and happier than ever the princess of France had been, was the ancestress of two dynasties, the baroness of Tudor.

ANCIENT CITY DISCOVERED.

An interesting pamphlet has recently been published by Mr. Bellasis, collector of Hyderbarad, in Scinde, Asia, containing an account of his examinations and discoveries on the site of the ancient city of Brahminabad, on a branch of the old bed of the Indus. Tradition affirms that the city—the capitul of the Hindoo kingdom to which the tide of Mohammedan invasion had scarcely penetrated—was destroyed by fire from heaven and by earthquake, on account of the wickedness of its ruler. The investigations of Mr. Bellasis seem to prove that the place really was destroyed by some terrible convulsion of nature, which probably at the same time completely changed the course of the Indus. On no other supposition can a ruin be accounted for that was at once so sudden and so complete. Skeletons were found in every house that was opened and in the streets, some crouched together and there buried; others crushed flat by a falling weight, the pieces of stone or brick still in some cases buried in the fractured skull. Numerous coins and other valuables have already been discovered, carved figures in ivory, engravings on cornelian and agate, a set of ivory chessmen, and the like.—*Boston Courier.*

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The solid rock which turns the edge of the chisel, bears forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain, the mighty torrent which fertilized the land with its copious streams, or sweeps over it with a devastating flood, we shall find it dripping in crystal drops from some mossy crevice among the distant hills; so, too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retirement of home. "I should have been an atheist," said John Randolph, "if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and caused me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven!'"—*Trumpet, Boston.*

BOOTH, THE ACTOR.

A friend tell us an anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian which we do not recollect having seen in print. It occurred in the palmy days of his fame, before the sparkle of his black eye had been dimmed by that bane of genius—strong drink.

Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had in this instance overcome all his scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company seated in the drawing-room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverentially from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotion that convulsed his countenance. He became deadly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from his white lips, syllabled forth, "Our Father, who art in heaven," etc., with pathos and perfect solemnity.

He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his wrapt audience, until from a remote corner of the room a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (their host) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from my boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I never heard it before, *never*." "You are right," replied Booth; "to read that prayer as it *should* be read has cost me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being yet satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small and words so simple. That prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps its seal of divinity."

So great was the effect produced (says our informant, who was present) that conversation was sustained but a short time longer, in subdued monosyllables.—*Boston Gazette.*

A TURKISH SCHOOL.

What a picture it was! On the cushioned divan, which runs along one side of the room, sat three venerable looking Imaums, in flowing robes, long beards, white turbans, and with *chibouque*. On their right and left, upon the divan, were seated a dozen boys, of ages varying from six to twelve, whose dress marked them of high rank. In a conspicuous position among these was a tiny boy, about four years old. He wore a little coat of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold; trowsers and vest to match; a leather band, richly worked, round his waist, from which hung a tiny sword. On his head a velvet fez, beautifully embroidered, with a heavy gold tassel, completed his attire. On a small desk before the Imaums were several large books in the Turkish language. One was lying open. Below the divan were rows of little Turks, all dressed alike, in the coat and trowsers and crimson cloth fez. They sat in rows on the floor, like an English infant school, and their little red caps made them look, at a distance, like a bed of poppies. Truth to say, they behaved a great deal better than the same number of little Britons would have done. Our entrance attracted their attention. Only for an instant they gave us a look, then settled themselves again. And now one Imaum called up one boy after another to read a sentence out of the great book; when he had finished, all the school cried out, "Amen." At length the little boy, whose dress we have described, descended from his seat, and stood at the Imaum's feet—then slowly repeated each word after the Imaum. He accomplished a sentence; a very loud "Amen," followed, and there was a buzz and a smile on every one's face, as if some feat had been accomplished. The child returned to his place, and the other boys went up in turns for their lesson.—*J. V. C. Smith.*

THE STORY OF A THRONE.

Of the uncertainty attending the wives and fortunes of children born to inherit the throne of France, the Paris correspondent of the London Times writes: "Not a little remarkable is it to observe that from the accession of Louis XIV. to the present time, not a single king or governor of France, though none of them, with the exception of Louis XVIII., have been childless, has been succeeded at his demise by his son. Louis XIV. survived his son, his grandson and several of his great-grand-children, and was succeeded at last by one of the younger children of his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy. Louis XV. survived his son, and was succeeded by his grandson, Louis XVI. Louis XVI. left a son behind him, but that son perished in the filthy dungeon to which the cruelty of the terrorists had confined him. The king of Rome, to whom Napoleon fondly hoped to bequeath the boundless empire he had won, died a colonel in the Austrian service. Louis XVIII. was, as we have said, childless. The Duke de Berri fell by the hand of an assassin in the lifetime of Charles X., and his son, the Duke de Bordeaux, is an exile from the land which his ancestors regarded as their own estates. The eldest son of Louis Philippe perished by an untimely accident, and his grandson and heir does not sit upon the throne of his grandfather. Thus, then, it appears that for upwards of two hundred years, in no one of the dynasties to which France has been subjected, has the son succeeded to the throne of the father."—*Sunday Despatch.*

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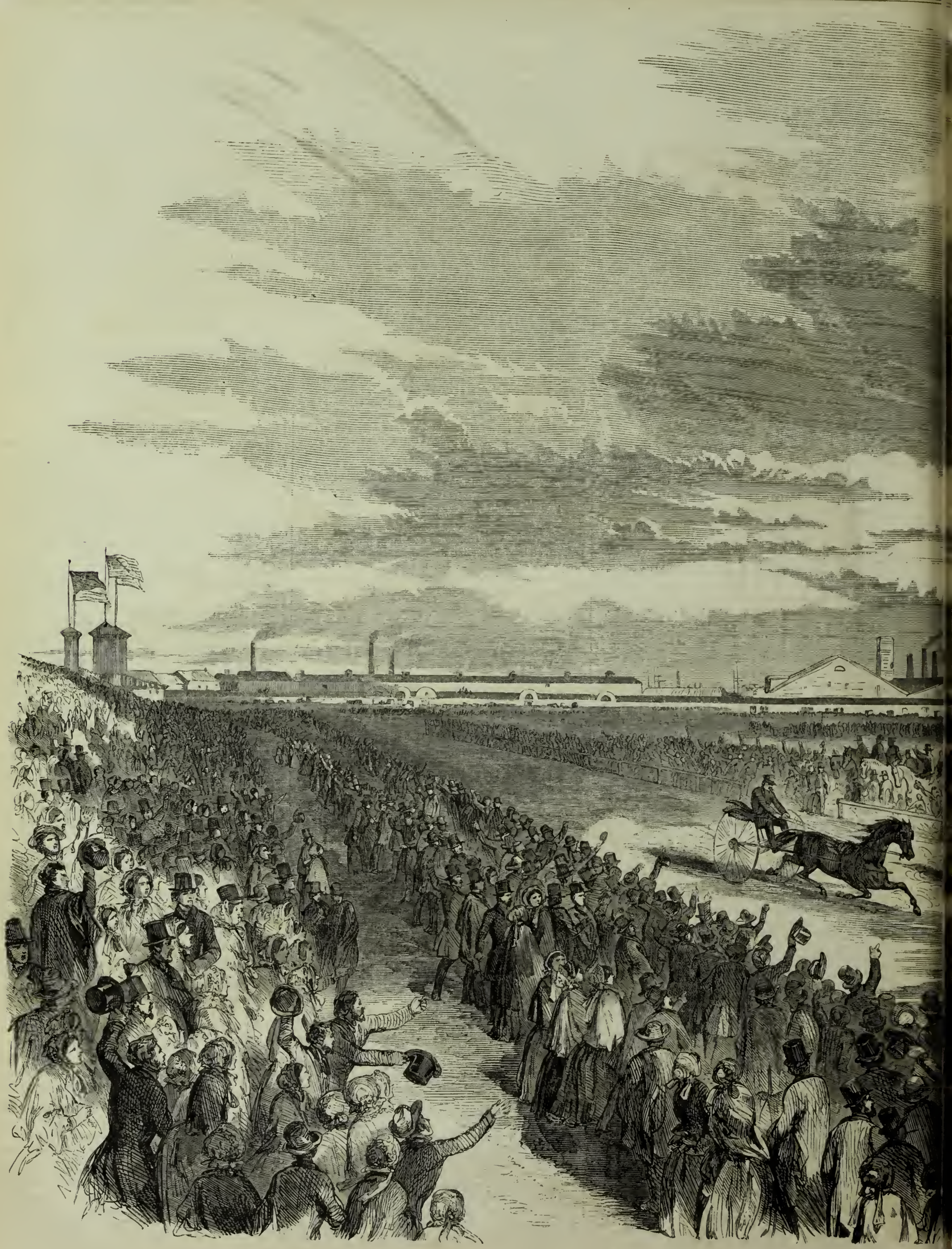
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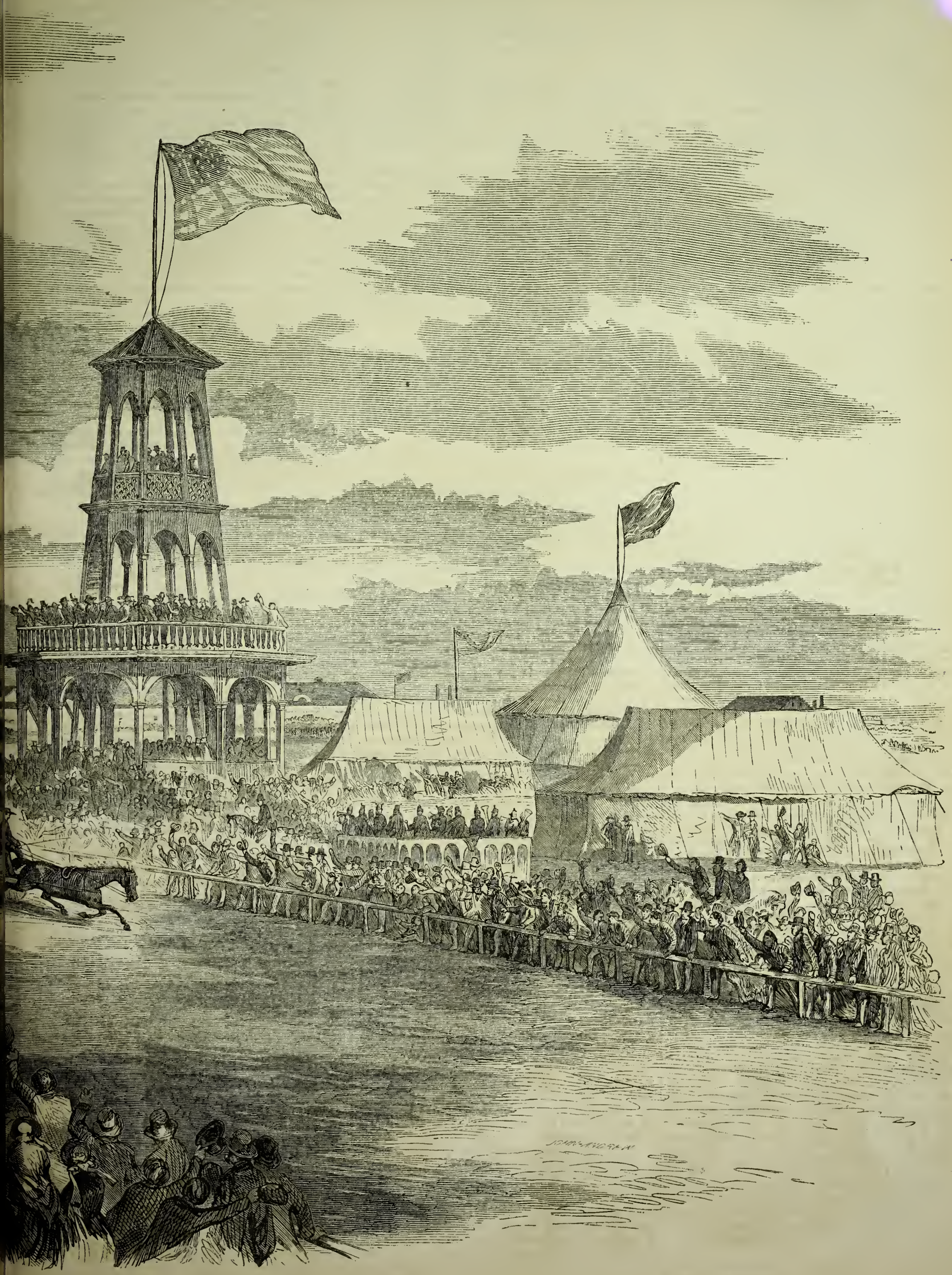
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THE GREAT BOSTON HORSE EXHIBITION, AT T



ICULTURAL FAIR IN BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1856.

[For description, see page 349.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONNET.

BY MARY CORRINNA CLAIR.

A heaven-born love came in my soul to dwell;
What dainty flowers now decked the halls of thought,
With rainbow hues the future life was fraught,
And on my heartstrings, like sweet music fell
The dreams no worldly prudence could dispel.
Cool, sparkling raindrops thirsty earth has sought,
And into living forms of beauty wrought,
That blossoms fair might gem the wood and dell;
So my glad spirit drank the heaven-sent dream,
And forth, like tender buds and emerald spray
Sprang cherished thoughts, hopes and the radiant gleam
My spirit caught of the eternal day;
Be hushed, O grief! Heaven surely will redeem
Those rose-tinged thoughts, so rudely swept away.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ASHMEADE.

BY WM. H. OLIVER.

"Farewell, beloved Ashmeade!" I exclaimed, as I stood on the topmost height of the hill at whose foot the beautiful village was built. "Farewell, sweet place of my birth! It may be the last time that my eyes shall behold thee—but when I forget thee, may my right hand forget its cunning!"

The first gray light of morning was just changing to a dull red, and the light breeze springing up, was shaking a shower of dew-drops from every bush. I looked down upon the still sleeping town. How beautiful it looked in its quiet loveliness! There was a window open in one white house, and I was almost sure that the curtain was parted for a moment, and a face was looking out. It might be imagination—but I was willing to take the sweet delusion away with me.

At the door of that house, I had parted the night before with Leonore Howard, and had spoken words which only lovers use. With that smile shining upon me, I could have been too happy to live or die with Leonore; but my judgment told me that I had no right to bind her to my destiny until I had toiled, and received the reward of toil. I was going away for this purpose. I was determined to make a name for myself—a name which should not disgrace the choice of Leonore Howard. I did not care for wealth. It was not my ambition to compete with those who, in sacrificing to fashion and show, destroy their chance of any other reward than the poor notoriety which they may gain by the sacrifice.

My eye fixed upon two objects, which stood so near each other that one could not be seen without the other. One was almost a palace, built by one of those men who obtain fortunes by gaming, or at least—to use the softest word—by speculation. The other was a neat white cottage, occupied by his own brother, a man whose rare gifts might seem to raise him higher than the other, even in the world's judgment. Why were not these men on the same round of the ladder? Simply because one would not prostitute his fine powers of mind to acquire wealth by unfair means, and the other did.

"Yes, Leonore!" I exclaimed, as I turned my eyes from the home where she dwelt, "I will bring you a name for which you shall not have need to blush, or I will never return."

It was not that I hoped or expected to perform any great action, which should turn the eyes of the world towards me. I felt that Leonore's heart would be satisfied with one who would keep fast his integrity, and do all that he could for suffering humanity.

She was a noble woman—that Leonore Howard! As I look at her now, through the dim lapse of years, there are thousands of women whom I have known or heard of, who fade into mere painted butterflies before her. My heart still does her justice, although she was untrue to me. Let me not blame her! Few could have passed through the same ordeal, and not have changed.

I pass lightly over the events of the next three years. I had succeeded in my business, which led me to various and far off places, being that of engineering. I had made sufficient to lay by a handsome sum for future contingencies, besides the regular supply which I sent my widowed mother and invalid sister.

While absent, I came in contact, unwillingly enough, with a young man by the name of Edson. I say, unwillingly, for there was something in his eye, brilliant and flashing as it was, and in the low, sensual look of his really handsome mouth, that excited my aversion. Still, our business transactions brought us together in the hours devoted to our daily avocations, and when evening came, Edson was forever at my room. I would have gladly been alone, for I always had letters to write; but his manner was so cordial, and he seemed so sure of a warm reception, that my hospitality could not be refused to one who appeared to expect it.

I had been writing nearly all night, when he came unexpectedly into my room one morning, while my desks and writing materials still lay in confusion. I had forgotten that my letters were lying on the table ready to be mailed, and I soon had the vexation of seeing Edson turning them over, with his usual familiar sort of insolence, and looking at the directions.

"Leonore Howard!" he exclaimed, as her name met his eye on one of the letters. "Do you know her, Allan?"

I was angry, but I resolved not to deny what I was willing that the whole world should know; so I signified that Miss Howard was my affianced wife. I was thunderstruck by the look which came over that face. His beauty now was the beauty of a demon. He almost foamed at the mouth, and his eyes literally glared at me with rage.

"It is false!" he exclaimed; then lowering his tone suddenly, he subsided into a calmer manner. "Excuse me, Mr. Allan," he said at length, his voice still quivering with excitement, "but I have a right to know how long, and in what manner your acquaintance with Miss Howard has been."

"Nay," I answered, "that question would more properly come from me. But I do not ask it, nor will I allow that lady's name to be used in any conversation between us. You will oblige me by dropping all subjects relating to her, now and forever."

He muttered a few words between his closed teeth, while I gathered up my letters, put on my coat and prepared for going out. He seemed amazed at my coolness, and yet I had certainly given him no reason to doubt my spirit. He affected to speak gaily, as he said, in a laughing tone, "I bide my time," and we went away together.

Owing partly, perhaps, to that indefinable dread which we sometimes have of finding a disagreeable truth confirmed, I forbore to speak of Edson in my letters to Leonore. She had never named any person, and I could not bring myself to write his name to her.

Soon after this, Edson left town, much to my surprise, for his business was lucrative, and promised to be permanent. I tried to forget the disagreeable episode in my life which he had occasioned; but in vain. My thoughts still recurred to it, and hovered round Ashmeade and Leonore, as the dove hovers over its nest. I ventured, in my next letter to my sister Julia, to ask if she had ever heard of any one of the name of Edson. Poor, crippled Julia! It was a great effort for her to write at all; but her love for me made her exert herself to pen the following:

"Dear Frederic,—You ask me if I know any one of the name of Edson. While you were at school in Greenfield, many years ago, there was a young lad of that name—Alfred Edson, I think—passing a few months here with the Merrifields. He was a bold youth, with a handsome face, and found great favor with those who do not look much deeper. I beg your pardon, dear brother, for speaking of it; but since you would not have asked the question unless you wished to know all, I must tell you that he was almost constantly with Leonore Howard. People said they were engaged, mere children as they were; but the report soon died out, and I have never heard his name since."

Here, then, was some food for conjecture. I shrunk from mentioning the matter to Leonore, yet it was right that I should do so. I had been so happy in the thought that I was the first who had ever disturbed the pure current of Leonore's affections, that it seemed like sacrilege to me to know that even in her school-girl days, she had been loved by another, and, as it seemed, had been thought by others to have accepted and returned that love.

I walked my room for hours that night, after receiving Julia's letter. How did I know how to interpret Edson's absence? Perhaps even now, the falcon was hovering above the peaceful nest which I had left at Ashmeade.

"Leonore! Leonore!" I exclaimed, wildly, madly, "come to me!" As true as fate, I heard a voice like a deep echo, repeat my words "*come to me!*" I sat down like one in a dream. I could not move a finger. The words dwelt on my mind like a spell. I do not know to this day why I did not obey that voice. It must have been because I feared being thought absurd, or else that the weight of my engagements prevented the breaking of my faith with my employers—for the interests of an entire railway company depended on my fulfilling them.

I tried all the next day to believe that I was exciting myself unnecessarily—that all was well. I tried to believe that Julia was mistaken—that she had tried to get up some story, merely because I had asked her. It would not do! When night and darkness came again, I was again haunted with those words, "come to me!" Could I have gone conscientiously, the next hour would have found me on the high road for Ashmeade! I chafed with madness at the idea that my engagements here were not of a nature that could be set aside, so that I could go at once and satisfy myself that all was safe.

Leonore's letters had been sad and despondent. Then they failed for several weeks; and when, in answer to my distracted questionings, she at last wrote, it was to tell me that she had been dangerously, miserably ill; that she had expected and longed for my coming, and that they had told her, when she grew better, that her whole cry was for me to come to her.

"Well, I shall believe in presentiments after this," I said to myself—I remembered the night when my wild cry had been echoed, and I almost thought that it was a reality.

Months passed before I could free myself from my shackles. I talked with the principal agent of the railway, and begged him to release me. "Impossible, Mr. Allan," he said; "a new engineer before our plans are completed, would prove the destruction of our interests." I thought of Leonore, and fancied that her happiness and mine were of quite as much consequence as railway matters; but I was in the toils, and could not free myself. And, meanwhile, what was the state of affairs at Ashmeade?

There was a period of two months, in which I had had no single letter from Leonore. I thought so deeply upon the cause which might have operated to prevent her, that, added to my incessant toil, it threw me into a fever. I lay for weeks, struggling between the fierce and cruel fever on one hand, and the goodness of my constitution on the other.

When I recovered, another engineer had been appointed, and I was free. I gathered up the little wealth which I had accumulated, and turned my face towards Ashmeade. I arrived at the neighboring village late at night—too late for an invalid to travel even the short two miles which intervened between the two towns; but at the first gray streak of morning, I was there. I stood again on the hillside, on which I had stood three years before, and looked down, as then, upon the white house with its open window. Everything remained unchanged. The blue smoke from the chimneys began to curl up gracefully against the reddening east; the farmers were already astir with their fragrant loads of hay bound to the city market, and here and there I could see the milk-maids carrying their pails lightly along. I fancied that I could almost hear the song from their lips.

I watched in vain for Leonore's face at the window. She did not appear, but the white curtain blew far out into the morning air, and once I saw it suddenly gathered back into the room. "Now, then, I shall see her!" I exclaimed, but she did not appear. Why did I linger so long upon that height? It was because I dreaded to learn my fate. There was something in the book which destiny had spread before my eyes, of which I knew not the import, but which appalled and frightened me. Look where I would on the map of the future, there sat a shape, mocking and grinning—and that shape always assumed the image of Alfred Edson!

At length I summoned courage to go down the hillslope. At its foot I encountered several person with whom I used to be on agreeable, if not on intimate terms. They recognized me, received my proffered hand, and treated me civilly; but the cordiality of old times was all gone. It was not the reception on which I might reasonably have counted after three years' absence. I thought it not long enough to forget, and yet long enough to be glad to see me return.

As I passed down the village, the shopkeepers were standing at their doors inhaling the fresh morning breeze. They, too, bowed coldly—evidently knowing me, but as evidently afraid to treat me cordially. I strode proudly on, for I began to feel angry and indignant. This was but a sorry reception after my wanderings in the rough world. I said to myself, as I went on, that there was one heart at least that would receive and bless me in my coming—my mother's! Had I not often heard

> "there is none
> In all this cold and hollow world—no fount
> Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
> A mother's heart."

I knocked at my mother's door; the old, familiar door, round which poor Julia and myself had so often played in our childhood—she, a little frail and feeble girl; I, her guardian and protector. My mother welcomed me as I expected. Julia wept tears of passionate joy. They had been lonely enough since the brother and son had been absent. I thought this welcome would well repay me for the cold looks I had received that morning; and when my mother spread her little round breakfast table, and placed upon it the food which her own hands had prepared, she wore such a look of placid contentment, that I almost resolved that I would never again leave Ashmeade.

But Leonore! I must visit her that very hour; and not until I had declared my intention of so doing, did Julia bring herself to tell me that Leonore was engaged to Alfred Edson.

"Edson here in Ashmeade?" I exclaimed. "Tell me, Julia, how long this has been?"

"Ever since last autumn," she replied, "and I understand they are to be married immediately. I thought you knew it all long ago."

I could not credit this. I must hear it from Leonore's own lips; and I walked over to the "white house" immediately after breakfast. The servant who opened the door, looked surprised; but I went boldly in, like one who is sure of a good reception, and inquired for Miss Howard. She came directly, but started and turned pale on seeing me. I offered her my hand, which she did not take, but coldly asked me to be seated. I resolved to know what this meant—and then followed a stormy interview, such as I never participated in before nor since.

She accused me of unfaithfulness to my promises; of reckless and dissipated conduct; of trifling with other hearts, and breaking them by desertion—in short, had I been guilty of a tithe of what she laid to my charge, I should have loathed myself completely. I asked the name of her informant. She would not tell me, but answered that it was one who would no doubt substantiate all the statements that had been made. I would not trust myself to mention Edson's name, but I well knew the serpent that had destroyed my Eden. I was mad, foaming with rage and indignation. It was wrong to feel so with Leonore, for I might have known that she was grossly deceived.

At the door of her house, as I turned away with a burning cheek and a flushed brow, I encountered Edson. His air of cool, impudent assurance acted as a sedative to my rage, and I passed him with a contemptuous look.

"What, Allan," said he, "have you no word for an old friend?"

"*Friend!*" I exclaimed. "Say *fiend*, and you will be nearer the truth."

I would not stop to bandy words with him, and, turning on my heel, I left him to make his projected visit to Leonore. I wondered afterwards at my own forbearance in not performing some wild action in attacking him; but I said to myself, as he had said on a former occasion, "I, too, bide my time!" His calumnies, then, were undoubtedly the cause of my cool reception at Ashmeade! He it was who had poisoned the minds of my old neighbors and friends against me! Scoundrel! I defied him inwardly, and yet it was a bitter cup to drink.

While I was striding homeward, some one behind me laid a hand on my shoulder, and a kindly voice greeted me. It was that of Frank Barnes, an old friend and schoolmate, who had gone away from Ashmeade the year before I had left it, but who had long since returned to its quiet shades.

"I have been studying law," he said, in answer to my inquiries, "and have hung out my shingle on Main Street. Come over to my office, my boy, and let us have a quiet smoke together."

I went with him, and he soon established me in a "Sleepy Hollow" of a chair, and himself in another equally luxurious. We talked of old times, of old school days, of our subsequent ad-

ventures—of everything, in short, save the one subject that came nearest to my heart. At last, Frank blundered upon it himself. I winced a little, for a man does not like to display his heart-wounds; but Frank's manner was so cordial, so full of sympathy, so repleto with friendship for me and contempt for Edson, that I threw myself upon his confidence, and he returned it in full.

Only a week before, he said, he had received a letter from a brother lawyer at the West, in which he had casually mentioned some suspicious circumstances in which Edson's name, among many others, figured quite conspicuously. He had taken pains to find out if it was the person of the same name at Ashmeade, and was expecting an answer with full particulars. He was inclined to believe that it was the same; and as he always disliked him, from one of those strange antipathies which sometimes come over us involuntarily, he seemed rather to hope that he was not mistaken!

In the interim of hearing from his friend, he would visit Leonore, and occasionally express his conviction that what she had heard was false, and could be proved to be the invention of a single individual, who would yet be brought to justice. He brought me the assurance that Leonore seemed somewhat impressed with his words, and that she observed that, if they were true, a great wrong had been committed against me somewhere.

"This is something gained, Allan," said Frank, "to have set her to thinking."

I thought it mighty little; but I knew what importance lawyers attach to trifles sometimes, and I allowed him to chuckle as he pleased over his "case." In a week more, he received an answer to his inquiries:

"The very one," wrote his Western friend, "and a greater villain never went unhung. Had he continued in this township twelve hours longer, he would have ridden out in a very uncomfortable garb, I do assure you. Make what use of my letter you please. Show it to the pretty young lady you speak of; give it to her discarded lover, and let him have the pleasure of reading it to her himself—in short, do anything you please with it that you wish. Nothing could delight the good people here more than to know that he was taking a year's lodging at one of your most famous public buildings, or, indeed, they would not grudge him ten years in the least."

Frank clapped his hands with delight, danced round the office, and performed a number of *extravaganzas*, quite unusual for the dignified gentleman of the green bag. He was as interested in the "case," as if it had been likely to bring him in a handsome fee. Nothing would content him but the idea of reading the letter "in open court," as he called it. So, one evening when we were sure that Edson was there, we called at Mr. Howard's, and were shown where the whole family sat assembled in conclave, probably on my delinquencies.

A dead silence followed our entrance. Mrs. Howard, who had always liked me, alone looked pleasant and kindly. Mr. Howard wore a puzzled air, and Leonore looked annoyed. Edson wore his usual satisfied face. Frank, soon weary of this, remarked to Miss Howard that he had received some Western news, which he thought would interest her. He then read the letter. Before he had got half through, Edson rose and left the room, but was stopped by an officer placed there by Frank, according to the authority transmitted to him.

A cry from Mrs. Howard made me turn from this very satisfactory exhibition. Leonore had fainted, and was taken up stairs, where she remained for several hours insensible. A violent fever was the result of the shock she had received. I was almost frantic, and spent most of my time in Frank's office, lamenting that we had opened the eyes of Leonore to her lover's guilt and disgrace.

"You are a fool!" said Frank, one day, when he was tired out with my "Jeremiads," as he called them. And this exceedingly curt and expressive sentence had quite a sedative effect upon me; and as I had heard that day that Leonore was out of danger, I concluded to await the event.

I waited long, but it was not without reward; for I one day received a note with the single sentence, "Come to me," inscribed with a pencil, in a feeble hand. It seemed like the realization of the old echo that had troubled me when afar off. I did not linger, you may be sure. Frank called after me with one of his old saws about "haste," but I sped on, until I found myself ushered into Mr. Howard's back parlor, where lay what was once my Leonore on a low couch by the window. I stopped involuntarily on the threshold. She lifted her head from the pillow, raised her feeble arms towards me, and, in a moment, she was enclosed within my clasping embrace. Our mute silence was perhaps more expressive than any words could have been.

I staid until the doctor came and ordered Leonore to be carried back to her chamber. "Too much color," he muttered, as they bore her away, "another fever setting in." I did not believe it. *I* knew what had raised that color. She grew well rapidly, for all exciting talk about Edson was carefully hushed up before her. She does not know that he is committed for ten years. We are to be married as soon as the roses deepen a little more on her cheek.

Frank—the rogue!—has been making love to my pale sister Julia, without either of them telling me. They declared they could not bear to proclaim their happiness when I was so miserable! Really, my respect for human nature is growing stronger after that! We are to have a "pair of cottages" that were built for two brothers, who foolishly left them for gold-seeking, leaving their wives to board in hotels, or coquette at watering-places. My mother, who would otherwise be left quite lonely by this arrangement, is to pass her time alternately with Julia and Leonore. The only drawbacks—and whose happiness is without one?—are Julia's feeble health, and my unavoidable absences on business. For the rest, our lives will, I trust, flow on serene and cheerful.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BOSELLI.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

BY RALPH TRYON.

THE old prince, Antony Esterhazy, was seated on his throne, surrounded by his court, at Eisenstadt, which was assembled for the particular purpose of celebrating his birthday. The prince was passionately fond of music and a finished amateur himself, hence the early portion of the day had been allotted to this, his favorite divertisement. To Friedberg, his principal composer, was entrusted the entire direction of this part of the ceremony, who, with a wilful eccentricity, had kept his noble patron in ignorance of the rich treat of harmony he had in store for him on this occasion.

The orchestra had taken their places, but Friedberg stood aloof, with a self-satisfied smile resting on his iron features, as though simply a careless spectator, but his glance wandered from time to time to a young man distributing among the performers their scores, whose sombre countenance, agitated features and tremulous fingers seemed in marked contrast to the joyous throng about him who appeared indifferent of his existence.

Prince Antony fidgeted in his chair and began to show evident signs of impatience, which the maestro feigned not to perceive, but still preserved his attitude of supreme indifference. His noble patron was about to utter an angry exclamation at the delay, when his glance rested upon the lovely features of Boselli, a charming Italian vocalist, recently attached to his service. By a sign he bade her immediately draw near to him.

"Ah, my lovely warbler!" he exclaimed, "so you are here to honor your old patron upon his birthday?"

"Your highness, I wish you many happy returns of the same."

"Tush, child, they only come round too often. But I am vexed, mademoiselle, at this tardiness of Friedberg, he who is always prompt to a moment."

"Does the *maestro* direct this morning?"

"By our lady, I know not. He has not even presented me a programme; but he has his whims and so have I, and if I am his prince he is my prince of musicians, and sterling as gold itself."

"Your highness is so proverbially kind to all attached to his service that I am emboldened to question you still further. May I ask who that young stranger is who is now distributing the orchestral scores?"

"I have not noticed. Ah! I see him now, with his Moorish countenance, but as you say, he is a stranger, and unknown to me even by name. Some poor protege of Friedberg's, doubtless, who has the ambition to become attached to my service. Perhaps his librarian; nothing more, for those dull features certainly can never be lighted with the inspiration of genius. What say you, child?"

I cannot see with your highness's eyes, and pardon me if I say that I think he is no ordinary person. That modest exterior may cover a great soul; and your highness is aware that genius is very capricious, and often hides itself under strange forms."

"True, child, but it is in such cases like a pent up volcano, that will force its sparks and smoke through the dull clay to reveal its lurking-place."

"See, your highness, he has ascended the stand of the maestro and has assumed the baton."

At that moment the orchestra commenced the performance. It was a symphony, commencing with a brilliant *allegro*, so rich in the depths of harmony and with so novel a management of instrumentation, that this movement was not half finished when the astonished prince, unable to control his delight and curiosity, stopped the performance, and called Friedberg to his side.

"Who is the author of this fine composition?" he asked.

"If your highness will but look in the direction of the orchestra you may perceive him."

"What, that gloomy Moor?"

"No more a Moor than your highness or your servant," answered the old composer, testily.

"What is the matter, Friedberg? Your humor seems none of the best at this moment."

"When a prince of your highness's attainments is guilty of such an unmusical indiscretion as to stop a half-completed movement from motives of simple curiosity, an old servant may be excused for being so indiscreet as to vent his impatience.

"Fairly retorted, my iron-hearted friend; but I will atone. Send the young man hither."

The author hurried forward, confused by the majesty surrounding the prince, and trembling with emotions of hope and fear.

"So you are the author of this symphony?"

The young stranger bowed confusedly.

"Well, Moor, from henceforth consider yourself in my service. And now what is the name of my new professor?"

"Joseph Haydn."

"'Tis well. Hereafter attire yourself as a professor, and renounce your sombre costume. Above all," said the prince, with a mirthful glance at Friedberg, "get high-heeled shoes, and do not scrimp them in that particular, for I would have your stature correspond with your genius. Away to your post—not a word—and finish the performance."

The young author, overwhelmed with gratitude, kissed the prince's hand and retired to the orchestra. This humble youth was indeed the great Haydn, who afterwards astonished the world with a complete revolution of instrumentation, and whose works will survive as long as earthly harmony exists. The symphony, with its several movements, was at length completed, and as the author descended from the stand and sought a retired corner of the orchestra, for a few moments a deep silence prevailed, which was broken with a hearty shout of applause, which even the angust presence could not restrain, and in which prince, courtiers and musicians all participated in this involuntary tribute to genius.

Haydn was compelled to leave his obscure corner to be presented to the fair Boselli, and a strange emotion thrilled his breast as he met the earnest glance of those beautiful eyes. Time passed on, and the composer was no longer unknown. He had also married—not from the dictates of affection, but from what he considered a solemn duty. Keller, a peruke maker, had sometime previous found the young man in a moment of stern necessity and almost on the verge of starvation. He had received him in his own house, and doubtless believing that his talents would secure him a future eminence, had extorted from him a promise to marry his daughter Ann.

This woman, of unrefined nature, and lacking even in personal charms, could not by the connection add to the happiness of Haydn. On the contrary, her shrewish disposition and a troublesome mania she had for the society of priests, was a source of continual annoyance to him. At the instigation of her clerical friends she continually importuned him to write anthems, motets, chants, etc., which for the sake of peace he composed, to the sad interruption of his higher pursuits, and which she freely distributed among the fathers.

His moments of privacy thus continually invaded with these unpleasant demands, and in the lack of domestic comfort, opinion must not too severely censure him if his heart was filled with the image of a congenial spirit in the form of the fair Italian songstress. Attached to the same service, they were necessarily brought into the society of each other quite frequently, and it was not strange that the refined and talented Boselli should continually present to his mind an unhappy comparison to his own illiterate companion.

A deep despondency settled upon him which completely unfitted him for the prosecution of his duties; and to add to his gloom his noble patron suddenly died, whose title descended to Nicholas, to whom Haydn was comparatively unknown. But he aroused from his lethargy for a short time to perform an act of affection and duty to the memory of his illustrious benefactor; and with unwonted energy bent his powers to the composition of a requiem.

The setting sun found him seated over his finished task, but the fires of energy seemed burnt out, and the clouds of despondency had again enveloped him. He fell back in his arm-chair and as his nervous hands pressed his throbbing brow he seemed lost to everything but his own misery. He heard not the light footsteps that bore a fair form near him. He heard not the deep sigh nor noted the expression of anguish which dwelt upon those beautiful features. It was only when a tear fell upon his burning forehead that he was aroused to sensibility, to find himself in the presence of Boselli.

"You here, mademoiselle?" he exclaimed, starting from the chair.

"Yes, my dear friend, and grieved to find you so unhappy."

"True, I am most unhappy."

"Has any calamity befallen you?"

"None but my existence, continued as it is in a state of torture. Still young, but excluded from happiness, with aspirations to win a name in my beloved art, yet disheartened and dragged down to a vulgar level by connections repugnant as they are unrefined."

"Can it be Haydn, whose name is in every mouth throughout Vienna, whose compositions are travelling through Europe, and who has already won the title of the great master, who thus utters the language of despair?"

"Ah! mademoiselle, can I forget that I am human, and can I check the longings of my heart for sympathy and affection, and again can I forget my loathed connections?"

"Again you speak of your connections—will you explain, my friend?"

"It is no secret, I presume, that I married without affection, in the fulfilment of an unfortunate promise, to the loss of my repose and happiness. It was of this I spoke."

"Perhaps your affections are engaged elsewhere. Is it so?"

"Do not ask me, mademoiselle, you of all others," and again he pressed his feverish brow with his agitated hands.

"Proceed, I beg."

"Suppose I loved against hope—against possibility?"

"Well!" she echoed faintly, and clutched a chair for support, for she felt as though she was suffocating.

"Since you bid me proceed, suppose I love even you, mademoiselle."

With a faint exclamation, Boselli sank upon the floor.

"Can it be so," he exclaimed, wildly. "Can it be that this lovely creature indeed loves me," as he supported the inanimate form in his arms and made efforts to restore her to consciousness.

Mutual explanation, which followed, dissolved the doubts of each, and demonstrated how long both had loved with a passion they had considered hopeless. Haydn soon after effected a legal separation from his wife, upon whom he settled an ample allowance. Prince Nicholas became, if possible, a more ardent admirer of the musical art than his illustrious predecessor, and treated Haydn with distinguished honors.

The composer considered Boselli as necessary to his existence, and fancied that he could not write unless she was near him, and she made his happiness her daily study. Despondency had no longer the power to make him its victim, and by his untiring industry he rose step by step in his art until he acquired that eminence which has made his name revered by every one who understands a chord of harmony.

WILLIAM W. CLAPP, JR.,

EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY EVENING GAZETTE.

The accompanying portrait, drawn expressly for us by Barry, from a photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case, will be recognized by our city readers as that of William W. Clapp, Jr., the editor and proprietor of Clapp's Saturday Evening Gazette, that has for upwards of forty years, under the direction of his father and himself—under his own since 1847,—occupied a foremost position among the literary journals of our country. Mr. Clapp was born in Boston in 1826, and though but a young man, he is widely known from his connection with the Gazette, and from more substantial contributions which he has made to literature. His "Record of the Boston Stage" and his "History of the Boston Light Infantry" are monuments to his industry and literary ability. As references in matters of local history, they are invaluable. He has, besides, written several dramatic sketches that have been received with immense favor by the public. Mr. Clapp's dramatic cast of thought has led his paper in the same direction, and for years it has assumed and maintained a high reputation for its theatrical criticisms. Fair, manly and intelligent, its columns have spoken the truth of actors and players, unbiased by personal considerations, until the Gazette has become the most reliable sheet in the country with that large class who are interested in stage productions. Though young, Mr. Clapp has seen much of the world. He spent two years and a half in Europe, and completed his education in Paris, with the vernacular of which he is perfectly familiar. There is a piquancy in his style of writing which betrays his French education. It is vivacious and sparkling, pervaded by a generous humor that softens the sting of his satire. But there are times when, his patience tried by public abuses, he applies the lash with a will, and the justice which he enforces is scarcely tempered with mercy. He does not at such times spare the sin for the sake of the sinner, though he "discriminates between the man and the act." He is never actuated by malignity. He writes from a conviction of the duty that he owes, as a journalist, to his patrons. He is ever ready to praise merit, and his praise is worth volumes of indiscriminate puffing from those who do nothing else. Mr. Clapp is highly appreciated for his strong social qualities, his generous friendship and his truthfulness as a man. There is a tenacity in his friendship that holds, and knows no change from time or circumstance. It is not idly placed, and is seldom abused, as the principle on which it is based draws as well as it imparts, and his friends cling to him. He has no love for parasites, and that interesting class cannot live in his atmosphere. He is an excellent companion, and his wit is a desirable addition on social occasions. His ingrain generosity leads him to despise meanness; his independence imparts itself to every line of his character and of his paper, and his ingrain honesty is established by every act of his life. He is a domestic man, and boasts a fine family of children, among which a bright boy is growing to take the place in the Gazette, so long and so honorably filled by his grandfather and his father. We are glad to learn that Mr. Clapp's prosperity is in keeping with his deserts, and that the Gazette, under his management, has attained a position rarely arrived at in this vicinity. Few persons appreciate the labors and responsibilities of the editorial profession. Almost every one who can write, fancies that he can edit, but never was there a graver mistake. To conduct a miscellaneous paper successfully, requires a rare combination of qualities, readiness and vivacity of composition, with various information, and unflagging industry. And it is difficult both to sparkle and to plod. Moreover, a certain indescribable *tact* is required in the profession, which is either innate or the fruit of long and harassing experience, in order to ride gallantly on the wave of successful enterprise.



WILLIAM W. CLAPP, ESQ.

THE COLLEGE OF NOBLES, MOSCOW.

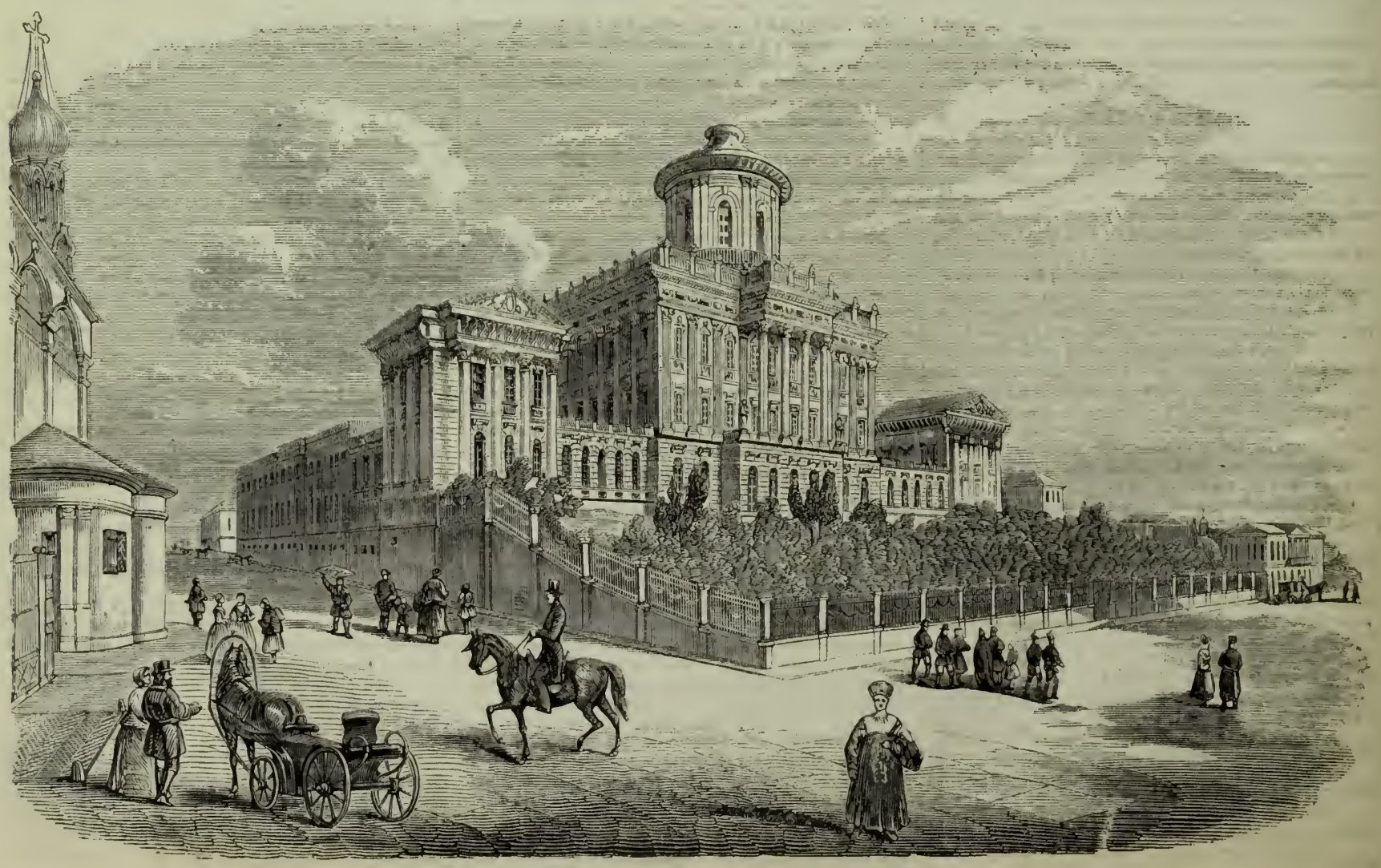
We present below a fine engraving representing the buildings of the Nobles' College at Moscow. They form an imposing pile, ornate in architecture, and fronting on grounds beautifully laid out with shrubbery. In this institution, the children of the nobility receive a finished education, which fitst hem for the service of the state in camp or council, and to adorn private life, if a public career is not opened to them. The soldiers and civilians, in their characteristic costume, add life to our picture, while the droshky in the corner gives an idea of a favorite Russian mode of locomotion. The coronation of the emperor attracted immense throngs of strangers to Moscow, and they were without exception enraptured at the extent, magnificence and originality of this most splendid of modern cities. It is eminently Russian, and it is for its characteristics that the Russians love it. To the traveller who is expatiating on the beauties of St. Petersburg, they shake their heads and say, "Wait till you see Moscow." These two cities are now connected by a railroad finely built, but formerly the journey between the two was long and toilsome. It is four hundred miles southeast of St. Petersburg. It is surrounded by a wall twenty miles in circuit. Since 1812, the period of the French invasion, when it was destroyed by fire, Moscow has been built up in a style of magnificence far surpassing that of the old city. But the style of the city is different from that of the cities in the west of Europe, being oriental.

DOMESTICATION OF ANIMALS.

The power which animals as well as men possess, of conforming themselves to new situations, and forming new habits adapted to new circumstances, is a proof of a capability of improvement. The wild dogs in the plains of La Plata, burrow, because there is no security for them above ground against stronger beasts of prey. In the same country, owls make their nests in the ground, because there are neither trees nor buildings to afford them concealment. A clergyman in Iceland, by sowing angelica upon a lake-island some miles from the sea, not only attracted gulls and wild ducks to breed there, but brought about an alliance between those birds, who are not upon neighborly terms elsewhere. Both perceived that the new plants afforded better shelter from the wind and rain than anything which they had seen before; there was room enough for both, and the neighborhood produced so much good will, that the gulls protected the weaker birds not only against the ravens, who are common enemies, but against another species of gull which attacks the duck's nest. A change more remarkable than either of these, is that which the common hearth-cricket has undergone in its very constitution as well as in all its ways of life, since men built houses and inhabited cold climates. The field-cricket in North America, which buries itself during the winter ten inches deep, and there lies torpid, began about a hundred years ago to avail itself of the works of man and to take up its abode in the chimneys. This insect even likes man for a bedfellow, not with any such felonious intentions as are put in execution by smaller and viler vermin, but for the sake of warmth. The Swedish traveller, Kalm, says that when he and his companions were forced to sleep in uninhabited places, the crickets got into the folds of their garments, so that they were obliged to make some stay every morning, and search carefully before they could get rid of them. Two species of swallows have domesticated themselves with man. We have only that which builds under the eaves in England, but in North America they have both the house swallow and the chimney swallow; the chimneys not being made use of in summer, they take possession, and keep it sometimes in spite of the smoke, if the fire is not very great. Each feather in this bird's tail ends in a stiff point, like the end of an awl; applying the tail to the side of the wall, it assists in keeping them up, while they hold on with their feet. "They make a great thundering noise all day long by flying up and down in the chimneys." Now as the Indians had not so much as a hearth made of masonry, it is an obvious question, says Kalm, where did these swallows build before the Europeans came, and erected houses with chimneys? Probably, it is supposed, in hollow trees, but certainly where they could; and it is thus shown that they took the first opportunity of improving their own condition.—*Inklings of Natural History.*

THE KING OF DAHOMEY.

Wilson, in his "Western Africa," says of this ruler, that he is one of the most absolute tyrants in the world; and being regarded as a demi-god by his own subjects, his actions are never questioned. No person ever approaches him, even his favorite chiefs, without prostrating themselves at full length on the ground, and covering their faces and heads with earth. It is a grave offence to suppose that the king eats, drinks, sleeps, or performs any of the ordinary functions of nature. His meals are always taken to a secret place, and any man that has the misfortune or the temerity to cast his eyes upon him in the act, is put to death. If the king drinks in public, which is done on some extraordinary occasion, his person is concealed by having a curtain held up before him, during which time the people prostrate themselves, and afterwards shout and cheer at the very top of their voices.



THE COLLEGE OF NOBLES, AT MOSCOW, RUSSIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

U. S. STEAM FRIGATE MERRIMAC.

This magnificent national vessel, in which we take particular pride, as she was built and launched at Charlestown, has recently returned from a voyage to Europe, in which she everywhere excited admiration and astonishment. We have already presented a view of her as she lay at anchor off the navy yard, with her sails furled, and we now depict her on double the scale, under steam and canvass, as she entered Southampton harbor, England. The English press spoke of her in terms of the highest praise. The engraving occupies the last page. It will be remembered that she was built and fitted for sea in twelve months after her keel was laid. She was designed by Mr. Lenthall, chief of the bureau of construction at Washington, and built by Mr. Melvin Simmons, master carpenter, under the superintendence of Mr. Delano, naval constructor at the Charlestown navy yard. Her frame is of live oak, strengthened by diagonal plates in the inside, and outside by similar plates at the bow and stern. There are two large pivot guns on her upper deck, each weighing more than three tons. On her gun-deck there are twenty-four 9-inch guns, each weighing nearly four and a half tons. Her magazine will hold 60,000 lbs. of powder. She is a screw, and has two cylinders, and four vertical tubular boilers. Her crew, including officers, is 564 men. She is altogether a splendid craft.

TO ONE AND ALL.

We would call *particular* attention to our liberal prize offer for the new volume to commence January 1st, 1857. Having become completely settled in our new building, with our corps of artists, engravers and various assistants in each department, all under one roof, and possessing vastly increased facilities over any former period, the next volume of *Ballou's Pictorial* will excel all our efforts in this line heretofore.

There having been a question raised, on the awarding of the prizes for last year, as it regarded the value of one or two of the articles, we have resolved to pay each one in *gold dollars* this year, which will admit of no question of intrinsic value. Commence early; make your arrangements complete, and secure a handsome prize. We will cheerfully send sample copies for use to any one without charge.

CLUB PRICE OF OUR PAPER.—It will be observed that we give every *thirteenth* copy to those getting up clubs on our paper for the coming year. Last year we gave only the *seventeenth*. This makes quite a difference to the person who is getting up the club.

A PROVERB CHANGED.—The old proverb says: "When Poverty enters by the door Love flies out of the window." But Punch has it: "Love flies in at the window whilst Poverty is shown the door."

QUEER.—At the birth of ex-King Louis of Bavaria, a regiment of grenadiers gave him a mattress stuffed with their beards and mustaches.

SPLINTERS.

.... A splendid steamer, building in New York, will be put on the route between Gardiner, Me., and Boston, next spring.

Mormonism is making such progress in Denmark as to excite general alarm. Is this the 19th century?

... The telegraph communication between St. Johns, N. F., and New York is nearly completed. This is a great step.

.... Photographic counterfeit bank bills are detected readily by a very simple chemical process.

A man whose wife had run away told his friends to reserve their pity for him till she came back again.

.... A French tailor has invented a machine which will cut out fifteen suits of clothes at once.

.... A polite man does not mind running out of a hot opera house to order a carriage on a wet night.

... Ex-President Van Buren was lately thrown from a carriage and broke his arm. Just before he had a fall from his horse.

... A shepherd in Texas has a live wolf who takes excellent care of his sheep and don t like mutton.

.... Hon. John Berry, a member of the Arkansas Senate, died a short time since from the bite of a spider.

.... An English edition of Edgar A. Poe's poems is going through the London press, edited by Mr. James Hannay.

... Sun flower seeds furnish oil, and may then be fed to fowls, while the fibre of the plant makes good paper.

.... Kossuth has been lecturing extensively in England and Scotland. He does not wield much political influence.

.... Walter Savage Landor advocates the immoral doctrine that it is virtuous to assassinate a tyrant.

The construction of the proposed water-works for the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., is proceeding with great energy.

.... A young lady told a typo friend he might *print* a kiss on her cheek, but he mustn't publish it.

... The admission fees to the Ohio State Fair this year amounted to the sum of 17,000 dollars.

.... An Englishman and an American lately fought a duel at Toronto about a lady. O, these women!

.... A kind lady lately sent a Western editor a pie, with the request "please insert." He "inserted" it, of course.

ABOUT TOBACCO.

In 1847, the government monopoly of tobacco yielded France a clear profit of five millions of dollars. In this country, vast fortunes are realized every year by the manufacture and sale of cigars, snuff and chewing tobacco. The use of the "vilewed" is almost universal.

"Divine tobacco! that from east to west
Cheers the tar's labor and the Turkman's rest."

We are afraid to look into the statistics to see how much we spend per annum for this luxury. It is useless to exclaim against this extravagance; it is useless to multiply scientific warnings against it: Tobacco lords it over us like Gold. We might outdo in eloquence King James's "counterblast" against "ye fylthye takynge" of tobacco, yet not a single elderly gentleman would be thereby induced to lay aside his pipe, nor a single fast American of tender years to renounce his cigar. But let us glance at its history.

Tobacco was first carried from Brazil to Portugal; the cardinal Santa Cruce, papal legate at Lisbon, introduced it at Rome, where it bore the name of the "herb of Santa Cruce." It was also called Ternabon's herb, after Nicholas Ternabon, legate in France. Jean Nicot, French ambassador at the court of Portugal, carried some to Catherine de Medicis, whence the names of queen's herb, Nicot's herb, and that of Nicotine, which last it has retained in scientific nomenclature. In 1619, James I. of England published his famous treatise against tobacco, entitled "Miso Kapnos." The Jesuits replied by a book, written like the king's, in Latin, called "Anti-Miso Kapnos." In 1624, Pope Urban VIII. excommunicated persons who used tobacco in churches.

Some time afterwards, Elizabeth of Russia ordered the confiscation of snuff-boxes. Amurath IV. of Turkey confiscated snuff-takers' noses, which was rather worse, ordering that this insignificant but indispensable portion of the human face divine, should be amputated without mercy. This was "the sovereign'st remedy on earth," for who could indulge in Lundy Foot or Prince's Mixture without a nose? Our Puritan ancestors, who put their noses in everything, regulated the use of tobacco by statute. But in spite of papal, royal, imperial, and even democratic edicts, the use of tobacco has advanced until it has become universal. Even our municipal police are compelled to wink at its indulgence in the streets. And mere children smoke now-a-days, whereas formerly smoking was an accomplishment reserved for the age of manhood. The force of habit and of imitation was never more fully exemplified than in the use of this weed. Few who are committed to its use ever relinquish it, even after it has become a source of annoyance.

THE BALL SEASON.

Probably more "light fantastic toes" will be sported this season than ever trod the ball-room floor before, for we Americans are bidding fair to rival the French in our passion for Terpsichorean exercises. The religious prejudices which once forbade dancing as a heathenish diversion, and placed it in the same category with drinking and dicing, are fast passing away. Even the Society of Friends have relaxed somewhat in their discipline, it is said, though we do not remember ever to have seen a broad-brimmed hat describing circles in the sweeping orbit of the waltz. Dancing is an excellent exercise, unless carried to excess. We have no doubt many young ladies spin themselves into a condition of cerebral excitement productive of positive injury, and that many young gentlemen polk themselves into debility and broken-windedness. The only remedy when they lose their foot is to turn them out to grass the ensuing season.

STEAM BAKERY.—The great steam bakery in Brooklyn, N. Y., is a wonderful affair. $40,000 have been expended on the machinery, and it is calculated to supply 200,000 persons with the staff of life. If it redneces the price of bread materially, it will be a godsend to the poor. There does not seem to be a very logical relation between the price of flour and the price of bread.

THE PUBLIC GARDEN.—Our Public Garden, at the foot of the Common, after struggling along for years, has really become at last quite an attractive place. The improvements and tasteful arrangement of the grounds are due to the superintendence of John A. French, Esq., while Mr. Gormley, in the floral department, has won the praises of all lovers of horticulture.

HIGHWAY ROBBERS.—Robbers now-a-days are getting scientific. They employ chloroform to some extent, and are up to all sorts of dodges. Two gentlemen on the "highway lay" recently grabbed a man in the woods near New Bedford, burned loco foco matches under his nose until he was insensible, and then plundered him.

CHANGES OF THE SEA.—In 1752, an English ship was stranded near New Rochelle, Westchester County, N. Y., and the wreck, owing to changes effected by the sea, now lies in the midst of a cultivated field, with about 2000 acres of arable land round it.

FORGERIES.—The crime of forgery has become fearfully common. The last case in New York, involving operations to the extent of half a million, is still the theme of comment. The love of luxury seems to lie at the bottom of these social crimes.

HORSEWOMANSHIP.—At a recent fair in Dunville, Ct., Miss Kate Burbank drove a four in-hand team with consummate skill. She is doubtless an admirer of the character of Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance."

INTERESTING.—Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie has been invited to read poetry before the Mercantile Library Association. It will be a treat to hear her once more.

THE GREAT BOSTON HORSE EXHIBITION.

The large picture which occupies the whole of pages 344 and 345 of the present number, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Billings, and engraved in his best style by John Andrew. It represents the interior of the grounds of the Boston Agricultural Association at the South End, as they appeared, when most crowded with spectators on the fourth day of the races, October 24. The most conspicuous feature in this extensive view is the judges' stand, and the horses that are coming in before it at a slashing gait are the famous Flora Temple, on the lead, and Lancet, formerly Know-Nothing. Flora Temple is styled the "Queen of the Turf," having made the fastest time on record. She was driven on this occasion by James D. McMann, while Lancet was "tooled" by Samuel McLaughlin. The race was in harness to sulkies—mile heats, the best three in five, for a prize of 1000 dollars. Three heats were run and won by the mare, the horse breaking badly whenever he lapped her. Flora's time was 2.36 1-2, 2.40 and 2.43 1-2. The old city of Boston never witnessed so much continuous excitement as was exhibited during the five days of the races. The omnibuses and the cars of the Metropolitan Railroad made their trips under crushing loads, and the sidewalks were encumbered with pedestrians, all wending their way to the great centre of attraction—the Fair Grounds. Had the entertainments presented been "races," and the horses been entered for "purses," instead of "premiums," the attendance would have been confined to horse men, and fast and fancy men, "legs" and "levanters," gamblers, thimble-riggers and *id genus omne;* but as the grounds were opened purely and legitimately for "trials of speed" only, as the money offered was not given in the shape of purses, and as the visitors were requested not to bet on the results, the spectators comprised the most respectable ladies and gentlemen in the community, and no one can dispute that perfect order was maintained throughout the whole period of the "trials." The whole affair was most liberally managed, and the prizes amounted to 8000 dollars. Premiums were given to the best representatives of the various classes of horses, and not alone to the fastest. It was quite an event in the history of Boston.

VERY NATURAL.—In Aspenwald, recently published in New York, an intellectual looking young lady asks Mrs. Derby, who has been very enthusiastic in the praise of George Sand, if George Sand is the man who makes the celebrated sarsaparilla!

ARAB LUXURY.—The Bedouins eat locusts fried in butter, with sometimes an onion added as a luxury. We should suggest caterpillars by way of a dessert.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Joseph Howard, Jr., of New York, to Miss Anna S. Gregg; by Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, William B. Weston, Esq. to Miss Charlotte L. Fisk; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. William H. Wilson to Miss Mary Ann Harris; by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. John K. Grout to Miss Elizabeth Daniell; by Rev. Dr. Lowell, Mr. Julian W. Eayrs, of Mexico, to Miss M. Maria Shaw.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. William Whitmore to Miss Amanda E. Hallett.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Hoppin, Mr. Richard McCurdy, of New York, to Miss Sarah Ellen Little.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Pope, Charles S. Lincoln, Esq., to Miss Louise E. Plimpton.—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Best, Mr. Mark Boothby to Miss Anna M. Fleming.—At Quincy, by Rev Dr. Lunt, George P. Floyd, Esq., of Quincy, Ill., to Miss Relief B. Field.—At West Dedham, by Rev. Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Lucius S. Damrell, to Miss Mary M. Smith.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Leeds, Mr. Joseph H. Webb to Miss Sarah A. Newcomb.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dutton, Mr. Robert S. Eaton, of Stockton, Cal., to Miss Olivia M. Goodrich.—At Newburyport, by Rev Dr. Dimmick, Mr. John G. Flanders, of New York, to Miss Anna Plummer.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. John M. Waters to Miss Mary J. Munday.—At Georgetown, Mass., by Rev. Mr. Prince, Mr. J. S. Moody, of Boston, to Miss Anna E., daughter of Hon. Moses Tenney.—At Barnstable, by Rev. Mr. Doggett, Mr. Preutiss W. Scudder, of Boston, to Miss Lydia A. Davis.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Mary Bowditch, 76; Widow Jemima Willett; Mrs. Thankful U. Dean, 41; Mr. Geo. F. Taylor, 32; Mr. Josoph S. Rogers, 45; Mrs. Mary Ann Thorndike, 33; Miss Lucretia L. Fuller, 52; Mrs. Abigail Lovis, 83.—At Deer Island, Mr. Henry Bergoin, 36.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Sarah L. Robbins, 40; Mr. John Rice, 67.—At Chelsea, Miss Rebecca W. Edwards, 24.—At East Cambridge, Mr. William Augustus Hall, 38; Mr. John H. Wheeler, 64.—At Somerville, Miss Lucy Jane Palmer, 15.—At New England Village, Mr. Henry Nelson, 37.—At Dedham, Jonathan Hawes, 74.—At Waltham, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Grant, 24.—At Lynn, Widow Priscilla Rand, 78.—At Salem, Miss Catherine Elizabeth Arrington, 26; Widow Mehitable Choate, 73; Mrs. Ann Briggs, 30.—At Rockport, Mrs. Nancy Tarr, 73.—At Newburyport, Miss Judith Cooper, 72; Widow Mary L. Wildes, 28; Widow Mary Smith, 84.—At East Salisbury, Mrs. Abigail Piko, 87.—At Worcester, Mrs. Lucy Brown, 61.—At West Boylston, Mr. Edmund Hartwell, 71.—At Northfield, Sarah, widow of Dea. Judah Nash, formerly of Montague, 86.—At Bridgewater, Miss Elizabeth W. Potter, of Dartmouth, 30.—At Plymouth, Mr. Theodore Weld Morton, 20.—At Ashfield, Dr. Enos Smith, 86.—At Coleraine, Mr. Salmon Hunt, 83.—At Windsor, Widow Wealthy Miconber, late of Savoy, 90.—At Nantucket, Widow Mary Carr, 64; Mrs. Charlotte C. Cobb, 37.

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[Translated from the German for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VIRGIN OF VAN DYCK.

BY ELLEN EARNST.

In one of the vast saloons of the Palace St. James were grouped, 'neath its gorgeous hangings of damask and gobelin tapestries, young and beautiful ladies like a parterre of rare and brilliant exotics; they were waiting, chatting in light and merry tones, the rising of the queen, to whom they were maids of honor. One only by her age, having lost all charms of youth and beauty, and grave demeanor, cast a shadow over this otherwise lovely picture; this was the Duchess of Arran, first lady of honor.

Among these so brilliantly blooming flowers, for like flowers they were in beauty, the youngest would be noticed for the simplicity of her toilette and modesty of demeanor—the violet of the bouquet. Her robe of black velvet, closed at the throat, fell over an ample petticoat of white satin; the short sleeves showed, in a truly coquettish way, her perfect hands and arms; a full lace collar was folded around her neck, whose grace and whiteness one could divine; a large cross, fastened by a chain, sparkled upon her bosom, and her golden hair parted in bandeaux upon her forehead, was knotted and fastened in the back by a flowing lace scarf.

This was the daughter of one of the most illustrious houses of Scotland; her father was Lord Ruthven and Earl of Gowrie, a nobleman possessed of some wealth but more powerful by his lineage than by his gold.

Lady Katherine, for such was her name, had but lately arrived at the Court of St. James to be placed near the queen, there to complete the education that she had previously received in her Scottish home. Art for her fed its sacred fires, and by nature recluse and retiring, in painting she discovered infinite treasures. In the immense galleries of her father's castle, ornamented with the works of the first masters, she found her greatest pleasure.

Her habits and manners differed greatly from those of the ladies of the court, accustomed as they were to more freedom and liberty. Gentle and timid, she hardly dared reply to the foolish and sometimes malicious sallies of her gay young companions. All eyes were directed toward the large dial of the saloon as it sounded ten o'clock.

"He is very late," said several voices, and at the same time the usher announced the painter, Van Dyck.

At these words, there was a rustling of satins among the ladies; each moved upon her velvet cushion, like the stem of a flower swayed by the south wind, as if seeking a more graceful position.

The young pupil of Rubens, habituated as he was to contemplate beauty, could not refrain from a gesture of admiration and surprise at finding himself in the midst of so much grace and beauty. The duchess, attributing to herself the young artist's embarrassment, complacently sought to relieve him, and motioning him to a seat by her side, said:

"Sir, the world says that you have talent."

"It does me too great an honor, your grace. Those that say that judge me by what I may in future perform, for I have not yet produced anything to attest it."

Van Dyck threw as much assurance and pride in his reply as the noble lady had impertinence and arroganee in her demand. Katherine blushed with all Scottish pride for shame and vexation at the insolent tone of the duchess and with pleasure at the young painter's reply. She looked at him while he spoke, and Van Dyck understood and thanked her in his heart.

"Ah, well; we shall soon see, for the queen will put you to the test. Her majesty wishes to renew the ornaments of her chapel; you will have a great deal to do. For your studio in the winter, you will have the 'Gray Friars Hall,' an ancient monastery, that can be seen from here, there you will be free and solitary. Your studio in the summer will be the Castle of Eltham, and then you will have a salary by government; that is very well for a young artist, I should think."

"Art is a gift that cannot be purchased, your grace, and if I possess the talent to which I aspire, these favors that you so praise to me would not suffice to pay for my brushes."

"All ambition is praiseworthy, but these honors are on one condition. The queen will proclaim you publicly as her painter, if you gain the prize at the exhibition in Rome. It is to be for the finest head of the Virgin.

"Yes, madam, but I fear that I shall not gain the patronage of the queen if that is the condition."

"And wherefore do you refuse this honor? Do you want confidence in your power?"

"No, your grace, but how can I represent the Mother of Christ if I have no model." In pronouncing these words he looked toward Katharine. "I have sought everywhere this celestial face, but in vain. No countenance possesses the same look of candor and love, none the sweetness and benevolence that reveals the indulgent sister of all woman."

His eyes sparkled with fire, and all his features illuminated by animation, Van Dyck looked noble and truly handsome, for genius shone on his pure, high forehead.

"But I thought that painters found no want of models," resumed the duchess.

"There are models that we pay and who are beautiful, but only one can approach the divinity and beauty of my ideal. Alas! this woman that I have found is a noble lady, who would disdain to become the model of a poor artist."

In saying these words he looked at Katherine in a manner that at once marked her as the one of whom he spoke. The young girl felt it, and all her companions perceived with mingled surprise and rage that the young Scottish girl was the one of them that Van Dyck selected. The duchess, who saw nothing of this, demanded:

"And this noble lady—who is she?"

"The Virgin herself, your grace."

He saluted them all, and casting a look of adieu toward Katherine, said to the duchess:

"If I gain the prize you will see me again, if not I shall leave England."

Van Dyck took possession of the "Gray Friars Hall," and thinking of the Madonna-like face of the young maid of honor, he endeavored to delineate upon his canvass that celestial countenance; but it was impossible, he was unable to embody his inspiration. The day passed in fruitless efforts, and night surprised him, sad and motionless, near his easel, seeking in vain to catch the fleeting vision.

From the time that the painter left the palace, all laughter and taunts were directed against poor Katherine; her envious companions made her dearly suffer for the choice that Van Dyck had made of her. They separated for the night; but even after her evening prayer Katherine still thought of the young artist and longed for his success, as she remembered his sad look when he confessed to having no model.

It is midnight. The heavens sparkle with a thousand lamps, when a soft light is shed over the front of the palace, illuminating the old abbey, which, lone and somhre, seems praying amid its ruins. A window in the palace opens, and a shadow passes along the balcony and glides down the long staircase, crosses alone the courts and corridors, and reaches the door of the monastery.

To tell you how this woman left the palace and how she penetrated these ruins, would be difficult. She must have known all the windings, for in a few moments the shadow had traversed the long alleys, and arriving at one of the galleries in the chapel, it entered the painter's studio, passed lightly along, without looking around her, and sat motionless in front of his easel. O, surprise! O, joy! This woman, so calm and beautiful, is Katherine. The artist, so sad, so unhappy, who could not recall that divine face, sees it living before his eyes; she herself has come to be his model. But what power brought her? what thought gave her this strength?

The painter knelt before her as if to thank her, but Katherine made him a sign to rise, pointing to his palette. Her look filled him with so pure an adoration that he forgot the reality of his vision. Transported by his imagination to an ideal and celestial sphere, he seemed to live in heaven. In the midst of angels he saw the Madonna crowned with her divine aureole. This was no longer the weak and unsuccessful man who an hour before flung in disdain his pencils at his feet. The artist had replaced the man. Mute, breathless, hurried on by an unknown strength, he seized his palette, and in a few moments, to him, but hours they were, he painted the most pure and beautiful of all Madonnas.

When the young girl perceived that the painter, finishing his work alone, had forgot his model in the extacy of his success, she arose, and without uttering a word, retook her calm assured steps and left the monastery by the same way she entered.

Van Dyck, with bewildered eyes, an oppressed heart, and speechless, made no effort to recall her. She was to his eyes no longer mortal. In seeing her glide away, he thought he saw the Virgin borne toward heaven. Exhausted by long labor and excitement, he fell upon a chair and slept.

At waking, Van Dyck's first thought was to run to his canvass. Transported with joy at the sight of his work, which he thought living, he knelt and thanked, be it angel or woman, the face that appeared before him. It was in vain that he sought to lift the veil that covered this mystery. He tried to remember the past, but no effort could reveal to him the truth. He thought of the Madonna and Katherine as one; he could not separate them, and he resolved to write her the following note:

"Tell me if you are really an angel. Tell me if you wish to render lifeless a poor artist to whom you have given life. Reveal to me who this night appeared to me, the Virgin or a woman."

The duchess was charged with opening first all letters addressed to the young ladies confided to her charge. What was her astonishment when she read these lines! "Horror!" she cried. "A daughter of a noble house thus to betray her duty, to go alone and at night to a painter's studio!"

She caused the culprit to be brought before her. But her rage redoubled when Katherine, calm and gentle as ever, assured her that she did not understand her reproaches.

The duchess, who expected the greatest confusion and a sincere avowal, and with that would have pardoned all, would now hear nothing. Her ear was deaf to all petitions. It was decided that the poor girl, ruined and dishonored, should the next morning return to her father's house. Her prayers were all unheeded. The following night was the only delay accorded for repentance. The duchess, to avoid new scandal, caused Katherine to sleep in her apartment. When midnight came, Katherine, like the evening before, arose. Awakened by the slightest noise, the duchess, anxious and happy to persuade those who yet believed Katherine innocent, aroused all the palace.

The duchess, with a numerous suite, followed Katherine. She traversed the long galleries, the halls and the Court of St. James, and entered as before the door of the monastery. No one longer doubted the culpability of the poor girl. They followed her into the studio and saw her seated before the easel. The noise made around her and the dazzling light that the torches cast upon her face, awakened her. Katherine *was a somnambulist*. It was thus she served as a model to the young painter, who gave her love in return for glory. He obtained the prize, and was overwhelmed with honors and fame at the English court, and his Madonna is to this day one of the most celebrated of the great painter's productions. A few days after this scene, the marriage of the painter, Van Dyck, and Katherine, daughter of Lord Ruthven, was celebrated at St. Pauls.

THE CZAR.

Alexander Nicolaievitch is tall and well formed, although he does not in stature, or in grandeur of person, come near to his father. His face bears a resemblance to the portraits of the Emperor Nicholas, but the worshippers of his deceased majesty declare he lacks the wonderful power of eye and dignity and intelligence of expression which characterized the father. His majesty is dressed in the uniform of a general officer, and seems quite simply attired, after all the splendor which has gone past. He wears a burnished casque with a long plume of white, orange and dark cock's feathers, a close fitting green tunic, with aguillettes and orders, and red trousers, and he guides his charger—a perfect model of symmetry—with ease and gracefulness. His features are full of emotion as he returns with a military salute on all sides the congratulations of his people. To all he gives the same acknowledgment—raising his extended hand to the side of his casque, so that the forefinger rises vertically by the rim in front of the ear. The effect of his presence is considerably marred by the proximity of his suite, who have gradually and perhaps unwittingly closed up till they are immediately behind his horse, instead of leaving him isolated, as he was when he quitted the palace of Petrovsky, and thus his figure is lost among his plumed suite.—*London Letter.*

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To the person who sends us the *seventh* largest club we will present *in gold*	50 00
To the person who sends us the *eighth* largest club we will present *in gold*	40 00
To the person who sends us the *ninth* largest club we will present *in gold*	30 00
To the person who sends us the *tenth* largest club we will present *in gold*	20 00
To the person who sends us the *eleventh* largest club we will present *in gold*	15 00
To the person who sends us the *twelfth* largest club we will present *in gold*	10 00

These prizes will be paid in *gold dollars*, that there may be no question as to their value.

☞ No person will be considered a competitor for the prizes who does not send us at least fifty subscribers.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$3 00
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10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *twelve* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *thirteenth* copy gratis. Thus every thirteenth copy is clear profit to the getter-up of the club, except to those persons winning the first three prizes.

Any person sending us *fifty* subscribers, shall receive the eight volumes complete of our "Pictorial," elegantly and uniformly bound in gilt, with illustrated title-pages and indexes, containing nearly *ten thousand* fine illustrations.

It is very important that the names, accompanied by the money, should be sent to us as fast as they are obtained, that we may be able to print an ample number of papers to meet the demand. Therefore, as soon as ten or a dozen subscribers have been obtained, the person who has procured the club can forward them with the money, and he or she can then add to the club any number of names at the same rate, and they will be duly credited to the account of the person sending, until February 1, 1857.

It is not requisite that the entire club should be taken in one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post-office, but all subscriptions must come through the same agent, in order to be counted to his or her credit. This prize offer cannot be applied to any regular wholesale agent of our paper. The clubs must be *bona fide, and each name sent with the money.*

The result will be duly published, and evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

☞ Sample copies of the paper furnished gratis when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor,*
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ *Ballou's Pictorial* and *The Flag of our Union* are sent to one address for $4 per annum.

☞ Any postmaster can receive a copy of the paper to his own address, at the lowest club rate.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

They are talking in New York of erecting a monument to Poe, the poet. —— Twelve sportsmen went down from Petersburg, Virginia, to Broadway, on the Appomattox, lately, in pursuit of sora. Upon counting the game, it was ascertained that the twelve had succeeded in killing *sixteen hundred* of the delicious birds. One gentleman alone realized two hundred and twenty as the result of his sport. —— The people of Austria speak seventeen different languages. Quite a small Babel. —— Ex-Judge Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick, the Clock Pedler," has taken a final farewell of Nova Scotia as a place of residence. Clifton, his beautiful seat at Windsor, was sold some weeks since, and the old judge has taken his passage for Liverpool, to make his home in Great Britain the remainder of his days. —— They raise six hundred bushels of sweet potatoes to the acre on the Guadaloupe River in Texas. —— The first grist mill ever erected in Pennsylvania is yet in existence. It is a quaint old stone building, and bears date about 1686. It is located on a small stream near Germantown, and some of the original machinery imported from England is still retained in the mill. —— The amendment limiting the term of Superior Court judges has been adopted by the people of Connecticut by at least 1000 majority. —— Smelt fishing is now the great amusement in Boston. Four gentlemen one day lately caught in six and a half hours, with poles and lines, *one hundred and eighty dozen and four smelts*—being 2164 fish! —— Mr. Benjamin Chandler, an old man, belonging in Wilmington, Delaware, is supposed to have been lost on the White Mountains. —— The appearance of numerous bears among the pines along the line of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, New Jersey, has created considerable excitement among the sparse population of that desolate region. Four large specimens of the black bear were shot near the railroad during the past month. —— Christians keep Sunday, Greeks Monday, Persians Tuesday, Assyrians Wednesday, Egyptians Thursday, Turks Friday, Jews Saturday. —— A boy three years old, son of Michael Goff, at the Clyde Works, Rhode Island, lately, while at play in a wood-shed, found a phial of oil of vitriol, which had been placed there by his father, and drank it, causing death in about eight hours, during which time he suffered the most excruciating agony. —— Late advices from Havana state that a formidable Spanish fleet was fitting out to enforce the claims of the country against Mexico, the previous accounts of the adjustment of this difficulty being erroneous. —— The Ogdensburg Railroad was sold by auction at Malone, New York, lately, for $3,000,000. —— We understand that Mr. Amos Abbott, of Andover, recently a teacher in Ahmednuggur, has invented and patented a table, by which mariners may ascertain their latitude and longitude without going through the long process hitherto required. —— The receipts of the Michigan Southern Railroad for the month of September, it is said, amounted to $386,000—an increase of $44,000 over the same month of last year. —— The number of students in the three first colleges in the country is—in Harvard, 697; Yale, 604; University of Virginia, 504. In the latter there is an increase of 80 over the number last year. At Yale, 57 are from Southern States.

GETTING UP IN THE WORLD.

At one of the agricultural fairs in New York this season, they introduced a new feature, though one common enough in the old world—a high greased pole, at the top of which was suspended a number of valuable prizes (a watch among other things), to be carried off by the successful climber. We are striving to get up in the world; but in this game of the pole there is a slight difference from the great game of life. In life, the path cannot be too smooth; but the smoothness of the pole is the great obstacle in success. By throwing on sand and resin, and roughening their way the mast-climbers win the goal. Then again, in the world the dispensers of fortune's favors are apt to frown on the most needy, whereas the prizes on the pole were awarded to those most *in-kneed*.

Hand on the "Shanghais."—A lady writer in the New York Sunday Dispatch has the following "anent" upon the male patrons of the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York:—"I saw something go into the St. Nicholas the other day. What do you think it was? It was the most splendid mirror I ever beheld, large as the side of a house, and cost, as I have been told, $1400. I thought, of course, it was designed for the ladies' saloon; but no! it went into the bar-room, and there sit the *Adonises* before it, drinking cobblers and smashes, admiring themselves between drinks.

"'Nothing is proof against the general curse of Vanity that seizes all below.'"

Rather Funny.—One punishment in vogue in the military service is to attach a delinquent to a cannon ball by means of a chain fastened to the ankle. A jolly Jack Tar observing a son of Mars in this predicament, exclaimed: "My eyes, if there aint a soger riding at anchor!"

Nothing New.—Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun. At Nineveh, lately, they discovered an opera glass, and yet more recently a basso relievo, representing a flight of balloons. Possibly they may turn out to be foot-balls, but that makes no odds.

Dear Amusement.—The expenses of Earl Granville's mission to Russia, as extraordinary ambassador on the occasion of the late coronation, were not less than $200,000. If John Bull falls out with Russia, he will grumble at footing this little bill.

Yankee Mechanics.—A large number of machinists have lately left Boston and vicinity for Cuba, to take charge of the machinery on the plantations.

Wayside Gatherings.

Madame McCallister, widow of the great magician, intends to pursue her husband's professional calling.

Very handsome samples of rice have been raised in Louisiana, where the experiment of raising it has been fully tried.

A man whistling or singing merrily at midnight is a safe person to meet. He will not harm nor rob you.

A fellow in New York pretends to have an instrument which will discover sunken treasure. More Kidd humbug!

The Fourth of July was celebrated in Melbourne, Australia, in creditable style, by the American residents and others.

A new machine has been invented that will manufacture, out of cold lead, two hundred bullets, of four different kinds, in one minute.

The number of scholars attending the Boston public schools is 23,749, and the average cost of educating them is $14,41 for each scholar, per annum.

In a dwelling-house in Varick street, New York, a cooking-stove recently exploded, knocking out two front windows. A hopeful son of the family had stored blank cartridges in the oven!

The latest advices from Mexico state that the sales of the church property had reached $5,000,000. There were rumors of an impending revolution, mostly under the auspices of the clergy.

A privilege has been granted to a French gentleman to run small screw steamers through the dykes between Tacubaya and the city of Mexico.

There was a rumor in Paris at the last dates, that the Messrs. Rothschild had contracted to supply the bank of France with thirty-two million dollars in gold.

Madame Bodisco, widow of the late Russian minister at Washington, with her family, are among the passengers by the steamship Persia, for Liverpool. She is going to St. Petersburg.

The Freewill Baptists have in the United States 1173 churches, 1107 ministers, and 49,809 church members. The first church was formed in New Hampshire in 1780.

Cowles, in his excellent history of plants, notices the virtue of hemp thus laconically: "By this cordage ships are guided, bells are rung, and rogues are kept in awe."

In a will case, tried in Boston, the strongest proof of the sanity of the deceased at the time his will was made, was the fact that he subscribed for a newspaper a few days before his death.

The New Orleans (La.) Picayune reports the death of Eugene Prevost, son of the well-known conductor of the Orleans theatre orchestra, by the accidental discharge of his gun. He was an accomplished violinist.

The Ocean Steam Company between New York and Bremen has been very successful. It is said that, in addition to regular dividends, the company has accumulated a surplus of $100,000, in a capital of $600,000.

Dr. Armstrong was lately murdered near Sacramento by a man named Colebrook. While the latter was being examined before a justice, the citizens broke into court, disarmed the officers, and, seizing the prisoner, carried him off and hung him upon a tree.

A German paper asserts that prussic acid only causes suspension of life at first, and that one who takes it can be restored to animation by the pouring of acetate of potash and salt dissolved in water on the head and spine. Rabbits have been so recovered.

Mr. Alfred Victor Du Pont, the head of the great powder manufacturing company at Wilmington, Del., died at Nemours lately, aged 58. He was the eldest son of I. Du Pont, who founded the gunpowder, wool and cotton manufactories of Delaware.

Deacon Elijah Curtis, at Tioga, N. Y., was returning from church, 19th ult., in apparently his usual health, and while conversing with a friend by whom he was accompanied, he fell instantly dead in the street, without a groan or a struggle. His age was 70 years.

Col. James Ward, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Hartford, died suddenly, lately, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. During the war of 1812, Col. Ward was commissioned as Commissary General of Connecticut, a post which he held, with the exception of a year or two, from that time until his death.

Huntington's forgeries were caused by four pairs of horses, two pairs for carriages for himself and wife, and several fast trotters, two matrimonial establishments—the fair occupiers of which liberally patronized the jewelry shops—and all the et ceteras which usually distinguish a man of such tastes.

The Northern Ensign states that Mr. Petrel, county clerk of Orkney, has discovered that Washington Irving, the celebrated author, is an Orkneyman by descent. His father was born in Shapinshay, and emigrated to New York about 1760, and died in 1798, leaving a large fortune. His family genealogy has been traced back to 1422.

The Lockport Journal states that while a clerk in a law office in that village was overhauling papers on file, a package was found which showed marks of having been set on fire. Examining further, the charred remains of a common moth fly or miller were found, who had probably carried the fire from the candle, in his wings, to the documents and set the paper on fire.

Shipbuilding is prosecuted with considerable activity in New Brunswick. The Miramichi Colonial Times states that twenty vessels have been launched in the northern section of the province during the present season, and that six more will be ready for launching in a short time. The amount of tonnage is set down at 18,661 tons. The largest vessel launched was 1365 tons.

Mrs. Purdy, residing at Spencer, Tioga county, New York, is now 105 years old; is in good health, and apparently has as strong hold upon life as she had many years since. Her husband was killed in the Revolution, and she was left a widow at the age of twenty-two years; she never married again, and now, at this great age, her mind is clear, and she relates scenes and anecdotes of the Revolution with all the ardor of youth.

Lieut. Walton, of the British navy, we see it stated, has prepared a mixture of saw dust and caoutchouc, under the name of kam-plutieon, as a lining for the interior of war vessels. The inventor claims that, from its elasticity, it will immediately collapse when penetrated by a ball, and thus prevent the entrance of water. It also deadens concussions, and by its buoyancy will keep a vessel afloat though it should be riddled with shot.

The London Times, in an article on "Yankee Locomotion," says: Whenever you see him, the Yankee, he is going over the ground as fast as he can. And whatever the motive be, whether pleasure or profit, it is the same. In Europe, he is a pale and breathless sightseer, always in rapid transition, as if a ghost were pursuing him, insatiably accumulating stages, as if his life depended on the sum total at the end of the week. Immigrate is the word.

Foreign Items.

There is an oyster shell owned by the University of Leyden which weighs 130 pounds.

Within eight years the East India Company has annexed territories exceeding 200,000 square miles, with a population of more than seventeen millions!

Mormonism is making such progress in Denmark, as to excite considerable alarm in the minds of religious and reflecting men. Petitions have been sent in large numbers to the government, asking that the Mormons may be restricted from the more public practice of their ceremonies.

The monetary crisis at Paris is the sole subject of attention. The letters each day, and the hourly telegraphic quotations from the Bourse, are looked for with the greatest eagerness, to show if a suspension of specie payments is to settle the question, and to constitute a new epoch in the history of France.

It has been proposed to establish a printing press on board the Great Western, the mammoth ship now being built in England for the Australian trade, and to issue a daily paper during the voyage. In connection with this there is to be a reading room, well supplied for the use of the voyagers.

A curious lawsuit, carried on through a period of forty years, has lately been decided in Germany. The parties were a Mr. Binding, plaintiff, and the elder of the Rothschilds, defendant, and judgment was rendered for the plaintiff in the sum of 40,000 florins. The case arose out of supplies furnished to the army of Napoleon, by Binding, who was associated with Rothschilds.

Sands of Gold.

.... Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a style.—*Swift.*

.... A soul without reflection, like a pile without inhabitant, to ruin runs.—*Young.*

.... Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.—*Lavater.*

.... To divest one's self of some prejudices, would be like taking off the skin to feel the better.—*Greville.*

.... The rich man despises those who flatter him too much, and hates those who do not flatter him at all.—*Talleyrand.*

.... As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool—but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.—*La Bruyere.*

.... The spirit and enterprise of a courtier are all expended in the search after place and preferment; nothing remains for the fulfilment of the duties to which success compels him.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Every effort is made, in forming matrimonial alliances, to reconcile matters relating to fortune, but very little is paid to the congeniality of dispositions, or to the accordance of hearts.—*Massillon.*

.... Plenty and indigence depend upon the opinion every one has of them; and riches, no more than glory or health, have no more beauty or pleasure than their possessor is pleased to lend them.—*Montaigne.*

.... The affections and the will know nothing of a future; the mind—the judgment—calls it up and gives it the force and life of the present. The mind alone is free, self-acting, and directed towards the unknown; the heart is bound to what is before it.—*Rahel.*

Joker's Budget.

Sheridan, having been asked what wine he liked best, replied, "The wine of other people."

A gentleman having a musical sister, being asked what branch of music she excelled in, declared that the *piano* was her *forte*.

Heavens! what rosaries might be strung for the memory of sweet female kisses, given without check or art, before one is of age to value them!

An auctioneer put up Drew's "Essay on Souls" for sale, which was bid off by a shoemaker, who gravely asked if he had "any more articles on shoemaking to sell?"

A Morayshire farmer recently sent the following message to the "lady of his love:"—"Tell her," he said, "that gin she doesna ha'e me, I winna kill mysel, but I'll pine awa!"

One person having asked another if he believed in the appearance of spirits, "No," was the reply; "but I believe in their *disappearance*, for I've missed a bottle of gin since last night."

Why is the speech a Jew would make when paying a bill, like two characters in one of Shakspeare's plays? Because he would say, "Cash I owe (Cassio), and dere's de money (Desdemona)."

"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon, who had slept all sermon time, to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, Brother A.? Why, I saw you *nodding assent* to every proposition of the parson!"

An advertisement in a Boston paper, lately, for a young man to work in a store, was answered by eighteen applications. But one for a "gentleman" to travel and play on the banjo, met with four hundred and eleven responses.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

☞ Sample copies sent when desired.

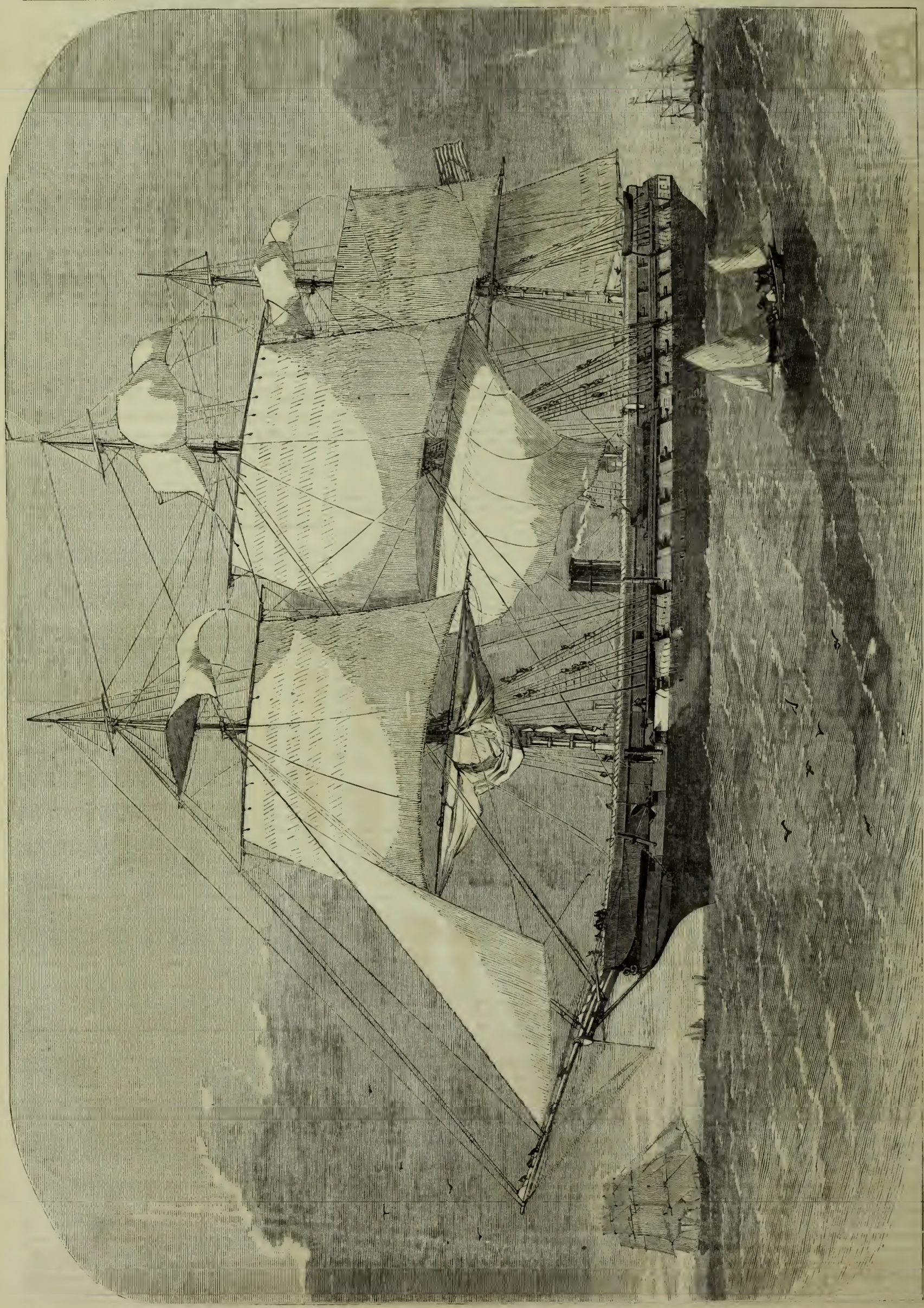
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10 "	" "	15 00

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One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

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THE UNITED STATES STEAM FRIGATE, MERRIMAC. [For description, see page 349.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1856. | $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XI., No. 23.—WHOLE No. 283.

VIEW OF OUR PUBLISHING HOUSE.

We present on this page, from the pencil of Barry, an accurate view of the elegant new building we now occupy, at No. 22 Winter Street, and which we erected expressly to meet the present and future exigencies of our business. The location in the short street which connects Tremont and Washington Streets, the two great arteries of travel and trade, is surpassed by none in the city. The building is of brick, five stories in height (the fifth not visible from the street), and was built from the designs of John R. Hall, Esq., the well-known architect of this city, by Anthony Hanson, master carpenter, and D. H. Jacobs, of the firm of Roberts, Adams and Jacobs, master mason. The materials and workmanship are of the best. The ground occupied is 132 feet deep with 28 feet frontage. The basement story is occupied by the furnace, steam-engine, etc., and by our twelve power presses. These presses throw off weekly 103,000 copies of the Pictorial, 87,000 copies of the Flag, and 68,000 copies of the Dollar Monthly. The first floor is occupied as the counting-room, editorial and sales-room. In the other stories are various branches connected with our business, artists and engravers' rooms, store rooms, etc., while the upper part is used for our binding establishment. A number of rooms in the rear are occupied by the corps of compositors engaged on our various publications. It will thus be seen that all the departments of our business are under one roof.



VIEW OF OUR NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE, NO. 22 WINTER STREET.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XII.

A CHANGE OF SCENE.

"The flanking guns dismounted lie,
The moat is ruinous and dry,
The grim portcullis gone—and all
The fortress turned to peaceful hall.
But yet precautions, lately ta'en,
Showed danger's day revived again."

Some two months after the events previously recorded, there was an unusual bustle in the city of Quebec, and the rapid peals of the alarm bell were summoning the principal inhabitants to the "castle," as the English conquerors had re-christened the old chatean of St. Louis. Built originally as a stronghold of defence, rather than for purposes of state, the imposing old pile towered aloft on the summit of a precipice two hundred feet above the St. Lawrence, commanding a view of wide-spread river, and of distant hills, and of dense forests, unsurpassed—if equalled—on the western continent. Neither was it less interesting in a historical point of view, for there was the seat of the French government in America, which extended for a half century up the St. Lawrence, through the chain of great lakes to the head of the Mississippi, and down that noble river to the Gulf of Mexico, keeping the hemmed-in English colonies in constant alarm, and securing the fidelity of the Indian nations. Many a midnight vigil, many a long deliberation and deep-laid project had the council hall of the castle been the scene of, to free the American continent from the intrusion of the ancient enemy of France, and assert, by right of conquest as well as original discovery, the supremacy of the Gallic lilies. The conquest of Canada by Wolfe, in 1759, brought a change of masters, and the red-cross flag of St. George now sluggishly uncurled its heavy folds in the breeze, as if unwilling to display its emblems to the crowds congregated by the tocsin summons. And all knew that danger was at hand.

Vague rumors were circulated from group to group, but no one could give any correct information as to the cause of the alarm, while the bell continued to peal forth its warnings. At last it ceased. The window of the great hall which opened upon the balcony was thrown open, and two figures appeared. One was Dan Holbrook, whose sinister countenance was evidently pre occupied with some deep scheme of villany; the other was well known to most of those present as Colonel Allan MacLean, a retired Highland officer, whose face was bronzed by the suns of many campaigns in his youth, and of many harvests in his riper years.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, in an earnest, blunt manner, "I have come to bear ye bad news. A rebel army is besieging Montreal, where Governor Carlton is just now, and from where he sent me an order to come here and take command. But he little dreamed, neither did I until this gentleman told me so, that another rebel army was on its way through the woods, by the Kennebec Indian trail, to fall upon Quebec like a hawk on a chicken, and take it. Now our loyal friend has not only given me the plans of these invaders, but proof that they expect encouragement here. So I have summoned you here, and I give notice, in the name of George our king, that I assume command. I shall at once put the place in the best posture for defence that I can, and now proclaim martial law. The invading Yankees will be treated as rebels, so will every citizen who has any intercourse with them, or who is backward in aiding the king's officers. Depend upon it, Quebec never falls into the hands of the rebels, or my name's not Allan MacLean."

There was a feeble response of "hurrah for the king!" But all the native portion of the audience remained silent. The yoke of England was galling to the French Canadians, and it was true that they had given intimations that the continentals would be welcome. No cheer escaped their lips, and as their dark eyes peered out furtively beneath their thick eyebrows, it was easy to see that little dependence could be placed on them.

As might have been expected, the news soon spread over the city, and before the crowd had fairly dispersed, a hundred different rumors were in circulation. Orderly sergeants bustled about, working parties were detailed, and preparations for defence were vigorously commenced, while the more timid of the citizens were equally active in making arrangements to leave.

Holbrook remained at the castle, giving his opinion upon every question discussed by Colonel MacLean and the officers, with a familiarity that soon became offensive. Military men can ill brook contradiction or receive counsel from a civilian, and when at last Holbrook flatly denied a statement made by the commander of the Canadians, that officer bluntly asked, with a glow of irritation flushing his swarthy features:

"By what means, sir, are you so well acquainted with Quebec, that you thus give your opinions as worthy of consideration with the observations of those of us who hold the king's commissions here?"

The scar on Holbrook's face fairly gleamed with rage, as he replied with provoking coolness:

"To which of the royal commissions that you have held, Colonel Dupre, do you refer?"

None present could repress a smile, as it was well known that the colonel had held his present command under the French, and had even fought against the British when they captured the city.

"*Coquin!*" exclaimed the irritated Canadian.

"Ah!" rejoined Holbrook. "The oath of allegiance on the first commission may have been broken, but the language comes first."

"But my sword-arm is ready to punish knaves, be they French or English," said Colonel Dupre, furiously, yet in a low tone.

"Gentlemen," began the commanding officer.

"He cannot be a gentleman," interrupted the enraged Canadian.

"Silence! I command it in the king's name," said Colonel MacLean. "This discussion, at this time, is sadly out of place. Here we are, threatened with invasion, and yet at the council-board a quarrel has sprung up. This should not be—nay, it must not be."

"I regret," promptly responded Holbrook, "that any remark of mine, intended to aid in preparing for defending the king's city, should have drawn forth the anger of any one honored by the king's commission. Without expressing any opinion now upon the provocation I have received, I will simply postpone action on it until—until the rebels are driven back to their homes."

"Bravely said!" exclaimed MacLean. "Now, Dupre, let this pass on your side also."

"I ever obey orders," said the Canadian, with a profound bow, during which he cast an angry glance at Holbrook. That gentleman rising, saluted the company and moved towards the door.

"You are surely not going?" asked Colonel MacLean.

"Yes. A walk will do me good."

"Return at five, then, and dine with us."

"I will; thanks."

No sooner had he left, than the Canadian officer, in a tone of high displeasure, asked:

"By what right, I would ask, has that spy a place at the council table?"

"Spy!" exclaimed Colonel MacLean.

"Yes—spy," responded the irritated Canadian. "At any rate, he was a spy upon his own country people, and who knows but what he may in turn spy upon us?"

"Nay—nay, Colonel Dupre," said a captain of infantry, who had been a silent listener. "Give the devil his due. His information, by bringing our commander here in time to put us on our guard, is of great value; nor do I believe that he would risk that precious neck of his by double duty."

"At any rate," added Colonel MacLean, "we must neither let him play us false, trouble our tempers, nor meddle with our affairs. Now let us proceed with business."

The various subjects for consideration were in turn disposed of, and one by one the officers went to attend to various duties, until Colonel MacLean was left alone. He was writing a despatch to General Carlton, governor of the province, who was commanding in person the defence of Montreal, but his mind seemed to wander from the manuscript. The more he thought of Holbrook's sudden appearance, of his conduct, and of his desire to obtain information, the more his suspicions became aroused.

His orderly interrupted his meditations by announcing Colonel Dupre.

"Admit him." And the colonel, laying down his pen, rose to greet the new-comer.

"Dupre," said he, "I have thought a deal about what occurred here this morning, and must confess that your suspicions may have more foundation than I could then see. Now will you detail two of your most trusty sergeants, men acquainted with the city, to watch this man's movements, and make daily reports? Should he appear to hold any communication with the enemy, let me know it without delay, and in an extraordinary case, have him arrested."

"That I will," replied the Canadian, in whose breast the insult of the morning rankled. "Now let me ask you to grant an interview."

"To whom? Remember that I have been hard at work all day, and that dinner will soon be served."

"But it is a lady who seeks you,—Madame de Frontenac, of whose exertions in behalf of the Indians you must have heard."

"Heard! Why, she is regarded almost as an angel by half of my neighbors. It is a rare thing to see a lady of family and fortune devoting herself to such noble works of charity. Show her in at once."

The Canadian went into the ante-chamber, and immediately returned, leading a lady who was attired in deep mourning, while behind them came a young and beautiful girl, whose delicately-bronzed cheek denoted her Indian parentage. Madame de Frontenac (for such was the name by which she was presented), on throwing aside her veil, disclosed the remains of very extraordinary beauty, of which traces had not been effaced by the cloud of sorrow under which she labored. Her hair, now gently turning gray, was drawn smoothly over a finely-proportioned forehead, while the dark brows by which they were overhung met almost in the centre. A decisive expression around the mouth accorded well with these continuous eyebrows, and lent a decisive tone to her features, but yet there was a subdued, affectionate look about them which could but attract a stranger. She wore a dress of black bombazine, with a widow's cap, and a long crape veil was attached to her bonnet.

Very different in appearance was her companion, the Indian girl. Purchased by Madame de Frontenac from a hostile band of Iroquois which visited Quebec after having made a foray into the Abenaquis country, she had been reared with all the refinements of civilization, yet retained the upright form and free step of the children of the forest. Her features, more regular than those of savages usually are, were delicately sculptured, and the erect attitude of her fawn-like head, the luxuriant beauty of her hair, and the warm coloring of her cheeks, were brilliantly set off by the plaintive expression of her melting dark eyes. Never were such eyes seen among civilized maidens, and when they were lit up by emotion, they appeared almost celestial. Her voice, too, musical as the even bubbling of a water-brook in August, yet tremulous with the same heart-current which sent the light to her eye and the glow to her cheek, added to her attractions. Of the two score Indian girls who partook of Madame de Frontenac's maternal bounty, Estelle (for thus she had been baptized) was the favorite.

It was evident, by the courtly grace with which Madame de Frontenac received the cordial greetings of Colonel MacLean that she was accustomed to receive homage, even from those in power. Declining a proffered seat, she said:

"Pardon this intrusion, but when I tell you that I have under my poor care forty of these tender forest-buds, you will not wonder, colonel, that I feel an anxiety as to their safety."

"That I do not, madame, especially if this bewitching miss is a sample of their charms. All I can say is, that so long as old Hugh MacLean lives, the rebels never enter Quebec."

"But, colonel, you forget that government permits me to use the old Palace of the Intendant, without the walls."

"There, madame, I fear you will not be safe. Let me see," he continued. "Why not move in here, and occupy the vacant wing of the castle? We thought of using the lower flower as a hospital, yet that will not, perhaps, incommode you."

"Thanks—thanks! And in return, should there be any wounded, be ours the task of attending to their wants."

"That, madame, will render us your debtors. I will give immediate orders to have the wing fitted for your reception; and although I hope our foes are yet entangled in the wilderness, it may be well for you to move without delay."

The lady again expressed her thanks, and soon withdrew, followed by Estelle, in whose bright smile, more eloquent than words, the gallant old soldier found ample reward for his courtesy. Colonel Dupre remained to dine with the other officers, and the ladies consequently went forth unattended.

Delighted with her success, Madame de Frontenac halted a moment at the door to re-arrange her veil, and had just pulled it down over features lit up by genuine happiness, when one approached whose presence caused an immediate revulsion in her feelings. It was Dan Holbrook, and had the evil one stepped in before her, she would not have felt more completely paralyzed. The countenance was one not to be mistaken, and it was with difficulty that she stifled a cry of anguish. A cold shudder passed through her frame, her teeth chattered, and she was forced to cling to the door for support. But neither Holbrook nor Estelle witnessed her confusion.

The man had been drinking, and no sooner did his eye rest upon the beautiful Indian girl than her charms made him forget the rules of propriety, although her race was considered one which should ever submit. Approaching with a disgusting leer, which made his face even more revolting than that of a satyr, he endeavored to clasp her waist, saying: "You must pay toll as you go out, my darling."

"Toll?" exclaimed Estelle, her savage temperament suddenly excited by this, the first approach to familiarity that she had ever experienced, while her countenance expressed the utmost disgust. Clenching her delicate hand, she dealt him a blow which sent him reeling to the floor.

"Come," hoarsely whispered Madame de Frontenac, as if a prey to bodily anguish, from which she would fain escape, "let us hasten home."

Estelle immediately joined her, but first took a long look at the speechless victim of her just indignation. Those who know the Indian character, had they seen her, would have said: "She is determined neither to forget nor to forgive."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FOREST MARCH.

"——Tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbor,
Stand in our way.
If we may pass, we will: if we be hindered,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolor."

Meanwhile, Arnold's army, landing at the mouth of the Kennebec, had ascended that river in batteaux to the head of navigation, and then taken up its line of march through the wilderness, following an old Indian trail. It led, in most places through a dense forest, with a dense undergrowth of thorns and brambles, interwoven together, excepting where intersected by the narrow path, in which two could scarcely walk abreast. Sometimes there was an open interval, then a precipitous defile, and then a sagging morass, over which none but the intrepid continentals could have passed. Much as the historians have eulogized Napoleon's passage of the Alps, it will not bear comparison with Arnold's march from the Kennebec to the St. Lawrence. History cannot boast a page in which man's powers of endurance were more severely tasked or more nobly sustained, than that which records that winter march, under the fatigues of which men of iron nerve sank down, helpless as infants, to die.

The Virginia Rifles, placed at the head of the column, suffered less than their comrades, from the fact that the men were accustomed to the toils of the chase, and were encouraged by their commander, whose patriotism displayed itself in its full amplitude. Instead of yielding, in anger or dejection, to his sense of hardship arising from ignorance of the route, and want of proper supplies, he carefully suppressed all indication of it, and infused into his language a spirit which rekindled to a blaze the dying glow of spirit in his command.

"For'rd, boys,—for'rd!" he would exclaim. "We have orders to capture Quebec, and we're on our way there. To be sure, this

having to eat dogs, and go only half clothed, isn't exactly what we 'listed for, but old Virginny never tires. For'rd, boys,—for'rd!"

And the riflemen, fired with patriotism and stimulated by local pride, would echo, "For'rd, boys,—for'rd!" as they passed on. Precipices were scaled, forests were threaded, defiles were traversed, canoes were carried from river to river, yet the Virginians never faltered as they led the van through the inhospitable wilderness. No welcome village cheered the monotony of the route, no tents afforded them shelter at night from the keen blasts of wintry air, and every day the orderly who was sent back with the "report" to Colonel Arnold, would bring news of sickness and faltering in the main body. Still the advanced guard echoed their leader's cry, "For'rd, boys,—for'rd!"

Herbert Yancey, greatly to his own gratification and to that of his comrades, had been detailed to join the advance guard, and secure any supplies that might present themselves. This, in the wilderness, was light duty, and the young soldier had an opportunity to become intimately acquainted with Morgan, as they marched along, or sat by the camp-fires at night. Making the old veteran a confidant, he narrated his acquaintance with the rector's ward, and the inexplicable connection which Dan Holbrook somehow had with the events of his stay at Newburyport.

"Depend upon it," said Morgan, as they sat one evening before a huge pile of blazing logs, "that Holbrook is a most consummate scoundrel."

"That he must be," replied Herbert; "yet why his enmity to me? I do not remember ever to have seen him, or to have in any way provoked his anger."

"Never mind," said the old rifleman. "It will all come out right in the end, and the end of a rope will be the proper end of that rascal. How Colonel Arnold could tolerate such a scapegrace, I never could imagine."

"Neither could I," answered Herbert, who felt that this bad man was in some way linked with his destiny. That night, sleep was a stranger to his couch, and he tossed about, troubled with perplexing doubts, until the older riflemen had bestirred themselves, and were arranging the fire.

A few days more, and the ever-advancing troops reached some Indian villages which lay on the frontiers of Canada, but they were entirely deserted. Game was more abundant in their vicinity, however, than it had been in the wilderness, and Herbert was fortunate enough to shoot a fine deer, which he sent to the rear, a present to the commander. The next morning, he went with Morgan to the same spot, and they concealed themselves in some thick underbrush, on the margin of an open grass-ground, before sunrise. It was not long before a rustling sound was heard, and soon a fine buck and doe came gambolling towards them. Herbert raised his rifle, but Morgan seized his arm, pointing at the same time to two other stags, which were entering the open space, evidently with the intention of attracting the attention of the first comers.

"Indians!" whispered Morgan.

"Where?" asked Herbert.

But his companion, placing his finger on his lips, made no reply. It was evident, however, from the manner in which he watched the last mentioned stags, that he was deeply interested in their movements. The doe had gradually backed out into the underbrush, but her mate did not fancy the presence of intruders, and cautiously advanced, while the two stags retreated, unconsciously, towards the very clump in which the officers were concealed.

All at once, Herbert saw that it was two Indians disguised, who were thus endeavoring to lure the monarch of the forest to such close quarters that an arrow would speed with fatal accuracy into his heart. Now they pretended to feed, now indulged in prancing gambols. After enjoying their cunning for some moments, Morgan could no longer refrain from a practical joke, even at the risk of an encounter with the disguised Indians. Slowly raising his rifle, he fired, and the stag, with one bound, fell dead. But the effect of the shot on the Indians, who were but a few feet from the muzzle of the rifle, was ludicrous in the extreme. Springing to their feet with shrill yells of terror, they cast off their disguises, and struck at once into the recesses of the forest, evidently unwilling to face unseen and unexpected enemies. The scene was worthy of a painter, and Morgan laughed until the tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Now, Herbert," he at length said, "let us examine our masquerades."

The disguises were admirably made, of large and well-dressed deer-skins, and as each examined the one which he had taken up, Morgan found a pocket containing letters carefully sewed in.

"Holloa!" he exclaimed. "Why, this fellow is a mail carrier. Let's see who his letters are for."

Opening the receptacle with his knife, he drew out two letters, read the superscriptions, and without saying a word, handed them to Herbert. They were directed to "Colonel Benedict Arnold," and on one was also written, "From D. Holbrook." With them was a passport, signed by Colonel Carlton, the governor of Canada.

"What!" exclaimed Herbert, "Holbrook in Canada before us?"

Morgan's hilarity subsided; a dark expression stole over his face, and he said, in a low tone:

"Can it be possible that Arnold is in the pay of the enemy? If so, he had better die without delay."

"Nay, nay," replied Herbert. "We do our leader wrong. But I cannot imagine what is the secret of all this."

"Neither can I," responded Morgan. "I'll tell you, Herbert. Let us take yonder stag, and carry him to headquarters. We can then explain how these letters came into our possession, and give them to Colonel Arnold."

"The very thing of all others I wished to do. Indeed I was about to propose it when you spoke, for you will remember I have not seen the other portions of our army since we left the Kennebec."

Attracted by the report of the rifle, several of Morgan's men now came up. Directing some to carry the rifles of others, he thus obtained a small party to carry the slaughtered stag, and they repaired to headquarters. The sun was just peeping above the eastern hills, but Colonel Arnold had arisen from his couch of dry leaves, and was making an elaborate toilet. Just as it was completed, he espied Morgan, and advanced to meet him with perfect good breeding.

"Good-morning—good-morning!" he exclaimed. "What news from the front?"

"Nothing but a prisoner, colonel."

"Ah! How did you capture him?"

"Not at all, colonel,—we killed him, and a noble buck he is."

Colonel Arnold received the venison with the irrepressible exultation of an epicure, and poured forth a profusion of thanks.

"Dear me!" suddenly exclaimed Morgan. "Here are letters for you, colonel."

Almost rudely snatching the proffered letters from Morgan, a black tempest of wrath seemed gathering on Arnold's brow. He paused, however, as he saw that the seals were unopened, and passing his hand across his forehead, recovered his calmness to all appearance, although a slight flush lit up his features. Gazing at the gallant Virginian, as if to read his very thoughts, he saw nothing to warrant a suspicion that his own honesty was doubted, and again breathed freely.

"Excuse me a moment," said he, in a silvery tone. "These are from a trusty spy, and may decide the fate of our expedition. How lucky that you are here!"

Hastily glancing over the contents, while the glitter of stealthy cunning gleamed from his eyes, Arnold folded them again, and deposited them in his pocket. Then, with a loud whistle of exultation, he exclaimed:

"We will have them! Hurrah! I have good news, Major Morgan,—good news, gentlemen. Montgomery has captured Montreal, and will soon advance on Quebec. Let us get there before him, for I have a man waiting there to open the gates."

A loud cheer greeted this information, and as the glad tidings sped from fire to fire, it elicited hearty responses of joy. The toils of the fatiguing march were forgotten, and each heart seemed re-animated by conquest and victory. Foremost among those who congratulated Colonel Arnold on his foresight in thus securing such important information, was Major Morgan, from whose honest heart all unfavorable suspicions and prejudices had disappeared.

"Yes, yes, major. But supposing you had killed my messenger, instead of scaring his wits out of him?"

"Then, colonel, you would not have had venison steaks for dinner. But I must hasten to the front, and communicate the good news. Where's Yancey?"

The quarter-master, not wishing to intrude upon an interview in which he felt so deeply interested, was soon found, and Arnold hastened towards him, extending his hand.

"Why, quarter-master," said he, "how well you are looking! Here young Burr and others of your age in the infantry are mere marching skeletons, while you are plump as a partridge."

"Always ready for duty, I trust," replied Herbert Yancey; "but the commissariat has not had much occupation in the advance guard, colonel."

"Never mind—never mind. I shall soon have some special duty for you to perform that will keep you busy enough. Now, Major Morgan, I will not detain you rifle gentlemen longer. Push on with all rapidity."

"Will it not be best to post sentries at night?" asked Morgan, just as he was about to leave.

"Yes, of course," answered Arnold. But a thought appeared to strike him, and he hurriedly corrected himself: "No, I mean. There is not any danger, and should any of the French wish to come in and surrender, it might deter them. Adieu!"

"Nevertheless," said Morgan, to Yancey, as they hastily straggled along, "I shall post men enough to keep them from stealing our rifles. But, Yancey, you must be impatient to hear about those letters. They were from Holbrook, who has somehow got before us to Quebec, and has sent us the news of Montgomery's success."

"And do you think the colonel—"

"An honest man, you would say?" interrupted Morgan, as Yancey hesitated. "I do, yet somehow vague suspicions that all is not right will force themselves upon me."

"So with me," rejoined Herbert. "And I cannot account for a portion of his conduct, especially his hurrying me away from Newburyport. There is surely no hostile disposition manifested against me by the Newburyport men with us."

"Ah, my dear Yancey, you are in love, and hated to leave. That's the secret. Don't blush."

Rejoining the Rifles, the march was soon resumed, and that night the invading army had reached one of the French settlements, where Colonel Arnold concentrated his forces, as the roads were now good before them.

It was a picturesque sight to witness the many fires blazing as if in rivalry with the twinkling stars above, and after Herbert Yancey had attended to his duties, he wrapped himself in a blanket, and sat down at the foot of a large decayed tree, against which he leaned, in deep thought. Each watch-fire was surrounded by a group of men—some smoking, some cleaning the locks of their rifles, some chatting and others asleep,—the countenances of all suffused with one ruddy glow. The night wore on, and gradually the men lay down to sleep, wrapped in their blankets, nor did Herbert fail to follow their example. How long he had slept, he did not know, when a shake of the shoulder aroused him. Springing to his feet, he saw Morgan and Arnold standing at his side.

"Come, come," said Morgan, "no more dreaming to-night. The commander has a mission for you."

"Yes," continued Colonel Arnold,—"a mission of great importance; and if you will come to my bivouac, I will give you your instructions."

"Good-by, Yancey," said Morgan. "Remember old Virginia."

What the instructions given to the young quarter-master were, it is not now necessary to say, but that night an Indian runner left the camp for Quebec, with a letter, unsigned and undirected, but in the unmistakable hand-writing of Arnold. It read thus:

"DEAR DAN,—The game will arrive in a day after this, and be sure that you take good care of it."

CHAPTER XIV.

A HEART HISTORY.

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where the cowslip and the nodding violet grows.
Quite over-canopied with bush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine."

THE Intendant's Palace, which stood just without the walls of Quebec at the time whereof we write, was without question the most magnificent residence on the American continent. After having passed that ordeal of fire to which all Canadian buildings are sooner or later subjected, it had been rebuilt by the French monarch in a style equalling his own palaces, and far more splendid than the castle itself. For some years after the conquest by the English, the palace was unoccupied, and the magnificent terraces of its garden were overrun with weeds. But when it fell into the hands of Madame de Frontenac, to whom it was granted by government as a fit home for her admirable institution, its appearance was changed. Again the rare forest trees spread their waving branches over rich parterres of flowers, and silvery fountains were in constant play. It was a delightful resort for the young Indian girls, and one well calculated to reconcile them to an absence from the flowery savannas of their forest homes.

But the crowning glory of the palace was its conservatory, a large hall with a vaulted, glass-covered roof, containing every variety of tropical vegetation, even in the depth of Canadian winters. Around the walls, which were covered with grape-vines in full bearing, was a broad belt of orange and lemon trees, mingled with enormous camelia japonicas, the golden fruit and verdant leaves of the first mentioned contrasting beautifully with the many colored flowers with which the latter were loaded. Within this mosaic of tropical vegetation was a broad marble paved walk, which in its turn encircled a clump of gigantic palm trees, stretching their tall branches up to the centre of the vaulted roof. Around these were twined every conceivable variety of rare climbing plants, sometimes waving their long wreaths of leaves and flowers in graceful festoons, then hanging like serpents from the boughs, now trailing to the ground, and now interlacing until they formed a floral shrine; a wall of waving beauty, swaying to and fro in the perfumed breeze, to the music of a gently falling fountain.

Within this charmed circle, in a sanctuary accessible by a subterranean passage, leading from the castle, Madame de Frontenac had an oratory—a private retreat, where she was entirely secluded from the world. It was to that secluded spot that she was wont to repair when troubled by the petty vexatious of everyday life, and thither she hastened when the unexpected appearance of Dan Holbrook so troubled her very soul. Estelle still accompanied her, for she had not the courage to remain unattended. Man, when the tempest rages, can brave its fury alone, but confiding, gentle woman likes a sympathizing companion. The eagle can sweep the storm-cloud, but the dove returns fluttering to the ark, happy if she can find her mate to smooth her ruffled plumage.

Yet Madame de Frontenac did not speak, or give Estelle any cause to suppose that anything but the insult of a stranger to herself had caused her agitation. Throwing herself upon an ottoman, the queen-like lady buried her head in its luxurious pillows, as if to shut out a hideous sight. But the maiden, with knitted brows and her thin lips compressed, beat upon the marble pavement with her tiny foot, as if in this monotonous movement she found vent for the vengeance which filled her very being.

The tolling of the vesper-bell awakened each from her day-dream, and throwing themselves upon their knees before a statue of the Virgin Mary, they told their beads in earnest prayer. The Indian maiden was the first to rise, and when she saw that Madame de Frontenac had also finished her devotions, she exclaimed:

"Let not our mother grieve because a drunken pale-face troubled her child. O, would that I was a warrior, that I might hang the scalp of that—"

"Peace, peace!" interrupted the matron. "Such vindictive thoughts are not acceptable to her to whom we have just offered our devotions."

"But the insult, mother!" exclaimed the maiden, her eyes sparkling as she spoke, and the heightened color of her cheek betraying her passion.

There was a dead pause, and then Madame de Frontenac said, in a gentle tone: "Estelle."

The girl saw that some weighty sorrow preyed upon a heart which she prized, and going towards her, she knelt at her side, and taking her cold hands, chafed them until heat was restored.

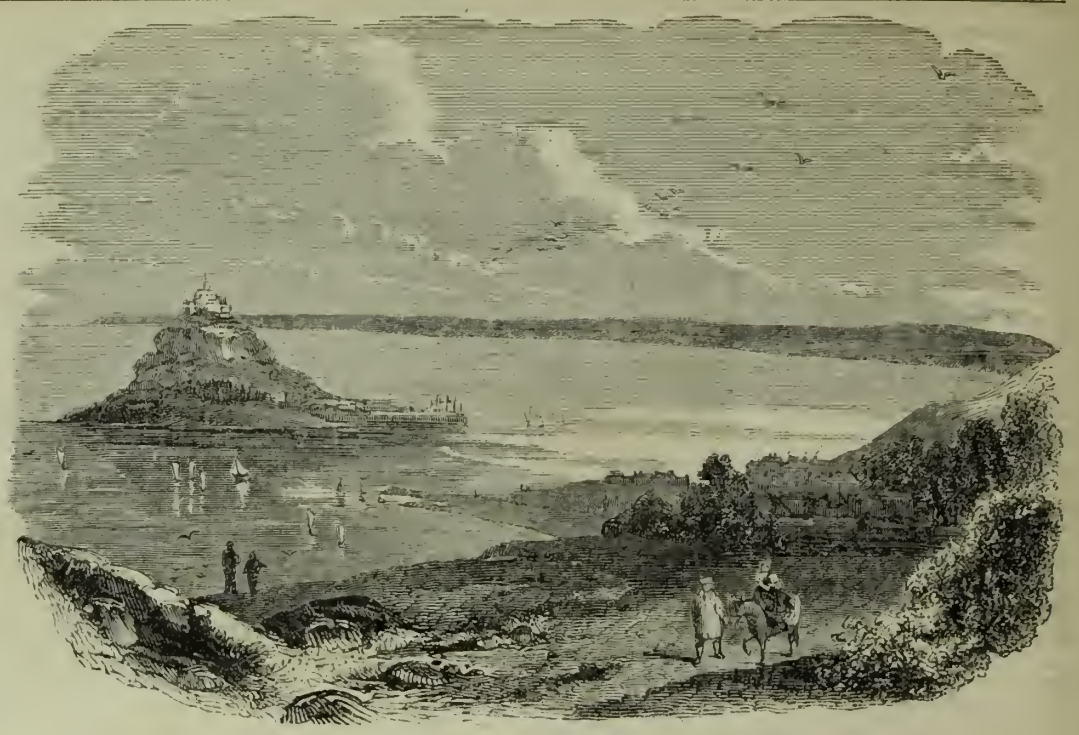
"Estelle," again said Madame de Frontenac, as if it required an effort to speak, "would you hear a heart history?" Then, without waiting a reply, she continued: "Years, years ago, when the French flag waved over Quebec, there was a merchant here

whose whole soul was absorbed in the fur trade, and who regarded his only daughter as a saleable commodity, ready for the wealthiest bidder when she should become marketable. The poor girl was consequently dressed, decorated, and led into such scenes of fashionable dissipation as the province afforded, where her wealth and her charms attracted hosts of suitors. Their very language flowed into a kind of metre as they caught the light of her golden smile; all nature was searched for images to which her charms might be compared, and nature was found wanting—at least she was told so. Even the butterfly officers who came bankrupt from the French court assured her that neither at Versailles nor Trianon had they ever seen such a peerless creature, and she at last began to believe them.

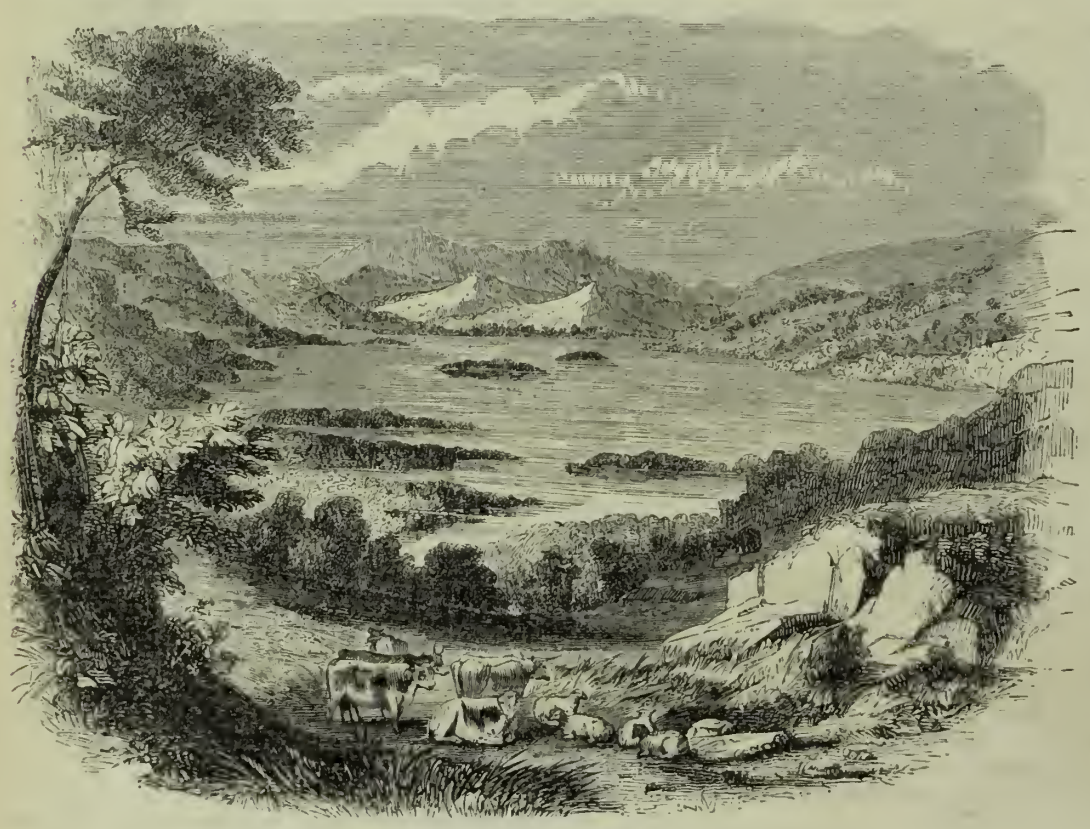
"At times, the young girl's heart would tell her that she was formed for better things than these frivolities, and she would long for some suitor who could command her respect, as a vine seeks some sturdy oak to clasp for support. At last her fancy was arrested by a young and enterprising Bostonian, who had come to Quebec as supercargo of a merchant vessel, and was entertained by her father, in the hope of getting good prices for the return cargo of furs. He, without ceremony, attempted to carry her heart by storm, and the first opportunity that presented itself, declared himself in love with her. This audacity on the part of a stranger displeased her, but his perseverance at first tranquillized her, then interested her, then won her affections. Thinking that he loved her, she loved him, and bright were the dreams that hovered around her pillow.

"While matters stood thus—for he begged her not to inform her father,—the old gentleman one day told her that a formal proposition had been made for her hand by a wealthy Canadian, who bore one of the first names in the province, and was as celebrated for his learning as he was for his extensive estates. The young girl's dismay was beyond description, for she dreaded the arbitrary paternal power, yet felt that she could never consent to marry one man while loving another. She asked for a week to consider the matter—a long, wretched week, and at its close, emboldened by agony, she stammered out a confession of her attachment to the Bostonian.

"The old gentleman very coolly inquired if she had seen her captivator that day. 'No, nor the day previous.' With a chuckle he opened a large pocket-book, from which he took a paper, and requested her to read it. At first she glanced her eyes over it mechanically, but then saw—O horror!—that it was a regular business agreement, by which her pretended lover, for twenty pounds sterling, relinquished all claim to her hand, and pledged himself not to see her while he remained at Quebec.



PILCHARD FISHING IN MOUNTS BAY, CORNWALL.



LAKE WINDERMERE.

"This selfish treachery on the part of one to whom she had given her pure heart, made her desperate, and she consented to be led passively to the cathedral, decked like a victim to the sacrifice. There, at the holy altar, her father bestowed her hand and her dowry on her wealthy suitor, who well knew that he was not the object of her love, yet persisted in his selfish purpose. He obtained her hand, but her heart remained her own.

"Her father was now at the height of his ambition, for he saw his daughter the wife of a noted and a rich man, who was at the head of the hereditary aristocracy of the province. Magnificent was the house fitted up for her reception, gorgeous were her monthly importations of fashionable attire from Paris, dazzling were her jewels. All the troubles and the cares of life seemed far removed from her, as she presided over her well-appointed establishments, in the city and in the country; yet there was not a menial in her service that was not more happy. Her husband, piqued at her previous preference for a mere clerk, and vexed at the coolness with which she continued to treat him, had the meanness to constantly insinuate what was unfortunately the fact—that she had carried her beauty into the market, and sold it as her father would sell a bale of buffalo robes. Now she regretted the sacrifice which she had made, but it was too late to retrace her steps. She had promised to love, honor and obey, the first her husband did not now care for, but with great decision he enforced the latter. Indifference was impossible; she was required to choose between a qualified submission and open warfare.

"Providence, as if to cheer her path of life, blessed her with a daughter—a lovely babe, my dear Estelle, who, if living, is about your own age. The child seemed to act as a bond of union, and for a while they lived more happily together. But just then, as if designed as a punishment for her former heartlessness, her o'd lover returned. She despised him, yet he persisted in visiting her—in intercepting her walks—in serenading her at night. At last, the craven dared to speak of love, and to propose an elopement. When she first heard his degrading proposals, she was too much astonished to reply. At last, words came to her relief, and she sent him sneaking away like a scared wolf, disappointed of his prey, yet, with the tenacity of that animal, resolving still to accomplish the base purpose on which he had set his soul. Vowing revenge, he became a spy on her actions, hovered around her house at unseasonable hours, and spared no means by which he could blacken her reputation.

"Soon his diabolical scheme began to have its desired results; the public began to shun her, and at last the jealousy of her husband was aroused. Bitterly and coarsely he accused her, and she, with pride of heart, cast back his foul charges, until he felt the more confident of their truth. As he went out, he met the tempter, who professed great embarrassment, and asked pardon for offences that only existed in his own miserable imagination. But he had gone too far; for the husband, thinking himself dishonored, drew his sword, and inflicted a wound that the wretch will carry to his grave. That night, taking his child, with her nurse, he hastened on board a vessel just starting for France; nor has he, or the innocent babe, been heard of since.

"This attempt at dishonor, with the loss of her child, awakened the doomed wife to a sense of her position. Ever ardent in her feelings, her remorse was bitter, and had death at that moment released her from the agony of self-reproach, it would have been welcome. But the inexorable King of Terror will not come at a mortal's wish. Now it was, for the first time in her life, that she began to turn her thoughts seriously towards the Holy Church as the only source of comfort. Gladly would she have taken the veil, but there was no certainty that her husband did not live—nay, she never would admit that her child had perished in the waves. Her father's death made her the possessor of enormous wealth, and that she might offer some atonement for her offences, she—"

"Ah," interrupted Estelle, "I see—I see it all! It was this sorrow that prompted you to devote your life to the redemption of us poor children of the forest, plucked as brands from the burning."

"You are right, Estelle, and you, being about the age of my dear child (who I feel is preserved by Providence), have received my especial love. Often have I wished to look back into the tablets of memory, and confide to you my heart-sorrows of the past, for I was confident of your sympathy."

"O, madame," exclaimed Estelle, weeping as though her heart would break, "it needed not this recital to obtain it, for you have ever possessed it! Would that I could supply your daughter's place!"

"Thanks," replied Madame de Frontenac, embracing the affectionate girl. "But I have not told you all. I have to-day seen the author of all my sorrows—the sordid, revengeful violator of my domestic happiness."

"What! that hideous monster who so insulted me?"

"The same. Dissipation and other unbridled habits have sadly changed his form and features, but the body is now far more worthy of the mind than it was before."

The boom of a cannon startled them, and it was soon followed by another and another report.

"Can the enemy have landed?" exclaimed Estelle.

"I cannot say," replied Madame de Frontenac; "but it will be best to retire into the city by the subterranean passage. It branches off to the castle and the cathedral."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CORNISH FISHERWOMEN OF MOUNTS BAY.

SCENES IN EUROPE.

PILCHARD FISHERY.—The first engraving on the preceding page represents the pilchard-fishery at Mounts Bay, Cornwall. The pilchard is a fish found chiefly on the coasts of Cornwall, and is caught either by the drift-net or the seine. A seine-fishery requires three boats and about eighteen men to work together. There are two nets employed, one of which is the "stop seine," a quarter of a mile in length and a hundred feet in depth; the other is the "trick seine," half as long as the other, but somewhat deeper and having a hollow in the middle. Each seine is carried by a separate boat, while the third conveys the men to and from shore. When the position and extent of the shoal is ascertained the stop seine is cast. There are corks at the top and leads at the bottom to keep it in position. The seine at first forms a curved line across the centre of the fish, and while the two larger boats are employed in warping the ends, the third boat is stationed in the openings, and the crew keep the fish from escaping by dashing water. When the seine is closed and the ends brought together, the tuck-seine is laid on the inner side, and then drawn together so as gradually to raise the fish from the bottom. Sometimes five million pilchards have been taken at one haul. Another engraving on the same page presents us with a sketch of the Cornish Fisherwomen at Mounts Bay. One of them has her creel, or fish-basket strapped on her back. Its form is more distinctly seen in that which lies beside the seated fisherwoman. A distant glimpse of the bay and mountains is seen in the distance. These fisherwomen, like all ladies who deal in their commodity, are remarkably sharp at a bargain, and have a glib fluency of speech not always agreeable to purchasers, who are apt to get more "tongues and sounds" than they bargain for. Mr. St. John, in his "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Greeks," has collected many humorous passages from the classical writers relating to the quickness, the wit and the knavish cunning of the itinerant fish dealers of Athens, so much, indeed, as to strongly remind us of what passes in the markets of modern cities. LAKE WINDERMERE.—The beautiful landscape on the preceding page is a faithful view of Lake Windermere, one of the most charming sheets of water in the famous "Lake District of England." It has been the theme of poets and painters, and is the idol of tourists. The fine, sweeping outlines of the hills are, in calm, bright days, duplicated in the mirror of the lake, and with the wooded islets, and the cattle grazing in the foreground, making up a charming group of natural beauties.



LAKE OF TIMSHAH.

THE LAKE OF TIMSHAH.—On this page we present a sketch of the enormous basin, thus called, in the centre of the Isthmus of Sucz. In the foreground is a group of oriental travellers, with their desert-ships, the camels, and further on, the white tents of an Arab encampment. If the Suez canal, connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterrancan is completed, this basin would become an inland harbor of sufficient depth to float all the commercial navics in the world. SUEZ.—The next engraving on this page presents a view of the town and harbor of Suez, taken from the Asiatic coast. The buildings at the foot of the hill—a spur of the Altaba Mountains—are the fort and custom-house, the grand hotel, and several mosques, stores and private buildings. All these have sprung up since the establishment of the overland mail to India. The harbor is deep and safe. The last view on this page is of an oasis, south-east of Pelusium. The group of palm trees, sheltering the travellers' tents and camels beneath them, contrasts agreeably with the wide waste of sand extended before and beyond them. An oasis, or spot where grass and trees thrive, may be found throughout Egypt wherever a spring of water enlivens the arid deadness of the soil. The oases on the Isthmus of Sucz may be said to be the last remains of ancient cultivation and history-renowned fertility. The luxuriant vegetation which spontaneously springs up wherever fresh water is conducted to cool and moisten the ground, shows not only what ancient Egypt must have been, but also what modern Egypt might become, if in connection with the maritime canal across the Isthmus of Suez, a system of fresh-water canals were to spread the water of the Nile over a wilderness which waits but for that one gift of Heaven to become a land of abundance. The building of this canal would be one of the greatest commercial enterprises of modern times, and would be a sure means, not only of adding incalculably to the wealth of the West, but of hurrying on the civilization of the East. With the European tide setting upon Asia through this channel, and the American tide flowing upon it from our Pacific shore, it would seem that the cradle of the race was destined to retrieve its long ages of darkness and despotism and rise once again to power and influence. This new channel of communication would be a powerful lever towards the accomplishment of such a result. It would seem that in the providential destiny of nations, our own country is to exert no unimportant part in the future resuscitation of a continent which in the remote ages of the world, held all that there was of civilization and power, and was the original birthplace of all the nations.



VIEW OF SUEZ, FROM THE COAST OF SUEZ.



OASIS, SOUTHEAST OF PELUSIUM

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO AN OLD MAN.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

When musing on the furrowed brow,
That once with beauty beamed,
Most venerably hoary now,
Full often I have dreamed
That purer ministers than e'er
Our worldly thoughts engage,
Make sweet the autumn atmosphere,
And bless the calm of age.

Beside thy path, though none behold,
Are angel shapes, the same
As in the plains of Mamre old,
To righteous Abraham came.
They guide thy weak, descending feet,
As deeper grows the vale,
And faster dies the verdure sweet,
And falls the fruitage pale.

But glorious, unseen ministers
Dwell not with thee alone;
Each promise that thy spirit stirs,
As deeply moves my own.
By faith is heard, in calm or storm,
A voice o'er all the globe,
To-day, as when the Eternal from
The whirlwind answered Job:

To show, as in the time of yore,
Man's weakness—his decay;
And how God reigneth evermore,
Though all else pass away;
How strength and grandeur e'er abide
In godliness and truth;
Though humbled low be worldly pride,
And vanished worldly youth.

To thee shall death come soft as one
Who waketh man from dreams;
To show, beyond the glorious sun,
Rejuvenating streams.
More precious than the fabled fount,
Once sought in southern shade,
By Mexic vale and Cuban mount,
And sun-bright everglade.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WIFE AND THE GRADUATE.

BY N. T. MUNROE.

CONSTANT attention to business and study had seriously impaired my health, and in compliance with the orders of my physician, I packed my valise one beautiful morning in May and started on a southern tour.

As I had determined to leave all care and business behind me, I tried with all my might to get interested either in the scenery or in my fellow-passengers; but at first, visions of law cases would come in between me and my surroundings; the thoughts which had pressed so hard on my brain would not be easily put aside, yet as the cars whirled swiftly along, there was something in their rapid motion that seemed to break the spell that had bound me—something that carried me mentally as well as bodily out of the atmosphere in which I had moved so long. I began to look with pleasure upon the green fields, the pretty country villages, and found myself getting interested in the appearance of a nice looking couple in front of me who were acting out a little love drama, as they thought, all unobserved. I began to wonder where this man belonged who was talking politics so fiercely, and where this other gentleman—dressed in black, intently reading a newspaper, and who I judged must be a minister—was settled, and of what persuasion he was; then I wondered if that interesting young lady in the neat travelling dress was not going South as a governess; and when I saw the politician dropped at one station, the clergyman at a country town, where I imagined he was settled and where I pointed out to myself the church in which he preached, and finally the neat looking young lady was left at one of the depots where she was led off, as I thought in triumph, by a fine looking young gentleman, I really felt as if I had lost old friends. But I quickly got interested in new faces and new persons whom we were constantly taking up on the road. By-and-by it grew dark, the conductor came and lighted up the cars, the buzz of conversation began to die away, the heads of the passengers drooped, I saw the couple in front of me sat still nearer, then I noticed that the gentleman passed his arm around her waist to support her, her head after a while all unconsciously dropped on his shoulder and—I fell asleep.

I had not wholly decided on my course of travel when I started upon my journey, but had determined to let myself be guided by circumstances. Stopping for a few days at the city of Philadelphia, I fell in with an old college friend, Fred Newton, whom I had not met since we left together the classic halls of Cambridge. Fred was a wild boy, and evidently he was a fast young man, but he was cordial, warm-hearted, generous, and glad to see me, said I looked drove to death and as thin as a hatchet, and insisted upon my going home with him to recreate. He would let me ride or walk or sit still, in fine, I might do just what I pleased; and as I was in truth not at all averse to his proposition, we started together, a few days after, for Newtonville, which was the name of the elder Mr. Newton's estate. Fred had written to inform the family of our coming, and on leaving the cars we found two saddle horses ready to take us the remainder of the journey, a distance of about twelve miles. It was a splendid ride after a journey of many miles in the close cars. The air was pure and soft, the country was fine, our horses good, and as we rode over the ground at a swift pace, our spirits rose with the occasion, and perhaps no lighter, freer-hearted fellows ever cantered over the soil of the Old Dominion.

All care and business I had left in the old Bay State, and now I was bound to enjoy myself. I had once thought fame, wealth and station were all that was worth living for, and asked no higher good; but the demons of dyspepsia, ill health and the blue devils took possession of me, and I said in bitterness of heart, "all that a man hath will he give for a sound body, a good digestion, a light heart." I had money enough, I enjoyed a good reputation among my fellow-men, but my poor, frail body had of late entered so many complaints, making itself a most conspicuous personage by threatening to refuse its aid when called upon, that it fairly embittered all my happiness. But now, on this bright afternoon, what cared I for all these things? I laughed at dyspepsia, snapped my fingers at the blue devils, and cried, "Get thee behind me, unmannerly imps."

We came at last within sight of Fred's home, a fine, large, roomy mansion, with a verandah all around the lower floor. Two blacks stood ready to take our horses as we dismounted, and the whole family came to the door to greet us. I was introduced to Fred's father and mother, also to his sister, a young lady of about twenty, looking a good deal like Fred, and also to a younger brother and sister, and these composed the family group. Behind them stood a number of negro servants, grinning and showing their white teeth and the whites of their eyes. Fred shook hands most dutifully with his father and mother, kissed his sister most lovingly and respectfully, and caught the younger ones in his arms, embracing them in not the most gentle manner.

I was pretty well tired out that night, for a ride of twelve miles on horseback was something I was not used to, and greatly as I enjoyed it, I found it fatigued me very much. But one night's rest recruited me. I rose the next morning refreshed and exhilarated. I threw open my window and the rich perfume of the roses came in on the morning air. I looked around on the well kept grounds and all things which spoke of wealth and abundance, and tried to realize that I was at the sunny South. I heard the voices of the children at play on the lawn, then I heard Fred's merry laugh, then a sweet voice singing little snatches of some simple ballad, and making what haste I could with my toilet, I was soon below, exchanging morning greetings with the family.

A merry life we led in this pleasant, hospitable home. We had no care, no thought, beyond the enjoyment of the present hour. We rode on horseback, we strolled through the woods, we went on pleasure excursions. My worn out frame gained strength in the warm southern atmosphere, life began again to have bright hopes for me, and I began to think there was something worth living for besides books and court rooms.

A week's free, social intercourse such as we enjoyed at Newtonville, ripens one's friendship astonishingly fast. Your northern friendships are long coming to maturity; but go to a southern home, be with its inmates every hour of the day, ride with them, walk with them, sit with them beneath the shade, or out on the verandah by moonlight, sing with them, talk with them freely, not conventionally as we do things at the North, and it is astonishing how quick your friendship grows—how soon you understand each other, and feel as if you had been acquainted for years, and were old, true friends.

Now, all my four years' intercourse with Fred at Cambridge, had not given me the insight into his character that one week of close home communion with him had done. He appeared in his best light at home, he was so kind and deferential to his parents, so affectionate to his brother and sisters. I knew he was impetuous, passionate, and not always actuated by the highest principles, but I always had faith that the good heart would retrieve the sometimes misjudging head.

So I might have met Clara Newton at a whole winter's course of assemblies, lectures and parties at the North, yet not have obtained the clear insight into her character that a week's constant and familiar intercourse in her own home had given me. When I say she was pretty and graceful, I say no more than might be said of hundreds of young ladies; she was more, she was fascinating by her naturalness, her perfect freedom from any mannerism or affectation. She always spoke from her pure, true heart. She pretended to no charms of person or mind to attract or please you, and yet all the time you felt yourself attracted and pleased. She was warm, affectionate, loving, impressive as Fred himself, but without his fiery temper, and with more of strong, firm, moral principle as a basis to her character. She was generous and self-sacrificing, without seeming to know they were virtues, so natural were they to her. She was like a fresh, sweet flower, to me like a new bright star in my firmament.

In the circle in which I moved at home I had formed the acquaintance of many finely cultivated women, and some very beautiful ones too, but yet there were none like Clara. I liked them, liked to converse with them, felt it was good to be with them, that their influence over me was for good, that they were splendid specimens of womankind, ornaments to society, and a credit to the land that nurtured them—but Clara was not like these. I liked to be with Clara, were it only to look upon her, she was so beautiful, she always looked so fresh, so glowing and happy. She always had a smile for you, a kind word, some little token of affection. Her manners were not like our northern manners. I know many ladies of my acquaintance who would have been greatly shocked at many things which Clara did not hesitate at all to do, yet no one could doubt her purity of thought and act. She felt no foolish reserve in her intercourse with me, and she saw fit to affect none. She trusted me, she thought well of me, she was willing to let me see it; at my words of gallantry and praise of her beauty she never blushed nor simpered as I have seen ladies do, but looked at me with a clear, pleased glance, happy that she was beautiful if it afforded pleasure to others. Well, week after week passed, and blissful weeks they were. Week after week of long sunny days, week after week of pleasure. By and-by, I don't know how it was, Fred was often absent from our walks and rides, and when on moonlight evenings we sat on the verandah, Clara and I generally sat the longest. Those weeks were like a long blissful dream, and they ended at last, yet not as dreams end; they did not vanish like the blissful fabric of a vision, but when they had passed, I stood with the white hand of Clara within my own, and her clear eyes looking into mine, making stronger the assurance her lips had already spoken, that she was mine forever.

So I started for my northern home with my beautiful bride. I had more than accomplished the object of my journey. My health seemed perfectly established, and I had found what many are much longer in finding—their other self. Shall I ever forget that journey home? How beautiful it was! The skies were never bluer nor the face of the earth more lovely. The disappointments incident to travelling by cars and steamboats were nothing to us. In our excess of happiness we wondered how people could be so miserable for such trifles.

I took my bride to my mother's home, for so it had been arranged, till I could fit up a home suitable for her. Clara's loving, winning ways went straight to my mother's heart, and in a very little time she loved her dearly.

In a short time our house was fitted up for our accommodation, and I took my wife to her new home. I tried to make it pleasant for her, and furnished it in southern style as far as was consistent with our northern climate, and she was delighted; indeed she was not exacting, it was of the heart and the affections she thought more than of externals.

We went into society, and Clara was admired for her beauty, and attracted much attention.

I had gone again deep into business which took up much of my time and attention, but Clara seemed gay and cheerful, and always met me with a sweet smile of welcome. O, we were very happy! As the winter came on we went still more into society, not gay and brilliant assemblies, but select circles, composed of men and women of cultivated intellects who spoke learnedly and eloquently upon the great subjects of the day, people who cared little for show and dress, but more for intrinsic merit and mental culture. It was a circle in which I enjoyed much and to which I was proud to belong. There were many ladies in this circle whom I much admired and considered as models of their sex. It was a new circle indeed for Clara. She listened, as she told me in her artless way when we were alone, with astonishment to hear ladies converse so well. She had never before been in company with ladies of such superior intellect, and there was a shade of sadness on her beautiful face as she said:

"I felt quite insignificant, and was afraid you were ashamed of me."

I made no reply, only to kiss the upturned face and tell her playfully she was a foolish little thing.

There are some people who I think are all mind and no heart, and some of this description belonged to the circle of which I have spoken; and I was not long in seeing that they looked upon my good and beautiful wife with a sort of silent contempt, as if they thought her a doll or plaything—pretty to look at and no more. They made no conversation with her, never asked her opinion upon any subject, and were sometimes almost marked in their neglect of the common rules of politeness towards her. Clara was not long in seeing this, for she was quick and sensitive. I saw that she understood it all, and I was aware that it made her very unhappy, but I did not comfort her nor soothe her. Shall I say it?—I began to feel when with the keen-eyed women a feeling, not shame perhaps, but something akin to it, that my wife was not what they would style an intellectual woman.

A spell seemed upon me, my good and gentle wife was not to me what she had been. She was beautiful as ever, and kind and true and loving, but there was something lacking—she was not all I wished. Evil passions took possession of me; I grew sullen and morose; I often spoke to her unkindly—may God forgive me! But Clara never answered me back again; she grew silent and sad and pale, yet was ever ready to smile and be cheerful if I seemed any more cheerful than usual. If I was in a sullen mood she was quiet and thoughtful, but always speaking pleasantly to me no matter how unreasonable I grew.

Our life was not what it had been. I often went into company leaving my wife by herself, and I think she was relieved by my doing this. We were in fact very unhappy; but it was a state of things which might not long continue, for beneath all Clara's gentleness and kindness there lay a vast amount of energy and decision.

One night on coming home, I did not find my wife in her little sitting room as usual, and on going into the parlor I found she was not there. I inquired of the servants for their mistress—she went away in a carriage this morning, they said. I was thunderstruck. Was this my gentle, yielding Clara? I sat down to my lonely meal. How silent and deserted was the house! It seemed every moment as if she must come in. I went up to our chamber; how still and silent it was. Could it be that she had left me? I felt the spell breaking that had bound my heart so long, and I began to see how that perhaps my own conduct had driven her from me. I went up to her dressing-table; she had left a few of her articles around—a ribbon she had worn in her hair, a glove I had seen upon her hand. I took up the ribbon and held it in my hand. I took up the glove, and scarcely knowing what I did, pressed it to my lips. A delicate perfume, in my mind associated with Clara,

thrilled through my frame, and the tears came to my eyes. I went to my own dressing table; there lay a little morocco case; I opened it; it contained her picture. Was it indeed her parting gift? Beneath the case lay a little note addressed to me, I tore it open and read:

"Dear Robert,—Don't think hard of me, don't blame me. We have been very unhappy. I leave you. You will not try to find me for it will be useless, and it is better you should not. I was not suited to you. I have not made you happy. It was my misfortune not my fault that I could not do so. My purpose in leaving you is not a sudden one, and I do it for the best. Some day you may bless me for it. If I have erred, forgive me. Do not forget me, my husband; think of me kindly; think of me as I was when you first knew me and we were happy. It is possible that being absent you will love me better than when present. I leave you this little token of remembrance; when you look at it think kindly of her who is away, and hope that we may yet be happy, and may God in heaven bless you. Clara."

This was all. She had left me, gone I knew not whither. How all her beauty, her goodness, came up before me, how every unkind word I had spoken to her, every act of neglect, rose up before me through that long night. Yet it seemed so strange and unaccountable that she should leave me. I had been so sure of her perfect love and devotion, so sure that nothing on earth could estrange her from me, not even my unkindness and neglect, that turn it as I would I could not solve the mystery. But there was the bitter truth before me—she had gone, she had left me, I was alone! The long night passed at length, and morning dawned. I pressed the ribbon she had worn in her hair, the glove which had touched her hand, the picture she had left me, to my heart, and prepared to start in search of her; for how could I heed her request not to seek her? But where should I go? I knew not, yet I seemed to have a vague idea that perhaps she had gone home. So, leaving a message for my mother, telling her of what had happened and where I had gone, I started upon my mournful journey.

Once again I travelled that road, but O, with what different sensations from those which had filled my heart when I came home with my young bride! I saw now no beauty in nature, felt no interest in humanity. I stopped again at the well-known depot where I hired a horse to carry me to Newtonville. The road seemed long and dreary; even the house, which had always looked to me so pleasant and cheerful, seemed now to wear a different aspect. I rode up to the door. Fred was the first to greet me.

"Good heavens, Robert," said he, "what is the matter!"

I knew by the address and the manner, that she was not there—that he knew nothing of her—and as my last hope faded away I came near falling from my horse. Fred helped me into the house; he saw that some mighty grief was upon me, and was silent. I sat down upon the sofa, and Fred stood before me waiting for me to speak. As soon as I could, I said:

"She is not here, then?"

"Who, Robert?" said he, in a pitying tone, and I saw that he thought I was a little bewildered.

"Clara," said I.

"Clara," said he, "my sister—what do you mean?"

"She has left me, Fred, and I did not know but she had come home."

I saw that his cheek grew deathly pale, that his teeth pressed his lips till the blood started, to keep down his rising anger, and I began to grow almost frightened, for how could I explain the cause of her leaving me?

"Come home!" said he, at length, in a dry, husky voice. "Left you!" and he paced the room to keep down his rising anger.

"Fred," said I.

He turned round quickly, and his face, distorted by his passion, was fearful to look upon, and I almost shrunk from him.

"What have you to say, sir. Explain yourself."

"Fred," said I in a gentle tone, "Clara has left me."

"You told me so before," he thundered forth; "but why did she leave you? answer me that. You must have abused her, villain that you are, or she would never have done it. What have you done with her? Where is my sister? answer me." And he sprang upon me with the ferocity of a tiger. "Speak to me," he cried, "or I will shake you to atoms."

I struggled in his grasp, but he had the strength of a giant, and I was weak as a child. Mrs. Newton entered the room at this moment.

"Fred, Robert," said she, "what does this mean?"

He turned and flung me from him, with a sudden revulsion of feeling put his arms round his mother's neck and wept like a child. Mrs. Newton knew not what to make of the scene.

"Tell me, Robert," she said, "why is all this—and Clara, where is she?"

The name roused Fred; he waited not for me to answer.

"You may well ask where she is. She has left him, he says—our own Clara—and he dares come here to find her. How must he have treated her, to have driven her from him. May the—"

"Fred," said she, "be calm, and hear what her husband has to say."

He stood looking at me with bitter rage, as I went on and told the whole story, not sparing myself in the least. His face grew softer in expression as I proceeded on, and he felt that my sorrow and remorse were sincere, but still I saw that he did not forgive me.

But why dwell on the sorrowful scene—she was not there. I had brought sorrow to the home that had given me such untold happiness, and I left there with a heavy heart and stricken conscience.

I knew not where to direct my steps, yet for many weeks I travelled on, seemingly without a definite object other than to escape from my great sorrow. That, I found at length, was impossible, so I came home, or rather to my mother's home, for how could I go back to the home now so desolate? So for many years I lived with my mother, and the mystery was not solved. I heard nothing from Clara, knew not whether she was living or dead. I grew a sadder, a wiser, and I hope a better man.

Rumor had been busy with my name at my wife's departure; but the nine days' wonder at last passed away, and people ceased to talk of it. One, two, three years faded away. The treasured ribbon, the glove and the picture which never left me, showed that I had been faithful to her request—that I remembered her.

It was during the fifth year of her departure that one day I was surprised at receiving a letter from Fred Newton, requesting me to be in Philadelphia at such a time. There was something mysterious about the letter, and I started instantly, as requested. I met him at the same hotel where we had met once before, and his greeting was cordial and friendly.

"Why did you send for me, Fred?"

"To introduce you to my wife. I am married, and live in this city. You must come home with me."

I did so. Went with him and was introduced to his wife, a most charming and agreeable woman.

"Come, Robert," said he to me the next day, "will you go with us this morning? My wife has a sister in the Female College in this city, and as she is to graduate this term we feel very much interested in the exercises."

I consented, of course, as it would have been very impolite for me to refuse. When we went into the hall it was very much crowded, and we were obliged to take a seat at the side of the platform, where the students would stand, and the crowd in front much intercepted our view. The exercises soon commenced, and I was beginning to grow very much interested, although I could not see the fair students, when a voice struck upon my ear which caused my heart to stand still, it was so like a voice whose music I had not heard for nearly five long years. I leaned forward, I rose up and stretched over the throng before me. I could only catch a glimpse of her dress. At the risk of being pronounced rude, I pushed forward; but it was too late, she had disappeared from the platform. I looked around and caught Fred's eagle eye fixed upon me, but his expression was unreadable. I sat down again, but I was all ears as the exercises went on. By-and-by I heard the voice again, and this time in a Latin dissertation. Had not my whole soul been intent upon the voice, I should have been pleased with the perfect execution of the performance. I sat still. I made no effort to catch a glimpse of the speaker. I seemed weak and powerless. Then came English recitations, and I listened to many fine dissertations and essays, but I heard as hearing them not, till by-and-by rose that voice again. It read a finely written English essay upon some subject I do not now remember. As the reader went on and the beautiful thoughts flowed forth, the crowd gave evident tokens of their pleasure and admiration.

I could stand it no longer. I pushed forward, regardless of all politeness, and there, upon the platform, stood Clara—my Clara, my gentle, my beautiful wife—reading, with a clear, sweet voice, words to which the vast audience were listening with pleasure and delight.

I did not faint, nor start, nor utter even an exclamation, for I was a stout, strong man, but I stood there and looked at her, and thought the words were very beautiful. I don't think I understood one of them; but I understood something more, I saw through it all. I saw why she had left me. I understood how the long years had been passed, years of toil and study all for my sake, so that I might not be ashamed of her, might yet be proud of her. I understood it all—her generous self sacrifice, her enduring love, her patient toil—and as she went on and I stood and gazed—and she didn't know who was looking thus earnestly upon her—I saw how her face had changed, how it had perhaps lost a little of its glad, joyous expression, but had gained a spirituality and a soul-light that was far more lovely.

She finished, and I went back to my seat, and sitting down, covered my face with my hands, and the exercises went on; but I heard them no more than if I had been a hundred miles away. I heard nothing of aught else but Clara's voice, saw nothing but Clara's face.

The crowd dispersed. Fred touched me on the shoulder, and we went home in silence. I went directly to my chamber and sat down. Some hours passed away, but I don't think I stirred or moved till a servant came to my door and said some one below wished to see me. Then I went down to the parlor, and there we met, who had not met for five years.

"And you will forgive me, Robert?" said she, as she put her white hands in mine, and looked up to me once more with that dear glance I thought never more to meet on earth. "And you have not forgotten me?" she added, "and we will yet be happy, wont we?"

It is needless to tell of the many things which, in my excess of happiness, I whispered in her ear. Clara was mine again. I appreciated her now. I held her fast. I gave her no cause for unhappiness more.

"It has been a lesson for me, Clara; without this absence I should not have understood you. We might have been unhappy through life. Whatever these years may have done for you, their lesson has been far more to me, for it has taught me the depth and strength of your nature, which my dullness, without this, could not have seen."

So our bridal home was opened again. People had another nine days' wonder to talk over, and we were very happy once more. Fred and his wife came to see us, and he told us how he had planned the meeting; for Clara, knowing the anxiety of her parents and brother concerning her, had long before informed them of her purpose, but strictly enjoining secrecy till her collegiate course should be finished.

Fred often laughs about the time when he came so near shaking me to atoms, and declares it is the greatest wonder in the world he had not done it, for it was a deed which just at that time could have been so easily accomplished.

THE ATHEIST SILENCED.

Some years ago the Rev. Isaac Guseman made a trip to Iowa. On board the steamer in which he took passage there was a gentleman who took great pains to make known that he was opposed to Christianity, and all forms of religion.

He spent most of the day in arguing with those who would dispute with him, and in pouring forth anathemas against priestcraft and the credulity of mankind. He denounced Christ as an impostor, religion as a delusion, any particular form of worship or creed as the result or trammels of education, and that it was only tolerated by statesmen for the security of government and the benefit of the weak and erring. He was evidently a man of education and ability. His repartee, drollery, sarcasm, and a faculty for turning things into the ridiculous, bore down so heavily upon those with whom he argued, that they were generally silenced though not convinced.

One day he was in high glee, and kept a crowd of passengers in a continual roar of laughter at his irreligious jokes and witticisms. On this occasion Mr. Guseman, who had hitherto refrained from entering into any dispute or controversy with him, determined to try and silence him or turn the laugh against him. He accordingly moved slowly towards the crowd the skeptic was amusing. On his approaching, the other observed:

"Well, old gentleman, I am a free thinker, what is your notion about religion?"

"Why, sir, I have always been taught to believe in the truth of the Christian religion; and have never once had a doubt of the existence of a supreme and intelligent Cause. But in turn, let me ask you a question. Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Certainly not—I have none."

"Do you deny the existence of a God?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"Then, sir, I have heard of you before."

"Heard of me before!"

"Yes, sir, I have read about you."

"Read about me! I was not aware that I was published. Pray, where?"

"In the Psalms of David, sir, where it reads, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'"

At this unlooked-for turn in the argument, there was one general burst of laughter and hurra, at the expense of the atheist, who, confounded, and being unable to rally at being thus unexpectedly proved a fool, moved away to another part of the boat. During the remainder of the voyage the wiseacre was silent on religious subjects; but occasionally some of the passengers would tease him by slyly observing, "I have heard of you before."—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

The vicissitudes of human life are very strange. In 1830 President Taylor, then a colonel in the army, wrote a letter to Gen. McNeil, who had just been appointed surveyor of Boston, from which we make the following extract: "I am fully aware that it is impossible for us to pursue any profession—particularly that of arms—for fifteen or twenty years, without forming a strong attachment to it in various ways, and of course, must abandon them with considerable reluctance; but there are circumstances which should reconcile us to do so, and to justify us, not only in our own eyes, but that of the community. Could I get a civil appointment as respectable, with half the emolument attached to it that there is to the one you have received, and where I could be located so as to superintend the education of my children, I would resign forthwith; for after serving twenty-two years and upwards, in the army, all of this time on duty, with the exception of a few months, without being stationed two years at any one post, during that time, I begin to think that I need repose, but as I do not possess influence to procure a civil appointment of any grade, I consider my doom fixed."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

YANKEE SPIRIT.

Hiram Pearson of California, is now travelling in Europe. Recent foreign letters say that, having arrived at Vienna, he applied to the proper authorities for permission to inspect the government buildings. He was refused, on the ground that no one but a member of the European Congress of Science, then in session in Vienna, could be admitted. Thereupon he applied to be received in the Congress as a member, stating that his diploma had been destroyed by the great conflagration in San Francisco. This demand was complied with, and he was treated with the greatest consideration by all the members of the body, except the Archduke Charles, who took exception to his admission, as he had no diploma. Col. Pearson, feeling himself aggrieved at the manner in which the archduke's objections were made, challenged him; whereupon the archduke descended from his dignity, apologized, explained, and all was satisfactorily settled. Col. Pearson was admitted to the chair of Surgery and named a vice president of the Congress.—*Cincinnati Emporium.*

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THE NEW STATE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, AT LANCASTER, MASS.

LANCASTER, MASS.

Lancaster is one of the finest, if not the finest town in the interior of Massachusetts. It is beautifully located on both sides of the Nashua River, one of the most charming and romantic streams in New England, and is about 17 miles north-northeast of Worcester. It embraces three villages—North Village, Lancaster and New Boston. Clintonville, another village, was incorporated as a separate town, under the name of Clinton, several years ago. Lancaster Centre stands upon elevated ground, and is particularly noted for the number and beauty of its elms, whose graceful forms add a delightful feature to the charming landscape. Lancaster contains a bank, a savings' institution, and an academy incorporated in 1847. It has manufactures of ginghams, counterpanes, sheetings, combs, machinery, forks, boots, shoes, etc. It is the oldest town in Worcester county, and the site it occupies was called by the Indians Weshakim or Washoway. The soil of the township is alluvial, and amply repays the careful culture it receives. The water-power for the manufacturing establishments is derived from the confluence of the north and south branches of the Nashua in the centre of the town. There are some excellent farms on what is called George Hill, in the westerly part of Lancaster. Several delightful sheets of water, such as Turner's, Spectacle, Fort and Sandy Ponds, add to the romantic beauty of the scenery. We present on this and the next page a series of illustrative sketches, drawn expressly for us on the spot by Mr. Kilburn, whose accuracy and gracefulness of delineation our readers have often had occasion to admire. The first picture of the set is a correct view of the State Industrial School for girls, a most noble and praiseworthy institution, dedicated on the 27th of August of the present year. We subjoin a condensed description of the buildings, and of the very interesting ceremonies which took place at the dedication. The site selected by the commissioners was one of the most eligible in the town, combining greater advantages than those of seventy others examined in various parts of the State. It is about a mile south of the railroad station, on the Worcester and Nashua Railroad, known as the Stillwell estate. The original purchase was 100 acres, on which were three houses and five barns, and to which was added ten acres of wood land, the whole cost amounting to $10,705. The estate was laid out before the Revolution by an English gentleman, who provided liberally in the disposal of the grounds, leaving an area of some twenty acres about the mansion covered with fine trees. This house is large, three stories in height, substantially built, and although a hundred years old, was believed to answer very well for the purposes of the institution, with slight alterations. Two other brick buildings have been erected under the direction of the commissioners, at equal distances from the old house. The accommodations in each are the same, comprising a parlor, work-room, school-room for thirty pupils, kitchen, laundry, and bathing-room, on the first floor, with rooms for the matron and assistant, a hospital, wash-room, and sleeping-rooms for thirty girls, in the upper stories, and a room for play in the attic. A majority of the sleeping-rooms are small, for one person only, provided with a small bureau and chair, in addition to a single bed. The rooms are well ventilated, the houses abundantly supplied with water, and in the work room of each is the beginning of a library. The buildings are so located, that should it be necessary, others may be erected upon the grounds to advantage. The water is brought from a spring a mile distant, with a head 108 feet above the lawn. This allows an ornament of a fountain to the grounds. The other houses purchased with the estate, adjoin on either side, and were fitted up at a little expense for the occupation of the superintendent and the farmer. The entire front on the road is 1200 feet, running back to Still River in the rear, nearly the whole estate being in one tract. The original purchase and the new buildings were provided for by an appropriation of $20,000 by the State, conditional upon raising the same amount by subscription. The expenditures are believed to have been judiciously made, not exceeding the estimates, and the work faithfully performed. The public exercises on the occasion took place in the open air, in front of the old mansion house, John H. Wilkins, of Boston, presiding. The hymn by N. P. Willis, beginning,

"The perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God,"

slightly altered, was sung as a dedicatory hymn. Reading of Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Doe, prayer by Rev. Mr. Bartol, both of Lancaster. Henry B. Rogers, of Boston, addressed the audience in behalf of the commissioners. In meeting to inaugurate a new institution, he said it was but carrying out the principles and usages of our Pilgrim Fathers, which had become the policy of the State, resulting in the establishment of colleges, hospitals, asylums, churches, and other institutions for the cultivation of literature, arts, science and religion. With an eloquent tribute to the public institutions of the State, which might be pointed to as her jewels, the speaker referred to the more recent attention in Europe and this country to the elevation of the less favored classes, and especially to reform schools, and gave the history of the legislation and the results of the labors of the commissioners on the subject, closing with a transfer of the property into the hands of the trustees. George S. Bontwell, secretary of the Board of Education, responded on behalf of the board of trustees, in a well-written address upon the question of reform of criminals. He deemed it a sad and mischievous delusion in the public mind that the pardoning power was useless, and assuming that the laws governing prisoners followed the laws of society, he contended that such a power had a highly beneficial effect, and that over 90 per cent. of those who had experienced executive clemency had done well. Both of the speakers dwelt upon the plan adopted of relieving the institution as much as possible of the character of a place of punishment, and giving it the moral influence to be derived in constituting each household, as near as possible, a family.



COVERED BRIDGE AT LANCASTER, MASS.

The public exercises were concluded in a few remarks by Governor Gardner, introductory to a proclamation, in accordance with the statute, that the institution was now ready for occupation. The large company of citizens and strangers were then invited to partake of refreshments, abundantly supplied by the ladies of the town. The dinner was followed by sundry sentiments, which were responded to by Governor Gardner, and others. The act establishing the State Industrial School for Girls provides that girls from seven to sixteen years of age, on complaint of offences punishable by fine or imprisonment, leading an idle, vagrant, or vicious life, or found in the street in circumstances of want and suffering, or of neglect, exposure and abandonment, or of beggary, shall be brought before any judge of probate or commissioner under this act, and if it shall be proved to the satisfaction of said judge or commissioner that such girls are suitable subjects for the Industrial School, and that their moral welfare and the good of society require that they shall be sent to the said school, he shall commit them. The design of the institution is expressed in the by-laws, as follows:—"The intention of the State government and of the benevolent individuals who have contributed to the establishment of this institution, is to secure a home and a school for such girls as may be presented to the magistrates of the State, appointed for that purpose, as vagrants, perversely obstinate, deprived of the control and culture of their natural guardians, or guilty of petty offences, and exposed to a life of crime and wretchedness. For such young persons, it is proposed to provide, not a prison for their restraint and correction, but a family school, where, under the firm but kind discipline of a judicious home, they shall be carefully instructed in all the branches of a good education; their moral affections be developed and cultivated by the example and affectionate care of one who shall hold the relation of a mother to them; be instructed in useful and appropriate forms of female industry; and, in short, be fitted to become virtuous and happy members of society, and to take

respectable positions in such relations of life as Providence shall hereafter mark out for them. It is to be distinctly understood that the institution is not to be considered a *place of punishment*, or its subjects as criminals. It is to be an inviting refuge, into which the exposed may be gathered, to be saved from a course which would inevitably end in penal confinement, irretrievable ruin or hopeless degradation. The inmates are to be considered hopeful and promising subjects of appropriate culture, and to be instructed and watched over with the care and kindness which their peculiar exposures demand, and with the confidence which youth should ever inspire." The officers of the institution are Bradford K. Peirce, superintendent and chaplain; A. E. Boynton, farmer; Mrs. C. M. I. Carpenter and Mrs. Mary M. Willard, matrons. The superintendent is to have the general charge of the business and interests of the institution, visit all the departments as often as convenient, and see that the officers are prompt and efficient in the discharge of their duties; have the charge of the public religious services of the schools, and shall secure the daily reading of the Bible and prayers in the different houses, also secure scriptural instruction on the Sabbath, and public devotional exercises and preaching. Over each house a matron is to have the general superintendence, and the whole care of the inmates, under the advice and direction of the trustees, and the counsel and assistance of the superintendent. Increases of persistent obstinacy, requiring more forcible punishment, such cases shall be submitted to the superintendent for advice and action in the premises, but no corporeal punishment shall be inflicted without the approval of one or more of the trustees. The trustees are Laban M. Wheaton, of Norton, chairman; William R. Lawrence, of Boston, secretary; Francis B. Fay, of Chelsea, treasurer; Wilder S. Thurston, of Lancaster, Charles Bunker, of Nantucket, James Deane, of Greenfield, Daniel Denny, of Dorchester. Messrs. Fay, Lawrence and Bunker are the executive committee. Our second picture represents a picturesque bridge over the Nashua River, a very attractive feature to the lover of landscape. We have spoken above of the fine elms which characterize the scene, and in the next picture we present a noble specimen in the magnificent tree which shades the street near the old Common. This noble elm has stood for generations, and each year puts forth its garniture of leaves, spreading abroad its graceful branches, and standing a green and unfading landmark in the landscape. Another view, drawn in the centre of the village, delineates the Unitarian Church, one of the most pleasing specimens of architecture in the country. Its elevated position makes it a landmark, and renders it visible at a great distance in almost every direction. It was erected in 1816, and is in a fine state of preservation. On the right is the Town House, and Lancaster Hall, a modern building, erected in 1848. The other building is a schoolhouse. The Lancaster House, which stands immediately back of the church, is almost entirely hidden by the foliage.



LARGE ELM NEAR OLD COMMON, LANCASTER, MASS.

LOVE TOKENS.

The ancient English custom of giving love tokens on the 20th of August was a very wise and far-seeing plan for settling young ladies in life, and would, if revived, enable a mama with a large family of girls to get rid of them as quickly as pine apples at a penny a slice. It was the custom in England, a long time ago, for "enamoured maydes and gentilwomen" to give their favorite swains, as tokens of their love, little handkerchiefs, about three or four inches square, wrought round about, often in embroidery, with a button or tassel at each corner, and a small one in the centre. The finest of these favors were edged with narrow gold lace or twist; and then, being folded up in four cross folds, so that the middle might be seen, they were worn by the accepted lovers in their hats or on the breast. These favors were sold in Queen Elizabeth's time at from sixpence to eighteen pence a-piece.—*Albion.*

RUSSIAN HOTELS.

In place of hotels, a system of accommodation has been established in those cities for travellers who remain for months or longer. An agreement is made for board and lodging at a stipulated price; they receive one or two furnished rooms, tea, a good dinner, at the *table d'hote*, and tea in the evening; and each pays for lodging, fire, candles, food, drink, and attendance, twenty-five, forty, or fifty silver roubles (£4, £6 8s, or £8) a month. Inns of this kind now exist in all the government towns, some of them kept by Germans, and these for the most part tolerably good. In places, however, where they have been established and are kept by Russians, they still present a mixture of the caravansary and Asiatic eating-house. On arriving and stopping before one of these houses, no one comes to receive you—the landlord you seldom get a sight of. You go into the house, and search for the bar, which is generally in the upper story, and there you find a kind of waiter, whom you ask for lodging. He shows you the rooms, in general badly furnished and without beds, instead of which a leathern sofa serves for a place on which you can spread out your own bed. The traveller has always to bargain, and offer half what is demanded; and when this is concluded, he enters into possession. At the bar, different kinds of drink (wine, brandy, etc.,) and cold meats are sold; next to this are several rooms, the so-called restaurant, in which dinner is served *a la carte*. If you ask what is to be had, cutlets and beefsteaks are always named (since 1815, these two words have penetrated even into the heart of Asia!), they are, however, commonly of very bad quality, and very ill cooked. On the other hand, if you ask for genuine Russian dishes, the *shtchi* (cabbage soup with meat in it), or the *piroa* (a kind of pie with fish or meat), you find these palatable and wholesome. The white bread is bad, the black bread good. Good tea may also be procured everywhere in tumblers, generally with a slice of lemon in it, and without milk. The genuine pious Russian drinks it ordinarily with honey, at least on fast days, because the sugar is refined with ox's blood. It is only, I have been told, when the sugar has come from one particular manufactory, where this process is not used, that an orthodox Russian will eat it on fast days. It is a curious sight to see, in the eating houses, the merchants sitting motionless in rows upon the benches ranged along the walls, —genuine bearded Russians, in blue kaltans, never moving, except to put the glass of tea to their mouth, or set it down. Thus they sit in summer days four to six hours at a time, without stirring a limb or speaking a word, swallowing glass after glass.—*Tribune.*



THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, TOWN HOUSE AND SCHOOL HOUSE, LANCASTER, MASS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DREAM LAND.

BY SARAH A. NOWELL.

All night have my dreams been with thee,
My own true-hearted love!
All night have I been walking
In thy spirit home above.

And even while there, I remembered
The hour when thou didst go
To the foot of the beautiful mountain,
Where eternal flowers blow.

I went with thee there—but no farther
My steps were permitted to rove,
And I left thee with tears fast streaming,
My own true-hearted love!

I know thou art sometimes thinking
Of one who now wanders here,
And if spirits could weep, O, beloved!
Thou wouldst give me one pitying tear.

I am thinking of that glad morning
When I shall be coming to thee—
When thou from thy radiant dwelling
Shalt shine in thy brightness for me.

And shall it be soon, love? I weary,
I pine for that morning to come,
When I, with thy child, shall be knocking
At the door of thy blessed home.

When thou shalt look out from the lattice,
And smile with thy own calm smile,
And give me thy own dear welcome,
As thou gavest me oft erewhile.

When thou with two radiant angels,
Who were ours awhile on earth,
Shall meet me at heaven's portal,
To hail my spirit's new birth.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

There was not the faintest breeze from sunrise to sunset on that long and terribly hot July day. Scorchingly the sun poured down his rays upon the glistening stones, which gave back heat and light again. Every particle of dust, every atom of white paint, every unblinded window, caught the beams of that great unwinking eye, and made new points of reflection for the blinding light.

By the seashore, the hot sands almost burned the feet that pressed them. The sails hung down idly, and the rowers lay listlessly along their boats, unable to use the oars, so intensely scorching was the heat of the sun upon their rugged frames. In one of these boats lay a figure so perfect in its proportions that one might almost have thought it a statue, while the utter stillness in which it lay would have supported the idea. The eyes were closed, not in sleep, but from exhaustion, and the wet masses of black hair curled closely around a forehead whose white breadth contrasted well with the deeply embrowned cheek.

The boat was near the shore—so near that the loud laugh of a company of bathers, who had assembled on the hot beach, was distinctly heard, and even a few words came over the still waves to the ears of the rowers. The bathing party had retired to their little rude sheds to change dresses, and soon they came out in bathing costume, and ran over the hard, dry beach, which would seem to scorch the bare white feet that left no print on its burning surface. As they rushed into the waves, the sea received their light forms lovingly, as it were, to its cool embrace; and those who could dive, were already where the hot sun had no power over them. Holding each other's hands, five or six girls had formed a ring, and were dancing merrily in the water. Here, a frightened woman was held up by her scarcely braver husband; while a black nurse was dipping two or three little children, who seemed fearless and happy under the operation.

"Wake up, wake up, Tracy, and see the mermaids!" cried one of the companions of the young men in the boat. "Here are plenty of them right upon us. Wake up, idle fellow, and do homage to the sea-goddesses."

Tracy languidly smiled and said:

"No, Bob, I would not get up to see Venus herself rising from the sea. You may lower me down as low as you please, but for heaven's sake, don't ask me to get up such a day as this, or wake up either."

His companion turned impatiently away to watch the bathers again, bidding Tracy to lie there forever, if he liked, and resumed his observation of one lady in particular, whom he had noticed from the beginning of the sport for her graceful movements in the water, her courage in diving, and her daring feats in swimming. He was not near enough to see her face, shaded by the immense straw hat which she wore; but he saw that, unlike all the others, she allowed her long hair to float over her shoulders at will. Bob could see the wet tresses shine in the sun from where he stood, and he thought if the face was as beautiful as the hair, he should like to have one look at it before he ceased his watch of the merry groups in the water.

"What a fool you are, Tracy, to lie there, while the prettiest girl is out here swimming towards you. By heavens, what a dip that was! And now she is floating over the water like a swan."

"A goose, you mean, Bob."

"Silence, blasphemer! Don't take such a lovely creature as this to crack your impious jokes upon. Vent your spite, if you choose, not upon her, but upon those would-be fashionables, who were skimming round you at the Pavilion last evening, or upon that puppy of a brother of theirs—Lord Fitz Pompous, I heard one young lady call him; he overheard her, too, but the silly fellow thought she meant Ashley, and he bowed and simpered at her to show his appreciation of her wit."

"Don't get in a passion this hot day," murmured Tracy. "It is dangerous, believe me. Let your fervid imagination cool itself in the depths of the coral caves beneath us. Think of the cool, wet seaweed floating down there. Faith, I should like to go down there myself, if it were not for the immense fatigue of the leap over the boat."

Loud cries came over the few waves that now separated the bathers from the boat, for the latter had lazily drifted down nearer the shore, and the perfect calmness of the water had tempted the former to strike out further than usual.

"Kate, Kate!" cried out many voices at once—"she is drowning. Save her, save her! See, she sinks! Fergus, *do* go to Kate!"

The cry roused up even Tracy Hetherstone, and in a moment he leaped into the waves. Bob was already over, and with his usual impetuosity was half way to the sinking object which caught Tracy's eye. Cool and collected, Tracy swam by him; and while Bob was making desperate, almost superhuman efforts to reach her, she was already in Tracy's arms, her long tresses hanging over his shoulder, and her pale face turned upward to the light.

The fair bathers had made for the shore as soon as they saw that she was rescued, and now stood on the beach to receive her. Bob bent his course thither also, supposing that Tracy would bring his charge to her friends at once. They were disappointed, however, for he shaped his course towards the boat, which was much nearer, and already Tracy was borne down with the lifeless weight of the girl. He had calmly calculated what was best, and showed wisdom by his decision.

He knew that the boat contained several articles of a restorative nature, as well as a large woolen shawl of his own; and what was still better, two strong and *dry* fishermen, who would probably know a great deal more how to bring a drowned person to life, than the wet, frightened men and women who stood gasping in their limp and dripping clothes on the beach. So he soon had the pleasure of giving the lady into the arms of Ben—a stout fellow some six feet high—while he was somewhat roughly hauled into the boat by Ben's brother.

A ghastly pair they were; for the color had all faded from Tracy's cheeks from looking on the pale lily he had carried in his arms; and by the time the two drenched figures were lying in the bottom of the boat, he needed the care of the men as much as the other. A draught from the brandy flask restored Tracy enough to sit up and direct the men to wrap the lady in his shawl, and to force some of the liquid into her purple lips.

The rough fishermen held her as tenderly as a mother would a baby; and they soon had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes, and draw a faint breath. She lay in the man's arms, encircled by the coarse sleeve of his jacket, and scarcely betrayed a sign of wonder at her situation, even when she recovered and looked around her. She gave almost a comic glance at the figure of Tracy, as he lay drying himself in the hot sun, and seemed to take in the meaning of the whole scene at once.

"I remember now," she said, giving him a smile that well rewarded his exertions in her behalf. "I have been drowned, and you fished me up. I don't know as it was worth the trouble, after all."

Tracy murmured some indistinct words, which scarcely reached the lady's ear. He was amazed at her rapid restoration, forgetting that the dwellers by the seashore take little note of anything short of absolute drowning. Her perfect ease of manner soon wrought its work upon Tracy, and he recovered his spirits and assurance wonderfully before the boat landed. A carriage was waiting to convey the lady to her home, into which she insisted upon his also entering; but as they were so near the Pavilion, he preferred to walk across the beach to the back entrance.

"May I wait on you this evening?" he said, as he parted from her, after wrapping her closely in the shawl.

"Certainly. My father will be happy to see you at 57 Marion Street, and thank you for the service you have rendered me."

Another smile brought the eloquent blood to Tracy's cheek, as he bowed low to her when the carriage drove off. The group of ladies had gathered round to see that Kate was well cared for. In the first moment of seeing Tracy gain the boat, they had hurried back to their bathing-rooms, and prepared to welcome her when she landed.

At the Pavilion stairs he encountered Bob coming down just dressed. He accompanied him back to his chamber, rang for a warm bath for Tracy, and performed several acts of attention and kindness; yet Tracy could see that Bob was mortified and irritated. He soothed him by earnestly entreating him to call with him in the evening to see Miss—"Bless me," said Tracy, "what is her name? I declare I don't know who to inquire for."

"The girls called her Kate," said Bob, "and that is the name. You will have to ask for her in that way, Tracy. Imagine us stepping up to No. 57, and asking if Kate is at home!"

Tracy did not quite relish Bob's rallying, especially as he did not believe that they should find a name on the door, few houses in that vicinity bearing the owner's name.

The hot afternoon dragged wearily on to the two young men. Tracy idled with a book on the bed, and Bob consumed a great many cigars. At last the early tea hour came, and they prepared for the call. No. 57 Marion Street was a tall, brick house of handsome appearance, shaded on the front by four large chestnuts. A large yard at the side was filled with beautiful flowers, while a garden beyond showed a fine collection of rare fruit trees and splendid grape vines. Tracy was relieved when he saw a silver plate on the door, on which was engraved "Arthur Blanchard." He rang, and a gentleman came to the door, who proved to be Mr. Blanchard himself. He waited on the young men into a handsome parlor, where sat two ladies. One was an elegant woman, who was no other than Mrs. Blanchard. The other, in a plain white dress, was Kate. Half an hour's chatting made the parties quite intimate, and the incident of the morning was food for conversation. Mr. Blanchard was warm in his thanks.

"I must transfer at least half of them to my friend, Mr. Hetherstone," said Tracy. "He was even more prompt than myself, but from some cause, for which I cannot account, he made less headway than myself."

"Thank you, Mr. Cleveland," said Bob Hetherstone. "But really, you must allow me to renounce all share in the exploit. Miss Blanchard must take the will for the deed this time; although I should have been most happy to have been the favored one who saved her."

Tracy then amused them with the morning sail and Bob's anxiety that he should see the ladies. A pleasant evening was quickly passed away, and they parted, mutually pleased with the new acquaintances which each had formed.

Had Kate Blanchard known how her image mingled with the sight of the waves in the dreams of Tracy Cleveland that night, she might have felt somewhat flattered; and perhaps to her most intimate friend she would not have owned all she thought of the brave, sailor-like young man who saved her life. Bob had no chance at all with Kate. She only thought of him as the friend of Mr. Cleveland, and treated him very civilly on that account.

Week after week passed away at the Pavilion. Cool, bracing mornings and evenings, that almost required a fire in the rooms, succeeded to the sultry days of August, and the last loiterer at the watering-place had packed up and departed; all but the two young men. They still lingered, each day finding some excuse for staying on. Each one concealed, or attempted to conceal, the true reason from the other; but each knew the other's meaning, and tried to feel or appear indifferent. A morning's shooting on the beach, a drive through the woods—anything that would employ the early part of the day, was reason sufficient to induce them to remain; but the latter part was invariably spent at Mr. Blanchard's.

Mr. Blanchard did his part, too, in amusing and interesting them. His carriage, his guns, his dog, were all at their disposal; and from Kate and her mother their reception was always kind. If Kate's cheek flushed brighter when Tracy pressed her hand, when parting for the night—and if she only smiled and did *not* color when parting from Mr. Hetherstone, it was not the fault of either. Her heart was reflected in her pure, pale face—that face which had ever mirrored her thoughts, as the lake mirrors the sky.

"We will go to the woods to-morrow and spend the whole day," said Mr. Blanchard, one fine evening. "Kate must pack our baskets, and we will drive out early, so as to avoid the heat of the day, and return by moonlight."

The plan was pronounced charming, and they separated for the night.

Morning came, and the party breakfasted together at five o'clock, and at six they were riding through the woods. There were cool mornings and evenings then, but the middle of the day was warm and bright, almost hot. They sat down to dinner at twelve, Kate having produced from the baskets an abundance of nice cookery, most of which had been done by her own hands. Meats and pastry, fruits and ale, never tasted so deliciously as under the shade of those magnificent oaks, where the birds were pouring wild music over their heads, and tiny squirrels were flying up and down the trunks of the old trees.

Mrs. Blanchard sat on a turf seat, which Tracy had made for her, and she looked like a queen. Her husband reclined near her on a low rock, while Kate and the others were on the grass at their feet. A portable seat from the carriage served as a table, when covered with a snowy cloth and tastefully arranged. As twilight approached, they prepared to leave this scene of enchanting beauty, each wishing that they could always enjoy this wild kind of gipsey life. The mellow autumn moon was shining brightly over the sea as they returned. They lingered awhile at the point where the waves were showing whitest and highest, under her light, and talked over another excursion for the morrow.

Tracy Cleveland!—this day had done its work for him. By the light of that sweet moon shining down through the dancing leaves of the chestnut trees, and making beautiful tracery on Kate's white dress, he told her his heart history.

It was a long story, but she heard him patiently to the end. He told her of a boyish love which he once had for Margaret Allston—a beautiful girl as far as regarded mere personal attractions, but proud, haughty and capricious. Older than himself, and far more skilled in artifice, she had almost compelled him to love her; for her strong will subdued all things around her. He described to her how that, having borne her yoke for years, he had suffered martyrdom in attempting to free himself from her; that when she found herself scorned, as she said, although he was so patient and gentle when he broke from her, she had vowed, if he should ever choose a wife, she would persecute her to the death—and that for him she would reserve her sharpest, most exquisite cruelties, striking them deepest where and when he least might expect them.

Tracy drew a long breath of relief when he got over this point of his history. Then he told her how dearly he had loved her while she lay in his arms on that day when he had saved her; and how every day since had but found his love deeper and holier. He touched upon his poverty—upon the almost utter ruin which

had befallen him in his business life only a year before, and from which it might take him years to recover; and wound up by asking her if, under all these circumstances, she could give him a hope that, when brighter days should come to him, and he could feel himself justified in asking her hand, her heart could truly respond to that asking?

If Tracy felt a pang when the blessed answer came, soft and murmuring, from her lips, it was for his friend Hetherstone. He knew how that strong, brave heart had been trying to be magnanimous—trying to give up the hope of Kate Blanchard's love for the sake of Tracy's happiness; and judging from his own feelings what Hetherstone's might be, he almost wept over poor Robert's inevitable disappointment.

But Tracy had plunged into the subject, and he resolved to see it out. So he walked into the house, laid the case before Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard, and received their consent, and then went home to tell Bob Hetherstone that he had laid the axe at the root of his life's happiness. It was a hard thing to say to him, and Tracy shrunk painfully from it; for he had heard Kate's name spoken in Hetherstone's dreams night after night, and he knew that his heart, though strong and sturdy, might break in the bending.

Bob heard him through as he told him, sitting by the window, at the Pavilion, that night, with no light but the stars, for the moon had gone down before he left Mr. Blanchard's house. He could not have told him all had the light been less dim, for he could not have borne to see the tears which he felt were dropping from eyes that had looked and worshipped even as his had done. Hetherstone wrung his hand, and said not a word. An hour after he was walking on the sands, trying to cool his fevered cheek and brow with the night breeze. Tracy watched his figure as it passed and repassed, until he saw him approach the house, and then he threw himself on the bed and feigned to sleep.

Tracy knew that the best remedy for his friend would be absence. He therefore proposed that they should go away together on the second day after that which had decided the fate of all three. Hetherstone was glad, too, to go—for he could not now bear to visit Mr. Blanchard, and he knew that it would look strange to desert the house. He got through the leave-taking with a poor grace, but Kate's heart was occupied with one lover, and she did not heed the other; and then pride came to his aid, and he parted from her at last with a cheerful good night.

"Go home with me, Bob," said Tracy, as they started the next morning. "My family will make you most especially welcome as my friend, and you will find some prime shooting round our part of the country. You will come?"

Independent of any business or profession, Robert Hetherstone sometimes found it difficult to dispose of his time. He had formed no plan for the remainder of the autumn, and he assented with a half sad and half bitter feeling at his heart, but a most heroic determination not to give way to it.

"I shall be delighted to make acquaintance with your people," he said, and added inwardly, "I might as well be there as anywhere. All places will be henceforth alike to me."

In the twilight of a cool September day, the stage which had brought them the last fifteen miles, stopped at a low gateway. A boy came out to open the passage for the stage, and it bowled lightly over the smooth, broad gravel which formed the avenue to the house. The front door was open, but the brilliant light of a wood fire greeted their eyes through the long windows, as they approached a low, rambling sort of house, surrounded by a broad terrace, and shaded by mighty elms, whose branches reached the stone fence on the opposite side of the road, as they bent over to mingle with the lowlier foliage of the fragrant elder. As they came nearer, they heard a sweet voice singing the evening song to the virgin. The music came with a soft and soothing power on Hetherstone's ear, and Tracy, replying to his look, told him that the voice was his sister's.

How Bob envied the endearments that were lavished on the son and brother that night! How fresh and pleasant seemed the large, airy chamber! How fragrant the pure, white linen, scented with rose-leaves!—and how refreshing the warm bath prepared in the room where they were to sleep. Hetherstone thought it a perfect palace—this clean, cheery looking old house. He told Tracy so when they had retired for the night, after a cup of strong tea from the hands of Tracy's mother, who looked the very embodiment of goodness and benevolence. Sister Anne had not made her appearance, but greeted her brother elsewhere.

What a sight presented itself to the eyes of the friends the next morning! The trees had been lightly touched by the frost, and had assumed the most brilliant and beautiful tints. For more than a mile from Mr. Cleveland's house, there was a perfect avenue of splendid rock maples, and these had changed in one night. And as the sun rose and gilded their highest branches, they seemed transmuted to the golden trees of fairy land. Hetherstone met the family at breakfast. He did not wonder now at Tracy's pride in his home and relatives. Everything was in such perfect keeping, that he could not detect a single discrepancy. No upstart modern invention stood side by side with the noble old fashions of bygone years; and the people themselves were not old people vamped up to look like new, but had about them a healthy identity as to age and condition, that any innovation would have made ridiculous.

Thus Tracy's father did not conceal the noble bald head, but showed at once the graceful decay of his youth; and his mother wore her soft gray curls without an attempt at concealing them by cap or band. All the furniture was waxed as in olden time. The pleasant wood fire blazed from between the polished andirons, and the light was reflected back from the tall, old-fashioned silver tea-set and candlesticks on the table.

On the faces of both Tracy's parents there was a sweet and dignified serenity, so different from the anxious and toilworn expression on the faces which Hetherstone had met with in his city life, that he could but wonder and admire. At the same time he found that in everything intellectual, or of a literary nature, they were perfectly at home. Not a phase or change had escaped their observation.

While engaged in earnest conversation, Tracy's sister entered the room. She was less handsome than her brother, and apparently a little older. She looked the very image of health and happiness. Hetherstone thought her plain at first; but when he saw her blue eyes lighting up with the pleasure of seeing her brother at home once more, and heard her sensible remarks, betraying her acquaintance with books at least, if not with society, he almost envied Tracy his sister.

Hetherstone was an only child. An orphan from his birth, he had drifted through life without a home, which even his ample fortune could not purchase when relations and connexions were wanting. No mother's knee had been the altar of his childish prayers. No sister's influence had been brought to bear upon his heart and mind. He had loved no one except Tracy Cleveland, until he saw Kate; and he did not even know, until his emotions were mirrored in Tracy's, that he loved her. He only now knew that she was to him a dream. She had troubled the current of his life and passed away.

But he felt that had he a sister like the pure, sweet-looking Anne Cleveland, he could go to her with that dream, and she would tell him how to bear the disappointment which was weighing down his spirits. Not that he was angry with Tracy either. How could Tracy help loving her, too? And if she had eyes or heart, how could she but love the perfection of manly beauty, and the height of manly goodness, which he could not but acknowledge were the attributes of his friend?

So Hetherstone reasoned. And each day that he staid, his love for Kate seem to grow more and more dreamy and shadowy, till he could bear to see her name traced by Cleveland's hand on the letters which he constantly sent her every day;—could bear to hear Tracy speak of her to his mother in terms of most loverlike admiration, and even to join in her praises himself.

But a shrewd observer, who knew the history of the past six weeks, might have smiled significantly at the fact that after one of Tracy's bursts of enthusiasm about Kate, Hetherstone would invariably ask Anne Cleveland to walk out with him; and somehow these walks increased in length and frequency, until Tracy suddenly waked up to the suspicion that his sister had a heart as well as himself, and that Bob was fairly laying siege to it. He spoke to Anne, and she, too truthful to deny the impression which Hetherstone had made, acknowledged the whole. She loved him with the pure, fond, womanly love of her good and true heart, and she was not ashamed to own it.

Long before Tracy could retrieve his affairs sufficiently to allow him to think of marriage, he saw his friend and his sister settled in a happy and beautiful home. Nor was Hetherstone unmindful that he now had a brother's right to help him out of his many difficulties, and enable him to bring his affairs to such a state as would justify him in preparing a similar home for Kate.

The anniversary of that memorable fifth of July had twice passed by, and was approaching the third. The friends had all gone down to the seashore to pass the hot weeks of summer at the Pavilion. As they sat together on the rocks one delightful evening, Tracy looked roguishly at Hetherstone, and then up at the windows of the Pavilion, now glittering in the sweet moonlight. Hetherstone saw the look, and understood its full meaning. He had not forgotten the agony of his first experience in love; but he turned to the beloved wife, who had so fully repaid him for that experience, and felt that she alone was the star which could ever have guided his path through life—the only spirit which could mingle with his in heaven.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Pronouncing and Defining Dictionary. Abridged from Webster by Chauncey A. Goodrich, D. D. J. P. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 610.

This work, which contains an immense amount of matter, is well digested. Besides being an abbreviation of Webster's standard work, it contains Walker's key to the pronunciation of classical and scripture names, popular phrases and quotations from modern languages, abbreviations, etc. The definitions are ample, and render the work valuable even to those who, like ourselves, do not adopt Webster's standard of orthography. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Winter Street.

Marry too Late. By George Wood. New York; D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 185.

This work, by the author of "Modern Pilgrims," illustrates a new phase of married life, and the plan is certainly executed with great ingenuity. For sale by Redding & Co.

The Scottish Chiefs. A romance by Miss Jane Porter. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1856. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 661.

A beautiful edition of a book that charmed the preceding generation, before Scott had burst like a northern light in the literary firmament. Few novels have enjoyed a wider popularity. The present edition is a very handsome one, revised, corrected and annoted by the author. We regret, however, that the portrait of Sir Wm. Wallace facing the title-page looks so dandified, and that he carries pistols and a rifle, which didn't happen to be invented when he flourished. For sale by Ticknor & Fields.

Twenty-four Sermons by the Rt. Rev J. M. Wainwright. D D., D.C.L. Edited by his widow. New York: Appleton & Co., 1856. 8vo pp. 565

These sermons are all beautifully written, and attest the piety, learning and genius of the lamented author. There is very little in them of a sectarian character, and enough to commend them to every true Christian. Bishop Wainwright was a man universally loved and respected—his reputation being by no means confined to the pale of his church. For sale by Ticknor & Fields.

The Elements of Punctuation. By John Wilson. 5th edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 152.

This little treatise is an abridgement from his larger work, prepared for the use of schools by the author. It is admirably calculated for the purpose, but will be of assistance to any one. Few practiced writers, even, understand the true principles of punctuation.

The Banished Son. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

This volume of stories by the lamented Mrs. Hentz, of which we have already spoken favorably, is for sale by Redding & Co. Its typographical appearance is highly creditable to the press of the publisher, T B Peterson, Philadelphia.

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A charming weekly visitor to the home circle is "The Flag of our Union"—chaste, moral, and very instructing in each issue, and edited, not by a pair of scissors, but by an experienced and careful hand.—*Charleston (S. C.) Mercury.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor,*
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston.

WYZEMAN MARSHALL, ESQ.

AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN.

The accompanying portrait of Wyzeman Marshall, one of our most eminent and popular American actors, was drawn for us by Mr. Barry, after a fine photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city. Mr. Marshall has recently closed a successful engagement at Willard's National, in this city; and the fresh memories he has left render the publication of this authentic likeness timely and acceptable. The subject of our sketch was born in Hudson, New Hampshire, September 26, 1816, but was brought to this city by his parents when an infant, and grew up in our midst. It was at our schools he received some preliminary training, but his education was completed and accomplished by his own unaided efforts. Good books, and a determination to inform himself thoroughly in all the branches of an English education, "supplied the want of school and college." It was in February, 1836, that, after pursuing a variety of occupations, his theatrical proclivities induced him to appear on the boards of the Lion Theatre, then under the management of the late Wm. Barrymore, Esq., in the inconsiderable character of Vibulanus, in Sheridan Knowles's tragedy, "Virginius." During the remainder of the season, Mr. Marshall was attached to the company, playing small business, but studying his profession diligently, and looking forward to an opportunity of rising. During the ensuing summer, as a member of a company which performed at Providence and Newport, he appeared in such characters as Pizarro, Angerstroff, Buckingham, etc. In the theatrical season of 1836–7, he played at the National, appearing in a variety of parts. On the 27th of February, 1838, he received his first benefit, and acted Pizarro (Mrs. Pelby, Elvira; Mrs. Anderson, Cora) and Lubin, in the ballet of "L'Amour." In the summer of 1838, a part of the corps went to Waltham, Mass. Mr. Marshall re-engaged at the National for the season of 1838–9, receiving two benefits, on the second of which (June 29, 1839) he played "Damon." He wished to introduce Miss Eaton to a Boston audience as Calanthe. Pelby objected, thought she had no talent, etc., and it was only with great difficulty an appearance could be secured for her. The manager opened his eyes afterwards, when, as Mrs. Woodward, this lady became one of Boston's favorites, a popularity which California at present unequivocally endorses. On the occasion referred to, Mr. Otis Marshall, brother of our subject, made his first appearance on any stage as Dionysius; J. Hudson Kirby was the Pythias, and Leman the Philistius. Mr. Marshall organized during the summer a small olio company, with which he did a good business in the country, and returned to the National. February 21, 1840, he played "Virginius" for his benefit, with Henry Wallack as Dentatus; and in the summer of that year opened Boylston Hall, under the title of the "Vaudeville Saloon," where he had a successful campaign of two months. He went back in the fall to the old homestead, the National, where the parts assigned him gradually increased in importance. He introduced James H. Stark, the well-known actor, to the stage, June 17, 1841, as Walter Barnard, in the "Wreck Ashore." That summer, Mr. Marshall again provincialized with a small troupe, and returned, to be promoted to a very singular combination of lines of business—first heavy business and ballet master! During the run of "London Assurance," Mr. Marshall went to Providence for a short time, and in 1842, he ceased his connection with the National. He took the Amphitheatre, corner of Haverhill and Traverse Streets, and opened it June 27, 1842, as the Eagle Theatre. Here Mr. Marshall had a fine company, and the casts of some pieces were admirable. We will instance one of "Hamlet," during a star engagement of the lamented Booth. Hamlet, Booth; Ghost, Marshall; Gravedigger, W. H. Smith; Laertes, McCutcheon; King, Booth, Jr.; Queen, Mrs. H. Lewis; Ophelia, Mrs. Booth, Jr. This theatre Mr. Marshall carried on till the spring of 1843, in connection with the Providence Theatre. He brought Pelby down in his prices at the National, and Mr. Pelby cut away the roof of the Eagle one fine evening. Mr. Marshall's business had been bad just before, and this untoward circumstance not only put a stop to his managerial operations, but left him without a dollar. Mr. Marshall went to New York, and played a short engagement at the Chatham, then managed by C. R. Thorne, and returned to Boston, but did not act till the fall of 1844, when he supported Macready at the time when the Melodeon was fitted up for his performances. Mr. Marshall then went down East, and starred it. In May, 1845, Mr. Marshall accepted an engagement at the Chatham Theatre, New York, under the management of DeBar, and became a great favorite. In the spring of 1846, he again visited the East, but returned to the Chatham Theatre in the succeeding autumn. After a brief engagement at Welch's National Theatre, Philadelphia, he returned to New York, and closed his engagement at the Chatham, June 17, 1847. This was in consequence of having received a liberal offer from Mr. Hamblin, manager of the Bowery Theatre. He opened as Virginius to Miss Charlotte Crampton's Virginia to a tremendous house, and was received with great enthusiasm. During the vacation he played at Utica, Syracuse and Albany, returning to the Bowery at the opening of the next season. Here he played, in the course of the season, many leading parts to the entire acceptance of the audience. In 1848, he appeared at the Boston Theatre, Federal Street, with complete success. The Evening Gazette says:—"There the improvement and refinement of style brought about during his absence from Boston by intense study and close application to his profession, were most favorably noted. Eschewing the traditions of melodrama, his Shakspearian delineations won praise from the critical. They proved what could be done by a self-educated man, all whose energies, whose sole ambition, were centred in his profession." At the close of his stay here, Mr. Marshall starred in the provinces, played a few nights at the Beach Street Museum, and then went to the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, opening as Macbeth. His engagement was so successful that Burton engaged him as acting and stage manager. Here his Matthew Elmore (Margaret, Julia Dean; Herminie, Mrs. C. Howard) and his Master Walter (Julia, Mrs. Farren; Helen, Mrs. Booth, Jr.) were highly praised. Thence Mr. Marshall went to Baltimore, where he played a star engagement, followed by one with Forbes at Providence, and then returned to his managerial position, where he remained till the opening of 1850, when an engagement at the Baltimore Museum, where he played Tell, in compliment to the Hungarian refugees, who visited this theatre, was followed by one at Washington, which was extraordinarily successful. After fulfilling engagements at Baltimore, Albany and New York, he became manager of the Portland Theatre for a short season, thence he went South, and, in 1851–2, managed the Howard Athenæum, in this city, where he first introduced to a Boston public, Madame Anna Thillon, Laura Addison, Mrs. Warner and Lola Montes. His subsequent career is well known; he has played various star engagements, and everywhere with success. He has also been successful as a Shakspearian reader. Mr. Marshall is much esteemed in private life. He is a good husband and father, a warm friend and an exemplary citizen. We are happy to know that his professional exertions have yielded him a fortune. When not professionally engaged, Mr. Marshall resides in this city.



WYZEMAN MARSHALL, TRAGEDIAN.

RUSSIAN BOATMEN ON THE NEVA.

The spirited engraving on this page presents, in admirable grouping, a party of the Russian boatmen who ply on the Neva. Their cumbrous boat is propelled by a man in the bow, while a comrade in the stern manages the heavy tiller. Three others are supping their porridge from a tub placed on a thwart midship. Their faces exhibit the true Russian type. These fellows are good-natured and industrious, but no more cleanly or scrupulously honest than their countrymen on shore. It is fortunate for the subjects of a despotic emperor, that the burthens of life, however heavy, rest lightly on their shoulders. In the distance, the profile of a portion of St. Petersburg is seen against the horizon. The recent war in the East, and the coronation of Emperor Alexander II., have contributed to awaken new interest in Russia.



RUSSIAN BOATMEN ON THE RIVER NEVA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We have been accustomed to devote certain hours each week to the answering of various questions from our subscribers, who in the absence of books of reference appeal to us by letter, but as those queries multiply upon us, we shall devote a brief space to their answer, for the future, under this head.

B. H. Toronto.—It is necessary in subscribing for our paper to send us twenty-six cents extra to prepay the U. S. postage to the lines for the year. This applies to all Canada subscriptions.

W. C.—You are mistaken in thinking the discrepancy in the loss between the two armies referred to is the most remarkable on record. At New Orleans the British lost 3000 killed and wounded, while the Americans under Jackson lost 7 killed and 6 wounded.

F. M.—The reason we did not publish the article, was because of its political bias. Whatever may be our personal feelings in the matter of politics, we never obtrude them on our readers. We know neither North nor South in these columns, but cater for all sections.

CLARA B.—The *true* Cashmere shawl can only be manufactured of Thibet wool. The price you name is far below the average. A thousand dollars is not an uncommon price in New York or Boston.

A. W.—You can commence at any number you please of either of our papers, and have The Flag of our Union and Ballou's Pictorial together for $4 a year. We have the ten volumes complete of the Pictorial for sale—the set $20; any single volume, $3 each.

E. S. T.—Maj. Poore's address is Newburyport, Mass. He is quite a farmer as well as author, and oversees the broad acres of land which he inherits from his fathers with true Yankee zeal and industry. He had the nomination of the Americans of the sixth district for Congress this fall.

I. P. W.—The observance dates further back than you suppose, for the ancient Romans used to go in procession to the grotto of Egeria on May-day. It has always been observed in England with almost religious veneration as a rural festival.

J. R. D.—We shall bring out a picture of the venerable old man you speak of, in a few days. The drawing is already made. He is the oldest living person in the United States, if not in the world.

D. L.—We have no means of deciding the question exactly, but can state the fact perhaps near enough for your purpose. That is—that the present population of Greece will vary but a small number from one million of souls.

ELLA W.—Try again—one failure should not discourage you.

A. S.—Coffee was first used as a beverage in the East; it was common in the year 1550, when it was sold in the city of Constantinople. The Venetians were the first Europeans who adopted its use. It was not known in London until subsequent to 1650, and the first coffee-house was opened in Paris in 1671. It was introduced into Brazil and Cuba from Mocha about a century since.

C. W. H.—Artesian wells derive their name from the province of Artois in France, where this kind of well was first adopted. The Artesian well at Grenelle, a suburb of Paris, is eighteen hundred feet deep.

TO RAILROAD TRAVELLERS.—Let your wits go a wool-gathering, and forget the station you stop at; then when the train is under full headway, suddenly spring up, plunge on the platform, jump off; and if you survive, you will probably have cause to remember your stopping-place the next time.

TO GOOD NATURED MEN.—Be very wary of holding a strange woman's baby to oblige her. Terrible results have followed such verdancy. One bachelor was lately "stuck" with a baby in the ears, and another in the street, their unnatural "parients" abandoning their offspring.

WANTED!—One or two first class wood engravers can have constant employment by applying to this office. None but *experienced* hands need apply, finished workmen only being wanted.

SPLINTERS.

.... Sebastopol, like Moscow, will rise from its ashes more powerful than ever, for so wills the czar.

.... It is said that the smoky skies on the Atlantic sea proceed from the burning prairies of the West.

.. The Empress of France lately put on a shooting jacket, and, in the park of St. Cloud, killed nine pheasants. Feminine!

.... An American vessel—the Savannah—was the first steamship that ever crossed the Atlantic; this is undisputed.

.... The London Times circulates about 60,000 copies daily, and its publication was commenced in the year 1788.

.... Among the advertisements in a London paper, we are informed that "two sisters want washing."

.... The 50th anniversary of a wedding-day, celebrated by a happy couple, is called a "golden wedding" in Germany.

Always keep a kitten to amuse the children, says Punch, they can pull its tail, and hide it in their father's boots.

.... The "Star of the North," as performed by Maretzek's troupe, is the most splendid of operatic spectacles.

.... A man who cheats in short measure is a measureless rogue, and ought to be avoided.

.... U. S. storeship Release goes to the South Atlantic to procure sugar cane and seeds for this country.

.. A lady in a long dress reminds us of the poetical description, "She *swept* gracefully along."

The French Legion of Honor was instituted by Napoleon, then First Consul for life, in 1802.

... There is a cypress tree at Sonoma, in Lombardy, said to have been planted in the time of Julius Cæsar.

.... Two Digger Indians in California, wishing to be fashionable, lately fought a duel with bows and arrows.

.... John Brougham is one of the cleverest of the dramatists now writing for the American stage.

... When the powder mills at Acton, Mass., blew up lately, the explosion was heard for a distance of thirty miles.

.... Godard, the aeronaut, whose portrait we presented in the Pictorial, has lately made some fine ascensions.

.... Mademoiselle de Lamotte, of this city, is meeting with immense success as a pianoforte teacher.

.... Mr. Sala, who writes for Dickens's "Household Words," can imitate, to perfection, any living author's style.

.... Hiring jewelry to be exhibited as wedding presents, is a modern and a very censurable practice.

.... A single silver balustrade in the Cathedral of Mexico is supposed to be worth a million of dollars.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The New York Albion informs its readers that an intelligent American friend, just returned from a visit to Great Britain, was "particularly impressed by the almost universal interest which Englishmen of various classes and parties manifested in the affairs of America, by their desire for accurate information in regard to the economical progress and the social condition of the United States, and by their hearty sympathy with all that is good in the greatness of America." This is certainly an encouraging statement. "He found that the ignorance even of the most intelligent Englishmen in regard to America was very great, but that the one-sided and ridiculous descriptions of American life and manners, which were formerly received by Englishmen as authentic, were falling into universal disrepute. The Trollope-literature has had its day, and done all the mischief it could do." There are important collateral proofs of the accuracy of this witness. It is well known, for instance, that Mr. Delane, the conductor of the London Times, feeling the necessity of furnishing his readers with more reliable matter on the United States than they had been in the habit of receiving, has recently made a visit to this country, in order to see and judge for himself, and has engaged two regular American correspondents, one to reside in the city of New York and the other in the heart of this commonwealth. Now if these are fair and impartial men, and not political partizans, we may expect to see our friends over the water pretty well posted up on American affairs. They sadly need such information, for the most candid American journals do not find their way across the Atlantic.

But our English friends have still many prejudices to eradicate before they can form an honest opinion of us, and they have certain national idiosyncrasies which stand in the light of reason. That same London Times was, only the other day, grossly humbugged by a blood-and-thunder story of a duel on a Southern railroad, a fabrication on the face of it, which it nevertheless published as true, and made the subject of a severe "leader" on American social vices.

Certainly the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, the giant champions of human freedom, need only to know each other, to entertain a mutual respect and attachment. In commerce, each is necessary to the other, and no spirit, save that of generous rivalry, need animate us both. Our old quarrels should be forgotten, and every attempt to revive the irritation of wounds that have long since cicatrized, should be frowned down indignantly.

But if friendly relations and good feeling are to be maintained, if our English friends are sincere in their desire to cultivate our amity, they must remember that we Americans are a proud and high-spirited people, and will resent all impertinent intermeddling with our domestic concerns. We have grown out of our teens, have prospered beyond all precedent, simply by minding our own business, and feel that we are abundantly able to dispense with all foreign advice and interference. Though in Europe one great nation may aspire to regulate the affairs of the Eastern hemisphere, we recognize no European nation as an arbitrator and a monitor. As we enter no protest against the aggrandizement of any European nation, so we shall listen to no protest against our aggrandizement, from any foreign power. The authority of our own constitution and the will of our own people are our only recognized standards. We are willing to remain at peace with Europe, but we shall submit to no European dictation.

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

We think the prospects of the American stage are truly encouraging. The old prejudices against this species of amusement are fast wearing away, as is proved by the fact that papers professedly in the interest of sound morality no longer hesitate to admit advertisements and editorial notices of dramatic performances. What the friends of the drama, who clung to it in its dark days, predicted, has come to pass, viz., that when the respectable part of the community afforded the drama a steady patronage, it would prove itself worthy of that support. Something more is wanting yet—that the stage should be in a measure nationalized. The passage of the dramatic copyright will tend to effect this latter change, and to develop dramatic talent among our writers. Recently an original American comedy—"Self"—has been completely successful in New York, and we learn that many original plays of merit are in the hands of managers.

GOOD ADVICE.—If you would enjoy a good night's rest, then, in the words of Dr. Holmes: "Spare, O spare the evening meal!" A bowl of clam soup, with two pounds of beefsteak, four or five rolls, a plate of ham sandwiches, and three cups of coffee, are not conducive to "rosy dreams and slumbers light."

THE WINTER SEASON.—No matter if the flowers have vanished from our garden paths, and if the water be congealed in our fountains, sunshine still adorns the scene so long as we keep summer in the heart.

A RESOURCE.—A very youthful specimen of "Young America," who had ruined himself in cigars and juleps, told his father that he should go to the dogs unless he could get "elected to Congress," and asked the "old man's" influence.

LONG EVENINGS.—The long evenings of this season of the year are a boon. No warm moonlight nights tempting to rambles abroad, but snug fires and plenty of time for reading good papers and books.

TO EVERYBODY!—Read our prize offer on another page of this paper, and act accordingly.

COMMERCIAL DISHONESTY.

Crimes are epidemic. At one time, murder will rage like a pestilence; at another, incendiarism will redden the land; then suicide will be prevalent, and again fraud be the fashionable guilt. The present time seems to be characterized by gigantic financial swindles; the offspring of intense commercial activity and a universal avidity for gold. These crimes are not confined to one locality and to one country; they break out in different places. If New York has her Schuyler, London has her Strahan. A railway swindle here is answered by a railway swindle in France. If Huntington forges in New York, Robson plunders in England. This last financier was a transfer clerk in the Crystal Palace, at a salary of 150 pounds a year. In this position, he stole the shares of stocks left in possession of the company by certain parties, just as Carpentier stole those of Rothschild from the safe of the Northern Railway of France, sold them, and speculated on the money. But his ill-gotten gains did him no good. He had his splendid establishments at Kilburn Priory and St. John's Wood, his carriages, servants and liveries, his fast horses, his sumptuous plate and costly wines. It is passing strange that, in a commercial country like England, the suddenness of this man's fortune should have awakened no inquiry, and that he should have been allowed to blow his gilded bubbles so long. But at last suspicion was awakened, and the culprit fled. But he was overtaken; for justice, though blind and halt, is more than a match for the swiftest sinner in the long run. From Kilburn Priory to a prison was but a step; and his poor wife, probably innocent of all complicity, sunk in an instant from a palatial residence to beggarly lodgings in Brighton—from wealth to destitution. Such records are fraught with terrible warning to the worshippers of Mammon, and they cannot be too widely circulated by the press.

A SIGNIFICANT DREAM.—It would do no harm if every crowned head had a dream like that of the German prince, who saw in a vision three rats, one fat, the other lean, and the third blind—sent for a celebrated Bohemian gipsy, and demanded an explanation. "The fat rat," said the sorceress, "is your prime minister, the lean rat your people, and the blind rat yourself."

MUSQUITOES.—A New Orleans physician undertakes to prove that these insects are a blessing, not a curse—that their bite is healthy and necessary. He is turning his attention to raising them, and hopes to turn some out with stings as large as toothpicks.

ART CRITICISM.—A tavern-keeper, who had been dipping into the "Lives of Eminent Painters," thought it a pity that so many of them should "die and leave no *sign*."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Barrett, Hon. Charles E. Walker, of Madison, Ind., to Miss Harriet E. Lane; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. F. B. Perkins to Miss Sophia Hosmer; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Henry J. Wells, Esq., of San Francisco, Cal., to Miss Maria A. Goodnow; by Rev. Dr. Lothrop, Mr. Gardner Greene Hammond to Miss Elizabeth Crowninshield Mifflin; by Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. D. T. Hale, of Chicago, to Miss Carrie L. Stone; by Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Mr. George M. Forristall to Miss Mary Eliza Crocker.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr Ellis, Mr. James M. Hale to Miss Fanny A. Fletcher.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Hall, John Phillips, Esq., of Mobile, Ala., to Mrs. Ann Jane Gardner.—At Watertown, by Rev. Mr. Lawrie, Mr. Charles W. Davenport to Miss Sarah A. Hittenger.—At West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. J. W. Pierce to Miss Nancy S. Gassett.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Oswald Lawson to Miss Amelia Berry.—At Concord, by Rev. Mr. Frost, Mr. C. E. Fuller, of Boston, to Miss Josephine Barton Whidden.—At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Daniel C. Hutchinson to Miss Susan Watson, of Boston.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. James P. Greely to Miss Ellen Tilton, of Newbury.—At Salisbury, by Rev. Mr. Scott, Mr James Palmer to Miss Miriam L. Eaton.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Isaac Dickerman to Miss Louisa Westgate.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Joseph Mitchell, 45; Widow Elizabeth Banister, 53; Mr. Varnum B. Heald, 24; Mrs. Lois Weeks Todd, 40; Mr. William Campbell, 43: Mrs. Mary McEwen, 89; Mr. John L. Haynes, 40; Miss Pamelia Scudder, 20.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Margarette B. Chorley, 56.—At Newton, Samuel Hyde, Esq, 82.—At Somerville, Mrs. Harriette A. White, wife of E. N. Moore, Esq.—At South Malden, Mr. William Baldwin, 48.—At Dedham, Mrs. Rebecca, widow of the late Rev. John Chester, of Albany.—At Salem, Mr. Seth Currier, 40.—At Swampscot, Mr. William Fenno, late of Boston, 72.—At Newburyport, Capt. Moses Emery, 83; Miss Betsey Chute, 46.—At Marblehead, Mr. Albert C. Magoun, 28.—At Groveland, Mr. William H. Fowler, 33.—At Leominster, Miss Mary Newman, 70.—At Middleboro', Mr. Elisha E. Hammond, 29.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Abby A. Aikin, 58; Miss Hannah K. White, 18; Mrs. Averick P. Lewis, 36.—At Fall River, Mrs. Sarah C. Davis, 29.—At Edgartown, Mr. Charles Francis, 46; Mr. Ralph Cleaveland, 65.—At Lincoln, Miss Harriette W. Wellington.—At Nantucket, Mr. George Ruberg, 63.—At Leicester, Widow Persia Earle, 88.—At Gorham, Me., Widow Mary Coburn, formerly of Newburyport, 76.—At Turner, Me., Mrs. Francis Phillips, 40.—At North Stonington, Ct., Mr. Josiah B. Maine, 81.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DEAF BEAUTY.

BY RALPH TRYON.

"She is positively beautiful, Mrs. Strong."

"Pretty, I'll allow, Mr. Vapid. What a pity 'tis she is so deaf!"

"Deaf?—you astonish me."

"Why, she will have to carry a trumpet soon, for the malady grows upon her most fearfully."

"Quite a deaf belle, I declare! but I dare say she is not dumb. They say a woman never loses the use of her tongue, but with the loss of her breath," and Mr. Vapid laughed very complacently at what he considered a very original conceit.

"You are too severe upon the sex, to be thus witty at our expense," replied the lady, tapping him reprovingly with her fan.

"'Pon honor, I did not mean it. The fact is, I must bridle my own tongue, for it lets slide many a sharp thing that had better remain unsaid. But this Miss—eh? what is her name, by-the-by?"

"Ashley—Ida Ashley."

"Pretty name, by Jupiter! Pray, how did she become so unfortunate?"

"She may thank her own vanity. A ball, thin dress, low neck, short sleeves and a long ride home, gave her a severe cold, which resulted in a fever. Her recovery was doubtful and protracted, and left her almost bereft of hearing. She had the ambition to be considered a belle, and has suffered the punishment. How thankful I am that my daughter Emma was never guilty of so silly an aspiration! still, notwithstanding I am her mother, I may say that in person she would compare not unfavorably with the haughty Ida, although her style is entirely different."

"Your daughter is positively charming to-night. I think I never saw her looking better."

"Ah, you flatter!"

"Not at all, my dear madam. But where has she hidden herself? I declare I have been allowed hardly a glance this evening. Upon my word, this is very cruel of her."

"Indeed where can she be? Ah, I see her now—bless her kind heart—there in that corner, conversing with old Miss Hadly, whom every one neglects on account of her age and garrulity."

"Amiable, 'pon honor; but excuse me, madam, and I will rescue her from that chattering antique. It is really too bad of her to inflict herself with attentions to that venerable old sponge."

This conversation occurred at a fashionable party. Mrs. Strong was evidently a strong-minded woman, manœuvering for a husband for her daughter; and Vapid, shallow-pated but rich, the gudgeon for whom her hooks were baited. Miss Emma was doubtless a very interesting young lady, who was supposed to think only through "mama," and consequently quite ready to take any fish the maternal angler might catch for her.

But Ida Ashley, the object of their first remarks, the deaf beauty, as she was frequently called, although she was in such society, could not be said to belong strictly to this class. Proud she was called, because she allowed no idle train of flatterers to fawn about her; haughty, for the simple reason that she mingled not with the scandal gossips of her day. Unfortunate she truly was, at her early age, to be stricken with deafness. Still, she was not the object of open slight. The wealth and position of her father forbade this, and although society had lost for her much of its early charm, she still moved in its gay circles, because it was the desire of her parents.

At this gathering was a young man whose distinguished bearing and refined manners made him the guest of fashion rather than his position, which was considered obscure. He was a physician by profession, but comparatively unknown, and gossips reported that his first entry into society was the result of a mistake; but having pleased the rich widow B——, he was invited to her soiree, and by her intimate friends to others, until he became quite a matter-of-fact fixture. In fact, hardly a party occurred to which he did receive cards of invitation.

It was observed that the glance of the proud Ida softened as it rested upon his handsome features, and her voice took a deeper tone when it addressed him. He was also a fine musician, and gifted by nature with a rich and powerful voice, which, however, he seldom displayed except upon general entreaty, and then with reluctance. When he sang, it was one ear alone that he sought to please, and how well that object was effected the glowing features of the beautiful girl plainly evinced.

Accident, or something more than chance, brought these young people frequently into each other's society, until knowing mothers looked wisely at each other, and the young man was more in favor than ever with these schemers, who thus hoped that he would soon remove a powerful rival, which would leave a clearer field for their own daughters.

Mr. Ashley, a merchant of the old school, was one day seated in his private office. He was leaning back in his capacious arm-chair, his hand still holding listlessly the ready pen, although his thoughts were far from his immediate business. It was his daughter who thus caused his abstraction. Rumors of her growing intimacy with the young physician had already reached his ears, and he hardly knew whether to be pleased or angry with the intelligence. He despised the young men of the day who were termed fashionable, with a thoroughly old-fashioned prejudice.

On the contrary, this young man rather pleased him than otherwise. His simplicity, united with a highly cultivated mind, and the absence of ostentation and dandyism, had won the regard of the clear-minded man of business, who prided himself upon attaining his own position from the humblest walks of society. But there was an obscurity resting about this young Arthur Benson, which the merchant had not been able to fathom, and which he did not altogether like. No one seemed to know his family, or from whence he came, or his future prospects. In the midst of these reflections, to prove the truth of the old adage, the young man was announced as desirous of a few minutes' conversation; completely taking Mr. Ashley by surprise, who was uncertain of the object of so unusual a visit.

"Good-morning, Dr. Benson; you are an unexpected visitor, although I confess I had just been thinking of you."

"May I claim a few moments of your leisure?"

"Certainly; I will consider myself at your service for a half hour."

"I shall not trespass so long upon your time, but indeed I hardly know how to make known the object of my coming, which greatly concerns my happiness, and I may say my welfare."

"Suppose, sir," said Mr. Ashley, "that we dispense with the preface, and come at once to the point. It is my way, and I like it better."

"Then, sir, since you bid me speak out, I will do so, and briefly. The fact is that—"

"You love my daughter. Have I guessed aright?"

"You have."

"And you have told her so, and she, like a dutiful child as she is, has referred you to me?"

"No, sir; I have not been so bold. In my present position, I should be unable to justify such conduct, and, therefore, have first sought you."

"This is as it should be; but you spoke of your position. Pardon me if I ask for further information on that point."

The young man blushed slightly, but answered with a firm voice: "I do not blame you, Mr. Ashley, and will answer frankly. I am simply a young man with a fair education, a tolerable knowledge of my profession, but without fortune, striving to make my way in the world. I do not aspire to the hand of your daughter until I shall have earned the right to do so, but I simply ask leave to continue in her society until then."

"But your family—you have not spoken on this subject."

"True, sir, and I must still keep silence on that point. But for their respectability, I shall refer you to an eminent attorney, Mr. C——, who is, perhaps, not unknown to you."

"He happens to be my own counsel."

"So much the better, but even he will give you no further proof than his own assurance. The name and position he will withhold even from you."

"I don't like mystery, my young friend, but I must allow that you have dealt fairly with me. I shall seek the reference you have offered, not because I lack confidence in what you have said, but simply to discharge the duty I owe to my motherless child, whose inclinations I will never thwart except for her own welfare. Granting all that you have told me to be true, and I do not doubt it, if you have talents and energy, you will succeed. You shall have the opportunity for displaying both. There is my daughter. All that money can do has been done to relieve her misfortune. Cure her of her deafness, and I will not only allow your continued intimacy, but will not forbid the hope of attaining the very summit of your desires."

Love catches at a straw of hope, and the young doctor resolved to cure what had baffled the skill of the most renowned practitioners. Days of study and nights of intense toil passed in his medical researches, all devoted to this one object. His own health was suffering, but he still persevered.

Mr. Ashley one day received a letter from an old friend of his who was also an eminent merchant in another city. This friend, an old bachelor by-the-by, informed him that he was about to retire from business, and besought his assistance in finding out the whereabouts of his nephew and adopted son, whom, in a fit of anger, he had banished from his presence because he chose a profession instead of becoming his successor in business, as he wished to make him. This young man—Felton was his name,—he had reason to believe, had chosen the city in which Mr. Ashley resided, to practise his profession, and he thought that in his pride he had discarded his own name.

The merchant was astonished with this intelligence. He had not seen the nephew of his friend Felton since the former as a boy left to enter college, and was not aware of the rupture which had occurred. A light seemed to break upon his mind, after a few moments of reflection, judging by the smile which played upon his features; but he kept his own counsel, and commenced his investigations.

In the meantime, Mrs. Strong had proved herself a successful angler, and the redoubted Vapid had swallowed bait, hook and all. In short, he was securely engaged to the interesting Emma. Her future son-in-law was busy in conversation with the strong-minded woman, awaiting the return of the daughter, when making a morning call at the Ashleys, who of late had seldom appeared abroad.

"O, mama, such news!" exclaimed Emma, suddenly bursting into the room, and looking flushed and heated.

"Nothing serious, my dear, I hope?" said the mother.

"Don't tell it, if it is, my charmer," said Vapid; "for I think this serious news a confounded bore."

"Ida Ashley has recovered her hearing, and who do you think effected the cure?"

"Why, my dear, I am sure I can't tell. It surely could not have been Dr. Benson?"

"But it was, and furthermore, she is engaged."

"To Dr. Benson, of course."

"Not exactly, mama, but to Dr. Felton, who has now assumed his own name, after playing the masker so long with us as Arthur Benson. And what is more, he belongs to a high family, and is the heir to an immense fortune. After some difficulty with his uncle, who was his adopted father, he renounced his friends and came here under an assumed name. The old gentleman having retired from business, has sought a reconciliation, which Ida's wedding is to celebrate."

"Well, this is news indeed."

"Uncommon fine fellow," added Vapid. "I always thought he was better bred than he pretended; for a real gentleman can always tell another, no matter what guise he puts on. And now, since everybody is being made happy, I must say that it is positively cruel in you, Emma, not to name the day for my own happiness,—it is, 'pon honor."

Mrs. Strong, with a well dissembled reluctance, named the time at an early date—so early that Vapid was surprised at her goodness. But the fact was, that the strong-minded lady wished to get the start of the Ashleys. In which laudable effort she succeeded by some two or three days.

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It is not requisite that the entire club should be taken in one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post-office, but all subscriptions must come through the same agent. In order to be counted to his or her credit. This prize offer cannot be applied to any regular wholesale agent of our paper. The clubs must be *bona fide, and each name sent with the money*.

The result will be duly published, and evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

☞ Sample copies of the paper furnished gratis when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ *Ballou's Pictorial* and *The Flag of our Union* are sent to one address for $4 per annum.

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EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A street, two hundred and twenty feet broad, is to be laid out on the Back Bay lands, Bosfon. —— Lizzie Howard, a native of Roxbury, Mass., committed suicide in New York, on account of the desertion of one whom she had "loved not wisely but too well." At the grave, a sister in grief read Hood's touching poem, "The Bridge of Sighs," amid the tears and sobs of all present. —— Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the "sensation preacher" of London, is coming to this country. —— A flour laden vessel recently sailed from Charleston, S. C., for Barcelona, being the first shipment of breadstuffs from Charleston to Spain; though but one of many cargoes recently shipped from the United States to that country and Portugal—the harvests there being deficient this season. Both Spain and Portugal have heretofore been large exporters of grain. —— It is a noteworthy circumstance that fully two-thirds of the cheap books published in London during the last three years, are reprints of American works. —— Water has been discovered at Tamerna, near Bathno, in Africa, on the edge of the Southern Desert, after boring to a depth of about two hundred feet. This was the first well bored on the European plan; and as the place had already suffered dreadfully from drought, the natives, it is said, manifested "frantic joy" on seeing the waters burst forth. —— Good honey is raised in California. In some places, however, the bees feed upon the blossoms of the mustard plant, and thereby impart a spicy flavor to the article. —— Prince Lucien is about to commence, on his return to Paris, the publication of the gospel of St. Matthew in all the Basque dialects, and after that a map of the countries in which the Basque language is still spoken. The Prince every day assembles at his table at St. Jean de Luz, representatives of the numerous dialects of that language in Spain and in France. —— The lumber trade between Puget Sound and Honolulu is becoming important. Seven vessels, of 2000 tons capacity, are employed in the trade. —— Owing to the failure of the apple crop in Europe, there is a large demand at New York for apples for exportation, and at least 10,000 barrels of Newton pippins, embracing the best of the crop, will be sent this fall. One firm already has contracts for England to the amount of 6000 barrels. This variety of apples has the preference above all others, though Baldwins and Russets are exported to some extent. —— A horse which met Rice's circus elephant in the road near Frederick, Md., fell in the shafts and expired of fright. —— In the Islands of the Pacific Ocean, there are, in connection with the London Church Wesleyan and American Missionary Societies, 119 missionaries, 45,929 communicants, 239,900 professed Protestants, and 54,709 scholars. —— Edwin Forrest has recently sold Fonthill for one hundred thousand dollars. —— Whiskers and cold weather seem to be coming on together. As the cold strengthens, the hair lengthens. It is a sort of natural greatcoat for man's frontispiece —and don't look bad, either. —— The population of California is decreasing. —— An agent of the American Bible Society, in Turkey, says that, in a recent tour in the Levant, he everywhere found an increased interest in the Bible and the Christian religion among the Moslems, who are becoming indifferent and skeptical with regard to their faith. —— The weather-wise are predicting an open winter. —— In London, the size of a drink of ale is established by law. Recently a pot-house keeper was prosecuted and fined for selling the beverage in measures holding less than a pint. —— The Kingston (C. W.) News tells of a singular death which occurred in Belleville on Friday. A little girl, aged ten, daughter of a widow Brennan, while in a graveyard, was killed by a gravestone falling over upon her.

A GREAT CURIOSITY.

The United States frigate Macedonian recently brought from Java to this country a specimen of the mouse deer, one of the most curious and interesting little creatures in the world. When full grown they are about the size of the ordinary rabbit of our forest, and shaped like the American deer. The limbs are very delicate, and the hoof, which is cloven, is almost transparent. In color they are a reddish brown, with a white breast and stomach. From the nose, extending back to the ear, is a tan-colored stripe on each side, and the lower jaw a white stripe, forming a trident. They feed like cattle, and chew a cud like that species of the animal creation. They are easily domesticated. The eye is large and projecting, but the ears are short and oblong. They are said to be very swift, and their appearance would indicate it, as they are formed precisely like the red deer of this country.

Liberality.—A year ago, says the Independent, four churches in New York and Brooklyn, the "Pilgrim," "Plymouth," "Puritans" and "Tabernacle," agreed each to raise $2000 toward the liquidation of the debt of the New England church in Brooklyn, provided that church itself should raise $8000 for the purpose. The whole work is now accomplished, so that a debt of $15,000 has been cancelled, and a property worth upwards of $40,000 is made entirely secure and safe in the hands of the New England church and society.

Volcano.—The lava from the volcano of Mauna Loa, Sandwich Islands, has already desolated about two hundred thousand acres, which will remain forever barren. Volcanoes decidedly do not pay.

Worth knowing.—It is said that a small piece of rosin dipped in hot water, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give relief to persons troubled with a cough.

Letters.—In Hobart Town, Australia, there is a bookstore containing 14,000 copies of valuable works. This fact speaks volumes.

Wayside Gatherings.

A young lady by the name of Humphrey was fined $5 in Albany, lately, for spitting in another lady's face.

A number of San Francisco gentlemen are forming a cricket club on the plan of the Newark, N. J., club.

A wildcat of the largest size was lately killed in Calaveras, Cal., by a Walla chief, with bow and arrows. He was sold to a Chinaman for $2,50, for the purpose of a stew.

The Friend of India estimates the number of converts to Christianity at probably one hundred thousand in India, and twenty thousand more in Ceylon.

New York has become the largest German city in the world, except Vienna, Berlin and Hamburg, and Germans exist in as full force on the Hudson as on the Rhine.

The Chicago Democrat learns that a gentleman from Scotland, a banker there, has brought on half a million of dollars to Chicago for investment in railroad and other stocks

A man named Church visited Staunton, Va., with a load of corn from Pendleton. He is 82 years old; and his mother, aged 107, and his father, aged 112 years, are both living.

The Chicago papers state that another vessel is about being fitted out at that port for Europe. The owner proposes to freight his craft with corn, and is going out as supercargo.

An exchange says down in New Orleans it requires three persons to start a business firm—one to die with yellow fever, one to get killed in a duel, and the third to wind up the business.

Vivier, the celebrated French musician, is engaged to come to the United States, but is so frightened at our numerous railroad accidents that he demands a life insurance for fifty thousand dollars.

A curious phenomenon has recently been observed in Greece. The lake Copais has completely dried up, and an immense tract of fertile land is thus rendered available for the purposes of agriculture.

The catalogue of Williams College for 1856-7, just published, shows a total of 224 students—seniors, 55; juniors, 58; sophomores, 60; freshmen 51. New York furnishes 88, and Massachusetts 60 of the whole number.

It is stated that the French government has shipped to the United States 20,000 barrels of prime mess pork, purchased in Cincinnati, Ohio, during the Crimean war. Being no longer wanted, it is sent back for a market.

The heroic Sir Charles Napier wrote very beautifully and touchingly to a lady on the eve of his great victory at Meanee—"If I survive I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall I shall be with those I have loved."

An exchange says that metallic life preservers made of thin sheet copper, are the safest and best. It would be very easy to make every seat, table and mattress used on board a steamboat a life preserver, and steamboat proprietors should be compelled to do this.

The venerable Judge Samuel Hoar died at his residence in Concord, Mass., lately, after a short illness. The long, active and useful life of Judge Hoar made him one of the most respected and valued of our citizens, and his death will be regretted by thousands.

While we were correcting proofs last evening, we heard repeated rappings on our window, "as of some one gently tapping." On looking round, we found a little sparrow sitting on the sill and looking at the gas-light. But as we didn't raise the window, he turned away—perhaps he would if we had.—*Portland Advertiser.*

Among the recent arrivals of emigrants at New York, were several French political refugees. There were also thirty-six soldiers of the British Foreign Legion, who served in the Crimea. They came in uniform, and landed with their knapsacks on their backs. They are on their way to the bounty lands in Canada granted to them by the British government.

The Chinese made porcelain as early as 185 years before Christ. The porcelain paste used by the Chinese is a mixture of kaolin, which is infusible in the furnace, being merely baked. The glazing of the famous Sevres porcelain of France is more difficult to fuse than Chinese glazing.

The Royal Gazette, of Greytown, Demarara, publishes an account of the seizure of a large Camondie, a species of boa constrictor. He had seized a fine sheep, and coiling around its body, crushed the bones of the animal and killed it. A laborer, who was near, ran up to the monster and destroyed it with his cutlass. When uncoiled, it was found to measure twenty-five feet in length.

New apples, of extraordinary excellence, have been discovered in the Crimea, which will no doubt find their way to Europe and America. Pallas speaks of one called Linap Alma, which keeps until July, and only acquires its excellence before the new year. Wagon loads are annually sent to Moscow, and even St. Petersburg. There is also an autumn apple, thought to be far the best ever tasted in any country.

Horse racing is fast becoming a respectable "institution," and there is now scarcely a county in New York which cannot boast of its race track, where people can witness the sports of the turf without compromising their standing in the church or community. Of course *no racing* is allowed on these tracks. By a very dexterous construction, as the lawyers would say, that "sin" is avoided. The horses go around singly, and the "committee"—not the "judges," mind ye—time 'em just to see which can go the fastest.

Prof. Loomis, in the preface to his recent work on Astronomy, states that "it is but twenty-five years since the first telescope, exceeding those of a portable size, was imported into the United States. Now we have one telescope which acknowledges no superior, and several which would be worthy of a place in the finest observatories in Europe." The manufacture of astronomical instruments in this country, is said to be carried to a high state of perfection.

A package of old love-letters recently brought a man $20,000, in Bristol, England. His first flame married another man, and he himself also married, but retained the letters of his first love, against an occasional remonstrance of his wife. After some years the writer of the letters died a widow, leaving her old lover $20,000, and her letters to him were essential to prove his identity. The wife is now glad she was not allowed to burn the evidence of her husband's affection for another.

Among the literary treasures in Durham Cathedral, England, is a book with a cover executed in needlework by Lady Arabella Stuart, niece of Mary Queen of Scots, and grand-daughter of Henry the Seventh, who died a lunatic in the Tower. She was a well educated woman, and worked the cover to show her respect for Greek and Hebrew learning. Her handiwork is now a little tattered, and one day, a lady visitor to the cathedral, being admitted to the library, with a woman's kindness and love of neatness, offered to "mend the cover," an offer which, of course, was declined.

Foreign Items.

Presents from the King of Siam to Queen Victoria are on their way. Amongst them is an elephant of remarkable color, which will probably cause some little excitement in England on its arrival.

There are over a thousand princes in Germany, great and small, who receive annually from the people over two hundred millions of dollars; while a laborer works eighteen hours out of twenty-four for seventy-cents per week.

A sensible testimonial to Handel is proposed in Germany, to be ready against the anniversary of 1859. The testimonial is to be an edition of the entire works of the master, so cheap as to be within reach of the poorest musical student.

Slips of earth into the principal crater of Vesuvius have been taking place for some time past. It is feared that the entire summit of the mountain will disappear in the open chasm. Violent and continual reports have of late proceeded from the volcano.

A Hamburg correspondent of a London paper writes, that although the rent paid by the British ambassador for his hotel during the coronation at Moscow is *thirty thousand dollars a month*, the house did not contain an apartment large enough for a ball-room.

A little girl, of Bristol, was missed by its parents, and was supposed to have been drowned. An alarm was given, the river was dragged, and, the body not being found, the friends of the disconsolate mother commenced to console her. The child all this time was standing among the watching crowd.

Two galley slaves at Genoa conceived a mortal hatred for another convict, who had been rewarded for good behaviour. They armed themselves with two sharpened nails, with which they stabbed him to the heart. One of the murderers was immediately arrested; the other had to be killed, he fought so desperately.

A statue of Froissart has been inaugurated with much ceremony at Valenciennes, the native place of the chronicler. It is by M. Lemaire, of the Institute, the sculptor of the pediment of the Madeleine at Paris, and other great works. The likeness of the historian is taken from a miniature painted in one of his "Chroniques." A cantata was executed and sung, and speeches in honor of Froissart were delivered on the occasion.

Sands of Gold.

.... The desire of appearing clever often prevents our becoming so.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor; who lives to fancy, never can be rich.—*Young.*

.... Call him wise whose actions, words, and steps are all a clear *because* to a clear *why*.—*Lavater.*

.... As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious.—*Landor.*

.... Music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy.—*Sidney Smith.*

.... True glory strikes root, and even extends itself; all false pretensions fall as do flowers, nor can anything feigned be lasting. —*Cicero.*

.... Two things are necessary to a modern martyr,—some to pity, and some to persecute; some to regret, and some to roast him.—*Colton.*

.... Pleasure is a necessary reciprocal; no one feels, who does not at the same time give it. To be pleased, one must please. What pleases you in others, will in general please them in you.—*Chesterfield.*

.... There is a truth, accommodated to our nature, which poetry best conveys. There is a truth for the reason; there is a truth for the passions; there is a truth for every character of man. —*Landor.*

.... Whatsoever is not detrimental to society, and is of positive enjoyment, is of God, the giver of all good things, and ought to be received and enjoyed by his creatures with thankful delight.—*Robert Burns.*

.... Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you want ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.—*Franklin.*

.... The day-laborer, who earns with horny hand and the sweat of his brow, coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised, by this generous motive, to true dignity; and though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others.—*Channing.*

Joker's Budget.

When you see a small waist, think how great a waste of health it represents.

Punch says it requires an early start, now-a-days, for a man to get round his wife.

The boy that undertook to suck an egg plant and was choked by the yolk, has recovered.

Good taste generally prevails in the naming of English yachts. We can't, however, include Lt. Col. Mountjoy Martin's *Emetic.*

The Mohammedans believe that our first parents forfeited paradise by eating *wheat*, which deprived them of their primeval purity.

A negro once gave the following toast: "De gobernor ob de State—he come in wid bery little opposition—he go out wid none at all."

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

A person pretending to have seen a ghost, was asked what the apparition said to him. "How should I know?" he replied; "I am not skilled in the dead languages!"

A young lady in the millinery line, having been deserted by her lover, exclaimed, "Such a menial ought to be battered to death with thimbles, and buried in a bandbox!"

An Irish gentleman hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "By me sowl, an' that's a good idee! Shure, an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his life time!"

A lady in Oregon, in writing to a friend in this city, says that cattle in that region live to such a great age, their owners have to fasten long poles to the end of their horns, *for the wrinkles to run out on!*

A Rhode Island clergyman recently illustrated his argument in favor of corporal punishment for children by a pleasant piece of witticism. He said that "the child when once started in a course of evil conduct, was like a locomotive on the wrong track—it takes the *switch* to get it off."



AN ITALIAN WINE CARRIER.

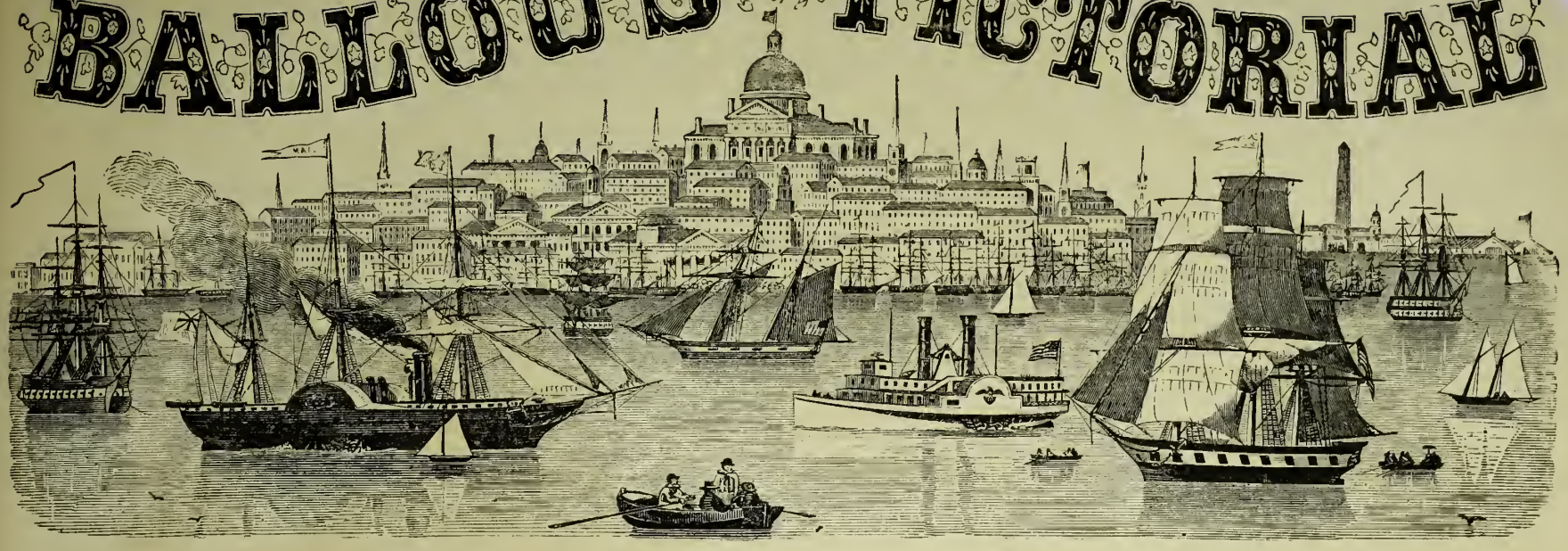
THE ROMAN WINE-CARRIER.

The fine engraving on this page depicts one of those Roman wine-carriers, of whom travellers in Italy have so often spoken. He is walking beside his horse, smoking his pipe, and presents a fine type of the Italian peasant. His costume, careless and picturesque, is worn with that artistic air which distinguishes even the humblest inhabitant of the land of art. On his handsome and manly face, however, there is a shade of sadness, which is not uncommon to the expression of the Italian faces in repose—no bad indices of those fervent hearts that "now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime." Poor Italy! well may a cloud rest upon the brow of her children! Well may the Roman girl sing:

"O, Rome, Rome, thou art no more
What thou hast been,
When on thy seven hills of yore
Thou sat'st a queen."

Vainly does the softest of skies bend over Italia—vainly does the bluest of waters lave her curving shores. Every hill, every valley, every promontory is marked by the ruins of departed greatness. Once the mistress of the world—now no longer mistress of herself. In her fairest cities the gleam of foreign bayonets is seen, and the roll of foreign drums is heard. Austrian and French uniforms mingle in the Eternal City. The heart of the nation is crushed out. Now and then, at long intervals, there is a spasmodic movement among her people, giving rise to wild hopes of Italian liberty but the cordon of absolutism is drawn too closely around her to afford room for hope. At one time, and in the star of Napoleon the Great, it seemed as if a bright future was in store for her; but the great emperor died without accomplishing his plans for the regeneration of united Italy

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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METROPOLITAN HORSE RAILROAD.

The fine engraving below is from a drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Champney. It represents the cars of the Metropolitan Railroad at the Boston terminus in Tremont Street, and embraces an accurate view of the Tremont House and the gateway of the Granary Burying Ground. The comfort, convenience and economy of horse railroads, benefiting all classes of the community, are now almost universally recognized. By another year there will be six of these lines for the purpose of accommodating the travel to and from Charlestown, Dorchester and Cambridge, and in the direction of Brookline and Brighton. The Metropolitan Railroad Company was the first chartered. This road commences at the Tremont House, and extends by a double track through Tremont Street, passing on the side of the street next to the Granary Burying Ground and the Common, to the intersection of Tremont with Boylston at the Winthrop House; thence by a single track through Tremont and Dover to Washington Street, also by another single track, from the same intersection, through Boylston and Washington to the junction at Dover Street. From this point the line runs by a double track to the Norfolk House in Roxbury. In connection with the main line, the company have a branch to the Dorchester line, near Cottage Street, in that town, by way of Eustis Street and Mount Pleasant, Roxbury. Branches will probably be added through Warren Street, Oak Street, Roxbury, and from the Norfolk House, via Centre Street, to the line of West Roxbury at Hog Bridge, the last named branch being intended to meet the Jamaica Plains road. In Boston, the Metropolitan Company have a location over the Tremont Avenue, past the Boston and Providence Railroad, crossing through Lowell Street to its junction with Centre Street, Roxbury, at Hog Bridge. This branch will be constructed in the spring. The route of the cars from the Tremont House is through Boylston, Tremont and Washington Street, over the Neck to Roxbury, returning through Dover and Tremont Street. The station-house and offices of the company are in the Metropolitan Hotel, formerly the Montgomery House, and lately occupied by our own establishment. The offices are fitted up very liberally, and embrace a complete suite of apartments for the ladies, provided with all the modern conveniences. The equipment of the company will consist of 500 horses, from 40 to 50 cars, including open and top-seated cars, 50 omnibuses and 80 close and open sleighs. The cars for Roxbury are all painted a straw color, and will show a green light at both ends. Those for the Dorchester line, via Eustis Street and Mount Pleasant, are painted blue, edged with gold. The Neck cars are painted red, and will show red lights. The Neck cars will run from the Roxbury line only; the Roxbury cars to all points will run through Roxbury Street. Appropriate light-boards on the top of each of these lines will indicate their precise destination respectively. A part of these cars will show lights from the dome ventilators on the top. The cars will seat comfortably 24 passengers, and it is the intention of the company to provide enough for all to have a seat. A car will run from each main terminus every two minutes. At present the cars run from daylight to midnight, but will soon run three or four times an hour from midnight till morning.



THE METROPOLITAN HORSE RAILROAD, TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.

WEALTH AND HONOR.

"The miser lives alone, abhorred by all,
Like a disease, that cannot so be 'scaped,
But, canker-like, eats through the poor men's hearts
That live about him—never has commerce
With any, but to ruin them."

"It will never do to go up stairs in this plight," muttered Holbrook, as he rose and endeavored with his handkerchief to staunch the blood that was flowing profusely from a cut made in his forehead by the sharp corner of the lower stair, against which he had fallen. "Luckily 'tis only skin deep, and I will go down to Job Carr's, where I can wash off the blood."

So he left the palace, and was soon threading the lanes of the lower town, with his hat over his eyes, and his cloak drawn up about his blood-stained face. The tell tale scar was livid with rage, and the more he thought of the boldness with which the Indian girl had punished his rudeness, the more savagely did revenge gnaw at his heart. Meanwhile he arrived in that part of the city frequented by the lowest and most abandoned of both sexes, and stopped before an antiquated house, over the door of which was a sign, bearing the time-faded inscription: "Job Carr, Dealer in Marine Stores."

The door was fastened, and such a dull, heavy echo followed Holbrook's vigorous knocks, that the old house seemed deserted. Holbrook, however, knew better, and going up a side alley, he unceremoniously entered the yard, where a wrinkled old hag was washing. Familiar as she was with vice-distorted countenances, the bloody and ferocious visage of the intruder made her start, and she exclaimed:

"Be you human?"

"Human!" he hissed; "that is more than any one in this den is. Where is Carr?"

"Got something to sell?" asked the old woman, in an inquisitive tone.

"Where is Carr, I ask?" roared Holbrook, becoming more and more irritated.

"Not to home for the hangman," answered the old hag, with a chuckling laugh; "so I guess you'd better get out."

The countenance of Holbrook assumed a look of diabolical ferocity, and snatching up a billet of wood, he would surely have struck his tormentor had not a head been protruded from an upper window, as if to ascertain the cause of the difficulty. Holbrook was not to be forgotten by any one who had once seen him, and as he raised his arm, his angry purpose was stayed by a soft, yet masculine voice:

"Don't bit her—don't hit her! She's a sort of simpleton, and don't know ye. Let him in, Becky; he's a friend."

"A friend!" growled the old dame, fastening a look of malignant spite upon Holbrook as she opened the house door. "A few sich friends as this would keep the ghosts off."

"Hold your tongue," said Holbrook, "and take this half guinea to buy brandy with, to make you good-natured."

The old woman clutched the coin in her skinny palm, without a word of thanks, and Holbrook entered the kitchen, which was half filled with old sails, cordage and scraps of iron. The walls were blackened with smoke, although but a few embers then occupied the huge fire-place, and but little light found its way through the dirt-begrimmed windows. There was but a scanty array of old furniture, and the aspect of the place was wretched and cheerless indeed.

Yet it seemed an appropriate abiding-place for the owner, who entered from a side door. Originally tall, his meagre form was now bent by time, and long white locks hung in matted masses upon his rounded shoulders. His cadaverous countenance was formed of a succession of sharp angular lines, which gave him a look of low cunning, while his reddish eyes, gleaming from their sunken pits, seemed almost to light up the obscurity of the room. Unshaven and unwashed, with a patched, greasy suit of clothes, he appeared more like a wild beast than a civilized being.

"Well," said he, in a purring tone of voice, "have you had a tussle with your young bride?"

"What bride?" in turn inquired Holbrook.

"Why, the dear lost one for whom you went, and who you intended to bring back as Mrs. Holbrook, to crave her lady-mother's blessing, and her property."

"Half of which," sarcastically growled Holbrook, "was to go into the well-filled coffers of Job Carr."

"Nay, worthy captain,—I have no coffers. I am a poor man—a miserably poor man. But did I not discover the prize? Did I not discover, in an old anchor brought me by a Yankee cabin-boy, a clue to the missing vessel, to which I knew at a glance it belonged? Did I not then ascertain that the young heiress had been saved, and lived? And did I not give you, my valiant soldier, money to go and secure her with?"

"Give me some water," said Holbrook, with provoking coolness. "I wish to wash the blood from my face."

"But the girl—my money advanced?"

"Hang you, the girl, and your money! Give me some water."

Although burning with impatience to learn the result of Holbrook's mission, the old miser, with a heavy heart, was forced to bring a basin of water, a tiny bit of soap, and a diminutive towel that was worn thin enough to serve as a mosquito net.

"Here is what you want," said he. "Now will you have a small glass of spirits?"

"Not I!" exclaimed Holbrook, as he removed the blood stains. "But a good half tankard of it, without a drop of the liquid called water, for which I have no reverence. Bring also a clean pipe and some tobacco."

Groaning at such extravagance, the unwilling host disappeared, but soon returned with what had been so unceremoniously demanded.

"Good!" exclaimed Holbrook, after having nearly drained the tankard of its fiery contents. Then leisurely seating himself, he filled his pipe, and began to smoke in the most provoking way, apparently enjoying the uneasiness of Carr, who appeared to be sitting upon pins, so nervously did he move about. At last the expected budget of news was opened. Holbrook, it appeared, had gone to Massachusetts for the express purpose of abducting Mabel Gwynne, and forcing her to marry him, that he might secure her property. But her boldness in escaping from him, as has been previously narrated, frustrated his schemes, neither could he succeed in carrying her from the rectory, so closely did Frank Ordway keep watch and ward there.

"And so," he concluded, "having a chance to do a little business in the way of news carrying between the armies, I gave up the chase. The game is still there."

A groan escaped from Carr, which seemed to have been wrung from the depths of his very heart, while Holbrook puffed away with apparent unconcern. It was a moment of deep meditation for each one.

"I suppose," blandly remarked Carr, "that you are willing to repay me the sum which I loaned you before you started?"

"Loaned me!" exclaimed Holbrook, regarding his companion with an eye of fierce scrutiny.

"Yes—that is—well, you had the money."

"And you, sitting in this old shanty like a spider watching for flies, would have made over a hundred per cent. had I been successful," said Holbrook, with the sullen displeasure of an injured man. "So no more of that, old two per cent., but when this fighting is over, I mean to try again. Meanwhile, I have something equally good in view."

"What is it?" eagerly inquired Carr, his face beaming with the exultation of prospective gain.

"Do many officers come here to borrow money now-a-days?"

"Yes—nearly all," replied the old miser; but then he took care to add: "Of course, I can accommodate but few of them, for capitalists are scarce in Quebec."

"O stop your poverty cant," said Holbrook. "The fact is, that Quebec is now in great danger of being captured."

"I fear it is."

"Well, for a consideration, the continental force can be rendered powerless, and their leader will surrender them with but a mockery of an engagement."

"And he asks?"

"He asks ten thousand pounds, so do I. What per centage will you discount for us at?"

"Fifty per cent."

"You extortionate old hoard-up! Never mind; I must have a couple of hundred guineas at any price."

"Two hundred demons! Why, I have not ten in the house!" exclaimed Carr, with the despairing look of a ruined man.

"You can obtain them, if not—"

Holbrook's remarks were here interrupted by the same discharge of artillery which had been heard at the Intendant's Palace, but which was so near at hand as to make Carr's old windows rattle madly in their frames.

"I must hasten to see what this is," he exclaimed, and left the house, greatly to the relief of his host, who rubbed his thin hands cheerfully together as the sound of the desperado's footsteps smote heavily upon his ear.

"Aha!" muttered the old man. "He thinks he can fool Job Carr, but he is mistaken. Madame de Frontenac will give me more to restore her daughter single, than to have her come back the wife of that rascal. I will write her at once."

About half an hour before the discharge of artillery to which double allusion has been made, a canoe, with four Indians bending its paddles as they urged it along the rapid current, had been seen coming down the St. Lawrence. It was evidently from Montreal, and as it drew near the water battery, news spread throughout the city that the governor was on board. He had been anxiously expected, and as he was very popular, crowds rushed down to welcome him.

Rumor for once was correct, and it was a salute fired as the canoe was brought alongside of the wharf, that had caused so much alarm in palace and in hovel. True, he brought unpleasant intelligence, for he had been forced to surrender Moutreal, and had only escaped by using muffled paddles. Yet he was nevertheless welcome.

Vigorous and muscular, General Carlton had a commanding aspect, and his very manner and gestures bespoke that decision of action which inspires the wavering with valor, while it makes the erring tremble. The fire of genius flashed from his full eye, which never glanced at an object but looked it through and through, while equal characteristics of firm determination were easily discernible around his well-formed mouth. The very presence of such a leader restored confidence.

Acknowledging with graceful bows the cheers of the assembled crowds on the wharf, and briefly stating the position of things at Montreal, the governor hastened to the castle. Ere proceeding far on his way thither, however, he was greeted by Colonel MacLean, who had hastened to meet him, and who immediately began to explain why he had assumed so much responsibility, and how he had exercised command.

"You were right—quite right," said the governor, when he had heard all the worthy colonel's plans, "and I shall take great pleasure in giving you due honor in my despatch. Meanwhile, let me solicit your continued co-operation."

CHAPTER XVI.

PLOTTING AND COUNTER-PLOTTING.

"From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow;
Prompt at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood."

A review of the garrison by the governor, on the morning after his arrival, enlivened the city at an early hour. Squadrons of horse swept by at a brisk trot; field-pieces and caissons rumbled heavily along; battalions of infantry were announced by their bands, and the bagpipes of the Highlanders were echoed by the bugles of the riflemen. The line was formed on the Plains of Abraham, rendered immortal by Wolfe's glorious victory, and before all the troops had arrived, the limits marked out for the parade were defined by a large concourse of spectators, which formed a brilliant framework to the martial panorama. A glowing autumn sun gilded each sword and bayonet, and a pleasant breeze, as it stirred plaids and plumes, added to the effect. Every one appeared to be in high spirits; the smiles of beauty and the cheers of manhood encouraging those who were evidently so well prepared to defend the city.

The governor was most delighted of all, and when, in the imposing column which marched past him in review, he recognized whole companies of discharged veterans, mingled with volunteers from the merchants and the students, he exclaimed to his staff: "I had to run from Montreal, but the rebels will have to run from Quebec!"

After the review, the governor invited his principal officers to accompany him to the Intendant's Palace, that they might plan an observatory on its roof, where a watch could be kept. The spacious edifice was now only tenanted by a few domestics, Madame de Frontenac having removed her seminary to the castle; but on entering the hall, Colonel MacLean was reminded of a question which he had intended to ask earlier.

"Tell me, Dupre," said he, "have you heard that our Yankee friend attempted to insult that bewitching Indian girl who accompanied Madame de Frontenac yesterday, when she called at the castle?"

"No. The scoundrel, if it is so, I will whip him like a dog!"

"He deserves it; but my informant stated that the girl gave him a good share of punishment by pushing him over against a step, which cut his head. At any rate, such is my orderly's reason why we were not honored with his company yesterday at dinner, though I did not regret seeing the chair he was to occupy vacant."

"Of whom are you speaking, gentlemen?" asked the governor.

"A fellow who brought the information that the continentals were coming here by the way of the Kennebec," replied Colonel MacLean.

"What—Holbrook?"

"The same. Does your excellency know him?"

"I received a letter on my arrival last night, cautioning me against him, as being really in the service of the rebels. I think we had better keep an eye on him."

"That will not be difficult," said Colonel MacLean, who had gone to look in the garden from a window. "Yonder he sits on the wharf, busily engaged in fishing."

"Let us go and question him," proposed the governor. "I wish, at any rate, to see if we must erect a battery in the garden."

So, followed by his officers, he directed his steps towards the river band. Just at that moment, and as if Providence had so directed it, a canoe shot alongside of the wharf, and the Indian who had paddled it handed a large letter to Holbrook.

"Caught, by my sword-knot!" whispered Colonel Dupre. And at a signal from the governor, the party slackened their steps, that they might observe this singular interview. For some moments they were in earnest conversation, for Holbrook evidently had no idea that there was any spectator. But soon the wary Indian espied the group, and one glance convinced the traitor of his perilous position. A few words, and away the Indian shot in his canoe, while Holbrook, slowly turning around, affected to see the group of officers. Springing to his feet, he advanced directly towards them, holding in his hand the letter which he had just received, its seal unbroken.

"I suppose," said he, with great self-possession, "that I have the honor of addressing his excellency the governor?"

"You have," was General Carlton's reply, with a gracious bow.

"Then it is no more than proper that you should be the first to read a missive just received from an agent in the rebel army." And with a low bow he handed the document to General Carlton.

The governor took the letter, broke the seal, glanced at the contents, and read:

"Dear Dan,—The game will arrive in a day or two after this, and be sure that you take good care of it."

"A brief epistle," said Colonel MacLean.

"Of little consequence, if its meaning is unknown," replied Holbrook, with a meaning smile.

"Can you interpret it?" asked the governor.

"To your excellency," was the reply, "if you will step one side a few moments."

The governor complied with his request, and after an animated conversation (during which Holbrook exhibited his passport from Lord Howe, as a "trusty and loyal secret agent,") he returned to the group of officers, saying:

"Colonel MacLean, you will detail a squadron of cavalry to-night for active duty, commanded, if possible, by an officer who is acquainted with the surroundiag country. Let them have ten rounds of ball cartridge for their pistols, and report for duty at the castle at ten o'clock."

The old soldier raised his hand mechanically to acknowledge this order, but in his heart he wondered why it was given. It is the duty of a soldier, however, to obey, not to question.

"Now, gentlemen," said the governor, "let us again ascend the palace staircases, and see if we can contrive an observatory. Mr. Holbrook, I shall be pleased to see you at seven o'clock."

When they had left, Holbrook drew a long breath, as if he felt that he had narrowly escaped detection by the promptness of his action. Just as he was about to return to the wharf for his fishing-tackle, he saw Colonel Dupre again approaching him, and again his fears were revived, though he retained an air of self-possession.

"My good fellow," said the Canadian, "I fear I wronged you yesterday."

"Never mind—never mind," replied Holbrook, again relieved.

"You must bear in mind, though," continued Dupre, "that we Canadians feel ourselves outcasts in our native land, and are therefore very sensitive."

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Holbrook.

"Indeed, Mr. Holbrook, I am not sure, after all, that we should not do better with the colonies, if they succeed."

"Perhaps so," was the guarded response. Holbrook, like other rascals, was prompt to entertain suspicions at the slightest appearance of anything which did not look perfectly open. It occurred to him that the Canadian was endeavoring to extort some criminating remark, and while he answered with great reserve, he encountered his questioner's gaze with steady assurance. While questions and answers were thus exchanged, the colonel had as it were led his companion iato the palace, and proposed to visit the conservatory. Holbrook agreed, and when there, after having admired the floral beauties, the conversation was renewed.

"Sometimes," said the Canadian, "I feel tempted to desert, with all my forces, to the rebel standard."

"Surely, then, you must be subject to fits of derangement?"

"By no means. Look at the honors and emoluments before an officer, whose only rivals are booksellers like Knox, blacksmiths like Greene, or doctors like the leader at Bunker Hill."

"You seem posted up on the rebels' history," quietly ejaculated Holbrook. "But I see nothing in any of them to admire."

"But the cause—the sacred cause. Tell me, can you, for a large sum in gold, ascertain the probability of my receiving a general's commission from the Congress, if I go over, and thus surrender the city to Arnold?"

Such a proposition from such a source would, at any other time, have been eagerly grasped at by Holbrook, but now a vague suspicion that some snare was spread out for him had full possession of his mind. So he replied:

"Colonel Dupre, if this is a jest, it is a sorry one; if you are in earnest, Dan Holbrook is the very last man to select as a go-between. I draw the king's pay, sir, and although to serve his interests I may perform his secret service, I am not enlistiag for the rebel ranks."

"Bravely spoken!" exclaimed Governor Carlton, coming out from the retreat in the centre of the conservatory, followed by his officers. "To speak frankly, Holbrook, it was deemed advisable to test your fidelity at this critical juncture, and I coagratulate you on escaping unharmed from the trying ordeal."

"Thank you," muttered Holbrook. "But I think that my Canadian friend here is very apt in his part in the farce, although I had to play a new role."

"Never mind—never mind," laughingly responded the governor. "But instead of comiag to tea at seven, let me see you to diue at five."

Holbrook bowed thanks, and again the officers left him, more relieved than before. "Aha!" he chuckled to himself, "it is not by such French chaff that Dan Holbrook is caught. It was a narrow escape, though."

Curiosity now prompted him to examine the retreat wherein his unseen audience had been secreted, and while he was wonderiug if it was constructed expressly for listeners, he heard a noise directly under his feet. Then it was evident that some one was unbolting a trap-door, and the thought occurring to him that he might in turn endeavor to glean something which might be of advantage, he whipped under a large table, which was covered by a cloth reaching to the floor. Hardly had he thus concealed himself, when the trap-door was thrown up, and the rustling of female apparel announced the presence of one belonging to the gentler sex. Holbrook drew his breath gently, and lay crouched like a tiger, ready to spring on certain yet unknown prey. But he was not long in suspense, for heavy footsteps soon entered by the door from the conservatory, and he immediately recognized the voice of Job Carr.

"I am here, madame," whined the miser.

Holbrook held his breath, then started, despite himself, as he recognized the tones of Madame de Frontenac's familiar voice. Years had passed since he had heard it last, each year marked by crime and wrong, yet it swept across his troubled heart as the sound of a Sabbath bell does to one condemned to die near the home of his youth."

"I also am prompt," said she, "although I cannot imagine why you should have sent me so urgent a request for a private interview, and here."

"I have news for you that you will value."

Madame de Frontenac looked steadily into the man's face with an inquiring glance, and then, with lips quivering with eageraess, she exclaimed:

"News! Can it be that you have news of—"

She had aot the courage to finish, but the miser supplied the word—that word for which her heart thirsted:

"Of your daughter? I have."

Her daughter! The fate of her child had been a bitter drop which had poisoned her cup of life, and made her long for a cooling draught of the waters of oblivion. She had neither murmured nor complained, but in silence had wept over the lost one, guarding a hope of again clasping the wanderer to her heart as a secret treasure. Again hope lit up her pale countenance, and she inquired:

"Where is she?" She dared not ask how is she.

"A long way off, madame, but money will bring her back," replied Carr, with a chuckle, as if counting the gold which he was certain of securing.

Madame de Frontenac's cheeks, which had burned with excitement, became pale as death. The news had broken upon her so suddenly as almost to deprive her of the power of thought, yet she had felt a faint hope that she might soon see the long lost idol of her heart.

"Name the sum," at length she ejaculated, "and it shall be forthcoming. But where is she?"

"Ah, madame, I have spent thousands in tracing her out, sure that you would repay me. Now say two thousand guineas as a first instalment, I will—"

"You will receive such a drubbing as you little dream of!" interrupted Holbrook, in an ironical voice, as he suddenly crawled out from beneath the table,—"you will receive such a drubbiag as you little dream of, if you do not leave here and hold your tongue, you contemptible skinflint!" And seizing the affrighted Carr by the collar, he whirled him so near the door that the terrified miser bolted out and took to his heels.

Madame de Frontenac, sinking upon a seat, endeavored to quiet the busy tumult of feeling in her heart, and though an occasional tear rolled down her careworn cheeks, her features resumed their wonted expression of melancholy impenetrability.

"No, Louise,—no!" said Holbrook. "It is not by bribing that fellow that you can obtain your child."

The sound of a voice hated above all others made the distressed woman tremble, but fixing her clear eyes upon her old tormentor, who quailed before their glance, she said, with dignity:

"I am not now the girl, sir, with whose feelings you once trifled, and whose happiness you once ruined. But upon what terms can I have my child?"

"By orderiug her to marry—"

"Who?"

"Your humble servant—myself."

"God forbid!" shrieked Madame de Frontenac. Then rising, she approached the door. Holbrook advanced as if to stop her, but she hurried past him as she would have passed a reptile, exclaiming: "Touch me not, sir, I warn you!"

Just then, voices were heard in the conservatory, and Holbrook dared not detain her. The new-comers, however, were only a party who had come to see the palace, now vacated, and the baffled villain slank away, muttering curses upon the female sex, as ever thwartiag his plans.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MOSCOW OF TO-DAY.

In Moscow, with its glorious undulating site, its long irregular streets of handsome villas, interspersed with greenery, its handsome *magazins*, and its constant rattle of equipages, you feel as if surrounded by human interest, and cease to wonder why neither despotic power, nor long neglect, nor systematic preference for a rival, can wean the true Russian from his love for the ancient cradle of his race. And now it looks brighter and gayer than ever. Paiat, and lime, and varnish, have done wonders, making even the old Chinese town look sprightly and modern; while the gilder has given to the thousand domes, minarets and spires of Moscow a splendor only to be appreciated by being seen. Stand on the esplanade of the Kremlin, and having first curiously examined its battlemented walls, its ancient treasury, its grotesque church—the Assumption, its gay modern palace, and its thousand and one quaint details; watch for a moment the people, high and low, military and civil, as they reverently doff their hats while passing under the sacred gate; and then turn suddenly toward the vast city that spreads itself out beneath your feet, count its innumerable church spires of delicate green, bright golden, or royal red, learn to distinguish its fortress-like convents, its regal palaces, its great public institutes, and you must admit that you are gazing on a panorama to which the civilized world can offer but few parallels. —*Paris Univers.*

GROWTH OF CITIES.

A writer in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, in speaking of the progressive growth of cities, says;—"New Yorkers do not doubt, and, indeed, have no reason to doubt, that their city, now numbering little more than one-third the population of London, will within the next fifty years be greater than the metropolis of the British empire. New York, with her immediate dependencies, numbers about 900,000. Since 1790, she has established a law of growth which doubles her population once in fifteen years. If this law continues to operate, she may be expected to possess 1,800,000 in 1871, 3,600,000 in 1886, and 7,200,000 in 1901. If twenty years be allowed New York as her future period of duplication, she would still overtake London by the end of fifty years. London *may* then have five millions; New York will almost certainly have more than that number."

We find means to cure folly, but none to reclaim a distorted mind.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

ALPHABET OF SELF-MADE MEN.

The following from "Household Words" gives, in a brief space, the names and characteristics of eminent living characters, who have raised themselves by their own exertions:

To begin with the letter A, and dash hastily and skippingly on through the alphabet, we find that Andersen, the popular Danish novelist, was the son of a cobbler, and educated at a charity school, and that he tried for years to gain a living by various handicraft trades, being very frequently on the very brink of starvation. Beranger, the celebrated French lyric poet, neglected by his vagabond father, lived with his godfather, a poor tailor, and was a *gamin* in the streets of Paris till promoted for a time to the dignity of a pot boy. Elihu Burritt, as all know, was a blacksmith's apprentice. Carleton, the Irish novelist, who now enjoys a pension of £200 a year, is the son of a peasant, and begged his way to knowledge. Rafael Carrera, president of the republic of Guatemala, began life as a drummer-boy and a cattle-driver. Mr. Cobden is the son of a small farmer, and, entering a warehouse in London when a boy, rose through its various grades of service. Sir William Cubitt was a working miller, then a joiner, and then a millwright. Dumas, the great French novelist and dramatist, is the illegitimate son of a planter and a negress, and was in all but starvation in Paris, till he hit upon the way to distinction. Faraday, the eminent chemist, the son of a poor blacksmith, and began his career as the apprentice to a book-binder. Millard Fillmore, late president of the United States, was first a plough-boy, then tried the trade of a clothier, and was then appreatice to a wool-carder. The present emperor of Hayti was born a slave. Herring, the animal painter, began the profession of art with sign-boards and coach-panels. Jasmin, the Burns of the south of France, is the son of a tailor, and the grandson of a common beggar. Mr. Lindsay, M.P., the great ship-owner, left his home with 3s. 6d. in his pocket, to push his fortunes as a ship boy; he worked his passage to Liverpool by assisting in the coal-hole of a steamer; and for a part of the time after he arrived, begged during the day, and slept in the sheds and streets at night. Lough, the distinguished sculptor, began the world in the capacity of a plough-boy. Minie, the inventor of the well-known rifle, was a private soldier. Robert Owen was a shop-boy to a grocer, and then a draper. Johannes Ronge, the leader of the German Catholic movement, tended sheep when a boy. Stanfield, the distinguished landscape painter, was a cabin boy, and a shipmaster was his first patron. Thiers, the well-kuown historian, and ex-minister of France, is the son of a blacksmith, and was educated gratuitously at the public school of Marseilles. Thomas Wright, the Manchester prison philanthropist, was a weekly worker in an iron foundry for forty-seven years, till a large sum of money was raised by subscription to euable him to carry on his philanthropical labors.

There is encouragement here, we fancy, for the poor and down-hearted; and likewise rebuke for those who are continually harping on the wrongs of the indigent, and the impassable barriers between the high and the low.

BURIED FORESTS.

Extensive forests, covering valleys and hillsides, are overturned, and the uprooted trees form a gigantic barrier, which prevents the flowing off of the waters. An extensive marsh is formed, particularly well adapted for the various kinds of mosses. As they perish they are succeeded by others, and so for generations, in unceasing life and labor, until, in the course of time, the bottom, under the influence of decay and the pressure from above, becomes turf. Far below lies hard coal; the upper part is light and spongy. At various depths, but sometimes as much as twenty feet below the surface, an abuadance of bogwood is found, consisting mostly of oak, hard and black as ebony, or of the rich chocolate-colored wood of the yew. Such ancient forests every now and then rise in awe-inspiring majesty from their graves. The city of Hamburg, its harbor aud the broad tracts of land around it, rest upon a sunken forest, which is now buried at an immense depth below the surface. It contains mostly limes and oaks, but must also have abounded with hazel-woods, for thousands of hazel nuts are brought to light by every excavation, not exactly made for nuts. The city of New Orleans, it has been recently discovered, is built upon the most magnificent foundation on which a city ever rose. It was the boast of Venice that her marble palaces rested in the waters of the Adriatic on piles of costly wood, which now serve to pay the debts of her degenerate sons; but our Venice has not less than three tiers of gigantic trees beneath it. They all stand upright, one upon another, with their roots spread out as they grew; and the great Sir Charles Lyell expresses his belief that it must have taken at least eighteen hundred years to fill up the chasm, since one tier had to rot away to a level with the bottom of the swamp before the upper could grow upon it.—*De Vere's Leaves from the Book of Nature.*

THE GOLD FISH.

Among the many members of the animal kingdom from foreign parts which have been fully domesticated here, may be enumerated the gold fish, which are so frequently seen in ornamental fountains and reservoirs. These beautiful fish are native to the southern districts of China, and generally speaking, are identical with the English carp. The first specimens seen in this country were brought from England, we are told, by Mr. Robert Morris, who successfully bred them in sheltered ponds, after which he introduced them into the Schuylkill. There are plenty of these fish now in the river above the dam at this city, and many of the creeks in the interior contain them in considerable quantities. So prolific are they, that a pond soon becomes stocked after the introduction of a few to commence the colony.

The naturalist, Pennant, informs us that the gold fish was brought to England, in 1691, but was not generally known until 1728. It is now completely naturalized, both here and in Europe; and in Portugal, large quantities of them are raised and exported in trading vessels, making an article of considerable commerce. In the still, spring-fed ponds of Long Island, gold fish have been abundant ever since we can remember; and they are now constantly hawked about the streets of New York, by urchins, who get for them from six to ten cents each.—*Philadelphia Evening Journal.*

MARY STUART.

Prince Alexander Labanoff, of St. Petersburg, is such an intense admirer of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, that he has passed a great part of his life in studying her history, and collecting materials connected with it. About twelve years ago, he published seven volumes of her letters, and recently he has brought out a notice, in 226 pages, of the numerous portraits of her which he possesses, and which he has got together after infinite pains and expense. The portraits are 136 in number, namely, 12 paintings and 144 lithographs or engravings. He also possesses 29 engravings of events in which the queen figured, and a great many portraits of contemporary statesmen and sovereigns.—*Literary Gazette.*

SCHAMYL AND THE CIRCASSIANS.

The fine engraving on this page presents us with an elaborately executed equestrian portrait of Schamyl, the Circassian hero, concerning whose prowess in arms so many romantic sketches have been from time to time published. The redoubtable warrior is herein depicted sitting on his war-horse with easy grace, and armed to the teeth in the Circassian style, which carries us back to the days of chivalry. On his head he wears a helmet, and on his body a cuirass of chain armor. In his belt is a straight poignard, and beside him hang his bow and quiver and his trenchant sabre. In his bearing and appointments, he looks almost like a paladin of Charlemagne. Romance and poetry have thrown a golden veil around the actual life of this chief, and many feats of daring attributed to him doubtless originated in the fertile brains of western writers; but enough is known respecting him to warrant that admiration which is due to gallantry in the field, to prudence in counsel, and a lofty spirit of patriotism and independence. We know that he is fighting for his country, and that to his influence, to his sword, and to his counsels, his countrymen are indebted for the continuance of their independence. For years the Russians have waged unrelenting war against the Circassians, and for years they have been subjected to a series of ignominious defeats, illy compensated, at long intervals, by the capture of some mountain stronghold they have found themselves unable to maintain. The country inhabited by the warlike people who have thus hurled defiance at their invaders, Circassia or Teberkessia, is in the southeast corner of Europe, and embraces but about 40,000 square miles. It is a mountainous region, covering a large portion of the Caucasus and its precipitous branches. Deep ravines, brawling torrents, and high-soaring peaks on which the snow and ice rest for nine months of the year, characterize this portion of the globe. The background in our picture of Schamyl conveys a correct idea of the character of Circassian scenery. Now and then you meet with valleys of great fertility, and these are the more agreeable from being immediately contrasted with the stern and frowning features of the landscape. Circassia is claimed by the Russians, but they have never been able to make good their pretensions. The early history of the Circassians is almost a blank, and they have preserved scarcely any local traditions. They undoubtedly came originally from the East, and probably sprung from the Medes. They sent colonists to Greece, and Greece in turn colonized the Circassian coast, the settlement ultimately falling under the universal dominion of Rome. Between the 10th and 13th centuries, however, they became subject to Georgia, whose queen, Tamar, is said to have converted the Circassians to Christianity. In the 15th century they threw off the Georgian yoke, and not only asserted their independence, but pursued their conquests so far that they were brought into collision with the Tartars, who, after a series of fierce conflicts, gained the upper hand and made tributaries of the Circassians. In the 18th century they defeated the Tartars, who had cruelly oppressed them, and regained their independence. In 1781, the Russians acquired the Kooban as a frontier; and in 1784, the Turks built the fort Anapa, and thence directed their efforts to stir up the Circassians against the czar. Anapa was taken by the Russians in 1807, and was restored to Turkey in 1812. The Turks then succeeded in converting the Circassians to Islamism, their motive being not so much a zeal for religions proselytism as a measure of policy to implant a principle that would ensure the ever-during hostility of their converts to Russia. In 1829, Anapa again fell into the hands of the Russians, who, by the treaty of Adrianople, also acquired all the other Turkish possessions on this coast. Upon this they ground their claim of sovereignty of Circassia, though the latter was never, in fact, subjected to Turkey. It is to resist this claim that the Circassians have been obstinately fighting for so many years. Circassia extends from the Black to the Caspian Sea. The inhabitants call themselves Adige or Adighé; by the Turks and Tartars they are called Tcherkas, or highway robbers; by the Arabs, Memalik; by the Ossetes, likewise a nation dwelling on Mount Caucasus, they are called Kasachi. They inhabit the following districts:—Great Kabarda, Little Kabarda, Beslen, on the Great Laha, which flows into the Kuban, Temirgoi, on the Schagwascha, Ahassia, chiefly on the River Pschaha, Bseduch, in the lower districts of the Rhuasch, Hadukai and Bschana. These hard names, like most of the words in the various unwritten dialects of the Circassian tongue, are almost unpronounceable by European organs. Schamyl has endeavored to promote a spirit of unity among the people, who would have been a formidable nation had they not been divided into a number of petty principalities. The most important of the Circassian branches of the Kuban are the Temirgoi; they inhabit more than forty fortified villages, and can send two thousand men into the field. The Schagacki, below the fortress Anapa, had a prince who formerly maintained vessels on the Black Sea. The Kabarda Circassians, a half-civilized nation, inhabit a fertile country on the northern frontier of the Terek, and are distinguished from all the other nations of the Caucasus by their superior beauty. In many parts of Circassia the soil is fertile, and some of the forests contain the heaviest timber. Agriculture and the rearing of cattle seem to be the only industrial occupations of the inhabitants. They have no manufactures, properly speaking, and trade is only conducted as barter, money being unknown among them. Their agricultural implements are very defective, but they produce corn and wine and the usual agricultural staples in considerable abundance. The Circassians are chiefly celebrated for their physical beauty, the men and women being alike distinguished by symmetry of figure and regularity of feature. They are unquestionably the original stock from which the races now dominant throughout the civilized world are derived. The men are of lofty and commanding stature, regular features, and unequalled in the use of the sabre. The women have delicate features, fine complexions, dark hair, graceful figures, and a beauty of outline which would make them the chosen models of painter and sculptor. The Circassian girls were formerly an article of traffic, being sold by their parents to traders, who disposed of them in the slave mart of Constantinople, whence they passed into the hands of opulent Turks. This trade has now been broken up, but the girls are still sold, and not given away to their future husbands. Courtship and the union of hearts are things unheard of in Circassia. The Circassian prince or nobleman—that is, every one who does not serve, and possesses a horse, is constantly armed with a dagger and pistols, and seldom leaves his house without his sabre and quiver. A helmet and a coat of mail cover his head and his breast. Kabarda furnishes fifteen hundred noblemen or uzdens, and ten thousand peasants or serving-men, capable of bearing arms. But the princes of Kabarda destroy each other by constant hostilities, though of late years they have seen the necessity of uniting against the common foe. The soil of Kabarda is excellent for agriculture, but the winter is severe, and the warm season of short duration. The inhabitants neglect the gifts of nature, and make no use of their mines, from which they might extract the most useful of metals, such as iron and copper, for the manufacture of their weapons. A great part of their wealth consists of goats, sheep, oxen and horses. Their horses are famous for beauty, speed and endurance. The Circassian cavalry climb the steepest mountain passes with the agility of goats; they brand colts of a good breed, and set almost as much store by them as the Arabs do. Their feudal system is worthy of notice. The subject is the property of the prince, though he cannot be sold, and is compelled to perform all personal services, but pays no taxes. The nobleman maintains order among the people and serves the prince in war. The latter keeps an open table, and all those who have herds contribute to it. Immediately after the birth of a princely child, it is taken from the house of its parents, and its education is confided to a nobleman. The boys are instructed in hunting, plundering and fighting, and the girls in sewing and braiding straw and embroidery. By their laws of hospitality, a host is responsible for the safety of his guest; and when a murder has been committed, the relatives of the deceased are allowed to take the life of the murderer. The different tribes of Circassians strongly resemble each other, but differ very greatly in their language. There are nearly a hundred different spoken dialects. None of their languages have a written character, and their sounds are guttural and harsh to an European ear. The total population does not exceed 650,000 souls. For governmental purposes, the people are divided into four different classes, over whom are the princes or Pshees. Under each Pshee or prince are the nobility, the full freemen and the serfs. Beneath these are the absolute slaves. Formerly, the prisoners taken from the Russians in war were reduced to servitude, but Schamyl has recently adopted a far better policy. To those Russians taken in arms who are willing to enrol in the Circassian army, he now promises good treatment and a tract of land to settle on. As the Russian private soldier leads a dog's life and lives on dog's fare, he will eagerly seize the opportunity of abandoning the yoke of the czar for an independent life, and we have no doubt that the future history of the war will record many wholesale desertions from the Russian ranks. During the war between Russia and the western powers, the Circassians were kept quiet by Schamyl, as he was perfectly willing that Russia should send as many troops as possible against the Turks, who are scarcely less hated than the Russians in Circassia. His reappearance in arms has been signalized by some important victories over the Russians, and it is the fresh interest awakened in the mountain hero that has induced us to present his portrait to our readers. There are in the character and manners of the Circassians those picturesque points which render them fine subjects for the poet and novelist, and accordingly we have seen them figuring in many a lay and many a story. But when we judge them by the standard of sound reason and morality, we find them sadly deficient. The upper classes are haughty and arrogant despots; the lower classes are serfs and slaves. Wife and children are slaves of husband and father. The Circassians trade in their own blood. They have no literature, and only the arts of necessity, and are but half-civilized savages after all, wanting many of the good qualities our Indians have. Distance too often lends enchantment to our views.



SCHAMYL, THE CELEBRATED CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.



ANCIENT CITY OF GUATEMALA.

OLD AND NEW GUATEMALA, CENTRAL AMERICA.

The first of the views on this page represents the old city of Guatemala, built at the foot of the Volcan D'Agua, or water volcano, by an eruption of which it was overwhelmed in 1541. It was again devastated by an earthquake in 1773, but has since been in a great measure rebuilt, and contains some 18,000 inhabitants. Many of the ancient buildings are entire, as, for instance, the fine old cathedral seen on our left. The large plaza, with its fountain, that occupies so large a space in our picture, is crowded with horsemen and footmen, with mules, water-carriers, buyers and sellers of vegetables and fruit, and presents a lively and bustling aspect, while the sweeping mountain peaks in the distance lend a sublimity to the landscape view. We present below a fine view of New Guatemala, the capital of the State of Guatemala, situated in a rich and spacious elevated plain, about 24 miles north-east of the old city, and containing 50,000 inhabitants. It is finely built, and looks like the best Italian cities. Our view represents the plaza, or square. In the background is the cathedral; on the left the president's palace. An arcade contains a row of shops, while on the left of the square are the municipality and the prison. A body of government troops are on parade, and the citizens, in their varied costumes, give life to the picture. This city is 90 leagues from the Atlantic, 26 from the Pacific, and 800 from Mexico. It has been frequently besieged, taken and plundered. The Water Volcano, at the foot of which the old city lies, is about 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. It has sometimes been ascended by travellers. In 1828, a party of five, the Netherlands consul general and daughter and three others, made the passage, the ascent to the top being so difficult that some of the party had to be pulled along by the guides with ropes round the body. The view from its summit is fine, with lovely Guatemala and its cochineal plantations at its foot and the Pacific Ocean in the distance. In 1840, Mr. Stephens ascended the mountain.



MODERN CITY OF GAUTEMALA

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RED LEAVES.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Where like an old enchanted tower,
The oak uprears his blazoned eaves,
How sweetly through the yellow shower
Of sunset, glow his leaves:

As if they caught the morning gleam
Of some unknown, delightful sphere;
Like souls whose faith and glory beam
Through mortal weakness here.

My heart can feel the mellow skies,
The high inspiring leaf and breeze;
And long-neglected memories rise,
As bright as autumn trees.

The owl hallocs, as one in sport,
And loud his hollow chorus rings;
A phantom he, that haunts the court
Of these primeval kings.

Great lords! I muse how o'er the rocks,
Above the ancient hills they reign;
How he of old, of golden locks,
Under the oak was slain;

How gentle hearts that plighted vows,
Ere life had passed the budding May,
Have grown in sweetness, like the boughs,
Beauteous in age as they:

How, over story, over life,
The clustering leaves of many a hue,
Show where hath been the blast of strife,
And where hath been the dew.

I see the ages dim and far,
With deed and impulse shadowy grown,
As forests in the twilight are,
As soon must be my own.

O hearts made weary long ago!
Now dreading no autumnal stroke;
Again your green leaves blooming grow,
No scarlet hath your oak.

Life, day and verdure leave in flight
Prophetic signs in earth or skies;
And never spring, nor morn, nor light,
But only weakness, dies.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

Never, since the memory of woman, has the ancient town of Pugwash been thrown into such a flutter, such a tumult of consternation and dismay, as within the past week; and for no insufficient reason has such been the case, as will be presently seen. All those who have attentively perused the papers of late, must have observed that the vicinity of the town in question has latterly been the scene of an unprecedented number of incendiary fires, burglaries and assaults; a state of things which in any locality would be likely to cause no little apprehension; but which, in a place usually so quiet, not to say dull and stupid, has wrought the people almost into a state of frenzy. Old ladies of both sexes have talked the matter over, gravely shook their heads, and wondered what the world was coming to; and not receiving any satisfactory reply, have worn out their shoes in nightly pilgrimages about the house to see that all was securely fastened and that no one was secreted in the closets. Young ladies have looked, in fear and trembling, beneath their beds and in their work-stand drawers before retiring, and informed their anxious friends, confidentially, that, in the event of a robber entering the house, the fearful result would be that they should certainly "give up," an event so much to be deprecated as to cause their respective adorers to talk valiantly of forming a vigilance committee—which, of course, has never been done—to purchase revolvers, and to tremble violently in their beds, and pull the clothes over their heads upon hearing any one about the house at night.

But notwithstanding the selectmen have offered large rewards for the detection of the culprits, and also hired, at great expense, a rheumatic old gentleman to patrol the town through the hours of darkness, the excitement had in no degree abated when the occurrence of a most unusual event caused a ripple in the current, and gave, for a time, to the swift-tongued villagers a new subject of conversation; and this unusual occurrence was no other than an arrival of strangers at the Swan and Goosepimple public house. The Pugwash hotel being conducted on the "European plan,"—that is to say, the guests being "accommodated" with very small rooms at a very large price, and provided with nothing at all to eat, at outlandish hours, at still higher prices—it was considered right and proper to give the house a decidedly English name; accordingly, the above eminently British appellation was selected, after much study of books of travel and such like trumpery publications.

There are, no doubt, many places on this wide extended continent where the arrival of a stranger at a public house is considered a matter of no very startling importance; but such is not the case at Pugwash. That interesting town, not being situated on the line of any important railroad, nor, indeed, of any other road, very little travel passes that way, and, as a natural consequence, whenever a voyager does put up at the Swan and Goosepimple, he at once becomes an object of universal speculation. It is not surprising, therefore, that a good deal of interest was manifested when it became known that there had arrived at the hotel a canvass-covered travelling trunk, marked T. T., a dark-colored carpet-bag, marked A. J., and a light-colored gentleman marked with the small pox, who at once inquired for a room, ordered his baggage sent up, swore at the porter, gave him twenty-five cents, and called for supper, to which he was about sitting down, when there also arrived a black moustache, interspersed with a number of red and yellow bristles, closely followed by a tall, dark-complexioned young gentleman, who inquired for the light gentleman and joined him at supper, when he ordered minced fish and a doughnut, said he would occupy the same room with the light gentleman, to which they shortly retired, locked the door, and had not made their appearance since.

In less than two hours after the first arrival, all these particulars were known, and being talked over at every house in town. Who were the strangers? what did they want in town? how long were they going to stay? where did they come from? and were they people of sufficient consequence to be patronized? were questions anxiously and rapidly asked by each young lady as she recollected that, less than a year had elapsed since Lucy Tompkins had made a splendid match by catching a wealthy southern gentleman who was stopping at the hotel, and who every young lady felt certain she might have caught herself had she only been quick enough and put herself forward as much as that artful, scheming Lucy Tompkins. The recollection lent a spur to the tongues, feet and imaginations of all who were not disposed to waste their sweetness on the Pugwash air.

As evening approached, young ladies, dressed in their best, and looking their prepared prettiest, strolled in couples with careful carelessness up the street in front of the hotel; and young ladies strolled down the street in front of the hotel; young ladies sauntered into the milliner's shop opposite the hotel; asked questions about the hotel, and glanced slily at the hotel. Ladies of a certain age called upon other ladies of a certain age and questioned of the strangers who were stopping at the hotel; gawky brothers dropped in at the bar-room to endeavor to get a sight of the great unknown; and one or two old ladies called upon Mrs. Mixer, the landlady, whom they subjected to a vigorous pumping process, with regard to the important topic, but all to no purpose; the gentlemen having entered their room, did not leave it again that night. All that could be gathered was, that the names upon the register read "A. Jinx" and "T. Tompkins," only that, and nothing more; no title, no residence, no nothing. They were evidently travelling *incog.*, and that they were unmistakably *somebody*, was equally evident from their reserved and retired manner. There was no longer any doubt in the minds of the young ladies that they were distinguished strangers travelling through the rural districts in search of sentimental damsels under difficulties, for the purpose of taking to themselves wives; for every one posted in story-book literature must be aware that such is the sole occupation of young gentlemen of wealth and talent.

Excitement and expectation ran high in Pugwash that night. Under the ruffle of many a sheep's-head night-cap flitted charming dreams of a fascinating young lover on his knees—by the way, I wonder if a chap ever did get down on his knees to pop the question? If such a thing ever did occur, the fellow was a spoony, and the lady not much better if she didn't push him over and step on him. That's not the way to do the thing. Bless your heart, it's the simplest thing in the world if you only know how. Fellows are usually too earnest about the business, and consequently, boisterous and clumsy; so different from the calm self-possession of the dear creatures themselves, that they cannot be otherwise than disgusted with the awkward flounderings of their adorers.

Now for my part—and my advice is by no means to be sneezed at, having popped the question at least fifty times, and it makes no difference that it has always been with the same result, to wit, "I shall always like you as a friend—but—" and then, they don't say it but they think it—"Poor fellow, he loves me, I know he does, by his looks; what a pity he hasn't a little more money. Well, perhaps if I don't have a good deal better offer this season or next, perhaps I may take pity on him. I wish he was rich." It makes no difference, I say, that this has always been the tenor of the reply, for practice makes perfect, whether successful or not; and my advice is, not to be too precipitate about the matter; do not commit yourself in any greater degree than does the lady also. Instead of blundering ahead with a blunt proposal, go calmly to work and gently *feel* your way as you go. In this, as in all other pursuits, there is little hope of success where you cannot feel your way, and keep open an avenue for a graceful retreat. What can be more absurd than a proposal by letter, in which case you place yourself fearfully in the power of your fair enemy? What should we think of that mariner, who, upon approaching a dangerous coast, should go down upon his knees on the forecastle, and murmur, in a foolish tone of voice, "Dearest coast, you know I am dying to get into port, pray, therefore, take pity on me, and remove all reefs, rocks, and other obstacles from the course, that I may, like a second lemons, go in and be squeezed," or who should content himself by inditing a foolish epistle to the coast requesting a like favor? We should write that mariner down an ass, and so, also, would the coast to which he prayed. No, your skilful sailor, with wary eye, and lead line in hand, stands cautiously onward, sounding continually; not plunging head first toward his object, but ever feeling his way; when, if a sunken reef or shoal interposes, he has an intuitive perception of it long before it is reached, and putting his craft about, he stands along the shore for a further opening; and not having committed himself, he quits the coast with a smile and bow of such perfect good nature, as to leave the coast in some doubt as to whether he really intended an approach, or was only amusing himself, and that coast has ever a smile and a pleasant look for that mariner whenever they meet. Yea, verily! strive to become such a skipper, if you would successfully navigate a court-ship.

But this is a digression. Well, next day the campaign was resumed with renewed vigor. There was more walking, more calling upon Mrs. Mixer, more questioning, and more conjecturing; but as before, all was of no avail. The gentlemen only left their room to feed, and immediately returned, appearing to be busily engaged upon some important and secret business. The young lady who fills the poet's corner in the Pugwash Independent, had indeed caught a glimpse of the strangers as they sat at dinner, but had no opportunity of procuring an introduction, although she must say they seemed to take much interest in her conversation as she talked to Mrs. Mixer, and at them. Their personal appearance she reported as eminently *distingue*, and more particularly was this the case with the black monstache, Mr. Jinx, who she felt must be a congenial spirit—a being filled with high and noble sentiments, and all that sort of thing.

The excitement grew intense as another day drew to a close, bringing no developments. Old ladies, who could remember events that transpired a thousand years ago, wondered if this Mr. Jinx was any relation to the Jinx that was hung about the time Deborah was married. Young ladies wondered whether this Mr. Jinx was related to Senator Jinx, who made the celebrated speech in reply to Spink on the Goose question, when it was proposed to submit something or other to the committee on the whole. But all this conjectnre resulted, as conjecture usually does, in nothing. The young lady who does the chamber work at the hotel could throw no light upon the matter. She had, she confessed, applied her ear diligently to the key hole of the gentlemen's room, "but the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token, and the only words there spoken" was an occasional "Jinx, my boy, pass that cocktail," or "Tompkins, my lad, toss us a cigar," while all the time a continual scratch, scratch, scratching was going on, for which she could in no way account.

This state of things was unbearable; the town was in a ferment; they *must* find out something. If it should turn out after all that there had been a Bourbon among them and they not know it, what a never ending source of regret it would be! But they didn't find out anything. Yet another day passed and left them as ignorant as before. The strangers were not communicative, and stuck to their room like a dog to a root, wholly unaware of the interest they excited. This feverish excitement could not last. There is an end to all things earthly, except—according to Solomon—the making of hooks, of which there is no end.

There was relief in prospect. The following day was Sunday, when, of course, the strangers would cease from their pursuits, whatever they were, and make their appearance at church. The dry goods stores of Pugwash drove a thriving trade that warm Saturday afternoon. Innumerable lace collars and under-sleeves having had their price "beat down," were rolled up in flimsy papers, and carried home in impassable pockets somewhere in the voluminous folds of flimsy skirts. New parasolettes expanded in the sun, and none so poor but that a pair of new pink lute-string bonnet ribbons flaunted in the summer air.

The Sunday sun arose, and so did the Pugwash damsels some hours later; then, such a trying on and putting off, such a pinning and tying, such a letting down of this garment and putting a tuck in that, was never seen before. Those young ladies who were tall and thin, wore high-necked dresses, with a pretty collar and ribbon, and perhaps a pin; while those who were blessed with pretty necks wore baby waists, so extremely short at the top that little hail-stone muslin no-you-don'ts had to be called into requisition. (I am not altogether certain that I have hit upon the proper name for this latter article of dress, so I had better describe it, though if it isn't a "no-you don't" that is what it says, fast enough). In the first place, then, the material resembles a lamella of fossil fog of extreme tenuity, made into a garment which commences at the lower extremity of the throat, around which it is made fast, thence descending on all sides, over the shoulders, back, and-so-forth, for a considerable distance, until it meets the upper rim of the baby waist, inside of which it vanishes. They are very taking garments, and I am amazingly fond of them, as why shouldn't I be, when they are so very near perfection? But I say, my dears, don't the little lumps of embroidery scratch your necks dreadfully?

Ah! it was a beautiful sight to see those high necks, those baby waists, those new parasolettes and collars, those pink lute-string bonnet ribbons, as they quitted their homes at the sound of the bell, and hurried their little feet in little steps toward the church; and more delightsome was it to look on, as they entered their pews and sat down, got up, again sat down, again got up and a third time subsided into their seats with a furtive glance around at the congregation, and began industriously flying their fans, one after another, until the whole body of the church was alive with the ceaseless motion of these skilful performers upon their noiseless wind instruments. The house was completely packed, scarcely a seat was vacant; the out-of-town churches were deserted for the day. You would have supposed, from the crowd in attendance, that some great preacher was going to hold forth, so much excitement and expectation were apparent in the faces of all present.

Time wore on. The deacons arrived, the clergyman arrived—poor dear man, how pleased he looked to behold so many gathered to hear him—every lady arrived; but the strangers didn't. It was outrageous. People were as indignant as they could have been had the gentlemen issued tickets at a high price to an exhibition of themselves, and then disappointed their audience. They might, however, come in the afternoon. No, the afternoon passed, and still they came not. Public opinion, ever changeable, began to take a turn.

"Perhaps these strangers might not be all they had represented themselves," said one old lady to another, with a shake of the head, never thinking but that their own surmises were distinct and positive assertions on the part of the unknown; but let that be as it may, it was extremely tantalizing not to be able to discover anything. While the strangers had been considered somebodies, the young ladies had taken the lead, but now that the case was reversed, the old women took the matter in hand.

"As evening waned away from breezy cliff and bay, and the strong tide went out with weary moan," Mrs. Smith, the grocer's wife, found it convenient to drop in to Mrs. Mixer's sitting-room, at the hotel, and scarcely had she taken her seat before in came Mrs. Jones, the blacksmith's lady, accompanied by Mrs. Brown, the postmaster's spouse; indeed, people continued to drop in until there were some fifteen or twenty ladies of mature age, some wives and some maidens, assembled in the little sitting-room.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Smith, upon learniug that the strangers had kept their room all day, only coming out to their meals; "I don't know but what all may be right, but when people come into a place and can't give any account of themselves, it doesn't seem to me as if everything was just as it should be."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones; "and after making such a to-do, and giving out that they were such great people, as they did at first, it's queer, to say the least."

"And when people consider what dreadful things have happened about here, of late—fires and robberies and such like," croaked another old lady. "And when such mysterious people as these come into town—I say, when people put that and that together, it's well enough for people to find out who people are, that's what I say," and the old creature gave an anxious shake of the head.

"Well," broke in Mrs. Mixer, "I must say, these men have had some strange carryings on together; some things that I can't anyway understand."

"What like; do tell us?" exclaimed the entire party.

"Why, nothing that I can explain exactly; a sort of secret way of understanding each other, and communicating by signs; for instance, the other day when the young lady who writes poetry for the Independent was in here, she was repeating some of her verses to me, while they were at dinner, and that Mr. Jinx, as he calls himself, put his fore-finger on the side of his nose, and shut up one eye, and the other fellow put his tongue into his cheek and rolled up his eyes, then they winked at each other in a peculiar manner, which, now that I think of it, puts me strongly in mind of what I have heard tell of pirates and others who commit crimes on the high seas, though I don't want to say anything against any person till I know for certain."

"O, goodness gracious!" exclaimed the lady who waits on the table, "I've seen hundreds of things just as bad, and worse. Only last night, when they were at supper, I reached the tea to that Tompkins fellow—it was rather weak to be sure, and he turned to Jinx and asked if he liked his tea strong, and Jinx said 'yes, with a brick in it,' then they looked at each other, and laughed in a way that made my blood run cold. I trembled all over just like a leaf. Who ever heard of putting bricks in tea? It means something, you may depend!"

"O, mercy! that's nothing to what I've seen of 'em," exclaimed the young lady who works at the millinery business. "Almost the first day they came here, as their window was directly opposite where I work, I felt a very natural curiosity to know who and what they were; so I borrowed uncle's spy-glass, and stood looking over to see if I could see anything, when that Jinx man caught sight of me, and ever since then, when he sees me looking that way, he will get right before his window and make the awfullest faces, puffing out his cheeks, and crossing his eyes like a condemned felon, and frightens me so that I've almost made up my mind not to look at the house while they stay here."

"There shall be no such goings on in *my* house," said Mrs. Mixer, decidedly. "They shall either give an account of themselves to-morrow morning, or leave at once. But I say, Mrs. Smith, haven't any letters come for either of these men since they have been here?"

"Why, yes," returned the post-mistress, "there was one came up from the city for Mr. Jinx, in the last night's mail."

"And is it in the office now?" inquired Mrs. Jones, with no little earnestness.

"Why, not exactly," returned the post-mistress, in a qualified tone, as though the letter was half in the office and half out. "As I was coming over here, I thought I might as well put it in my pocket and bring it along, to give to the gentleman if I saw him."

"O, do let me look at it just for a moment," chorussed all the ladies, with great eagerness.

"I don't know as it's exactly right," she replied, hesitating, and half drawing the letter from her pocket. "They are very strict about the mails."

"O, nonsense, it's nothing justto look at the out side!" exclaimed Mrs. Mixer, snatching the letter from her half-reluctant grasp. "Post-marked from the city, isn't it? and directed to A. Jinx, Esq., Pugwash. Well, there isn't much to be learned from that. I'd like to see what's inside of it. It's one of the self-sealing envelopes, too." And from her hands it passed to those of the other ladies. Each of them eyed it with a look which seemed to say they would give their ears to be alone with the letter about five minutes.

"If it wasn't for these pesky envelopes, a body might get a glimpse of a word or two," said Mrs. Jones, holding the letter up to the light, turning it over and over, and running her fingers along the borders. "Well, there, I do declare, if it hasn't come open all of itself!"

"What are you doing?" exclaimed the post-mistress, anxiously, endeavoring to get possession of the letter.

"I couldn't help it, dear, it would come open; that little place there was torn before, and it's easy enough to seal it up again," said Mrs. Jones, looking round to the rest of the company for their approval.

"Now that it has happened to come open so, all of itself, I think we might as well see what is in it," said Mrs. Mixer, eagerly. "If there's nothing out of the way, Mr. Jinx wont care, and if there is—why, we ought to know it."

A general murmur of approbation followed this proposal, and Mrs. Jones, drawing the paper from the envelope, cast her eyes over the contents.

"O, good gracious! O, lawful sakes! It's just as I expected! I've had my suspicions all along!" she exclaimed, throwing herself back in her chair, as though completely overcome.

"What is it? Do read it aloud!" vociferated the whole party, fixing their eyes upon her in breathless anxiety.

"O, law, it's too dreadful—I never can," she gasped, with much emotion, and to prove that she never could, she forthwith held the letter to the light, and read as follows:

"MR. JINX:—Dear Sir,—I do not altogether approve of your plan. In my opinion, it would be better that Julia should be poisoned instead of stabbed, as you propose; it would be less revolting; and as for the old gentleman, you might have him accidentally burned, by his house taking fire; or you might fasten some crime upon him, for which he would be imprisoned a number of years; any way, in short, rather than murder. I don't like so much blood and thunder work. I would like you to complete this business as soon as possible, as I have another job on hand, requiring your attention.

"Yours truly, A. B."

"O, horrible!" exclaimed all the ladies, with a simultaneous gasp, at the conclusion of this diabolical epistle.

"It's a conspiracy to murder the whole of us," exclaimed the landlady. "O, that such people should have lodged in *my* house. I must find Mr. Mixer."

"When Julia and the old man are disposed of, then there's another job on hand, and who knows who that will be? I must find Mr. Jones," murmured the blacksmith's wife, as she quitted the room.

"I'm afraid to stay in the county," gasped the post-master's spouse. "I must find Mr. Brown."

Half an hour had not elapsed since the discovery of this monstrous villany, when a dozen armed men might have been seen stealing cautiously along the passage leading to the room occupied by the strangers. Arrived at the door, they paused a moment for consultation, then, with a simultaneous rush, the door was thrown violently open, the two murderers knocked down, ironed, and gagged, the papers which covered the table taken into the keeping of the constable, and in five minutes more the bloody rascals were lodged in the Pugwash county jail.

As may readily be imagined, there was little of sleep in the town that night. The entire population was too much excited even to wink. Each one who had been of the party in Mrs. Mixer's sitting-room, was in every one's else house, giving an extended account of the whole matter, and proving to a demonstration, that but for her own individual efforts nothing whatever would have been found out. But morning came at length, as mornings will, and at an early hour the office of the justice before whom the examination was to take place was crowded to suffocation; all business was suspended, and people came flocking in from every direction. Presently the justice made his appearance, in company with several associates, and having commanded order in the court, the prisoners, together with their counsel, were with some difficulty got through the crowd on the outside, and brought into the dread eleven by fifteen tribunal. People now had an opportunity to note, what they had not remarked before, that the prisoners were most revolting looking men, without one redeeming feature about them. Indeed, one of the justices took occasion to remark to another, that, "to his recollection, he had never seen a face which bore such unmistakable traces of frequent and bloody crimes, of low and brutal ferocity, as did the countenance of the prisoner Jinx; either was, doubtless, bad enough, but Jinx was certainly the most repulsive."

The examination commenced, and the witnesses were interrogated as to what they knew of the affair. But being all females, a slight difficulty presented itself. Each one being naturally a little proud of the part she had taken in the matter, they were constantly interrupting each other with explanations, until the justice, out of all patience, declared that if they did not remain silent he should be obliged to remove them all from the room, and examine each separately.

"I hope your honor will do nothing of the kind," remarked the counsel for the prisoners. "It is highly important that we should know just how much each lady has had to do in this matter, as it is our intention to bring an action for damages against each and all who have been concerned in this conspiracy to interrupt my clients in their lawful business, and to bring about this false arrest and imprisonment."

"Lawful business, sir!" exclaimed the justice. "What do you call lawful business?"

"An examination of the papers belonging to these gentlemen, which were captured at the same time with themselves, will probably give you some insight into the matter."

The papers were produced and examined.

"Why, this appears to be some kind of a play," remarked the justice, after fumbling over the sheets for a moment.

"Precisely, sir; it is a play," returned the counsel, "a tragedy, and one, I should judge, of considerable merit, considering the excitement that has attended its first introduction to the public, and this horrible letter is from the respectable manager for whom the play is being written, containing a few suggestions in regard to the plot. If anything further is necessary, we can bring a hundred gentlemen to prove the respectability of the prisoners."

It was not necessary. In twenty minutes from that time the prisoners were seated in an open buggy, their baggage piled up behind, and a two forty nag in front, on to which the writer was industriously laying the string, while Tompkins, with his feet braced against the dasher, his head thrown back, and his hands grasping the lines, was shouting, at the top of his voice, the mystic words, "Hi! hi! ha-r-rr!" by way of encouraging our quadruped to pick up his toes with regularity and despatch.

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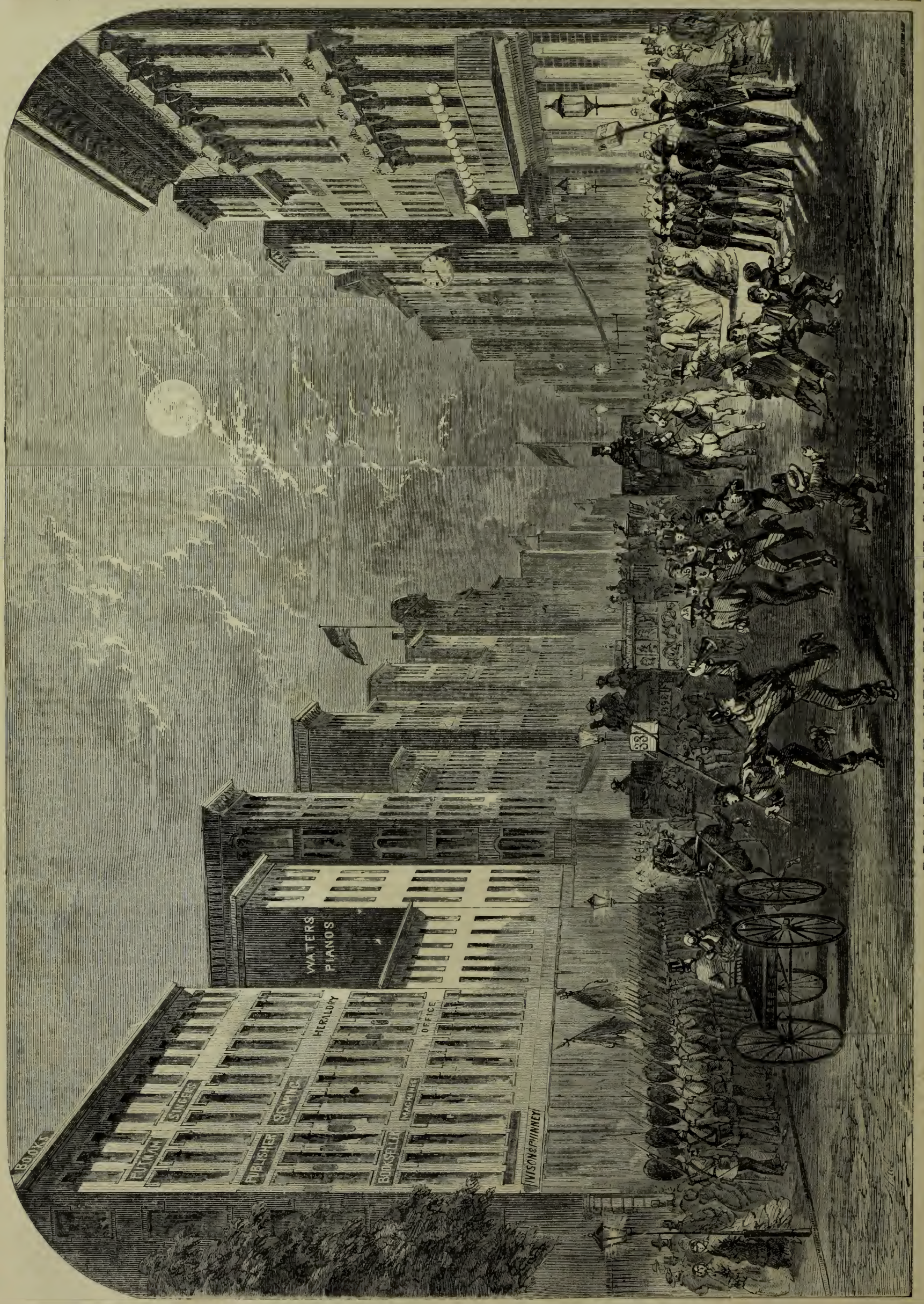
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[For description, see page 381.]



A GROUP OF CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

[For description, see page 381.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTUMN'S COME.

BY ROBERT R. MCKAY.

Autumn's come! hark its tread;
See, the leaves are turning red—
Turning all, and now, anon,
They are falling one by one.
Falling, from each branch and tree,
Downward, slowly, silently;
What a lesson to us each
Do these falling leaflets teach.

Autumn's winds are blowing chill,
Through the meadow, o'er the hill;
In the woods, where oft we've seen
Summer flowers, robes of green,
Through each haunt we call our own,
They with mournfulness do moan;
In each cherished, favorite spot,
One by one, the leaves do drop.

Dropping, dropping on the ground,
Lodging everywhere around,
In the spring, where last we drank,
On the mossy velvet bank;
On the brook they fall like rain,
Then are borne away again;
Then do others take their place,
Following, joining in the race,

There's another—see how slow—
Yet another—down they go;
How like life its truth, we say,
That we're passing, too, away.
Round us gentle forms we see,
Like the leaflets of the tree;
They from us are fading fast,
'Neath the fell destroyer's blast.

But though death those ones obtain,
They shall brighter homes regain;
As the leaves, when spring is here,
All renewed, again appear—
So will God above give birth
To those ones who pass from earth;
Pass away but to regain
Homes where joys eternal reign.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PEEP THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE.

BY H. T. SANFORD.

I was on my first voyage, as first mate, on board the "Two Pollies" of Marblehead, with young Jack Dunmore as captain. A fine, generous, social man, too, was Captain Dunmore,—not a bit of foolish pride in him, and yet stately enough, when any occasion demanded it. He would not bear anything like an insult nor any want of obedience either; but he would speak kindly and humanely to the lowest sailor in his ship. I have seen him tend a sick boy, as a mother would her own baby; and when Ben Corwin was taken down with yellow fever at Havana, the captain waited on him with his own hands. It shamed us all, lubbers as we were, for we were terribly afraid of "Yellow Jack," as the sailors call it.

Ben got well, and always declared that he owed his life to the captain; and in all human probability he did. It was on this voyage that our ship was struck by lightning. I never wish to see such a sight as that again. As the sailors cast their eyes upward, the strong, blue flame reflected upon their faces, and gave them the look of demons.

The lightning did not much damage to the ship, but it left its memory in our heart; and from that time to this, I can never see a thunder cloud approaching, when I am at sea, without shuddering. I recall those fearful countenances, and it takes from me all power of utterance or motion.

We sailed, as I said, to Havana, and arrived back with no material incident, excepting Ben's fever and the lightning. We came into the harbor at Marblehead, under as sweet a moon as ever lighted true-hearted sailors to their homes. Onward came our vessel, like a sea-bird upon the waves, as we sailed across the bay, rounded the point and stood in for Marblehead. All was calm, and still, and bright. The town lay sleeping in its moonlight beauty. It was twelve o'clock, and not a light to be seen.

Captain Dunmore was pacing the deck, with his cigar in his mouth, and his head bent down on one side, as was his fashion when he was thinking very deeply. I came up to him suddenly, and whispered in his ear.

"No, Brooks, I will not risk anything of the kind. I am too young to play one of those tricks. It would do for Captain Welch and Captain Coffin, who could afford to be degraded from the rank of captain; but it will not do for me."

I persisted, for I thought it such a fine chance to get out the captain's goods before we went to Boston, as we should undoubtedly be ordered to do, and I begged him to allow me to do so. He refused still; but as I urged repeatedly, I could see that he was wavering. I pressed my point harder.

"Well, Brooks, I shall go home the moment we arrive. I don't choose to run the risk."

"But, captain, I am only a mate. They cannot hurt me, you know; and if you will only consent to my doing as I please, and go on shore yourself, I will do everything that is to be done."

I won a reluctant consent, and the captain went home as soon as the ship anchored. I carried him in the first boat. The second contained a prize, which the officers of the revenue would have been delighted to get hold of.

We had called up a very clever fellow, *for a landsman*, and he had promised to store our goods for us, until we could get them away in safety. He was a friend of Captain Dunmore, and would have done anything for him. We stowed them away in an old shed, and covered them with straw.

Part of our cargo consisted of rich spices, and our friend became alarmed at the powerful odor they emitted, and grew very anxious to have them removed. Sure enough, the officers were upon the lookout, on the suggestion of a good-for-nothing cousin of my own, who first watched and then betrayed me. I would like to have had the caning of that rascal. I will have it yet, some day, if I ever find him sober enough to "take the sense" of what I am doing to him.

We had three or four *doctors* on our custom-house list at Marblehead, and they, having little practice, were on the scent for smugglers, and they scented our spices. They were seized and in the custom-house before they had been out of the ship twelve hours, and Captain Dunmore was every moment in peril of being seized too. It would have been a hard thing had he been discovered, but he was so much beloved that even the officers at the custom-house sent him word to keep out of their way.

An old friend of Captain Dunmore's father undertook to secrete him, and took him to his own house, in order to prepare for his journey. While there, waiting for the carriage in which he was to go, one of the custom-house officers entered the house, in his medical capacity. Captain Dunmore evaded him by leaving by another door, disguised in a large white overcoat and a slouched hat, and thus joined his friend, who was waiting at a little distance with the chaise. Captain Coffin thus carried him away without suspicion, to Scituate, where he had a brother.

On the evening of that day, Mr. Andrew Coffin, the captain's brother, was sitting quietly with his wife and daughters at tea, when the door-bell rung loudly, and a familiar voice called for Mr. Coffin. That gentleman rose, and was absent long enough from the room to excite the curiosity of his youngest daughter, a girl of sixteen. She left the table, and peeping through the key-hole of the spare parlor, she saw her uncle and a man whose appearance certainly did not prepossess her. She wondered much what her father and uncle could have to do with such an uncouth personage. But while she looked, he changed all at once. The fair Bertha could hardly believe her eyes, when she saw the old white hat and long light hair suddenly disappear, and a noble head, with black curling locks appear in their stead. Then the loose coat fell off, and a handsome figure in black met her gaze.

Afraid to stay longer, she ran back to the tea-table, and soon her father returned, bringing her uncle, and an elegant young man, whom he introduced as Dr. Merritt.

Bertha blushed very deeply, when he was introduced, but she kept her own counsel. Captain Coffin explained that his young friend was somewhat indisposed, and would like to try the sea air for a few weeks, and that he had not any better place for him than to throw him upon their hospitality, and recommended him especially to his favorite Bertha's care.

Here Captain Dunmore stayed, week after week, until a merchant in Boston, knowing his enterprising character and seaman-like qualities, wrote to Captain Coffin, to find his young friend, and offer him a new ship that was just ready for the East Indies. Once away, the excitement would be over, and by the payment of a large fine, things were all arranged without subjecting him to imprisonment, or degradation from his rank.

It was a long voyage, and when it was over, Captain Dunmore married the young lady whom "Doctor Merritt" had wooed. Not until then did Bertha tell him of her "peep through the key-hole."

My wife and Bertha are very intimate. Through Captain Dunmore's interest, I got a fine ship belonging to the same merchant for whom he sailed; and we are often in port, and lying along side each other. On such occasions, we recall the "spicy" events of that night on the waters, and have a merry laugh together at Bertha's first peep at her husband.

The reader may well believe that we never again risked the danger of smuggling.

SPOILS OF WAR.

An English paper says there has recently arrived at Portsmouth from Kertch, taken from the museum of that ill-fated and, until lately, beautiful city, the full sized figures in marble of a lion and lioness; and although the hand of time has told upon them, they still possess in their outlines proofs of the skill with which they were sculptured. There is nothing to the uninitiated eye, in the way of inscription, to indicate their date or place of sculpture; but those who have some knowledge of such matters, attribute them to the period of the ancient kings of Pontus, of whose realms the Crimea was a portion—probably they date from the time of that celebrated monarch, Mithridates, surnamed the Great. The same vessel which brought them to Portsmouth, also brought a marble slab with some devices or scroll work sculptured upon it; and this may, perhaps, afford some clue to the date of these ancient sculptures. The lion and lioness were placed at the entrance of the Kertch Museum; they are now destined for the British Museum.—*Portfolio.*

TRADE IN INSECTS.

Bugs are an important article in the trade of Rio Janeiro. Their wings are made into artificial flowers, and some of the most brilliant varieties are worn as ornaments in ladies' hair. One man manages to earn his living by selling insects and other specimens to the strangers who visit the port. He keeps twelve slaves constantly employed in finding the bugs, serpents and shells which are most in demand. The nearest approach to his business that we can remember is, that of the trade of fireflies in Havana; the insect, being caught and carefully fed on the sugar cane, is used as an ornament in ladies' dresses. Being twice the size of the American firefly, it is very brilliant at night. The Creoles catch them on the plantations and sell them to the city belles; some of them carry them in silver cages attached to their bracelets. They make a fine display by lamplight.—*New York Despatch.*

[Special Correspondence of Ballou's Pictorial.]

LETTER FROM PARIS.

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, PARIS,
Nov. 8, 1856.

DEAR SIR:—Wishing to see Paris in good shape, and without regard to cost, I have taken up my lodgings at the magnificent establishment from which I date this letter, and of which the Parisians are justly proud—though to one familiar with your Tremont and Revere Houses, and the Metropolitan and San Nicholas, New York, there is nothing positively stunning in this great caravanserai. Still it is, by all odds, the grandest hotel in Europe, and is probably destined to become the general rendezvous of all tourists who have "put money in their purses." It fronts the Place du Palais-Royal, and its enormous façade is a fine specimen of architecture. Though it has some splendid suites of rooms, which can only be occupied by a fortunate speculator on the Bourse, by a banker or a Russian prince, still the establishment is not devoted exclusively to millionaires—and the directors have not forgotten that it is necessary to recruit their finances from all classes of travellers. Besides a table d'hote in a magnificent gallery, and reminding you of that of the St. Nicholas, the hotel is provided with a restaurant of the first class. M. Edouard Dremel, proprietor of the Vittoria Hotel at Dresden, is at the head of this colossal establishment, and has thus far proved himself an excellent manager.

The Hotel des Princes is another establishment highly patronized, which I shall try before leaving this fascinating city. It enjoys a European reputation. You must go there, if you wish to become acquainted with all the seductions of Parisian luxury. Fancy a hotel in the very heart of pleasures; a world of servants ready to minister to and anticipate your caprices, carriages always harnessed in the huge courtyard, apartments furnished with every luxury, a *cuisine* worthy of Careme or Brillat-Savarin, always ready to lavish its marvels for your money—here, if you have that and health, you can enjoy metropolitan life, or else you are very hard to please. And do not fancy, Mr. Editor, that it costs three thousand francs a month to lodge at the Hotel des Princes. You can live there for from one to four dollars a day. A nice room, three or four flights up, however, costs only about twenty dollars a month, meals extra. But you can dine at some of the splendid restaurants in the Palais-Royal—fully equal to Parker's in Court Street—for sixty or seventy cents, whereas at your hotel, the dinner, no better, would cost you a dollar and a half or two dollars.

Paris is beginning to be very gay—it is never otherwise to the stranger, to be sure. The theatres, circusses, and other places of entertainment, are in full blast, and the balls are beginning. One of the most attractive places is the Jardin d'Hiver (Winter Garden), a sort of Crystal Palace in miniature, about the middle of the great avenue of the Champs Elysees (Elysian Fields). The entrance fee is one franc. Rare trees and shrubs are grouped here with infinite taste. The fetes of the Jardin d'Hiver are various in character—sometimes they give a concert here, sometimes a full dress ball, and sometimes a masked ball. I look forward with some curiosity to the masquerade balls, of which we have read so much. In the carnival season, the Parisians seem to enjoy themselves, I am told, only when they put on false noses and beards, and figure as impossible postilions of Longjumeau, Mexican Indians, hunchbacks, etc. The theatres minister to the delirium of the hour by changing themselves into dancing saloons. The Opéra-Comique, the Odéon, the Porte-St. Martin, the Ambigu, the Gaieté—all of them theatrical establishments—have their dress and masked balls. The Grand Opera gives the signal. That establishment draws the most prodigious crowds, and makes the most noise with its roar of drums and its mighty orchestra, led by Musard, the mighty magician, whose baton is the sceptre of frenzied joy and tumultuous calisthenics and gymnastics.

The other day I saw the empress riding out to take an airing in a carriage, escorted by a detachment of mounted chasseurs. The engravings you have seen have not exaggerated her beauty. She does not look, however, like the spirited creature she is. But the Spanish blood in her veins is said to be as fiery as that which flows in the royal arteries of Queen Isabella. Many stories are in circulation with regard to her frolicsome disposition, which is said to have finally defied the attempts of Louis Napoleon to hold it in check. Think of her going out shooting in the woods of Fontainebleau, in a half masculine costume, and bringing down a brace of birds with her double-barreled fowling-piece, without so much as winking! The story runs that Louis Napoleon has resumed his former dissipated habits, that the empress has found him out, and that she has suspended her curtain lectures only on condition that he shall not interfere with her innocent gayeties; and that she shall not be tied down to that rigid court etiquette, which the "nephew of his uncle" sought to establish.

Among the recent deaths in this city, is that of the widow of Danton, the terrible revolutionist. She was a girl of fifteen, and married the monster about two years before he perished by the guillotine, to which he had consigned so many victims. During the consulate of Napoleon I., she married Baron Dupin. The name of Danton was never mentioned in her house.

Some weeks since the world-renowed Cafe de Paris was closed. It was opened July 15, 1822, and soon established a brilliant reputation. This restaurant occupied the ground floor of the house at the corner of the Rue Taitbout and the Boulevard des Italiens. The proprietor gradually raised the rent from $4000 to $8000. The lessee grumbled and paid. But when Lord Seymour, the owner, raised the figure to $15,000, the eating-house man refused to stand the extortion, and the establishment was closed. And, as you have probably had enough of French gossip by this time, I will close my letter.

Ever yours, CHARMION.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NAVAL FAREWELL SERENADE—QUARTETTE.

BY LIEUT. HOLM, U. S. N.

All. Our bark awaits the shore, love,
Our banner flouts the breeze:
Adieu to thee once more, love,
We're bounding o'er the seas.

1st. Tide is on the ebb, now,
And time upon the wing—

2nd. Gala Youth is at our prow,
While syren Hope doth sing—

3d. Victory flings her garlands
Upon the heaving wave—

4th. Glory bids us "gather them,
Or find a watery grave!"

All. Our bark awaits the shore, love,
Our banner flouts the breeze:
Adieu to thee once more, love,
We're bounding o'er the seas.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WRONG AND INJUSTICE DEFEATED.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

The lamps of the great hall of Oakdale Manor-house were lighted, although the reflected brilliance of the still glowing west, had it not been for the thick, heavy drapery shading the windows, would have rendered unnecessary the aid of artificial light.

Sir Geoffrey Wilmouth, the owner of Oakdale, an estate inherited from a long line of ancestors, was alone in the hall, pacing up and down in that hurried manner which betokens mental disturbance. He was but little past the prime of life, and was, in many respects, a handsome man, notwithstanding those hard lines, denoting certain unamiable traits of character, which time had traced round his mouth. Suddenly, he stayed his footsteps, and stood in the attitude of listening.

"He comes," he murmured, half aloud, as a dull sound of horses' feet was heard in the distance. "After all, I must have been mistaken," said he, as the sound ceased.

Scarcely a minute, however, had passed, when was heard the sharp clatter of iron-shod hoofs on the pavement of the court. The travellers, a gentleman and his servant, had taken a short cut across a corner of the park, so that the noise of their approach had for a few seconds been muffled by the yielding turf. Sir Geoffrey's countenance brightened, and yet, now and then, a shade of uneasiness flitted over it. In a moment or two, the door at the upper end of the hall was thrown open, and a gentleman with a Spanish cloak thrown over his shoulders, for, though early in September, the evening air was chilly, entered the apartment.

"Welcome, Count de Silva," said Sir Geoffrey, stepping quickly forward to meet him, and offering him his hand.

"You were expecting me," said de Silva.

"Yes, though the message which preceded you was delayed. It is only two hours since I received it. But throw off your cloak. A fire was lit half an hour before sunset, which, as you will find, has agreeably tempered the coolness of the air, and removed the dampness."

"A pleasant change," said de Silva, seating himself in a deep, velvet-lined chair, "after crossing those bleak moors, with a north wind sweeping over them."

De Silva remained a few moments without speaking, enjoying the genial warmth of the fire. As he sat with the red firelight throwing its strong glare upon his features, those lines, scarcely visible in the softer lamplight, were distinctly revealed, so that the forty years which had passed over him were fully told, though ordinarily he might have passed for a man of thirty.

His complexion was dark, almost to swarthiness, and his forehead, indicative of considerable mental power, was surrounded by sable curls, short and crisp, while his eyes, black and piercing, would have been handsome had they not, at times, emitted a cold, serpent-like glitter, which made those near shrink from him with a kind of instinctive dread.

"You said nothing of the charming Arabel in your last communication. I hope she is in good health, and disposed to regard me more favorably than when I was here three months ago," said de Silva, throwing himself back in his chair, with a negligent air, though it was easy to see that his indifference was assumed.

"As to her health," replied Sir Geoffrey, "it is as good as can be desired, though I am sorry to say that, according to her own declaration, she does not regard you with more favor than formerly. It will make no difference, however."

"You have decided, then, to accept my offer."

"I have. There is no alternative. The money I must have, or I am a ruined man."

"But Arabel has a will of her own—how can she be managed?"

"I hardly know, but it must be done. Some way will be found out, I think."

"Yes, if you can depend on yourself. A priest can readily be found to perform the marriage ceremony, and as for tears and reproaches—*I* am proof against them."

"I can say the same, when I see ruin staring me in the face. Were she my own child, instead of the daughter of a half brother I never had reason to love, I would not hesitate."

"How soon shall it be?"

"I must have the money in three days from now, or it will be too late."

"Let it be to-morrow, then."

"Rather a short time for preparation—so Arabel will think. But I suppose I can't expect to receive the money till she is your wife."

"It would be hardly discreet to part with forty thousand pounds till the bird is safe in my hand."

"You are right. To-morrow let it be. On the whole, it will be the safer course, for if Clarence Hastings should get an inkling of what is intended, even bolts and bars would hardly suffice to keep her safe."

"I could have sent a pistol-ball through that fellow's head, when I was here before, and no one would have been the wiser for it. I was a fool for letting him escape. Should the chance again happen, I think I should know how to silence any foolish qualms of conscience which might rise in his behalf."

Little did the two unprincipled men imagine that Arabel Anvers, the niece of Sir Geoffrey, had heard every word of the foregoing conversation. When de Silva entered the hall, the door was left partly open, while that of her own apartment, which was at the head of the staircase, being ajar, their voices were perfectly audible. Though no eaves-dropper, it would have been a false delicacy under existing circumstances, when she heard de Silva's questions concerning her, to avoid hearing what might be further said relative to a negotiation which was of such vital importance to herself.

Just at the moment when de Silva finished his remarks concerning Clarence Hastings, a single bugle-note, clear and prolonged, was heard in a neighboring forest. Arabel started to her feet, and clasped her hands in joyful surprise.

"It is Clarence," said she to herself, "and I shall escape the snare."

It was the work of only a moment to wrap herself in a large shawl, and hide the wealth of her golden tresses beneath a plain straw hat. Scarce longer time did it take for her to descend a back staircase, and unlock a door at its foot, of which she alone possessed the key, and which opened on a lawn, bounded on one side by the forest whence had sounded the bugle-note, and where, as she well knew, Clarence was awaiting her.

The moon was up, and poured its silver beams through the openings of the leafy wall, which enclosed one of those sylvan glades, such as one might suppose a troop of fairies might choose wherein to hold their revels. Towards this sweet and silent glade Arabel Anvers hastened with steps fleet and light as those of the roe of the hills; but ere she gained its entrance, Clarence Hastings met her.

"I didn't expect you till to-morrow evening," said Arabel, as she placed her hand in his, "but it is well that you have come. De Silva has arrived."

"I know it, and it is for that reason I am here."

"Know it? How should you? It isn't yet half an hour since he came."

"Fortune favored me. Last night he stopped at the little hostelry where I had engaged my lodging. I heard him say that he was on his way to Sir Geoffrey Wilmouth's, which was all I needed to hear. I knew what the journey portended."

"He didn't see you?"

"No; I took good care to keep out of his sight. I started on my way hither in advance of him, and was secreted in the forest when he arrived, though I thought it not best to give the signal till daylight was gone, which would give my servant a chance to reconnoitre the premises with less risk. Having made sure that the count's argus-eyed valet was fairly engaged in discussing the news and ale, together with the remains of a venison pasty, I ventured on trying the bugle note, though without much hope that at present you would find opportunity to leave the house."

"My uncle thinks me safe in my chamber. He and his guest were too busy in laying their plans, to wish for my presence. Before I heard your well-known signal, I had already determined on attempting to escape; for had I remained, it was decided that within the next twenty-four hours, if persuasion failed, I should be forced to participate in the ceremony which would make me the wife of de Silva."

"Their infamous designs will be foiled this time, I trust," said Clarence.

By this time, they had arrived at the glade, where three horses were waiting, and in a moment more Clarence and Arabel, followed by the trusty Martin, were on their way through the forest-path which soon terminated in the high road.

In the meantime, the Count de Silva and Sir Geoffrey, so deeply engaged were they in tracing out the details of their base plan, felt no impatience on account of the protracted absence of their intended victim. Not till dinner was ready to be served did her waiting-maid, who, on the arrival of de Silva's handsome valet, had obtained leave to pay a visit to the servant's room, return to the apartment of her mistress. Sir Geoffrey and the count, after, waiting something like five minutes for her appearance, began to grow impatient.

"Though she puts on airs, and makes you wait now," said Sir Geoffrey, "you will soon be able to repay her, and with interest if you please."

"I will see to that," replied de Silva, "for it is no trifling matter, after four hours' hard riding in the eye of this keen wind, to be obliged to wait till the dinner grows cold."

"We will wait no longer," said Sir Geoffrey, and going to the foot of the stairs, in an angry voice commanded her to come down.

"Miss Arabel isn't in her room," said the waiting-maid, stepping forward.

"Where is she, then?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Didn't you see where she went?"

"No, sir, I stepped out just a minute—she gave me leave to go—and when I returned she was gone."

The rooms near Arabel's chamber, as well as those more remote, were now searched, though of course she was not to be found. The servants were assembled and sternly questioned, but no one had seen her leave the house. In the midst of the excitement caused by her absence, a young farmer, one of Sir Geoffrey's tenants, called with a few nice apricots, which he said the good wife had sent, with her best respects and humble compliments, to Miss Arabel, for she should never forget the nice suit of clothes she gave little Johnny on his birthday, nor the plum-pudding and pies she sent them for Christmas.

"Miss Arabel has gone—no one knows where," said the servant to whom he delivered his message.

"Gone, and nobody knows where?" repeated the young farmer.

"'Tis just as I say."

"'Twas she. I thought of her then, and said to myself I never saw a lady that could ride so brave as she does but Miss Arabel."

"What's that you say?" said de Silva's valet, coming forward.

"Nothing for your ear."

"I will just call the count, then, and see if it is for his."

"You may spare yourself the trouble, for it is no more for his ear than for yours."

"You may find yourself mistaken."

The farmer made no reply, but turned nimbly away, saying as he did so:

"I might have known that it was Miss Arabel, and that it was the brave and noble Clarence Hastings who was with her; but if her uncle and this foreign-looking gallant aint put on their track till I do it, it will be a long time first."

When Sir Geoffrey and de Silva were satisfied that Arabel was gone, several different parties were formed to go in pursuit.

"Where is the dolt you told me about?" said de Silva, addressing his valet.

"Far enough from here by this time," was the reply, "for truly, if he be a dolt, his heaviness doesn't lie in his heels."

"After him and bring him back. But stay—I can soon overtake him. He has run away to avoid telling what he knows, I suspect. If we were in my own country, I would soon find a way to make him speak."

But he found it to be different in England; for, though the sturdy young farmer was soon overtaken, neither promises nor threats could induce him to break the promise he had made to himself not to betray Arabel Anvers. Count de Silva, however, entertained but little fear that the party headed by himself, or one of the others, would not, ere long, overtake the fair fugitive. The result showed that his expectation was not without foundation. The morning sun was not yet an hour above the horizon, when at a little distance ahead of him and his companions, he saw a lady on horseback, whom he knew to be Arabel, and riding by her side a gentleman whom he at once recognized as Clarence Hastings. They were accompanied by several gentlemen and ladies, the faithful Martin bringing up the rear. They looked back, but instead of accelerating, checked the speed of their horses.

"Does that mean that the runaway lady has repented?" said de Silva.

He was not long held in suspense. When, being in advance of his party, he arrived within a few paces of them, they wheeled round their horses, and one of the gentlemen, greeting him by his name and title, presented to him Clarence Hastings and Arabel, his wife.

"I don't say that your assertion is false," said de Silva, "but I will say that I shall be satisfied with nothing short of proof."

"Which you can have if you will take the trouble to accompany me to yonder chapel, you see gleaming through the trees. Had you been fifteen minutes sooner, you might have witnessed the ceremony, performed by special license, which gave my friend Hastings a legal right to take the fair lady by his side under his protection."

"It is enough. I should have laid my plans better, and been more vigilant. But let Clarence Hastings remember, that if he and I live, in less than a year from now he will repent having defeated me."

The threat might have been fulfilled, if both *had* lived, but only a few weeks afterwards de Silva was thrown from a carriage, by which he sustained injuries which soon proved fatal.

Sir Geoffrey, whose affairs, by reckless extravagance and waste, had become so embarrassed as to tempt him to agree to accept a bribe from de Silva, was compelled to pass the remainder of his days in obscurity, on the wreck of his once princely fortune.

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass



COL. JAMES M. THOMPSON.

COL. JAMES M. THOMPSON.

The accompanying portrait, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry, from an admirable photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee and Case of this city, cannot fail to be pronounced a striking likeness of the original Col. James M. Thompson, of Thompson and Co.'s Express, one of our most widely-known and popular citizens. Col. Thompson, who is now in the prime of life, is a native of New Hampshire, but for many years a resident of Boston. He started in life a poor boy, without any advantages, but determined by the exercise of his ingennity, industry and ability, to work his way to competence and honor, if not to fortune. As "there is nothing impossible to him who wills," we find him at last at the head of an extensive and prosperous business, and in a fair way to realize the most sanguine anticipations and hopes of his earlier years. It is now ten or twelve years since he purchased Harnden and Co.'s Express, and has ever since conducted the business, constantly enlarging the field of his operations. He has taken into partnership two gentlemen who formerly officiated as clerks in his office, Messrs. W. N. Melcher and R. L. Johnson. Col. Thompson is also a director in the Adams Express Company. The business done by Thompson and Co. is co-extensive with the Union, and embraces Canada also in the field of its operations. They have offices in all the principal cities and towns of most the Northern, Middle and Western States and in several of the Southern. Besides the conveyance of parcels and merchandise, they transact a large money business, in the collection of notes, bills and drafts. The head of such an establishment must necessarily unite many rare qualifications, as its details are complex, and its success is dependent upon perfect system. That Col. Thompson possesses the requisite energy, tact and character is amply proved by the high reputation enjoyed by the company. Col. T. is hardly less known and admired for his qualities as a citizen and man than for his business abilities. Manly, generous and independent, he commands the esteem and affection of his intimates, and the number of his friends is legion. We must not neglect to mention that he has ever taken a warm interest in military affairs, and that his rank is derived from having served as aide-de-camp on the gubernatorial staff. Thousands of our readers will thank us for publishing the colonel's "counterfeit presentment."

THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA.

The accompanying portrait is an accurate likeness, drawn for our paper, of Peter Nassau, a colored man, now a resident of Woodstock, Vermont, who has reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and twenty-six years! This fact has been established by N. Haskell, Esq., town clerk of Woodstock, who has taken great pains in order correctly to trace out Peter's history. When quite young, he came as a gentleman's servant from Martinique, his native place, to Boston, but for many years past Woodstock has been his home. Peter Nassau is as well known in Vermont as the Green Mountains themselves. He is of a thin, spare frame, and is nearly bald, but his skin is remarkably smooth and unwrinkled. He has no son, but seven daughters, two of whom yet live in Woodstock, by which town he is supported. Go, however, where he will, and he is fond of wandering about, he always finds friends who are glad to give him food and shelter. His eyesight is still good, and his teeth remarkably sound for a man of his age. He converses freely, but, unlike most old men, is not garrulous. While he was sitting in the office of the Windsor House, lately, some one asked him how many more winters he expected to see. "Ah!" said Peter, "if this yere house was offered to me all full of gold, I wouldn't 'cept it to live my days over again." It is almost certain that Peter Nassau is the oldest living man in America. What a history his would be if faithfully chronicled! Think of his having been born two years before Washington, and outliving all the actors in the ante-revolutionary period. He was past the prime of life—forty-six years old—at the date of the Declaration of Independence. Long before the second war with Great Britain broke out, he had passed the scriptural limit of life—threescore years and ten. He has lived to see many a man who was an infant when he was in his prime, die of old age. He has seen the population of this country increase from three to thirty millions of people. He was ten years old when Frederick the Great ascended his throne. How many wars have convulsed the world, how many changes have taken place on the surface of the globe, since Peter Nassau saw the light! There are some instances on record, of persons who have attained a greater age than Peter Nassau, but they are not many. The following among other names are mentioned by Dr. J. W. Draper, in his admirable work on Human Physiology: Attila, 124 years; Margaret Patten, 137; the Countess of Desmond, 145; Thomas Parr, 152; Thomas Damme, 154; John Rovin, 172; his wife, 164 and Peter Torton, 185. The Englishman, Parr, who was born in 1483, married when at the age of 120, and was in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, mental and physical, at the age of 140. Henry Jenkins, who died in Yorkshire, in 1670, lived 169 years.



THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA.

CAVE-IN-ROCK, ON THE OHIO.

Cave-in-Rock, or the "House of Nature," an accurate view of which, drawn and engraved for the Pictorial, we present on this page, is situated on the Illinois shore of the Ohio River, twenty-four miles below Shawneetown. It is pointed out to passengers as a great curiosity, and the approach to it, as you descend the stream, is strikingly picturesque. Above and below it are lofty perpendicular limestone bluffs, surrounded by trees. The entrance to the cave is just above high water mark. It is about 20 feet high, and leads to a spacious apartment with an arched roof, about 30 feet in height, and extending inward to a depth of 125 feet. On its front are carved the names of many visitors. This cave has occasionally afforded a temporary winter asylum to families descending the river. About the year 1800 it was the rendezvous of a noted outlaw and pirate, by the name of Mason, who, with his band, subsisted by plundering flat-boats on their way down the river, or by waylaying the unfortunate boatmen on their return, and robbing and murdering them. The voyage down the Ohio was then performed in "arks," which, moving slowly with the current, occupied weeks in the distance that now requires but days. There was little to relieve the monotony of this dull progress; while the slow pace at which the ark moved, ensured their easy capture by the canoes of Indians or robbers. Mason availed himself of this, and became the terror of the boatmen. The leader of this notorious band of outlaws was finally shot by one of his own comrades, in order to gain a reward of $500 offered by the Governor of Mississippi for his head. The story of Mason has been made the subject of more than one sketch, and has, moreover, we believe, furnished the outlines of a drama. The history of the western settlements abounds in themes for the pen, as do the vast regions of the west in subjects for the pencil. In fact American scenery and history are abundantly suggestive, and afford an inexhaustible mine to artistic skill, being full of striking features and strange combinations.



CAVE-IN-ROCK, ON THE OHIO RIVER.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. D.—Your friend is right and you are wrong. General Lopez was not a native of Cuba; he was born in Venezuela, South America, and was an adopted son of Cuba, where he married and became a citizen.

H. S. C.—Stone bullets were in use for nearly a century before lead ones were adopted. Stone cannon balls are still in use among some of the Eastern nations. Cannon were first used as early as the year 1338.

W. F.—We do not agree with you in your article against horse railroads in cities, and so decline it. Those in operation in Boston, viz, from Boston to Roxbury, and from Boston to Cambridge, have proved eminently successful.

M. G.—You ask why so many South Carolinians are of French extraction. In 1693 a colony of French refugees, exiled in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled in Carolina, from whom many of the first families are descended. The population of Charleston is less than 40,000.

Enquirer.—The first vessel that sailed round the world and thus determined its being globular, was Magellan's. He was a native of Portugal, in the service of Spain. He was three years and twenty-nine days in performing the voyage.

A. R. R.—It is the warlike people who inhabit the confines of Poland, Russia, Tartary and Turkey, who are known as Cossacks.

Teacher.—Damascus is probably the most ancient city in the world, as it was in existence in the time of Abraham. See Gen. xiv. It has been under Assyrian, Persian, Greek, Roman and Saracen rule. At the present time it is the capital of a Turkish pachalic.

H. W.—Next to the two celebrated diamonds you mention, the richest one we know of is that in the sceptre of Russia, the intrinsic value of which is half a million of dollars. The famous Pitt diamond was sold to the King of France in 1720 for the same amount.

Mary C. V.—The Elgin Marbles are ancient works of art gathered by Lord Elgin from the Parthenon, a temple of Minerva in the Acropolis at Athens, and date back five hundred years before Christ. They are now in the British Museum, the government having given his lordship nearly $200,000 for them to place there.

Helen C.—Roxbury.—We now strongly suspect from whence those fragrant flowers have come, from time to time, giving a sweet fragrance to our sanctum, and mystifying us amazingly.

Harry.—Address "Porter's Spirit." New York —*we* would not engage to hunt up the pedigree of a horse for a handful of silver dollars.

B. W.—We cannot say how far back corsets date as an article of female wearing apparel; but there is a tradition that they were invented by a hard-hearted butcher in the thirteenth century as a *punishment* for his wife! He thought it would partially deprive her of breath and prevent her tattling so much.

D. H.—Mr. Herbert's residence is Newark, N. J. He calls his residence "The Cedars," and a beautiful cottage it is, on the river's bank, about a mile and a half from the centre of Newark.

A. H. W.—It costs a trifle more to cross the Atlantic in our American steamers, than by the Cunard line, but the superior accommodations of the former over the latter are beyond comparison.

S. B.—Very acceptable, shall be published next week.

REMEMBER!

Two more numbers of our paper will complete the volume for the present year; and all whose subscriptions end at that time, will confer a particular favor upon us, by renewing at the *earliest moment*, in order that we may print an edition equal to the demand. We discontinue all subscriptions at the date to which payment has been made; therefore, to ensure an unbroken receipt of the paper, *immediate* renewal is necessary.

The forthcoming volume of our illustrated journal shall be *the best that has ever yet appeared from this establishment.* We have engaged some new and finished artists, who are added to our already large corps of designers, and several new and popular contributors to the literary department. Fresh spirit and new life will be imparted to our pages.—"Ballou's Pictorial" and the "Flag of our Union," sent together to one address, for $4 per annum.

SPLINTERS.

.... At Colchester, Eng., 72 Crimean soldiers were married in one day. There must be quite a hymeneal furor there.

.... Merle d'Aubigne, the celebrated religious historian, will visit Boston some time in next summer.

.... The Rev. George Bird, of Whitehaven, Eng., teaches his parishioners that it is right and moral to beat their wives.

.... An English writer thought he had discovered the sea-serpent, but finds out it was only a line of porpoises.

.... At Madrid, Narvaez has been caning the husband of the Infanta of Spain, the king's sister.

.... The real force of the Papal army is now no more than 8000 men, 7400 infantry and 600 cavalry.

.... In 1639 the first printing-press was established in America, and the "Bay Psalm Book" was printed on it the next year.

.... It was Bishop Horner's own opinion that there was no better moralist than the newspaper.

.... The people of Yucatan, handed back by Great Britain to Honduras, are displeased with the transfer.

.... In France, there is a metal-worker whose business has had the curious effect of turning his hair green.

.... A man in the Albany Express advertises for an able-bodied Irishman to hold his wife's tongue—the brute!

.... Col. Baylies of Taunton has made a bet that Major Ben: Perley Poore will be governor of this State next year.

.... An exchange says an editor deserves more credit for what he suppresses than for what he prints.

.... A false friend, like a shadow on the dial, appears in the sunshine and disappears in the storm.

... Julius Cæsar was nervous and so were Bonaparte and Nelson and Marlborough, yet they were brave.

.... If there are Quacks who seem to stand high, it is because of the Flats that surround them.

.... Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others, without getting a few drops yourself.

.... In Prussia, males are not permitted to marry under 25 nor females under 22 years of age.

.... Senator Douglas, it is said, is to marry Miss Cutts, the reigning belle of Washington City.

.... The failure of the silk-worms in France has raised the price of silk to an enormous figure.

.... The catalogue of Yale College, lately issued, registers the names of five hundred and ninety-eight students.

.... The author always the most appreciated by the world at large, is the author of his own fortune.

BROADWAY, NEW YORK, BY GASLIGHT.

On page 376 of the present number, we have placed a fine characteristic picture, drawn for us by A. Hill, and engraved by Damoreau, representing Broadway by gaslight. Its spirit will be acknowledged by all who see it, and its truthfulness by those who are best conversant with its localities. Prominent in the line of buildings on the right is the Broadway Theatre, with its line of glittering lamps, and the people pouring into the vestibule. On the other side of the street are several noted places—Putnam's bookstore, Taylor's famous saloon, Brady's daguerreotype rooms. That fine corps, the New York Light Guard, are seen filing along the sidewalk, on their return from a parade. The flag in the distance floats from the Liberty pole at the corner of Grand Street. The street, itself crowded with omnibuses and private teams, presents its usual crowded aspect, the confusion being increased by an alarm of fire, in obedience to which, a fire company with their machine and lanterns are dashing madly in the direction indicated by the signals. The whole picture will call up many an agreeable reminiscence.

Broadway is like nothing in existence but itself. In this most cosmopolitan of our cities, this great artery of life is the most cosmopolitan of streets. Other localities in New York are specialities—are American, Teutonic, Helvetian, or Batavian in their character; but the representatives of all nations make Broadway their thoroughfare. It is the finest field in the world for the ethnological student. Here you meet, throughout the day and evening, besides your own countrymen, swarthy Spaniards, mercurial Frenchmen, black-eyed Italians, sturdy John Bulls, stalwart Milesians, light-haired Bavarians, meditative Germans, plodding Dutchmen, sable Africans, with here and there a Greek, a Turk, or an Armenian—and now and then a long-tailed immigrant from Central Flower-Land. Nobody would be surprised at encountering a Kaffir, or a Polynesian. In fact, nothing surprises anybody in Broadway—it is so full of wonders that you cease to wonder at them. Its architecture, its magazines, its hotels, are striking features, but its passengers are most attractive, after all. What a spectacle does Broadway present in the after-dinner hours, when it is gay with glittering equipages and gay promenaders—the ladies with their loveliness and rich attire, making the sidewalks seem like a parterre of flowers! But he who knows not Broadway by gaslight, loses the most striking half of its physiognomy. It must be seen and studied when its cafés and restaurants are a blaze of light; when its theatres present their glittering illuminations; when the omnibuses thunder by with their red lights, and the whole population give themselves up to amusement. It is then that it strikingly resembles one of the Parisian boulevards. And yet it is strongly national, after all, and most essentially New York—and New York city is a world in itself.

GROUP OF CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

The striking group of Indians on page 377 of this number, was drawn for us by Mr. Champney, from a fine daguerreotype taken by Mr. Heywood at Crescent City, Klamath River, Oregon coast. The Indian with a cap and sword is a chief, and the second one next him is his son. The remainder of the group are Indians and their squaws. The costumes, appointments, attitudes and faces of these specimens of the aborigines are faithfully rendered from the daguerreotype. Mr. Heywood, to whom we are indebted for this unique group, is an accomplished artist, who has travelled extensively in this country and Europe, and has brought home many interesting souvenirs of his journeyings, in the shape of views of places, people and buildings of note. His rooms are at 228 Washington, corner of Summer Street, with a branch establishment at 103 Court Street, and are freely open to all visitors. He has won quite a reputation by his portraits and views.

The old Ruin at Newport.—A special correspondent of the London Times, whom we take to be no other than Mr. Delane himself, has a dab at the famous Newport ruin, and combines the evidence that goes to prove that it was never anything but a mill, and that the old northern Vikings had nothing to do with its erection. Well, we suppose we must give it up; we'll say it's a mill, and call it square—though it is certainly round.

Russia.—Russia does not appear to have lost much prestige by the late war. True she has been beaten, but beaten without disgrace; and then that coronation affair at Moscow was the most brilliant fete of modern days.

Dr. Kane.—We are sorry to learn that this intrepid navigator is gradually sinking in his health. His publishers, Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia, write us that they fear, from late advices, he will not live to return to this country.

Railroad Festival.—The railroad celebration at Montreal was a grand affair. The arrangements were conducted on a scale of great liberality, and the hospitalities of the Canadians were unbounded.

Cincinnati.—Ballou's Pictorial, which has heretofore been sold in Cincinnati at *ten cents* per copy, will henceforth be furnished at retail for SIX CENTS. R. A. Duncan, agent, 162 Vine St.

Frank Freelove.—We had marked your "Rosicrucian Glee" for insertion, when we ascertained, casually, that you had already published it in "Porter's Spirit."

To Everybody!—Read our prize offer on another page of this paper, and act accordingly.

THE BULL FIGHT AT BAYONNE.

On the last page of this number will be found a spirited representation of the famous bull fight at Bayonne, a recent *festa*, got up by Louis Napoleon expressly to gratify the empress, who, a Castilian by birth, had long regretted her deprivation of the excitement of her national sport. The emperor and empress are seen in the front of the box at the left hand, looking down upon the arena. The most famous bull-fighters in Spain and the fiercest of Andalusian bulls were engaged for this occasion. The sketch was made at an interesting point—the death of one of the bulls. The experienced *matador* (slayer) as the animal is making forward, in his last blind, desperate charge, puts his sword into the junction of the neck and spine, and terminates his unhappy career. In the foreground, a horse, wounded to death, is rolling over in his agony. The *chulos*, with their red mantles and exceedingly graceful Andalusian costumes, are hovering near, ready to divert the attention of the bull if the matador fails in killing him, and he becomes dangerous. The objects sticking in the neck of the bull are *banderillas*, darts decorated with ribbons, and thrust into the animal to increase his rage and ferocity. Three mounted picadors are in the ring. They have high demi-pique saddles and huge shovel stirrups, so that it is exceedingly difficult to dismount them. Their pantaloons are made of hide, ribbed with steel, as a protection against a chance stroke of the bull's horns. The horses used on these occasions are sorry nags, for this sport is too dangerous a one to allow of valuable horses being employed, nine out of ten of the horses being almost sure to be killed or disabled. It will be noticed, that the eyes of the horses are bandaged—the broken down hacks could not otherwise be brought to face the bull, even with the sharp persuasion of the heavy rowels of the Spanish spurs. It is no less strange than true that the most delicate and refined Spanish ladies take as much delight in a bull fight, as the lowest ruffians of the streets. High and low, young and old, seek their highest enjoyment in the bull-ring. So of old the ladies of Rome thronged the Flavian amphitheatre, and looked on with tearless eyes when the gladiators hewed each other to pieces, or were pitted against Numidian lions and Indian tigers.

Mormonism.—The Mormon missionaries in England now openly preach their pernicious doctrine of a plurality of wives, but it appears the English women don't object. The annual emigration of converts from Great Britain is computed at 8000.

The Merrimac.—The London Times says that our frigate Merrimac has the "most terrible shell armament" that was ever put on shipboard. John Bull must be a good boy, and not compel us to "shell out."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr James E. Morse to Miss Mary A. Dorey; by Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. John Bartlett to Mrs. Rebecca Robertson; by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. H. S. Welch to Miss Elizabeth S. Foster; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Stephen A. French to Miss Frances E. Bracket; by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Asa W. Kingsbury, of Framingham, to Miss Sarah E. Boynton; by Rev. Mr. Wells, Mr. Henry C. Knapp to Miss Ellen A. Lincoln; by Rev. Dr. Barrett, Jacob A. Corey, Esq., of New Orleans, to Miss Caroline M. Wilkinson.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Harrington, Mr. Thomas Edgar French to Miss Lizzie F. Chamberlain.—At Somerville, by Rev. Dr. Albro, Dea. Curtis Lawrence, of Groton, to Miss Harriet Burrill.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. Alden Whiting to Miss Mary Jane Pratt, both of Weymouth.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Loubard, Rev. William P. Myrick, of Orleans, Mass., to Mrs. Lydia H. Yale—At South Danvers, Mr. William L. Full to Miss Sarah Jane Shove.—At Essex, by Rev. Mr. Prince, Mr James O. Lowe to Miss Abby Burnham.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Rogers, Rev. Junius L. Hatch, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Miss Lucy W. Plumer.—At Rockport, Mr. Benjamin F West to Miss Frances Willis.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Steele, Mr. Thomas Fenneli, of Dayton, Ohio, to Miss Anna Louisa Eager.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. John A. Joyce, of Kingston, to Miss Maria T. Alexander.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. George W. Briggs, 40; Mrs. Margaret M., wife of Mr. Antoine Mattel, 43; Mr. Peletiah Harmon, formerly of Portland, Me.; Miss Mary Janverin, 80.—At Cambridge, Miss Nancy Fullerton, 46; Mr. Robert McMasters, 92.—At East Cambridge, Mr. Samuel Dunnels, 41.—At Dorchester, Bradish Billings, Esq., 82; Mrs. Mary B., wife of Mr. Calvin M. Thompson.—At Quincy, Miss Anna E. Baxter, 17.—At Waltham, Mr. Samuel Lucas, formerly of Boston, 73.—At Braintree, Miss Rachel Sampson, 82.—At Beverly, Mr. Benjamin Wallis, 82.—At Lynn, Mr. Nathaniel Rothwell, 35; Mrs. Betsy, wife of Mr. Thorndike Chase, 68; Widow Lydia Farrington, 72; Mrs. Nancy, wife of Mr. William Lewis, 82.—At Salem, Mrs. Ellen M., wife of Capt. George Upton, 33; Miss Ellen Benjamin, 19; Widow Sarah Dunlap, 83.—At North Danvers, Mrs. Sarah A., wife of Mr. Albert Howe, 23.—At Gloucester, Mr. Aaron Bray, 74.—At Newburyport, Mr. Jeremiah Waterhouse, 76.—At Southbridge, Miss Catharine Fox, 45; Mr. Ira F. Barlow, 46.—At Clintonville, Mr. Caleb Battles, 82.—At Northampton, Mr. John F. Munroe, 79.—Provincetown, Mrs. Lucy Paine; Miss Salome Cook, 17.—At Sandwich, Mr. Frank Nye, 70.—At Worcester, Mrs. Hannah M May, 52.—At Fairhaven, Mr Isaac Wood, 81.—At South Yarmouth, Mrs. Rhobe B., wife of Capt. George Wood.—At Augusta, Mr. Arthur Berry, 72.—At West Boscawen, N. H., Mrs. Mary Ann C. Stone, 29.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTUMN.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

I weep not as I see thy pale flowers die;
Through my full heart a still, sad joy is stealing,
And as I gaze upon the sunset sky,
My bosom gently throbs with pent-up feeling.
O, there are thoughts too hallowed to be spoken,
I dare not whisper lest the spell be broken;
Deep in my heart there is a sacred prayer,
Low angel-whisperings soften every care.

See, how the tender vines are closely clinging
Around the trees, whilst threatening storm-clouds lower;
'Tis thus fond woman, her caresses flinging,
Around man's sturdy form in sorrow's hour,
Shows him the strength that in her weakness lies,
And how her shielding arm the worst defies;
In every heart there is a spot so tender,
That 'neath love's witching smile it must surrender.

There is a charm in autumn's fading treasure;
Her oak-leaf garlands tinged with scarlet hue,
Are meet to grace the crowded halls of pleasure,
Where hearts are broken—hearts too fond and true.
O, how I love and shrine the wee pale flowers,
That ope their petals in the woodland bowers,
Loved all the more because they will not stay,
To shed their fragrance round life's toilsome way.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE COURT MARTIAL.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THERE was trouble at Tangier between our U. S. consul there and the authorities of Morocco, and our ship was sent thither to overhaul the matter, and it was while lying in that harbor that the incidents occurred which I am about to relate.

It was on the morning of the 5th of July that the crew were not a little startled upon finding a great quantity of blood upon the deck close by the starboard bridle-port, and shortly afterwards a bloody sheath-knife was found close by. The men had not yet been called, the hammocks having not been piped up, but as the morning was warm and sultry, quite a number had come on deck. The officer of the watch was called at once, and he called the first lieutenant. The sheath-knife was recognized instantly. It bore the initials, cut into the handle, "E. T.," and was known by some of the men to belong to Edmund Thaxter.

"There's been a murder committed here, as sure as the world!" said the first lieutenant, as he looked upon the scene. "Some man has been killed and then thrown out this port. You say this knife is Thaxter's?"

"Yes, sir," returned one of the men.

"Then let us send for him at once. Mr. Orland (to one of the midshipmen), have him sent on deck—to the mast."

Orland went down and found Thaxter asleep in his hammock, and he awoke him and bade him come on deck at once.

Edmund Thaxter was a youth, not over nineteen years of age; a mild, kind-hearted fellow, intelligent and faithful, and never known to be engaged in any broils of any kind. He dressed himself as quickly as possible, and then went up to the mast.

"Thaxter," spoke the first lieutenant, with a strange, startled look, what is that on your trowsers? and on your hands, too?"

The youth looked down, and found his white trowsers all bedaubed with blood, and his hands the same. He gazed eagerly upon the strange marks, and then he put his hand up to his face, as though he would see if there was any wound there.

"What is it, Thaxter?"

"I don't know, sir—I'm sure I don't," the youth replied, in a bewildered state.

"Whose knife is this?" the lieutenant next asked, holding out the bloody weapon.

Thaxter instinctively placed his hand upon his sheath, which was attached to his belt, but he found no knife there.

"That's my knife, sir," he at length said, apparently more bewildered than before.

"Now just come forward here," the officer resumed, as he started towards the forecastle.

The ship had a topgallant-forecastle which reached aft beyond the foremast, and the place where this scene had been enacted was under this forecastle clear forward. When they reached the spot, the lieutenant pointed to the blood upon the deck, and asked Thaxter if he knew what it meant.

"Good heavens, sir!" the youth gasped, as a gleam of the truth flitted before his understanding, "what do you mean?"

"Do you not know what I mean?" the officer asked, very significantly.

"No, sir—I'm sure I don't."

"Well, you can see what has probably been done, eh?"

"Done, sir?"

"Ay—you can see, can't you?"

The youth gazed first upon the stained deck, then upon the like stains on his hands and clothing, and then upon the bloody knife which the lieutenant held, and which he knew was his.

"Mercy, sir! has there been a murder done?" he finally uttered.

"*Don't you know?*"

"No, sir! As true as God lets me live, I don't!"

"Ah, Thaxter, this looks dubious. If I am not much mistaken you had some rum last night, didn't you?"

The youth trembled, but made no immediate reply. The fact was, the day before had been the anniversary of our nation's birthday, and quite a number of the crew had managed to obtain liquor, besides some three or four extra torts which had been served out to the men from the ship.

"Answer me! Didn't you have some rum last night?"

"I had a little, sir; but I know nothing of this. I was not drunk, sir—as true as Heaven I was not!"

But the lieutenant only shook his head. And he was not the only one. All who stood around shook their heads, and the looks which were bestowed upon the boy were anything but cheering to him.

The master-at arms was called, and Thaxter was placed in his charge, and the corporal of the watch ordered to post a sentinel over the place where the blood was, with orders to keep the men out from beneath that side of the forecastle. After this the captain was called, and the whole matter explained to him. He went and saw the blood, and then went around upon the other side and looked upon the suspected youth.

"O, captain!" Thaxter cried, clasping his hands in agony, "I am not guilty of this!"

"Never mind now. We shall look into it," returned the captain, as he turned to walk aft.

The boatswain was now ordered to pipe up hammocks, and as soon as the men were all up, and the hammocks stowed, the word was passed for mustering the crew. All hands came flocking to the larboard side of the waist and quarter-deck, and the fearful whisper went around amongst them that some one had been murdered during the night!

The purser's steward took his station at the capstan, and commenced to call the roll. One after another of the men answered and passed around through to the starboard gangway. At length the name of John McMull was called.

"John McMull—*John McMull*—JOHN MCMULL."

But no one answered to that name. The rest of the names were called, and call answered or were accounted for. Then the missing man was called for again, and with the same result. He was not to be found. His hammock was hanging all alone upon the berth-deck, and its owner was absent. A reasonable search was made, and the final result was the same. John McMull was missing. He had been a youth about Thaxter's age, and also Thaxter's particular friend and crony.

After all search was over, and it was a settled thing that the man was gone, a fellow named Michael Heany came to the mast and wished to speak with the first lieutenant. Heany was a tall, stout, dark-featured man, and belonged to the crew of the fore-top. The lieutenant came up and asked what was wanted.

"Sir," said Heany, touching his hat, "I think I can tell ye somethin' about this thing. Last night, sir, about one bell (half-past twelve), I heard a scuffle under the forecastle, and heard somebody cry out as though they was hurt. I went as quick as I could, but only met Thaxter coming out. I spoke to him, but he wouldn't stop. He went below, and then I went under the forecastle to see what else I could find, for I supposed of course there was another one there. But I couldn't find anybody."

"You didn't see the blood, then, did you?" asked the officer.

"No, sir, for 'twas too dark; but you see I got some on my shoes." He held up one of his feet, and the blood was plainly seen.

Heany was questioned further, but nothing more of importance was elicited. He was ordered to say nothing of this among the crew, and then dismissed.

Three days were suffered to pass away, and during that time every exertion was used to find the body of the missing youth. The harbor was dragged, but without effect. There were many sharks in the neighborhood, and it was supposed the body had been devoured as it floated in the water.

On the fourth day a court-martial was organized to try the supposed murderer. The sailing-master was appointed judge advocate, and one of the passed-midshipmen, a shrewd, keen man, was appointed counsel for the prisoner to conduct the defence. The trial took place in the ward-room.

When Edmund Thaxter was brought in he looked pale and haggard, and he trembled fearfully. The judge advocate read the charge, and the prisoner was asked if he was, or was not, guilty.

"Guilty?" he gasped, with a wild start, "O, God knows I am not! I was not on deck that night! I was not! O, I was not!"

"We will come at that by-and-by," said the prosecutor.

And then the witnesses were called up and sworn. First came one of the midshipmen, who testified that on the evening previous to the murder the prisoner was the worse for liquor. Next came two men, very reluctantly, who testified that the prisoner and McMull had some difficulty on the evening in question—that high and hard words passed between them; and that the prisoner threatened to whip the other, and would have attempted it had not they, the witnesses, separated them and sent McMull below.

The prisoner's counsel questioned these witnesses some, and obtained from them that McMull went directly below and turned into his hammock, and that they then got Thaxter below, and saw him turn in also. Furthermore, they said that the prisoner was not so drunk but that he knew what he was about, and that he appeared to be very sorry after he had got into his hammock that he had had any difficulty with his crony.

The next witness was Michael Heany. He swore to the same statement he had made to the first lieutenant, relating the incidents promptly and clearly. This evidence was deemed conclusive, and a shudder ran around among those present as they heard it. Edmund Thaxter gazed upon the witness in utter astonishment. There could be no mistake in the meaning of his look.

"Michael Heany," said the prisoner's counsel—and he seemed to feel a deep interest in his client—"have not you had difficulty with both of these youngsters?"

"What youngsters?"

"With Thaxter and McMull."

"No, sir."

"Be careful, sir! Have you not threatened to flog them both when you got a chance?"

"Why, I may have said something of the kind."

"Ay, so I thought. And now answer me again. Did you not, on the evening before this affair happened, smuggle a lot of rum on board this ship?"

"No, sir."

"You did! Do you dare deny it now?"

Heany started now with fear for the first time.

"Michael Heany," said the passed-midshipman, looking the stout man sternly in the eye, "you brought rum on board that night—and John McMull saw it—and you feared he would expose you!"

"Well, sir," returned the witness, "I supposed a man was not obliged to criminate himself, and I denied having done what has no connection with this affair at all. If I did bring rum on board, and if McMull did see me, I don't know what it has to do with this. And if I had anything against either of 'em, they are both beyond my reach now."

The counsel questioned Heany further, but he could only arrive at simple facts which had no direct effect upon the testimony against the prisoner.

After this two or three witnesses were called who had seen the blood upon the prisoner's person; and the knife was also produced; and here the prosecution rested the case.

Upon the other side some witnesses were called, but their testimony only amounted to what every one before knew from the result of previous cross-questioning. The case looked dark and hopeless. Edmund Thaxter sank upon his knees and swore that he was innocent, and begged for mercy! But the officers shook their heads.

The sentence of the court was about to be pronounced, and the prisoner had sunk back into his seat, when there was a sudden commotion upon the deck, and loud voices in startled speech. In a few moments more the officer of the deck came rushing down, and informed the court that a new witness was coming. Another step was heard upon the ladder, and while the court were in anxious waiting, two men entered, and between them walked—*John McMull!* He looked pale and ghastly, and his step was weak and tremulous.

Michael Heany started to his feet, and having gazed for an instant upon the unexpected visitor, he made a leap for the door; but he was knocked back, and at a motion from the judge advocate he was caught and secured.

As soon as order could be restored, and the prisoner had embraced the new-comer, all the circumstances were explained to McMull. He opened his eyes with astonishment, and at length he told his own story.

"After I had got into my hammock," he commenced, "I remained awake until Ned Thaxter had come down and turned in; and then I went to sleep. I did not wake up until midnight, and after that I lay awake for some time. Just as one bell was struck, some one came to my hammock and called me by name. I looked up and saw Michael Heany. He whispered to me and told me that Ned Thaxter had gone on deck and got drunk, and that he had been trying to get him below, but couldn't, and he wanted me to come up. I thought nothing, and got out of my hammock and slipped on my trowsers, and then followed Heany up. He led me to the forecastle, and when we had got close by the bridle-port he turned and struck me on the head with something he had in his hand, but he did not wholly stun me. I saw him draw his knife, and I felt him stab me, and then I knew that he pitched me out of the port; and I remember well of hearing him say, as he drew his knife, '*This 'll settle ye both, ye bloody young villains!*' The only thing I can remember after striking the water is, of feeling a dull pain in my breast, and of striking out with all the energy and strength I had. I can remember of feeling something pulling my hair; but the next thing of reality I knew, I found myself in a miserable room ashore, and an old woman standing close by me. I was in the hut of an old fisherman, and when he came in he told me how he found me.

"He was coming in from Gibraltar, where he had been to sell his fish. The wind had all died away, and he had lowered his sails, and he and his son rowed in. They saw me in the water—they said both my hands were stretched up over my head, and I seemed to be treading with my feet. They caught me and pulled me on board, and I had been in their house two days when I came to. An old Arab doctor had dressed my wounds, and he said I should recover. This morning the old man told me that somebody was going to be tried for murder on board the ship to-day, but he had forgotten the name. I asked him if it was Heany, and he said no. Then I thought of what Heany said as he stabbed me, and I asked if 'twas Thaxter, and he said yes. Then I knew that Heany had contrived to get rid of both of us because we had been the means of having him flogged, and I told the old man that he must bring me off—and he has done it. Now you know all."

There was a change of feeling after this. Michael Heany was put in double irons, and when he found that he could not escape conviction, he confessed that he did mean to murder McMull; and that he went to Thaxter's hammock and got his sheath-knife, and also went back and daubed blood on his trowsers and on his hands while he was asleep.

Edmund Thaxter recovered; but Michael Heany was not punished as the court-martial had decreed. On the fifth night after the trial he made his escape. All search was made for him on shore, but no traces of him could be found. The wind was blowing hard on the night when he slipped away, and in all probability he was drowned.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Chinese sugar cane is coming in use at the South. Some few specimens have been raised there, and it is a pity that in this season of scarcity of sugar it could not be more generally cultivated. The cost of making a gallon of syrup in Georgia will not exceed fifteen cents, and it is thought that soon it will be made into sugar for export. —— T. B. Read, the poet artist, on his passage to Europe, was obliged to take his turn at the pumps six hours per day for fourteen days, to keep the ship afloat—and his health was much improved by it. —— Mrs. Lorenzo Cheney, of South Gardiner, met with a horrible death from burns, lately, in consequence of the explosion of a camphene lamp, which set fire to her clothes. She lived but six hours after the accident. —— In Germany, where everybody drinks beer, tea is sold by druggists; and the demand for it leads to anxious inquiries about your health! —— Mr. Parker A. Benner, of Waldoboro', Me., went to his store one morning, lately, apparently in health, built his fire, and in a few minutes complained of blindness; left his store and started for his house, but did not reach there before he expired. —— Kansas news says fever and ague is quite prevalent in those parts. —— The Nashville (Tenn.) Gazette states that some apples raised in that State, and exhibited at the late Fair, were sold by the half dozen, and as much as $5 20 per half dozen paid for them. The whole lot, about 1 1-2 barrels, consisting of seven varieties, brought the sum of $111. —— Molasses is now made from the Chinese cornstalk in Columbia, Pennsylvania. —— Ole Bull, the distinguished violinist, it is stated, is now in Illinois, and since the last of August he has been unable to move about, having had a severe attack of bilious fever. —— The medical profession in Austria consists of 6398 physicians, 6148 surgeons, 2951 apothecaries, and 18,798 professional women. —— By recent despatches to the navy department from Commander Swartwout, of the United States steamer Massachusetts, the important fact is communicated of a discovery of valuable coal on the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. This discovery was made by Capt. J. H. Thorndyke. About four tuns of it were dug out by Indians, and tested on board the Massachusetts. —— The Portsmouth Journal thinks that Ben: Perley Poore should be created a *barrow*net. —— The Minnesota Pioneer, in speaking of the growth of St. Paul, and the increase of population in the territory, says that "emigration has been steady and increasing the whole season, and that the people are now beginning seriously to entertain the idea of applying for admission into the Union as a State, its population numbering, it is thought, nearly 200,000 souls." —— At Rome, lately, Col. Hiram Pearson, of San Francisco, was fined one thousand piastres for seating himself on the throne of the pope. —— It is stated that, with the exception of a few miles in Virginia, there is now a connected line of railroad all the way from Bangor, on the Penobscot, to Moutgomery, on the Alabama. Ere long the chain will be extended to New Orleans, thence to be carried westward until it reaches the shores of the Pacific. —— The witty James Smith says that November is the period at which most Englishmen take leave of the sun for nine months, and not a few of them forever. —— The Duke of Wellington saw a man turn pale as he marched up to a battery. "That," he said, "is a brave man; he knows his danger and faces it."

MOSAIC PORTRAITS.

We learn from the Commercial Advertiser, that in the basement of the Vatican, at Rome, there is a large manufactory for the production of mosaic pictures, which are used for the adornment of churches, and for presents to the crowned heads of Europe. The workmen are now engaged in making colossal portraits of the Popes, to be placed in St. Paul's Church, now erecting. These mosaics are made of a species of glass enamel manufactured for the purpose, and the different tints used in these works amount to more than ten thousand. It is requisite for the persons employed to have great knowledge of art, and a discriminating appreciation of the different schools of painting. Some idea can be formed of the difficulties to be encountered in these productions, when it is known that from twelve to twenty years are frequently occupied in their execution. Their artistic beauty is unrivalled.

Short Speeches.—There is nothing like short speeches. A man can put as much pith into four lines as into a two hours' harangue. On the summit of the Alps, Bonaparte's address to his soldiers was only this:—"Soldiers, we will descend from these rocks like an impetuous torrent, and we will conquer the immense plains that meet our wondering eyes. Then shall victory dispense happiness to all." And they "went and did it," as Mr. Squeers says.

Fine Location.—A very pleasant place must Treverton Manor be, somewhere in Pennsylvania. Even an auctioneer could only say of it, that it was "covered with stones, and under each stone were rattlesnakes; and nothing but hemlock knots and huckleberries were produced in addition to stones and rattlesnakes."

A burning Shame.—How much wood do you suppose the railroad locomotives of the United States consume annually? Well, we happen to know—five millions cords. That's where our forests go to.

Virtuous Indignation.—What is called "virtuous indignation" should be sparingly indulged in. It has been justly called the handsome brother of anger and hatred.

Formality.—The more polished the society is, the less formality is there in it. It is only clowns and mountebanks who walk on stilts.

Wayside Gatherings.

A man at Syracuse, N. Y., has recently been obliged to pay $200 for calling a neighbor a sheep stealer.

Newell Akeley, of Somerset, Vt., has been committed to await a trial on the charge of the murder of his own daughter.

One of the most popular dramatic writers of America is a physician in active practice. While others sleep he is wide awake.

Christ's Church, in Alexandria, six miles from Washington, is supposed to be the oldest church edifice in the country. The bricks of which it was built were brought from England.

Col. Nathan Boone, the youngest and last surviving of the children of the famous Daniel Boone of Kentucky, died in Missouri, a few days since, at the age of seventy-six years.

When the stopper of a glass decanter is too tight, a cloth wet with hot water and applied to the neck will cause the glass to expand, and the stopper may easily be removed.

Twelve city lots have just been sold in Janesville, Wisconsin, for the sum total of $14,322 50. Eight years ago $300 was paid for them, and it was then thought an enormous price.

W. F. Johnson, the owner of a lard factory on the Lake Shore, at Cincinnati, has recovered $51,000 damages from the Illinois Central Railroad Company for cutting through his property.

It is said to be an indisputable fact, that taking the whole United States together, much more money is expended for the single article of cigars than for all the common schools in the Union.

The Nicaragua flag consists of two blue stripes with a white stripe between them, the latter twice as wide as the former. In the middle of the white stripe is to be a red star with five points.

The net amount in the U. S. Treasury, subject to draft, is upwards of $24,000,000, of which there is in New York $11,750,000, in Boston $3,000,000, and in Charlotte, North Carolina, over $1,750,000.

Our Cincinnati friends, we see, are following the example of their Eastern brethren in the matter of opera houses. It is said that a magnificent structure is about to be erected forthwith in the Queen City of the West.

According to the report of the Committee of Emigration of New York city, immigration from Europe seems to be rapidly on the increase. 114,562 have already landed at that port the present year, and they now arrive at the rate of 3500 per week.

In 1752, an English ship stranded near Rochelle, Westchester county, N. Y. Such have been the changes in the sea that the wreck now lies in the midst of a cultivated field, thirteen feet above the sea, and around it are 2000 acres of cultivated land.

The inhabitants of Springfield, Mass., recently saw a meteor. It lighted up the town for the moment like the sun, and so that shadows were strongly cast. Its nucleus was red as fire, while its tail spread out dimmer and whiter. It was a startling sight to the beholder.

Recently, upwards of one hundred bakers of Madrid waited on the Constitutional alcaldes to represent that they would be obliged to raise the price of bread. The civil governor, considering this act a coalition, caused seven of the more influential bakers to be arrested, and ordered for trial.

There is now residing in Trenton, N. J., an old gentleman, of French origin, named Peter Vansciver, aged ninety-nine years, who served in the army of the revolution under Washington, cast his first vote for the illustrious hero, and has ever since sustained the democratic party. Long may he live.

The oldest church in Philadelphia is the Gloria Dei, which was erected in 1700 on the same site as its predecessor, which was built of logs, and served the double purpose of a place of worship and a defence against the Indians. Christ Church is where Washington and Franklin worshipped. It was also at first a log building. The present edifice was finished in 1753.

According to a statistical work lately published on the consumption of Paris, the quantity of tobacco consumed in smoking in 1854, was nearly double that of 1849, and that of cigars five times as much; whilst that of snuff, on the contrary, presented a marked diminution. It is calculated that the number of smokers in Paris, including the garrison, is about 420,000.

The New York Express says the failure in silk worms in France, the inundations about Lyons, etc., have made silks and robes enormously dear this year for our fashionable ladies—but, nevertheless, they buy and groan, and groan and buy, about as freely as ever. Nothing less than $40 can bring out of the shops anything like a fashionable robe—but about as many as ever are sold.

It has been officially announced in Great Britain that the mammoth steamship Great Eastern will be launched about the middle of April next. Her first trip will be to Portland, where ample wharves are building for her accommodation. Portland cannot but reap a harvest out of an event which will attract thousands of people thither to witness the astonishing proportions of this leviathan steamer.

At the state prison, New Jersey, Isaac Fuller, a convict, recently tried to break out. It was at once determined to iron and confine him in the dungeon; but on attempting to do so, he was found armed with a sharp knife, with which he threatened to kill any one who attempted to enter. It was finally found necessary to shoot him, and one of the keepers shot and wounded him in the hands. He then surrendered, and was taken to the dungeon and chained fast.

In the city of London, one of the conditions of a license to keep a tavern is, that the keeper shall, without pay, cook and salt a piece of meat for any person desiring it done. Any particular individual can step into a butcher's, pick out his steak, and see it cooked. The only reward of the publican for his fire, labor, and salt, is the chance of selling a glass of "'alf and 'alf" of ale to the beef-eater. The gratuitous part of the operation has been provided for by law for hundreds of years.

Clara Schumann, the distinguished pianist, during her late visit to England, was invited to a very fashionable London house, and, being requested to play, seated herself for the purpose. Amid loud talking, she began simply to prelude, thinking to command attention; but vainly; the noise kept on. "Ladies and gentlemen," said she, "if my performance annoys you, pray tell me—I am ready to stop." Silence ensued. They listened and applauded; otherwise, they would doubtless have applauded without listening.

The St. Lawrence American of Ogdensburg, says: "The largest sheep we ever saw was on board the steamer Northerner, on her passage from Kingston to this port. He was two years old, and weighed three hundred and fifteen pounds. He was an imported sheep, and was exhibited at the Provincial Fair at Kingston. A gentleman from Vermont had purchased him, and was taking him home. The price paid was $315—a dollar a pound for mutton! What think ye of that, farmers of St. Lawrence? He was as large as a steer."

Foreign Items.

It is said that during the past three years, there have been eaten by the poor of Vienna 725 horses.

A comparison of the figures of the last return of the Bank of England shows a decrease in the bullion of nearly £380,000, instead of the enormous increase stated by the European Times in its money article.

Two well-known but long lost portraits have just turned up in England—that of Milton, by Faithorne, and that of Dryden, by Kneller,—both are in the collection of a country gentleman in Hertfordshire.

The *Univers* confirms the intelligence given some days ago to the effect that the Sultan has presented to the Emperor of the French the sanctuary and church of St. Anne, held by the Turks since the capture of Jerusalem by Sultan Saladin.

A monster gun is being made at the Mersey steel and iron works at Liverpool. The barrel will be 15 feet long, 27 inches in diameter at the muzzle, and 44 inches at the breach. It will have a bore of 13 inches, and will carry a shot of 302 pounds.

The Shah of Persia has just founded a military college, for the instruction of young officers. The instruction consists of mathematics, drawing of plans, the principles of the military art, and the French language; for, strange to say, all the words of command are given in French.

A terrible accident recently occurred in London. The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, Baptist preacher, was speaking in Concert Hall, Surry Gardens, when some thieves raised the cry of fire, causing the audience to rush towards the doors, and several persons were trampled to death.

Sands of Gold.

.... It is not by concealing what is wrong, that anything right can be accomplished.—*Landor.*

.... The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue: the only lasting treasure, truth.—*Cowper.*

... Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion.—*Chateaubriand.*

.... The imagination of men is often the refuge of their prejudices.—*Talleyrand.*

.... The exaltation of talent, as it is called, above virtue and religion, is the curse of the age.—*Channing.*

.... The wave of prosperity had risen up to his very lips, and its ripples were forever breaking there in a succession of easy smiles.—*Miss Warner.*

.... Paradox is dear to most people; it bears the appearance of originality, but is usually the talent of the superficial, the perverse, and the obstinate.—*Landor.*

.... Amongst the instrumentalities of love and peace, surely there can be no sweeter, softer, more effective voice than that of gentle, peace-breathing music.—*Elihu Burritt.*

.... To cure us of our immoderate love of gain, we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best; and how many evils there are that money will not remedy, and these the worst.—*Colton.*

.... Every human feeling is greater and larger than the exciting cause, a proof that man is designed for a higher state of existence: and this is deeply implied in music, in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression.—*Coleridge.*

Joker's Budget.

The most potent labor-saving machine is a large fortune left by your aunt.

An old bachelor's latest.—Ladies wear corsets from instinct—a natural love of being squeezed.

A gentleman once asked a lady of his acquaintance, "What are you making, Miss Knapp?" "Knapp-sacks," was the reply.

Women will never be punctual. They scorn the "charms" that hang to a watch chain.—*Punch.*

Which causes us the most bother—the mails or the females? The latter keep us writing letters all the time, while the former never deliver them.

"What does your husband deal in, marm?" "He deals cards chiefly, sir." "Well, the de'il will be apt to get him when the last trump is played."

Whatever we may think of woman's right to vote and legislate, there can be no disputing her right to *bare* arms, and the prettier the better and more irresistible. This is a right descended from Mother Eve.

Precarious.—"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Squiggs." "Why, the doctor says as how as, if he lives till the mornin', he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't, he must give him up."

The Boston Chronicle corrects the following amusing typographical blunder:—"We tried yesterday to say that christendom had *denied* pants, and all that sort of thing, to woman. The types made us say *decreed*. Perhaps the types were right."

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THE BULL FIGHT AT BAYONNE, FRANCE.

[For description, see page 381.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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STATE OF OHIO.

The emblematic picture on this page was drawn for us by Billings, and engraved by John Andrew. In the upper part of the design appear the State arms, representing the sun rising on the Ohio River, an ark floating down with the tide, and wheat sheaves in front, surmounted by the Phrygian cap, with the motto, "Liberty." On the right is an armed figure of Minerva, together with a steam engine, etc., below which a group of cattle indicate one of the leading pursuits of the State. To the left of the State arms, we see the figure of a female teaching a child to read, typifying education, a view of the observatory and the famous telescope, a palette and chisel representing art, etc. A beautiful vintage scene and the ornamental branches of grapes remind us that the culture of the grape is an important business in this State. Ohio is bounded north by Michigan and Lake Erie, east by Pennsylvania and Virginia, south by Virginia and Kentucky, from which it is separated by the Ohio River, and west by Indiana. It has an area of about 39,964 square miles, or 25,576,960 acres. April 7, 1788, a company of New Englanders made the first white settlement at Marietta. The Indians were troublesome, until their utter rout by General Wayne, in August, 1794. In the war of 1812, Major Croghan, a young man of twenty-one, with 160 men, successfully defended Fort Sandusky in this State against an attack by General Proctor, with 500 British regulars and as many Indians. There are no mountains in Ohio, though portions of the State are quite elevated. There is abundance of coal and iron, the former being found in twenty counties. Besides the Ohio, the Muskingum, Scioto, Miami, Maumee and Sandusky are considerable streams. The climate is temperate and the soil fertile, amply rewarding the labors of the agriculturist. By the assessment of 1853, Ohio had 3,733,169 sheep, 2,341,502 hogs, 1,506,563 cattle, and 574,844 horses. In the preceding year, there were, in the vicinity of Cincinnati, 1200 acres of grapes under cultivation, producing 500,000 gallons of wine, and this production has been largely increased since. There is quite a variety of forest trees in the State. Though manufactures are in their infancy, yet, in 1850, there were 10,622 establishments in the State, each yielding upwards of $500. In January, 1855, there were 2997 miles of railroad completed, and 1631 in the course of construction. There are altogether 921 miles of canal in the State. The lake and river trade of Ohio is very great. The aggregate trade of all the ports is between 130 and 140 millions of dollars. The curing of pork and the manufacture of lard oil form a great business in the State. In 1852–53, the number of hogs packed was 603,152. In the cause of education, Ohio takes a front rank among the States. In 1854, the total amount appropriated by the State for school purposes was $2,266,457. In the same year, Ohio had 12 colleges with 674 students, seven theological schools, and four medical schools. Ohio ranks third among the States in population. In 1850, it amounted to 1,980,329. The assessed value of property in the State, in 1853, was $759,381,366. It is an empire in itself.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

CRIME'S LAST CHAPTER.

"So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpions girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse has riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven—
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!"

THE continental force had reached the parish of St. Mary's, within about three days' march of Quebec, when Herbert Yancey, accompanied by a dozen of the Rifles, went forward with orders to reconnoitre, and, if possible, to select a suitable place for crossing the St. Lawrence. Such were the instructions of Colonel Arnold; and although Morgan remonstrated strongly against risking an officer and party of men so far in advance of the main body, Herbert never felt prouder than when he started. The field was open for individual distinction, and he felt that he might signalize himself in such a manner as to regain the position which he was too well aware his intimacy at the rector's had injured. True, he had received no insult, but it was evident that Ordway had prejudiced many against him, and he longed for an opportunity to clear all tarnish from his escutcheon by some signal service to the cause of independence.

Passing quickly onward, they arrived at night at a small hamlet, where Herbert's instructions ordered him to stop. The appearance of the man who kept the small tavern was not at all prepossessing, and he refused to let them sleep in the house, which he said was full; they could pass the night in the stable-loft, however, if they paid for their lodgings in advance. This offer was accepted, though when the hour for retiring arrived, the host told Herbert that he had a room for him.

"Not I," replied the young officer; "I prefer to go with my men," and so accompanied them up into the stable-loft, where there was a large mow of clean straw—a luxurious couch to the travel-worn soldiers. One by one they sank into the light and watchful slumber of men accustomed to snatch their repose when they can obtain it, but Herbert found it impossible to follow their example. Did he close his eyes, he soon found them open. Did he endeavor to count a thousand, he never could get higher than fifty. Now his thoughts would wander back to the scenes and faces of his Virginia home, and then he would think of Newburyport Mabel—was she true to him? Would the love-chain which bound their hearts ever be riveted by the holiest of religious sacraments? Had her father yielded to the voice of the people and changed his allegiance? But soon after midnight, though he knew it not, slumber touched him with her wand, and thoughts were exchanged for dreams.

At first, these wild dreams were of an undefinable and fantastic nature, but ere long they assumed a more definite shape. He dreamed that he was an English officer, with many who loved him, and whom he loved at home. Then he was sent on a mission to meet a traitor, who would sell his country's liberties for gold. They met, and the traitor's countenance seemed familiar, and they called the perjured wretch Benedict Arnold. He surely had seen that man before, but could not (even dreaming) remember where. The compact was made, and he set out to return, rejoiced that he was through with his detested mission. But no. He was captured by three rebels, who refused to let him escape. He was imprisoned, tried, sentenced, and about to be shot. The word was given—"fire!"

Struggling in a convulsive nightmare, Herbert sprang to his feet. It was but a dream, yet the noise of muskets rang in his ears, and he found a combat raging around him. The Riflemen, with shouts of rage, were dealing blows with the butt-ends of their rifles upon thrice their number of assailants, some of whom were firing pistols almost in the very faces of those who refused to surrender. Drawing his sword, and shouting, "Washington and liberty!" Herbert leaped into the dark tide of conflict. Encouraged by his example, his men fought like demons, although their assailants were recruited from below. One by one the determined band fell, and at last Herbert, knocked down by the heavy butt of a musket, staggered backwards, and was caught at the moment when consciousness was fast leaving him.

When he came to himself, he found that he was lying on a pile of straw out of doors, while two officers were bathing his temples with cold water. Faint and exhausted, he was lost to all thought of the past or future, and gazed vacantly around upon the sad scene, dimly visible by the clear light of a full moon. On every hand were the dead, the dying, or the wounded.

"You made a gallant defence, sir," said Colonel Dupre—for he was the commander of the detachment sent out expressly to surprise Herbert, whose coming had been projected between Arnold and Holbrook.

But Herbert heard him not. The blow which had felled him brought on a slight concussion of the brain, and he was carried on a litter to Quebec, while the other prisoners were securely guarded. Not a single Rifleman lost his life, but over twenty of the royal forces never answered to their names again at roll-call. Colonel Dupre had several long conversations with the prisoners as they marched along, and his report to the governor embodied such a train of evidence that a warrant was forthwith made out, ordering the arrest of Dan Holbrook.

Early the next morning, before the last notes of the reveille had died away, a court martial was held at the castle, and not only the great hall, but every avenue leading to it, was crowded with spectators. Any court sitting in judgment on a fellow mortal is imposing, but none have the power so completely as those held under "law martial." Respectfully did the dense crowd open to let the officers comprising the tribunal pass to their seats, and then all was quiet as the grave. Those officers, it was well known, were to try a fellow mortal for a heinous crime, and if guilty, they would take away that which they could not give.

"Bring the prisoner before the court," said the presiding officer.

All looked towards a small door, behind the table around which the court sat, and soon Holbrook appeared, walking between his guards with an air of mingled confidence and defiance.

"Let the accusation be read," said the presiding officer.

"Stay," said Holbrook, his scar gleaming like fire across his pale cheek. "I wish this court to examine this pass, signed by Lord Howe, which permits me to hold communication with the rebels, if I think I can thereby advance his majesty's interests."

As he spoke, his keen eyes glanced anxiously from one to the other of the court, for his indomitable villany had before then extricated him from worse positions. But he could discover no ground for hope in the unrelenting countenances before him.

"The prisoner's defence can be heard at the proper time," coolly remarked the presiding officer. "He will now be silent, and the judge advocate will read the accusation."

It was a lengthy document, upon which Colonel Dupre, who had volunteered to act as judge advocate, had worked all night. At first, Holbrook's eyes flashed angry defiance, but as he went on with charge upon charge, they lost all expression. Craven terror contended with rage on his hideous features, but before the document was read, he sat spell-bound, in the stupefaction of silent terror.

"And having preferred these charges," concluded the judge advocate, "I do offer to prove them, and ask that the prisoner be put upon his trial for high treason."

The sound of Colonel Dupre's voice appeared to rouse Holbrook from his apathy; and when the presiding officer asked: "Prisoner, are you guilty or not guilty?" he replied:

"Not guilty; and I object to the jurisdiction of this court."

So resolute and unflinching was his bearing that many of the spectators began to think him innocent. But the ghastly paleness of his cheek flushed for a moment into burning crimson, when he heard the judge advocate say:

"Provost marshal, call Job Carr."

Yes—inflamed with rage, and stimulated by a large reward, the old miser came to testify all he knew about his old comrade in crime. In vain did the dismayed culprit attempt to stop him, for the court ordered the provost marshal to apply a gag if silence was not preserved, and so the long catalogue of crime was presented, showing up the prisoner in the worst possible light. A bundle of letters from him, written the day previous, and obtained from the messenger, whose canoe was waylaid, corroborated the old miser's statement, while the testimony of the captured Riflemen confirmed the already unquestionable evidence of guilt.

Had it not been so, the very appearance of Holbrook would have convicted him. Finding that opposition was useless, he listened in despair to the catalogue of crime, and as his black, double dyed treachery was exposed, he gnawed his finger-ends in anguish until the blood streamed from them.

At last the witnesses for the prosecution had all been examined, and the prisoner was asked if he had any rebutting testimony.

"No!" was his almost mechanical answer, for he knew not a living soul in Quebec who could speak well of him.

Then the judge advocate, in eloquent tones, depicted the baseness of his treachery, urging his conviction. It was labor lost, for their minds were made up. How could the court have any doubts?

"Does the prisoner wish to offer any defence?"

"No."

Without leaving their seats, or even having the hall cleared, the court gave a unanimous verdict of "Guilty." The prisoner heard it unmoved, but when a murmur of applause arose from the spectators, he gave such a glance of malignant hatred that it was remembered by many to their dying days.

In view of the fact that the enemy was close at hand, and an example necessary, the presiding officer now pronounced the awful sentence, to be executed that very afternoon. "And may God have mercy on your soul!" was a conclusion to which many a one present responded "Amen!" Of all those present, not one went out thinking that justice had been wronged.

Holbrook was led to the guard-room, where a close watch was kept on him, and a clergyman was sent for. But the condemned man refused to see him, begging piteously for an interview with the governor, that he might make important revelations. Finding that this prayer was not granted, he endeavored to bribe his guards, promising them large sums in the frenzy of his despair if they would suffer him to escape. But all was of no avail. The hour arrived; and when the provost marshal and his guard appeared to convey him to the place of execution, he had sank from pusillanimous fear to the apathy of despair.

It was a beautiful autumnal afternoon as the wretched criminal was brought forth, his hands tied behind his back, and escorted by a strong guard to a temporary gallows which had been erected at the spot where he had been seen to hold communication with the enemy. Every spot which commanded a view of the fatal rope was crowded, and when the procession appeared, it was greeted with a murmur of approbation, sounding like the sullen craving for human life with which the storm-king dashes the tempest-tossed bark against a rocky coast. The sullen attitude of the prisoner, who actually refused to speak to a clergyman on the scaffold, added to the general indignation, and execrations could but reach his ear.

But when all chances of hope were shut out by the drawing down of the hangman's cap, then the helpless victim called for "mercy!" in piteous tones. It was too late for repentance then. Fearful cries spoke the agony of his soul; a shriek rang out like a demon's welcome, and then a senseless mass of humanity, fluttering in the breeze, was all that remained of the traitor.

Somehow, news of the trial of his tool reached Colonel Arnold, and on the day that his army crossed the river, he sent a flag of truce to Governor Carlton, thanking him for having executed one who had—as he worded it—"deceived them both."

"He deceived me," said Colonel MacLean, when the governor read him this hypocritical message; "but I think if we could hang all his accomplices, the rebel force would lack a commander."

"Nay—nay," replied the governor. "We could not hang any one who may yet be of service to the crown. Indeed, I should try what influence a bag of gold would have on him now, if I did not know that Montgomery has arrived and taken command."

"Have you heard that the principal witness against this fellow Holbrook, when he was tried, died himself that afternoon?" asked Colonel MacLean. "I have just learned the particulars."

"What were they, pray?"

"Why, it seems that he had promised to give Dupre some information about Madame de Frontenac's long missing husband and child, but refused to say a word while Holbrook lived. So about an hour after the execution, the colonel went to the old man's house. It was barred up, but an old hag who kept it for him, and who was delighted at the justice done Holbrook, found a way in. As they opened a door leading to the kitchen, they saw, to their horror, old Carr lying on the hearth, with the blood trickling from a wound in his temple, caused by falling against a sharp-cornered andiron, as he stooped to light a candle. The colonel raised him up, but the last traces of life were extinct."

"Poor old fellow!" said the governor; "he has joined his old comrade in crime, and the betrayer scarcely outlived the betrayed."

"There is some mystery about the cause of their quarrel," said Colonel MacLean, "and I believe that again Madame de Frontenac has lost track of her husband and child."

"She deserves to find them," replied the governor, "for she has taken the entire charge of the hospitals. Already she and her Indian girls nurse the sick of the garrison and the prisoners taken yesterday, and they have volunteered for the siege."

"Noble creatures!" exclaimed the gallant MacLean. "Such is not the prudish philanthropy of some women, but it is emphatically that 'loving kindness' which has made the name of Mary immortal."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CARRIED, BUT NOT CAPTURED.

"The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade."

FORTUNATE was it for Herbert Yancey that, on reaching the hospital at Quebec, Madame de Frontenac superintended in person the dressing of his wound; for while unloosing his cambric neckcloth, she discovered—fresh beacon-light of hope—the gold cross given him by Mabel Gwynne. How she longed to learn how it came where she now gazed upon it! and when she ascertained that the wearer would not be free from delirium for some days, it was with difficulty that she restrained her impatience. Although Herbert was in reality a prisoner, taken in arms against his sovereign, yet such was the sympathy excited by his ensnarement by the agency of Holbrook, that the governor granted her request that he might be removed to the castle, and placed in one of the rooms now appropriated to her.

There, aided by Estelle, she watched the stranger with jealous care, and ere many days, his toilsome restlessness subsided into an incoherent half consciousness. The seventh day came, and he settled by degrees into a torpid lethargy, that left him in the semblance of a deep sleep without its refreshing calm. From this he awoke. Nay—did he not still dream? He had fancied himself on the battle-field, and he found himself in a large apartment, fitted up in splendid style, although everything had a look of moldering decay. Richly gilded cornices surrounded the walls; the mantel piece, of white marble, was curiously carved; old portraits hung in tarnished frames, and heavy curtains of faded damask hung over the windows, almost excluding the light of day.

Neither was he alone, for by his side sat Estelle, her fine eyes bent upon some bead-work which she was making for a friend. Never, to him, had a mortal appeared so lovely, and at last he said, in a faint voice:

"Where am I?"

"Hush!" said Estelle, raising her finger to her lips. "The young warrior is not to speak until his wound is healed. But he is among friends."

Herbert said no more, but crowds of memories danced across his brain. At length his ideas began slowly to crystallize, and he remembered his capture.

"I am a prisoner?" he asked.

"You are among friends," replied a voice, the tones of which he at first thought were those of Mabel Gwynne. But when he saw the speaker, he found that she was much further advanced on life's journey. It was Madame de Frontenac.

"Thanks—thanks!" whispered the invalid, and again he sank

into partial insensibility. But when he next awoke to consciousness, he was able to tell his story, and to ascertain where he was. His kind nurses wrote to his mother, and when they left him at sunset, he felt that he was indeed among kind friends. An old veteran attended to his wants, brought him news from his comrades in the hospital, and he slept calmly and quietly.

The next morning, after the visit of the surgeon, Herbert obtained ink and paper from the veteran, that he might write to Mabel Gwynne. As may be imagined, he had much to say, so that when Madame de Frontenac came to see him, four closely-written sheets lay on the bed. Bringing his missive to a conclusion, he folded it, and directed it.

"Can this be sent to Boston by the first courier?" he asked.

"I will try and send it," replied Madame de Frontenac; "but who, pray, is this Miss Mabel Gwynne?"

"The ward of the Episcopal rector at Newburyport," replied Herbert, his pale cheeks lighting up.

"Aha! I see that she would be the one to minister to your wants just now," said Madame de Frontenac, with a smile.

Herbert did not reply, but it was evident that he was of the same opinion. Just then the distant sound of martial music was heard, and it was answered by drums beating "to arms" throughout the city. Then arose three loud shouts, and soon the streets were filled with troops, marching in various directions.

"What does this mean?" inquired Herbert, of the old veteran, who soon after entered.

"Mean, sir? Why, it seems that your Colonel Arnold either wishes to sell his men or to frighten us, for he has just paraded them in a line outside the walls. His music played, his troops gave three cheers, then the music played again. We all expected an attack, and hurried to the different posts, but, lo and behold! when the tune had been played out, he wheeled his men into platoons, and away they went to their camp. What it all meant, I do not know."

Neither Herbert Yancey nor Madame de Frontenac could conjecture. After some conversation, she inquired:

"Did you ever see a gentleman bearing my name in the provinces?"

"No," replied Herbert.

"Or a lady?" she went on to ask, looking at him earnestly and with hope.

"No. Indeed I do not know that I have ever been fortunate enough to know any French lady."

"You speak the language, though?"

"Yes—I acquired that from my tutor at Cambridge."

Again the sad-hearted mother felt that her exertions were fruitless, and that disappointment was her lot. Bidding Herbert good-day, she retired, nor did he thenceforth see her more than once a week.

As Herbert recovered, he wished to take exercise, and spoke of going out, but the veteran informed him that this was forbidden.

"You are in my custody," said he, "but I am ordered to permit you to go out upon parole, that you will not leave the city, or bear arms again against your lawful sovereign."

"Nay," replied Herbert; "that is asking too much." And he resolved to himself that he would consent to neither proposition. Besides, the weather was very cold, and he was yet feeble. Sometimes, when he heard the batteries of the besiegers, or saw at night their bombs bursting high in air, he would wish for liberty, that he might combat with his old comrades. But there appeared but little chance for him, and his attendant, who was not at all disposed to converse, could give him no information as to the progress made by the besiegers. It was a dreary phase in his life, upon which he never looked back with any degree of satisfaction, although he was afterwards informed that had it not been for the warm intercession of Colonel Dupre, he might have met the fate of a spy.

One bitter cold night—it was the 31st of December—there was another general alarm. The court-yard of the castle was filled with adjutants and orderlies, waiting to receive orders, and it was evident that an attack was expected. One by one they left, though occasionally some would return for fresh instructions, and Herbert could scarcely persuade himself that any attempt would be made, for the snow fell fast, rendering it impossible to see many feet off.

But about four o'clock in the morning, a discharge of rockets at four different points showed that the enemy was in earnest, although it afterwards appeared that two of the storming parties were only instructed to make "feints," in order to divert attention from the two attacks. Another moment, and a fire was opened from all the batteries on the advancing columns, the drums of which, beating the charge, made Herbert almost frantic. "Why am I not there, with Morgan and my comrades," was his involuntary exclamation, "to fight or fall for liberty?"

"The young warrior can go, if he wishes," said a musical voice at his side. "The doors are open, and it is not well for the eagle to remain caged when the war-clouds look dim."

Herbert did not need a second invitation. "Thanks," he replied; then seizing his sword, which Colonel Dupre had brought to his room, he sallied into the street. There everything was confusion, while the thickly-falling snow soon enveloped Herbert with a fleecy coat not to be distinguished from that of the British.

Guided by the noise of musketry, Herbert found his way to the lower town, where the cracking rifles and ringing war-whoops told him that Morgan was within the walls. Soon he came in sight of the fray, where the Highlanders, under MacLean, were disputing a narrow street, inch by inch. Pressing forward, and not above thirty yards from them, were the Virginians, the fire of their rifles flashing through the snow storm, while Morgan was urging them on.

Just then, along came a field-piece, and Herbert saw that it was to be "masked" in an old building, while the Highlanders were to retreat past it; when they had cleared its range, it was to rake the advancing column.

Could he not give warning? Every one was covered with snow; every one was intent upon the work of carnage, and it was not yet sunrise. So it was not to be wondered at that Herbert slipped gradually through the Highlanders, who either did not observe him, or thought him a staff officer of the garrison.

But he was too late. Scarcely had he worked his way to the head of the retreating column, when the gunner applied his match, and the priming blazed. Herbert threw himself to the ground, almost beneath the window from which the muzzle of the piece protruded. There was an explosion, but by some providential chance, the piece had been over-elevated, and the Rifles dashed on, unharmed, beneath the iron rain.

"For'rd, boys,—for'rd!" shouted Morgan; and ere Herbert was on his feet again, the gallant Virginians had dashed past, as if confident of victory.

Herbert was about to follow them, when his attention was arrested by a groan from a wounded man, wearing the continental uniform, who lay in the centre of the street.

"Can I help you, friend?" asked Herbert, kneeling, and raising up the sufferer's head.

Raising his hand to his forehead, the wounded man wiped away the blood with the cuff of his coat, then sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"It was a narrow escape, and close quarters for a musket ball, but I believe it has only grazed the skin. But—"

He started back, for it had been reported at camp that Herbert Yancey was killed.

"Is that you, Mr. Yancey?" he asked.

"Why, Ordway!" exclaimed Yancey.

"Yes. Who would have thought that when I last night told Major Morgan how I had wronged you, who I believed was dead and gone, that I should see you, and see you here?"

Just then, along came a man wearing the continental artillery uniform, shouting: "Montgomery is killed, and Arnold is wounded! The orders are to retreat!"

On he went, but ere he had gone a hundred yards, he was stopped by a company of Canadians, who had been marched around to flank the Rifles.

"This way—this way!" said Herbert Yancey, seizing Ordway by the arm, and hastening up the hill.

It was evident, however, that the engagement was over, as only a few straggling shots were heard, and the idea occurred to Herbert that it might be advisable to return to the place from whence he had started. Luckily for him and his companion, the troops were all engaged in repulsing the enemy; there was not even a sentry to oppose them.

Entering his room suddenly, Herbert started, for there, upon her knees, was Estelle.

"Ah!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Are these British tyrants conquered?"

"I fear not," mournfully replied Herbert. "Had we not good reason to believe that the case was hopeless, you would not see us here."

"But your companion is wounded," said the noble-hearted girl. "Let me bring Madame de Frontenac." She turned towards the door, but then stopped to say: "Of course, Mr. Yancey, you will not let any one know how you found your door open?"

"Never fear," replied Herbert; and she disappeared.

"What lovely creature is that?" asked Ordway. But ere he could hear Herbert's reply, he fell back upon the bed near which he stood, faint from the loss of blood, which continued to stream from his wound.

While Herbert was endeavoring to restore him, the door was slowly opened, and Estelle came in, attended by a domestic.

"Is it here," she inquired, with apparent ignorance, "that there is a wounded man? Madame de Frontenac cannot leave, and has sent me to do the best I can. Ah! he has fainted. Get some water, Jacqueline."

Bathing Ordway's forehead with cold water, soon restored him to consciousness, and on opening his eyes, he gazed up with a look of vacant inquiry into the beautiful face that was bending over him. Then, as his recollection returned, he began to stammer thanks.

"Nay, sir," said Estelle; "you must be quiet." Taking her scissors, she clipped the hair from the wounded temple, and having washed away the clotted blood, dressed it in a style that would have done honor to a veteran practitioner. "There," she at last remarked; "the wounded warrior must now remain still for a few days, and he will be ready to serve his country again. Good-morning."

"Ah, Yancey," exclaimed Ordway, as she tripped from the room, "you are a lucky fellow!"

"What—to be cooped up here?"

"Yes—with an angel to attend on you. Never did I expect to see any one whose charms rivalled those of Mabel Gwynne, but—"

"You have not seen one yet, surely?" interrupted Herbert.

"What—do you not give this lovely surgeon the preference?" eagerly inquired Ordway.

"Not I. There is no one on earth, Frank Ordway, who, in my estimation, is equal either in point of beauty, accomplishments or heart to your rector's ward."

"And your devotion for her is not transferred?"

"To Estelle? Not a particle of it. She has been kind to me in my captivity, but my love for her is that of a brother for a sister."

"Thank God!" fervently exclaimed Ordway. Nor was it long before both of them, weary with the fatigues of the night, fell asleep.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR IS ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING.

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston.

EUROPEAN SCENES.

SERVIAN MINSTRELS.—We present on this page a very picturesque groups of Servian Minstrels, in their national costume, performing in an eastern coffee house. In the halcony, hetween which the two musicians are performing, sits a Greek with his pipe to his lips. A turbaned Turk and one or two Armenians are also seen in the gallery. The costume of the minstrels is almost identical with that of the Greeks,—the fez or cap with its long tassel, the gay jacket, the rich sash, the loose breeches and white petticoats. The instrument used is the "goosely," a sort of viol with a single string, and played upon hy the bow. The melodies these people perform are sweet and plaintive, and their voices are rich and pleasing; so sad and tender, however, are their strains, that the listener is often painfully affected. At the present time, when the settlement of the Danubian principalities is a qnestion mooted in almost every newspaper we take up, in its department of foreign intelligence, our readers cannot help feeling curious about so interesting a people as those who inhabit Servia. Even in a military point of view, the Servians are the reverse of contemptible. Their regular military force does not amount to more than 2000, but every male capahle of bearing arms is enrolled in the militia, and they have thus the power, in case of emergency, of collecting no fewer than 40,000 fighting men. It is now about eleven centuries since the Servians, who belong to the widespread Sclavonian stock, with which a great part of Eastern Europe is peopled, migrated from the Carpathian Mountains to the Danube; but it was not till the twelfth century that the petty states which they formed were nnited into a single feudal monarchy similar to those which, in the middle ages, existed all over Europe. This continued until 1389, when the Servians yielded to the conquering arms of the Turks. Centuries of suhmission followed, till a revolt was headed by Czerny-George, a native chief, who, in 1806, took Belgrade, and governed the province till the peace of 1814. At that period, Servia again submitted to the porte; but next year, a new revolt, under Milosch Obrenowitsch, was successful; and he, after ruling Servia till 1839, owing, as is supposed, to the influence of Russia, was obliged to resign in favor of his son Michael. Being an agricultural country, not boasting of any seaport, and having no commercial class of its own, Servia's population consists principally of peasantry. Attired in coarse frieze jackets and boots, the Servians strike strangers as a remarkably tall and vigorous race of men, their forms indicating thorough physical strength, and their countenances much intellectual energy. The women are considered particularly attractive, having fine complexions, dark, glossy hair, and figures decidedly handsome. Their beauty, which they preserve for a considerable time, is set off by a peculiar head-dress. This consists of a Greek fez, from which is suspended a gold tassel, that contrasts with the black hair laid smoothly down the temple, and is well calculated to heighten the charms of the fair wearer. One ancient custom in which the gentler sex take part is worthy of mention. When a long drought has occurred, a young woman—of course one who is handsome—is so dressed up in grass, cabbage leaves, and flowers, that her face is all hut invisible. Thus attired, and accompanied hy several damsels of her own age, she goes from house to house, singing a song, of which a prayer for rain forms the burden. The mistress of the house throws a little water over her; and this superstitious ceremony, known as the "Dodola," inspires the natives with the hope of refreshing showers. Like the Russians a few generations back, the Servians, even at this date, are sufficiently ungallant to consider the women as somewhat inferior beings, only to be made use of as playthings in youth, and as nurses in old age; but much more enlightened views have been adopted in Belgrade, and will doubtless spread, ere long, all over Servia. In some respects, the character of the Servian is thought to resemble that of the Scottish Highlander. Even the outlaws, who, at the beginning of this century, infested the forests that spread over the country, were so many Rob Roys in their way—rebels as well as robbers; and under the impression that in plundering rich Moslems, while displaying generosity to the poor, they were really doing nothing unjustifiable. Moreover, the Servians are, like the Highlanders, brave in hattle, hospitable to strangers, and fond of plaintive mnsic.



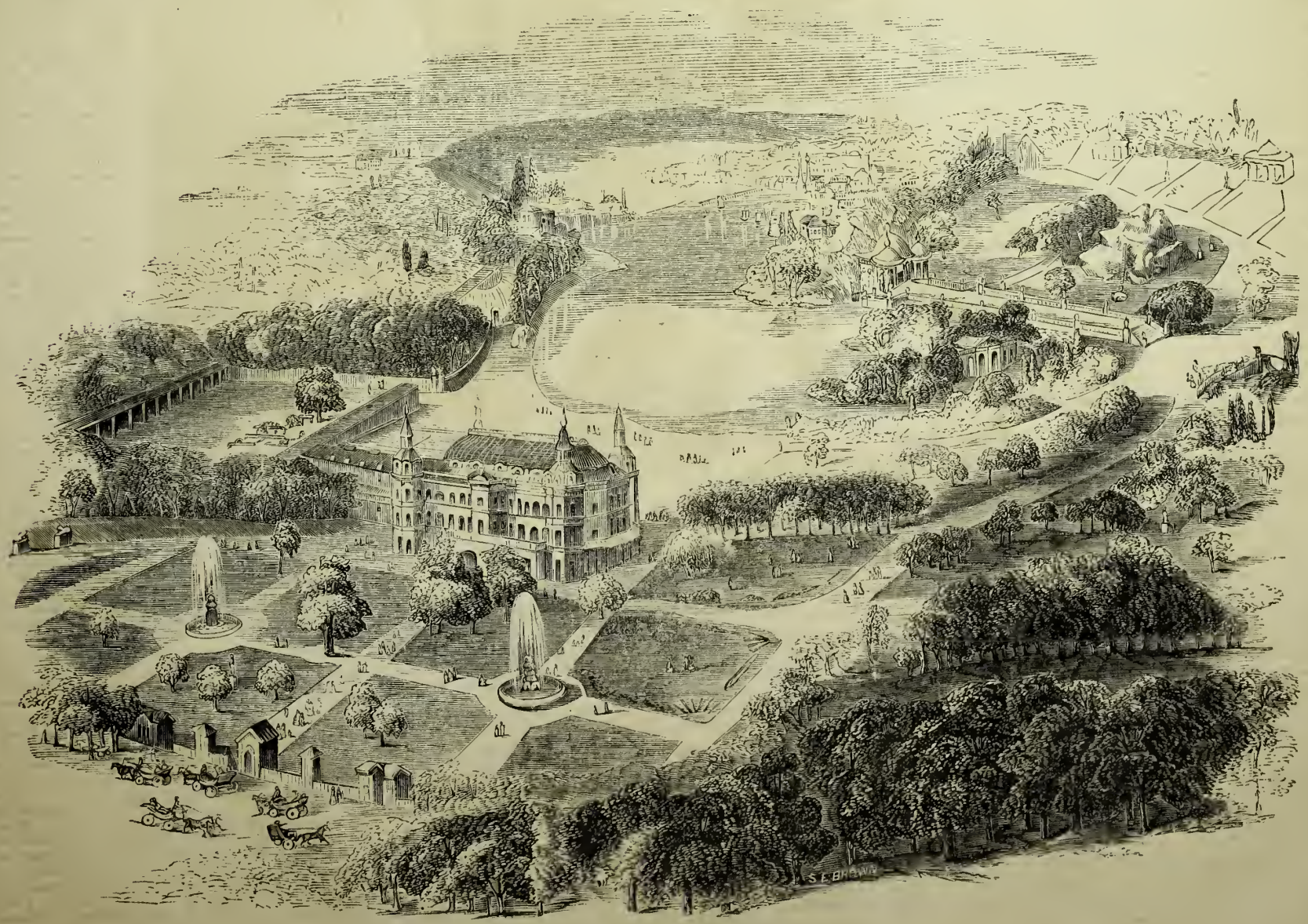
SERVIAN MUSICIANS.

LYTHAM, ENGLAND.—The very striking and interesting picture on the next page is an excellent general view of Lytham, England, a picturesque old town and a place of great resort during the hathing season. It is in Lancaster County, on the coast of the Irish Sea, about five and a half miles west-southwest of Kirkham, with a station on the Preston and Wyre Railway, and contains a little over two thousand inhabitants. On the right is the principal street, with its long line of houses, many of them in the quaint old Elizabethan style of architecture, stretching away into the distance. A Gothic church rears its tall spire from the group of buildings. But perhaps the most picturesque object in the view is the huge windmill on the left, standing like a tall giant with expanded arms, soliciting the charge of some English Don Quixote mounted on a donkey. There are plenty of donkeys scattered over the wide level of the shore, for donkeys and English watering-places are inseparable—one is the complement of the other. Each donkey or group of donkeys is accompanied by a driver. They are easy saddle-beasts for the ladies, and, except when seized with one of those freaks of obstinacy, which quality is a liberal ingredient in donkey-nature, are quite passable substitutes for horses. The donkey-drivers have methods of their own for getting their animals along when they "stake," which is not an uncommon thing with them. These methods are more efficacious than humane, consisting in sundry applications of a sharp stick, twistings of the "narrative," and similar mild persuasives. The numerous promenades on the level plain impart a liveliness to this seashore picture. In the distance, heyond the windmill, we have a glimpse of the Irish Sea, and of the canvass-covered hathing machines on the sands. These machines are covered carts on four wheels, drawn hy a horse. The driver takes the machine ont into deep water, wheels it round, and the ladies or gentlemen who change their hathing dresses inside, spring into the water from the rear of the vehicle. We are not aware that there are any of these machines in this country. It is said that the English, staid and stiff at almost all other times, nnbend in their aquatic sports, and frolic about in the water like veritable mer men and mermaids. Be that as it may, a trip to the seaside, in the warm season, is with them, as with us, an *obligato* episode in English fashionable life.

THE ROYAL SURRY GARDENS, LONDON, ENGLAND.—We present on the next page a hird's eye view of the Surry Gardens, a favorite place of resort, which has recently been remodelled and decorated, and is now a delightful place. On the borders of the lake, which forms one o the most striking features of the scene, is erected a heantiful music hall which will hold 10,000 persons. Here excellent musical entertainments are given, at a price which secnres large audiences. On these occasions, the hall is brilliantly lighted, as well as all the surrounding gardens, producing, with the reflection of myriads of colored lights in the water, a picture of oriental magnificence. Although the building accommodates ten thousand persons, yet, from its peculiar construction, as many more can hear the music to perfection, protected from the weather hy halconies, verandahs and galleries outside, and breathing an atmosph-re as pure as they would enjoy in the garden. The grounds comprise abont ten acres, and contain, as will be seen by reference to our engraving, many groves of heavy timber, hut there are flower beds, undulating lawns, Italian terraces, adorned with statuary and pathways, through alleys of choice shrubs and plants. Many fine American shrubs and trees are acclimated here, and are regarded as great curiosities. There are Swiss chalets, grottoes, fountains, cascades and running streams, which, combined with the attractions of the well-known lake, form one of the most beautiful gardens in Europe ever adapted for open-air entertainments, not excepting the ancient Tivoli of Paris, and the celebrated Krolls Garden of Berlin. Last season, among the most attractive exhibitions, there was a splendid view of the city of Constantinople, the Bosphorus being represented with real water. It is said that the illusion was complete, and that even an Eastern traveller might for a moment be deluded into the belief that he was again standing on the shores of the Golden Horn. An accident occurred in these gardens, a few weeks since, which was attended with fatal circumstances, but which it is a wonder did not produce yet more serious results. A popular preacher, whose audiences had become so large that his own chapel did not accommodate a tithe of them, engaged the new music hall for four successive Sunday evenings. On the first evening, a vast concourse, estimated at twenty thousand persons, assembled to hear him preach. The building has two or three tiers of galleries, galleries inside and halconies outside, and all sorts of devices for hearing, whether sitting or standing. On this occasion, fifteen thousand of the audience were jammed inside, and five thousand perched together on the exterior. Something, in the course of the evening, occurred to create an alarm, either a neighboring bell, or a cry of fire, or the suggestion that the roof was settling. The whole of that vast multitude, seized with an awful panic, poured tumultuously out of the building, rushing, screaming, trampling down one another, clogging the staircases, breaking the balustrades, tumbling over to the bottom, falling one upon another. By a merciful Providence, not six hundred, but only six were killed, and rather more seriously hurt.



LYTHAM, ENGLAND.



SURRY GARDENS, LONDON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RUINED CASTLE.

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

Behind its walls the river steals
With slow and noiseless wave,
And drooping foliage conceals
The shores its waters lave:
Each broken roof and battlement
Is mirrored in the stream,
And beauty to the scene is lent
By th' setting sun's last beam.

The clinging ivy winds around
The moss-grown, crumbling walls,
With grass the turret tops are crowned,
And silent are the halls;
The moat with weeds is half concealed,
The drawbridge in decay,
While rusted sword and battered shield
Speak of some former fray.

And if the voices of the dead
Again could reach the ear,
warriors from their earthly bed
Unto us could appear—
What fearful tales of knightly rage
Would from their grim lips flow!
Dark histories of feudal age,
And battles long ago.

But these are past—no longer here
Does knightly rule hold sway:
No warlike bands—no arms appear,
All strife has passed away.
These desolate and crumbling walls
Are all that now remain
Of tapestried and gilded halls,
Where solemn owls now reign.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ORPHAN'S FATE.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

Fanny Lorrimer! Bright, little, golden-tressed, blue-eyed Fanny Lorrimer! Who, that knew her in her childhood's innocent orphanage, could forget her?—forget the laugh and tones, all music and merriment, which cheered every one around her, while her frank, free, lovely face inspired many a youthful playmate with his first ideas of love? Yet Fanny was without parents, or brother or sister. Living with her father's brother, Caleb Lorrimer, a merchant "in good standing," having never known, to appreciate, the devotion of parental love, until she was sixteen, she knew little of care or sorrow; all her wants supplied, and friendship smiling upon her on every side.

Her mother had died when she was very young—so young that she could not remember that mother's face; and her father in a few years followed to the grave, leaving his only offspring in the care of his brother. Fanny was now growing into womanhood, and her uncle bethought him seriously of her future prospects. An orphan, and he her only guardian, she was quite as much an object of interest to him as was his son Arnold, a young man of some twenty years; and Lorrimer looked forward to the day when his son and his niece should be united in marriage.

But, unluckily for Caleb Lorrimer's plans, there was no similarity between the dispositions of the young twain. Fanny was of an open, generous, sympathizing nature, scorning all meanness, intrigue or artifice, while Arnold was the counterpart of his father—cold, designing and calculating. Fanny regarded him only as a cousin and household companion, but with aversion rather than preference, reserving her attachments for others of about her own age, more winning, genial and demonstrative than was he; and when they attended social gatherings, she avoided him as much as possible; feeling an instinctive repulsiveness towards him, she knew not exactly why. He was attentive, but frigid. His smile was like his father's—icy; and his manners, likewise, stiff and ceremonious.

Her sixteenth year came, and on her birthday Fanny was surprised at the disclosure of her uncle's wish and intention regarding her. At first, she treated his proposal with mirth.

"Why, uncle, ha, ha! What, marry Arnold? Marry my cousin? You are joking."

"You know I am not given to joking," he replied, with calm severity. It was true, he was not.

"But I never can think of such a thing. I must fall in love first, you know, uncle, then have a few quarrels, and then make up again, as lovers do, and all that, you know, first; and then, after making myself and him—whoever he may be—miserable for awhile, accept him romantically, and be married with all the ceremonies. That's the way I shall do, uncle. But as to marrying Arnold, that is out of the question entirely."

"But it is *not*, I tell you!" exclaimed he, with asperity, his dark eyes flashing with anger. "You must not oppose my will. Your father died leaving no property, and confided you to my care. It is he, you must consider, who speaks in me, and you must follow my direction."

"My father would never have urged me to marry against my will," replied Fanny, vehemently; "and I never shall, whatever comes of it!"

"So stubborn, Fanny," said Mr. Lorrimer, with a scowl and a sneer. "I suppose you are already fascinated with some young sprig of a fellow, with a pretty face. It will be labor thrown away, mark me. You shall never marry another, and you *shall* marry my son. Set your heart upon that, and think better of it."

And Mr. Lorrimer went angrily out of the room, surprised at this first show of resistance from his ward, and enraged that his first step towards the darling design of his heart was foiled. "The very spirit of her father," he muttered between his clenched teeth. "But I will accomplish it, or I will urge her to her ruin."

"So this house, I suppose, I must consider no longer my home," reflected Fanny, after he had gone. "I know his determined way. I despise Arnold; and as long as I remain I shall be subjected to insult and tyranny. This is a pleasant omen for a birthday. Perhaps it foretells what is to come. Which way shall I turn?"

A marked change was now observable in her uncle's demeanor, though Arnold, close-minded, and apparently indifferent to her, as usual, gave no intimation whether he knew what had passed. Mr. Lorrimer now no longer approached her with affected smiles, nor spoke to her in any way but harshly and abruptly. He was a man, as may be imagined, of no benevolence of heart, and from the time of her opposition to his will, he was continually reproaching her with a tendency to extravagance—in dress or otherwise—and utterly prohibiting her giving anything to the poor who came to the door for charity, an indulgence which he knew was one of her chief pleasures. Still, she disobeyed this injunction when she could without detection, and continued, as before, to be regarded by mendicants as the "angel of the house."

Finding so little enjoyment at home, she was impelled to seek it elsewhere, among her friends; and her absences became so frequent and sometimes so prolonged, that her uncle chid her for that; not, however, from any desire for her welfare, but to irritate her into leaving the house altogether, that she might take the first step toward the ruin and degradation he desired for her. Disappointed in his design of an alliance between her and his son, for which he had good reasons of his own, he resolved to get rid of her as soon as he could, provoking her to seek companionship, which, to a friendless and homeless orphan, young and beautiful as she was, would result in her lasting shame and the world's contempt for her.

That first step—the abandonment of his roof—was soon taken. Life there soon became intolerable to her, and the contrast between its gloom and the agreeable society she found elsewhere, determined her to forsake it wholly, and trust to God to find friends and some means of livelihood abroad.

"So she *has* gone at last, has she, Arnold?" said Mr. Lorrimer, one day, when Arnold informed him of the fact. "It is all for the better, and what I expected. She may die in a ditch for what I care; but she shall never cross this threshold again."

"She is getting dissipated and reckless, I think," replied his son, with a malicious twinkle in his eye; for he had long writhed under the consciousness that Fanny loathed him. "All the young men have begun to laugh and sneer about her and her associates. I suppose she has gone to live with some bad character. She has the look and ways of one already."

"She will no longer disgrace us, then," said his father. "Besides, she has now removed an obstacle which I long wished to be rid of. I will tell you more of this, some day. But I should like you to keep watch upon her movements, if you can ascertain where she is. It may be of great service to us."

Arnold promised to play the spy, like the dutiful son of his father. Such a commission well assorted with his tastes.

Among the many acquaintances whom Fanny Lorrimer's beauty had drawn towards her and made her a favorite, was a young man named Bertram Gay. He was employed in the counting-house of two brothers, Asa and Aaron Hill, tradesmen with whom Mr. Lorrimer had extensive dealings. He was one of their most important customers, and a good commercial understanding existed between them in consequence.

Gay had often visited Fanny at the house of her uncle, and at the time when she made such a mysterious departure from it, he suspected that it was rather owing to ill treatment, than from what her cousin intimated to him was the real cause of her flight.

"No—Fanny, innocent as I have ever thought her, is incapable of leading a life of iniquity. They must have driven her abroad by unkindness. Could I but find her, I could soon ascertain. Her cousin shows no mortification, but joy, rather, at her being gone; and there is no wonder that she should be unwilling to live with two such disagreeable beings as he and his father. It cannot be that she has been evil-minded or weak-minded enough to abase herself. I don't like the appearance of old Lorrimer. That he is a designing and unprincipled man he has proved by his conversation in the store. He is not a man of integrity in business matters, and were it not for his wealth, he would find it difficult, with his reputation, ever to rise. I will learn more of him if I can, and help Fanny, if possible."

Such were the thoughts of Bertram Gay, as he pored over the accounts of Hill and Co. While thus ruminating, he overheard the two brothers in conversation about Lorrimer.

"Has old 'Grumpy' been in to-day?" asked the elder brother.

"I met him in the street," was the reply, "and he appeared very cheerful, for him."

"Old 'Grumpy' cheerful! And how did that miracle happen, pray?"

"He told me, but pretended at first to be quite mournful about it, that his niece had run off, and become an abandoned character. She had been fractious for a long time, he said, and he found it impossible to do anything with her. But he could not conceal his real feelings long. He is glad of it—and you and I can guess the reason."

"Of course—the property." (Bertram listened eagerly.) "But had he taken no method to reclaim her?"

"He shook his head, and said it was useless—the old rogue. While he appeared to be hopeless, I could see he was most hopeful. He said she would not listen to the idea of marrying his son—that chip of the old block—and I have no doubt he would be glad to have her a confirmed profligate, and die miserable and ignorant of her father's will. But you should have heard how briskly he talked upon matters of trade. He promised us a large order soon. We know what that is for, too."

Here the elder brother made a sign to be silent upon that subject, pointing slyly, with his thumb, over his shoulder at Bertram, whose curiosity was aroused, and who felt chagrined that he could hear no more. He had heard enough, however, to confirm his previous suspicion that Fanny was the innocent victim of her uncle's villany, and that his employers were either knowing to, or perhaps partners in the plot.

When Fanny Lorrimer fled from her uncle's house, she repaired to the humble dwelling of a poor old man named Peter Speal, a cripple, who, being thus disabled from earning a subsistence, occasionally begged from door to door. His wife took in washing, and his daughter, about Fanny's age, earned a scanty addition to the common stock as a shop-girl. To her father, Fanny had often been kind, when he came to her door, and now, in her adversity, she applied to him for a temporary shelter.

"Why, miss! What make you here?" was his astonished inquiry, as, seated on a broken chair, she covered her face and wept aloud.

She soon told the poor family the whole story, and begged them to allow her to stay with them till she could find something to do. She desired her whereabouts to be unknown to others, lest her uncle should compel her to go back. The refuge sought was readily granted.

"We are wretchedly poor, Miss Fanny, as you may see; but not so poor as to be ungrateful—as to deny what comfort we can give to a friendless orphan. Mercy on us! I thought you were better off than this. But Heaven only knows the hidden sorrows of the world. But better days are before you, child. Don't give up."

The kind words of the poor cripple were furthered by the encouragement of his wife and daughter, and within a week the latter obtained her a place where she herself worked, as a seamstress. It was a hard change for Fanny, accustomed as she had been to living in affluence, and the bloom soon fled from her cheek and the gayety from her eyes. But even so, she felt it was better than to be daily subject to the spleen and tyranny of her worse than heartless uncle; and though now, from fear of discovery, she was compelled to shun the society of which she was so fond, and veiled her face as she passed through the streets, the encouragement given her by those humble but faithful friends led her to hope that misfortune would not always be her lot.

One day, as she was on the way to her work, closely veiled, as usual, and hurrying along with her fellow-seamstress, suddenly she felt a hand upon her shoulder, and for an instant fearing that it was her uncle, she uttered an exclamation of alarm, not loud enough, however, to attract much notice from the passers-by. But she was suddenly re-assured; for she saw Bertram Gay at her side, and at once put her veil back.

"Am I such a scarecrow, Fanny," said he, smiling, "that you should scream when I merely touch you? I was not quite sure it was you, but thought I recognized your gait. I have been these three days looking for you, but could obtain no tidings. I have something of importance to tell you—but is she"—looking at her companion, suspiciously—"is she trustworthy?"

"Perfectly," replied Fanny, blushing; for her quick penetration told her that Bertram regarded Miss Speal's poor apparel with a doubtful eye. "She is my friend."

"Your *friend?*" exclaimed Bertram, with surprise, his countenance suddenly changing.

"O, Mr. Gay, I know, I think, what your thoughts are; but if you knew all you would not blame me! I have no companion now but her, and no home but where she lives."

"Ah, Fanny, I know not what to think!" replied Bertram, seriously, and suspecting the worst. "Have you indeed deserted your uncle's house for—" he could not finish the sentence, for Fanny's beautiful but reproachful glance arrested the words he was about to utter.

"I will tell you all, Bertram—for I know you are my friend—this evening, if you will come to see me then; and you shall be convinced that I am not to blame, and then you can say what you would have informed me."

Bertram received the direction, and promised to be there, though his heart sorely misgave him as he saw Fanny pass along, her face veiled again, with her ill-clad associate.

"Can it be," he muttered, as he gazed sadly after them, "that she is going to destruction? Perhaps she has even now deceived me about the address, merely to get rid of me. But I shall see, and perhaps save her yet. What a pity that she has no brother to protect and guide her."

On his return to the store, he found his employers engaged in loud and somewhat angry conversation with "Old Grumpy," as they elegantly designated him—Mr. Caleb Lorrimer—in an inner counting-room. Bertram's entrance to the outer room was not noticed, and mounting his high stool and opening his book, with pen in hand, he—listened. He could not help it, and was not sorry for that.

"That is *my* business!" he heard Lorrimer say, firmly. "I want nobody's advice about it."

"But it is a pity such a girl should go to ruin for the want of some timely hand to help her," said the elder brother.

"I have talked to her enough, and she will have her own way," replied Lorrimer, sullenly.

"I suppose she is not still in ignorance about her father's will," said the younger Hill. "You know you told us it would be better to conceal the fact of his having left her the property, in order

that she might not be spoiled by the thought that she was to be rich some day. It *was* a good idea, for a time, but now, it seems, she is old enough to have a will of her own, and to take care of herself."

"I told her about the will long ago," declared Lorrimer, lying, that he might divert their intentions, should they be disposed to seek her out and disclose the fact to her. "I now wish I had not told her, as perhaps it has turned her head. As to her 'taking care of herself,' as you say, you see she does bid fair to do it, after a fashion. Finally, gentlemen, I wash my hands clean of her, after this. When she is disposed to reform, I shall do my duty by her—not before. Had she the property in her hands at this moment—what use would she make of it? You know, as well as I do, it would only be an instrument of her still speedier destruction. Let us talk no more upon this subject, but proceed to business at once. Here is a list of what I want—it is a large order, you see—and give me your prices."

What further conversation they had was of no interest to Bertram, relating simply to trade. He could not but feel indignant at the thought that "Old Grumpy's" "large orders" were proving an effectual silence upon Hill and Co., deterring them from revealing what was no more than Fanny's right to know.

"I am determined to ferret this affair out," said he to himself, as he proceeded in the evening to the place she had designated, "if human ingenuity can do it. She is the victim, the artless, helpless victim, of a rascally plot, which, now that she has no protector, after having driven her from a shelter, would rob her of a fortune and destroy both her soul and body. She is an angel, and her uncle an own brother to the devil, if not the devil himself. So this is the house. What a rickety old shanty it is. Poor Fanny!"

He knocked and was admitted; and Fanny, having previously given the family to understand that some disclosure of importance was to be made, they, soon after his arrival, left Bertram to confer with her alone.

"Since I saw you, Miss Lorrimer, I have learned still more regarding your history, or rather your affairs; and while I tell you that you are the victim of an atrocious fraud, let me also congratulate you."

"I am at a loss to understand you. Explain, Bertram, and don't call me 'Miss Lorrimer' any more. Call me Fanny, as you used to, when we met in pleasanter scenes and hours than these."

"Well, then, Fanny, let me first ask if your uncle ever informed you anything of your father's will."

"Never, not a word. I never thought he made any. I was told, always, that he left no property."

"Indeed! Then let me tell what I know of it, and perhaps I can greatly assist you."

Bertram now related all that he had heard, with such a warmth of indignation as induced Fanny at once to look upon him as her champion; and, in return, she told him the reason for the course she had taken.

"But are you contented to remain here?" he inquired. "Should you wish a place more suitable to your taste, say the word and it is at your service."

"No, no, Bertram," she hastily answered, a quick ingenuous flush suffusing her face. "It would give my uncle a chance to calumniate me. I had rather remain here—at least for the present. But how is it, do you suppose, that my uncle's secret became known to them?"

"I don't know; but to morrow I will state the whole case to them, and appeal to their honor, as men, to do you justice if it is in their power. I may, perhaps, learn something more to your advantage, which may enable me to work, even without their aid, should they withhold it."

With many thanks, the orphan girl took leave of him, and with a greatly lightened heart she communicated to her humble benefactors that she had heard good tidings, the nature of which they would probably soon know.

"The will! The will! *That* is what I want. If that is in existence—but even then, how should I get at it? No—my main dependence is in persuading my employers, after all. Without their assistance I can do nothing."

Thus reflected Bertram Gay, as, on the following morning, he entered the counting-room. He lost no time, but when the partners entered, stated Fanny's case plainly and calmly, and without a word as to her whereabouts; and informing them what he had overheard on the day before, he asked them to do as they would be done by—to befriend the orphan and maintain her rights.

"Of the existence of the will, there is no doubt in our minds, Bertram," said the elder brother. "We were both witnesses to it, when at her father's death-bed, and she a mere child. But it is a question with us, whether the girl is not as her uncle has represented her; and if so, whether it would not be sacrificing both her and the property, by being instruments in placing it in her hands. He himself says he is willing to do her justice, if she will reform."

"Reform! Reform himself!" replied Bertram, with warmth. "There is no reformation needed on *her* part. He has cheated and tyrannized over her, and now would destroy her character. He has told you that she knew of her father's will. She denies it, and was surprised when I informed her. Is not this sufficient proof of his intentions?—of his fraud? You have children yourselves. Do you love them? Suppose them wronged, after your death, and those to whose care you had confided them should make outcasts of them, for their own advantage. Suppose this—and then consider the mighty wrong which is being done to this poor orphan girl."

"You are right, Bertram," returned they, "and we will have an interview again with the old fellow, though he is flinty and obstinate enough; but even though we are witnesses to the will, and could swear to it and to our signatures, were it ever produced in court, it is doubtful if much good will come of it. But at any rate, we'll try. He will be here to-morrow, at ten."

During the day, revolving the affair constantly in his mind, Bertram devised an additional expedient, and informed Fanny of it in the evening.

"His private papers—it is a daring thing to attempt, I know—but if I could but gain access to them, I am willing to incur the risk of detection, for the sake of finding your father's will among them. Do you think it possible to get at them?"

"It is possible, and to further the chance, I will go with you," exclaimed Fanny, now elated and emboldened with the prospect of success. The stake was too important to be lost by any trifling neglect now.

"He will be at the store to-morrow morning at ten," said Bertram. "At that hour let us be at the house, meet what luck we may."

This plan was carried into execution. With palpitating hearts they stood upon the doorsteps, awaiting the opening of the door. Their greatest fear was that Arnold might be at home—perhaps come to the door. To their relief, it was opened by a maid-servant.

"Why, Miss Fanny," exclaimed the girl, holding up both hands, "is it you have come back again? I am so glad!"

"Hush, Bridget!" whispered Fanny, as she and Bertram entered. "Is Arnold at home?"

"No, miss. He went out with his father, half an hour ago."

"Very well, then, Bridget. You can attend to your work, and we will wait till he returns."

Bridget thus disposed of, no time was to be lost. Fanny led the way at once to the library, and pointing to a secretary, and a small trunk upon it, informed Bertram that Mr. Lorrmer there kept all his personal papers, as far as she knew.

"The locks must be forced then—we must shut the doors to deaden the noise—for I have no keys."

"But what are these?" said Fanny, exultingly, as, casting her eyes down, her glance fell upon a bunch of keys, one of which was inserted in the lower drawer.

"Fortune smiles upon us!" said Bertram, seizing them instantly, and at once opening every drawer. While Fanny searched them, he took down the trunk and opened that.

"Plenty of dust upon it," he said. "I fancy it has not been opened lately, and perhaps—what is this?"

He held up, as he spoke, a document fastened with red tape, the paper grown yellowish, as if with age.

"See here, Fanny, 'Will and Testament of William Lorrimer. Codicil.' This is the all-important paper upon which hangs your fate!" exclaimed Bertram, pale with excitement, as he stripped off the fastening, and read the paper hurriedly to her. "Here, too, are their signatures as witnesses—'Asa Hill, Aaron Hill,'—appended also to the codicil, which confirms your right to choose your guardian at the age of sixteen. It was a providential act in your father which added such a supplement. Could he have mistrusted the fidelity of his brother? But all's one for that. We have the document. Let us haste away, and—"

In another instant they were appalled by the sound of footsteps, and a voice—the voice of Caleb Lorrimer.

"What's here? What's all this?" he vociferated, rushing towards them, followed by his son and both of Bertram's employers. They had come to discuss the affair upon which they were at issue with Lorrimer, at his own invitation, he hoping to engage them to secrecy, as he should manage it. "Villain, who are you?" added Lorrimer, wildly, glancing at the papers scattered confusedly about. "You here, girl—begone!"

"Stay!" cried Bertram to Fanny, who, trembling, with excitement, was about to obey. "She is the rightful mistress here, and should command *you* to begone. There, gentlemen, is the proof!" and he held up the will in sight of all.

"Rascal! Robber! Give it me!" shouted Lorrimer, frantically, seizing Bertram's uplifted arm, and endeavoring to snatch the paper on which so much depended. Finding it beyond his reach, he clutched at Bertram's throat, when a fierce but brief struggle ensued, and Lorrimer was hurled to the floor.

"Your time of triumph and tyranny is past, miserable schemer!" exclaimed the exasperated young man, again seizing the paper, which had fallen upon the floor; but as he stooped, he heard the shriek of Fanny, as she cried out, suddenly:

"Take care, Bertram, take care!"

Rising at once, he was barely in time to grasp the extended arm of Lorrimer, who, desperate and furious at his exposure and his discomfiture in the scuffle, had taken a pistol from one of the drawers, and now presented it at Bertram's breast. With the swiftness of thought, the latter bent Lorrimer's arm, by a powerful jerk, and the murderous contents were discharged into the body of the intended murderer. The red stream of life gushed from his guilty bosom, and staggering a moment, vainly striving to articulate something, he fell to the floor and expired in a few moments.

The encounter was so suddenly had, and the two brothers were so engaged in preventing Arnold from also assaulting Bertram, that no interposition was possible to avert the catastrophe. No sooner had Lorrimer fallen, however, than a score of people, attracted by the report of the pistol, entered from the street, and there heard a full explanation from Bertram's employers, while Arnold, kneeling by his father's corpse, was groaning over his bereavement.

Thus fitly died the oppressor of his dead brother's daughter—the robber and slanderer of the orphan girl—in the very house from which his cruelty had expelled her, and in the presence of the son to whom and his own avarice he would have sacrificed her. He died, too, by his own hand, the unintentional victim of his own misdeeds, yielding up the fortune he would have perverted to his own benefit, unto the rightful owner, and surrendering the life he had corrupted to the God who judged it all.

It was a solemn, useful and life-long lesson to his son, to whom his father's death thus proved of more benefit than his existence would have been. And for her, the orphan heroine of this story, now came the long and sweet reward of her early trial, the crown of which, she often says, was her happy union with Bertram Gay. Their life is happy; and, in their prosperity, they have not forgotten the family of the poor cobbler, who proved a true friend in her darkest hour.

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FREE SCHOOL NEWPORT, KY.

COVINGTON AND NEWPORT, KENTUCKY.

We present on this and the succeeding page a series of very reliable sketches made expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, illustrating the principal features of Covington and Newport, Kentucky. The first-named place is situated on the Kentucky bank of the Ohio River, below the mouth of the Licking, upon a fine plain mostly above the highest flood of the Ohio. This location commands a fine view of the city of Cincinnati, which lies directly opposite. The streets of Covington, and also those of Newport, are laid out in such a manner, that, when seen from an elevated position, they appear to be a continuation of those of Cincinnati. With the latter city, both the towns above mentioned are connected by steam ferries. The first of these views represents the Free School, Newport, a fine, substantial brick building, well adapted to the purposes for which it was erected. The pupils in this school, under competent teachers, who are liberally paid for their services, receive an excellent education. The school is in an excellent condition, and the pupils evince great interest in their teachers and zeal in their studies. The second view is an accurate delineation of the City Hall and Court House, Covington. It stands on Greenup, corner of Third Street. It was erected in 1843. The architecture, it will be observed, is of a pleasing and substantial character, and it has a fine effect from the luxuriance of the surrounding foliage. The Market and Square, Covington, are next depicted by our artist, from a point of view selected on Greenup Street. It has a lively and hustling appearance. Another object of interest, also graphically delineated in our series, is the fine Suspension Bridge, which connects Covington with Newport upon the other side of the Licking. It is a fine and substantial piece of building. The Licking is a beautiful stream; the lower part, near the Ohio, is used as a sort of hospital for invalid steamboats, when they are hauled up for repairs, during the low stages of water in the Ohio. The last view delineates the Newport Barracks, garrisoned by United States troops, as seen from Cincinnati. It is very pleasantly situated, and makes a fine appearance when viewed from the river, and taken in connection with the busy life that moves on the face of the waters. Newport owes its rapid growth and importance chiefly to its proximity to Cincinnati, and the beauty of its situation. Newport, and the villages of Jamestown and Brooklyn, embracing about two thousand acres, will in a few years probably be consolidated into one town. It contains several rolling-mills, iron foundries and steam-mills, and a manufactory of silk goods; also, one bank, and one or two newspaper offices. The population, in 1853, was about 3500. At Covington, many persons doing business in Cincinnati reside, owing to the facilities of intercourse. It is connected with Lexington by a railroad about ninety miles long.



CITY HALL AND COURT HOUSE, COVINGTON, KY.



MARKET AND SQUARE, COVINGTON, KY.

THE STORY OF JANE M'CREA.

From the third volume of Washington Irving's "Life of Washington," the following interesting sketch of the arrest and murder, by the savages, of Jane M'Crea—the story of whose love and sad fate has been the theme of many a tender ditty and exciting tale of Revolutionary days—is taken:—"In Gen. Frazer's division was a young officer, Lieut. David Jones, an American loyalist. His family had their home in the vicinity of Fort Edward before the Revolution. A mutual attachment had taken place between the youth and a beautiful girl, Jane M'Crea. She was the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman of the Jerseys, some time deceased, and resided with her brother on the Hudson, a few miles before Fort Edward. The lovers were engaged to be married, when the breaking out of the war severed families and disturbed all the relations of life. The Joneses were loyalists; the brother of Miss M'Crea was a staunch Whig. The former removed to Canada, where David Jones was among the most respectable of those who joined the royal standard, and received a lieutenant's commission. The attachment between the lovers continued, and it is probable that a correspondence was kept up between them. Lieut. Jones was now in Frazer's camp, in his old neighborhood. Miss M'Crea was on a visit to a widow lady, Mrs. O'Neil, residing at Fort Edward. The approach of Burgoyne's army had spread an alarm through the country; the inhabitants were flying from their homes. The brother of Miss M'Crea determined to remove to Albany, and sent for his sister to return home to make ready to accompany him. She hesitated to obey. He sent a more urgent message, representing the danger of lingering near the fort, which must inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy. Still she lingered. The lady with whom she was a guest was a royalist, a friend of Gen. Frazer; her roof would be respected. Even should Fort Edward be captured, what had Jane to fear? Her lover was in the British camp; the capture of the fort would re-unite them. Her brother's message now became peremptory. She prepared, reluctantly, to obey, and was to embark in a large batteau, which was to convey several families down the river. The very morning when the embarkation was to take place, the neighborhood was a scene of terror. A marauding party of Indians, sent out by Burgoyne to annoy General Schuyler, were harassing the country. Several of them burst into the house of Mrs. O'Neil, sacked and plundered it, and carried off her and Miss M'Crea prisoners. In her fright, the latter promised the savages a large reward, if they would spare her life, and take her in safety to the British camp. It was a fatal promise. Halting at a spring, a quarrel arose among the savages, inflamed most probably with drink, as to whose prize she was, and who was entitled to the reward. The dispute became furious, and one, in a paroxysm of rage, killed her on the spot. He completed the savage act by bearing off her scalp as a trophy. General Burgoyne was struck with horror when he heard of the bloody deed. What at first heightened the atrocity of it was a report that the Indians had been sent by Lieutenant Jones to bring Miss M'Crea to the camp. This he positively denied, and his denial was believed. Burgoyne summoned a council of Indian chiefs, in which he insisted that the murderer of Miss M'Crea should be given up to receive the reward of his crime. The demand produced a violent agitation. The culprit was a great warrior—a chief—and the 'wild honor' of his brother sachems was roused in his behalf. St. Luc took Burgoyne aside, and entreated him not to push the matter to extremities, assuring him that, from what was passing among the chiefs, he was sure they and their warriors would all abandon the army, should the delinquent be executed. The British officers interfered, representing the danger that might accrue should the Indians return through Canada with their savage resentments awakened, or, what was worse, should they go over to the Americans. Burgoyne was thus reluctantly brought to spare the offender, but thenceforth made it a rule that no party of Indians should be permitted to go forth on a foray, unless under the control of a British officer, or some other competent person, who should be responsible for their behaviour. The mischief to the British cause, however, had been effected. The murder of Miss M'Crea resounded throughout the land, counteracting all the benefit anticipated from the terror of Indian hostilities. Those people of the frontiers, who had hitherto remained quiet, flew to arms to defend their families and firesides. In their exasperation, they looked beyond the savages—to their employers. They abhorred an army which, professing to be civilized, could league itself to such barbarians; and they execrated a government which, pretending to claim them as subjects, could loose such fiends to desolate their homes. The blood of this unfortunate girl, therefore, was not shed in vain. Armies sprung up from it. Her name passed as a note of alarm along the banks of the Hudson; it was a rallying word among the Green Mountains of Vermont, and brought down all their hardy yeomanry."

HOW WOLVES CAPTURE WILD HORSES.

Whenever wolves associate together for mischief, there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear, and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two ever begin the assault, although there may be a score in the gang. It is no less curious than amusing, to witness their ingenious mode of attack. If there is no snow, or but little on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time, the gang, squatting, are looking on at a distance. After some time spent this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, the other his tail, with a shyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack, their frolicsome approaches become very interesting; the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the hamstrings or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous; both wolves spring at their victim at the same instant—one to the throat, the other to the flank—and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward, or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round, without attempting a defence. The wolf before then springs behind to assist the other. The sinews are then cut, and in half the time I have been describing it, the horse is on his side; his struggles are fruitless—the victory is won. At this signal, the lookers on close in at a gallop; but the small fry of followers keep at a respectful distance, until their superiors are gorged, and then they take their turn unmolested.—*Russian Sketch Book.*

THE COSSACK AND HIS HORSE.

The Cossack is unsurpassed in roving excursions. No European cavalry can make such long marches, without sacrificing their horses. In his campaigns in the West, the Cossack had sometimes a pack-horse with him, but even without this he can perform wonders, and forty miles a day is quite an ordinary achievement for him; he and his horse must be seen to understand this. The Cossack is generally a powerful man, and appears too heavy for his horse, although this is not really the case. The sharp withers, the handsome head and stag-neck, the long, well-formed bones of the shoulders and pelvis, and the short bones of the legs, the handsome chest, the fine and firm hoof, display all the qualities of a good animal. Persons versed in such matters will sometimes question his power of carrying a heavy weight, on observing his apparently long, though broad loins; but these animals have not unfrequently two ribs additional to other horses, and thus the great distance between the withers and loins is not necessarily a sign of weakness. A rough exterior often conceals the well-bred descent of the Cossack horse. He has to scrape his fodder, in winter, from under the snow in the Steppe, and anything he can procure is welcome—bread, oats, barley, rye, grass, straw, good or bad hay, and hard work. He can climb the hill and swim the stream. The Cossack has also a peculiar way of managing his horse. He rides in the Oriental manner, with the knee bent, the stirrup short, the saddle high. The bridle is slack; the horse having been bred in the open air, is left to his practised instinct, examining the way with his head close to the ground, and exercising his intelligence to obey his master, with as little trouble as possible. Although the knee of the horse is often bent, he rarely stumbles. People in the East cannot understand why we tie up our horses' heads, and bestow so much care in guiding an animal, which is not unfrequently cleverer than its master. The bit, as well as the bridle, of the Cossack is simple and convenient. He speaks to his horse, who understands his master's language. The Cossack himself displays unwearied activity, dismounting and leading his horse whenever practicable. The latter is accustomed to feed at any time of the day, and his rider never neglects an opportunity of feeding him. Whenever there is a halt, even under fire in battle, the Cossack may be seen reaching something to his horse, who never despises his food, however indifferent its quality and unusnal the time and place in which he receives it. Whoever has once experienced the vexation of seeing his faithful charger, after a severe day's battle, refuse his fodder; whoever has seen a noble animal grow daily weaker under him from rejecting his feed, and seen the effect of bivouacking, hard riding, and fodder of indifferent quality, will be ablo to appreciate the value of this peculiarity of the Cossack horse. He is treated affectionately and managed easily by his master, who possesses a knowledge of his animal which practice alone can give. The Cossack is the model of a groom and rider of his own horse, as the Englishman is of the high-bred race-horse. The Cossack is bred with his horse, a hearty attachment exists between them, and their common road through life might be regarded as the model of a happy union. There is something striking and beautiful in this attachment of the Cossack to his horse, and reminds one of the fond affection of the Arab for his charger.—*Records of the War.*



SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE LICKING RIVER.

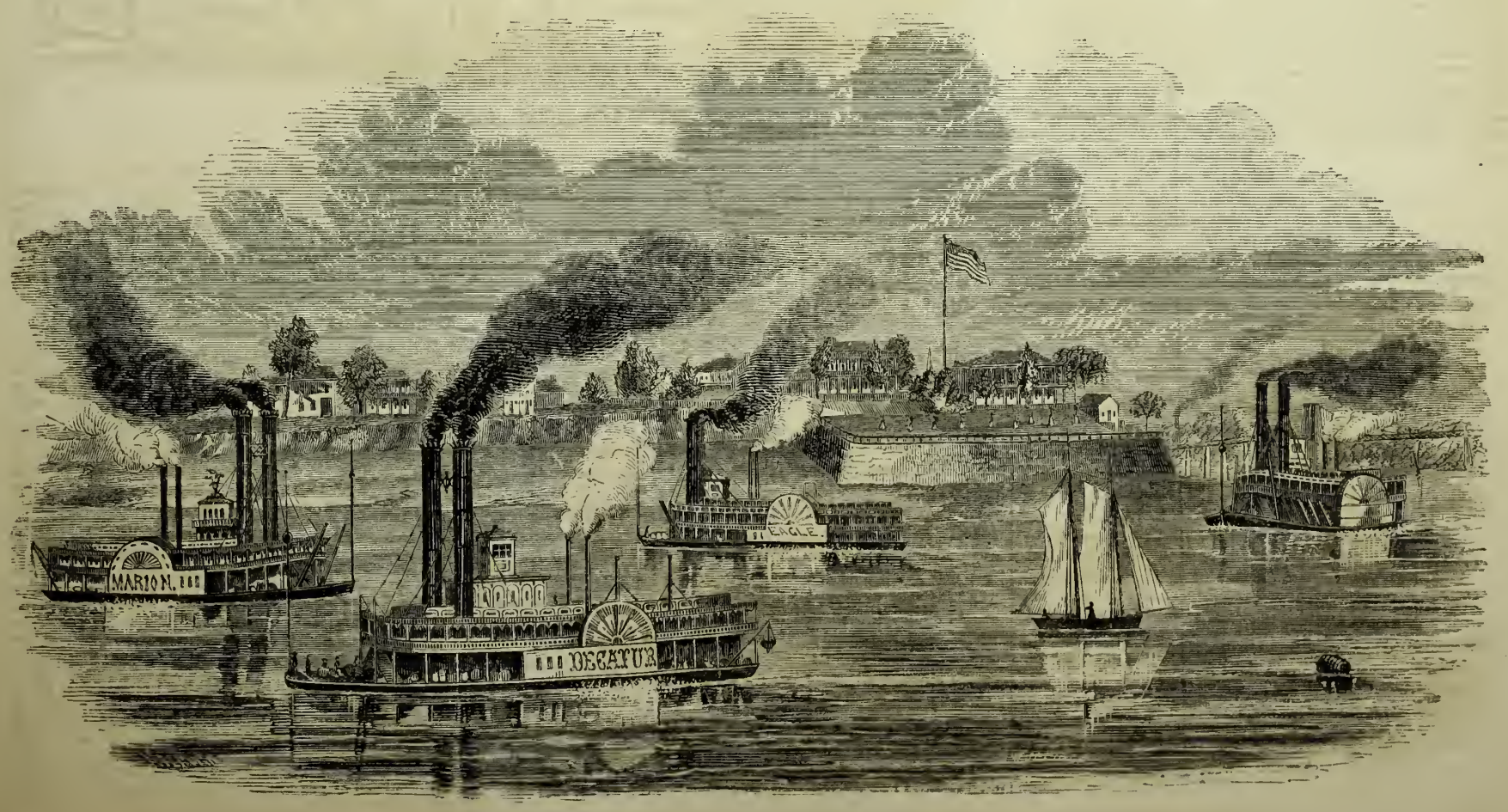
THE ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR.

Madagascar lies off the eastern coast of Africa, from which it is separated by the Mozambique Channel, about 300 miles broad. It is more than 800 miles in length, while its breadth varies from 120 to 300 miles. It is intersected by a chain of mountains, in which many rivers have their source, one of them being navigable for boats or canoes for a distance of 100 miles. It also contains several lakes, one of which has a circuit of about 75 miles. It is said to be exceedingly rich in mineral productions and equally so in its botanical. Its shores are indented with bays and harbors so admirably adapted for commerce, that were the island inhabited by a civilized people, or were its resources properly developed, it would be resorted to by the ships of all nations for the purposes of commerce. Some twenty-five or thirty years since, the larger portion of the island was brought under the rule of a native prince named Radaina, who brought about great reforms. He raised an army of 20,000 men, which he equipped with fire arms obtained through commerce; sent several young men to Europe to be educated; encouraged missionaries and established a printing-press. Teachers were also sent to various parts of his kingdom. Things were in this flourishing state when his career was suddenly terminated by poison administered by his wife. Anarchy followed, commerce was destroyed, and the incipient steps towards civilizing the country were arrested. Several attempts afterwards made by foreigners to open a trade there were frustrated, and for the last ten years we have scarcely heard the island spoken of.—*Bee.*

ROOM FOR ALL.—Though the world is wide enough for every one to take a little, and there appears no reason why we jostle and make one another unhappy as we pass along, yet so it is, we are continually thwarting and crossing each other at right angles; and some lose all memory of the temper that governed at first setting out.

TRAVELLING IN 1799.

In the latter part of October, 1799, before daylight, I left my mother's house, about twenty miles west of Newburgh, and I did not reach Princeton until the next Saturday week, progressing as fast as the public conveyances would carry us. The easiest and most expeditious way was on board of a sloop, and two days and two nights in reaching New York was considered a good passage; and four or five days, and even more, as in my case, was not uncommon. From New York to Princeton the journey by stage was equally tedious. In the fall of 1807 the first steamboat came up the river—the wheels unprotected and exposed to public view. A form on cross beams, like that of a saw-mill, moving up and down, and the boat creeping along at the rate of three or four miles an hour. A real curiosity! the wonder of the country! People would come twenty or thirty miles to see the boat on the day she was to make her trip. Then came an improved boat, such as would accommodate passengers, but it was a very different thing from the floating palaces in which we may now go at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, with lodging and fare equal to the best city hotels. There was no landing at the dock; the boat lay in the river, and we had to be rowed out in a small boat. I have been dragged in one of these row-boats until we were opposite New Windsor, in a dark night, before I ascended the steamer, and then could find no convenient place to sit, or stand, or lie; perhaps it was raining; nothing to eat, and I was glad to be let off at New York, after paying three and a half dollars for the passage. At the close of my first college term, in company with three other students, I hastened to the public house to wait the arrival of the mail stage from New York. When it arrived, there were in it four sailors, just landed from a distant voyage. The rule was that not more than six passengers could have a seat within the stage unless with the consent of those already in. Two of the students immediately rushed into the stage. I was one of two without a seat. We begged to be admitted; the driver said "no," except with the unanimous consent of those occupying the seats. At last Jack cried out to me, "come in, my hammock will hold us both." The other student took a seat with the coachman on the box, and we were soon on our way. The roads were in a sad state. The stage was often so sunk in the mud that four horses could not extricate it, and we were under the necessity, as Jack said, of going "on shore." "The craft had grounded." On another occasion, returning home, we took a sloop at New Brunswick, and when we reached Amboy, the tide and wind were against us, and it was proposed to have a supper of oysters. And although I had often tried, I had heretofore failed to eat oysters; but as my companions were going to have an oyster supper, I concluded to go with them. I ordered what I thought to be sufficient for myself to be shucked and fried. These were brought forward first, and in a minute or two they were all gone. Then came the roasted; and as I saw my shipmates eating heartily, I thought it was too bad to pay fifty cents for a cup of coffee; "I'll try and eat two or three little ones" I did so; and I continued until I had as large a pile of shells as any one at the table. Thus *commenced* my fondness for oysters, and it has continued to the present time.—*Autobiography of Rev. John Johnston.*



BARRACKS, NEWPORT, KENTUCKY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DIRGE—O, FROST KING, TOUCH THEM LIGHTLY.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

[We regret to learn that our esteemed contributor, WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE, is dead. He had suffered with lung complaint for more than a year, and finally was carried off with it. One who stood beside him at death, informs us that "he seemed to drop to sleep like a pure child in a parent's arms," and adds, "I never saw so patient a sufferer nor so peaceful a death."]

O, Frost King, touch them lightly—
The sweet spring violets wave;
Smile on the loiterers brightly,
And lay them in their grave.

O, Frost King, touch them lightly—
The roses on the bower,
Whose buds were strung so slightly,
They vanished ere the flower.

O, Frost King, touch them lightly—
The forest banners wide;
They ofttimes flaunt too brightly,
And wave in garish pride.

O, Frost King, touch us lightly,
Like Ceres' golden sheaves;
And may we die as brightly
As fall yon maple leaves.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HARPER'S MILL.

BY EUSTACE KINGMAN.

I WAS the eldest son of the proprietor of Harper's Mill. I am not ashamed to own that my father was a miller—the good old miller, whose whitened locks may Heaven forever bless! Wealth and fame have been mine, both in my own and foreign countries. At home and abroad, I have mingled with the highest, and received praise and homage from the gifted and intellectual; yet never, when the honors of the world seemed most to await me, and when the foam in my cup was sparkling highest and brightest, have I forgotten that I was the son of Thomas Harper the miller.

My younger brother had begged to remain with my father at the mill; but my father, whose business had always been good, was abundantly able to give me my choice of my future life, and I eagerly seized upon his consent to establish myself at college. I passed through with honor and credit to myself, and was fortunate enough to obtain a situation, partly as tutor and partly as travelling companion to a lad from one of the Southern States.

I roamed all over Europe, saw everything worth seeing, visited ruins, temples, churches; revelled in music, painting and sculpture; and enjoyed all with the enthusiasm of a young and romantic traveller. My companion, Philip Loftus, was a boy of strong natural sense, intermingled with a keen perception of the ludicrous. Everywhere he was well received on account of his ever-failing fund of good humor, and his talents and acquirements.

While absent I had made many drawings of the old mill, which I had delighted to show Philip, as being the beloved and picturesque home of my childhood. The scene struck his fancy, and he was never tired of admiring the random sketches which I had made of its various points of beauty.

"When we return, Philip," I often said to him, "you shall see the old place under the softest influence of our summer sky; you shall then acknowledge that we have seen no place of wilder interest, or one of more romantic situation, in Europe."

I kept my word; and immediately on our return, after having visited his Southern home, we proceeded to my father's residence. All through the latter part of our journey towards home, we had glimpses of such delicious landscapes as have seldom greeted our eyes in foreign lands. Philip was delighted, and when we arrived in sight of Harper's Mill, he warmly declared that he never yet had seen its beauty surpassed.

A few days served to strip us of our foreign dandyism, and induct us into the homely ways of Harper's Mill. My father had nearly given up the entire business of the mill into the hands of my brother, and was now enjoying the green old age of his well-spent life—waiting patiently to rejoin my mother, who had long preceded him to the land of the immortals.

In my boyish days, I had held a tender affection for my cousin, Ida Harper. Our fathers were brothers; but while mine had been contented to remain at his rustic mill, Stephen Harper's ambition had led him into the speculating ways of the great city. Here he had prospered beyond his most ardent hopes, and Ida was now no longer my little playful cousin, but a wealthy heiress, basking in the noontide sun of wealth and fashion.

Often as I thought of her and her little sister Caroline, I wondered if, amidst the glitter that surrounded them, the warm sunshine of the heart had not faded away. I resolved as soon as Philip's visit should terminate, to ascertain what had become of Ida's old affection for me. But while waiting for this, I happened to read the announcement of Caroline's marriage in the newspaper, and soon after I heard a detailed account of the same from the lips of one of my old college friends.

It seemed that it was from no very strong preference for each other, and from no very exaggerated idea of love in any way, that Frederic Sumner and Caroline Harper came together. The father of the bridegroom had long held strong business relations with the father of the bride. "Propinquity," as the lady in some old novel keeps constantly harping upon, did the whole. They married because they were continually thrown in each other's path, and because no one competed with them for the heart of either.

Mr. Harper "shelled out," as young Sumner called it, handsomely. The bride's clothes and jewels, her plate and furniture, were all selected without regard to expense, at the most fashionable establishment, and cost quite as much as the elegant house which Sumner's father transferred to their immediate possession. "Treading the same walks of life," he said—"standing upon the same plane of society, there were none of those ineffable *gaucheries* to be enacted, which always happen where one party is above the other, and the higher bred acquaintances of the one have to condescend to the lower bred associates of the other."

I supposed then, by what my friend said, that all was smooth and fair in my cousin's lot. No cloud from the ungenial leaden-colored sky of poverty lowered upon the young couple. If the bright sunshine of the heart and affections was not there, there were gilded trappings of wealth and fashion—and the latter are often preferred to the former.

So the Christmas holidays, my friend told me, had found them settled with all the appointments, privileges and investments of the rich and fashionable. Parties were given in return, theatre and opera boxes secured for the season, and all the appliances for a gay, if not an absolutely dissipated winter bargained for. It was no wonder that, in the style that prevailed throughout the families of Harper and Sumner, one of them should have forgotten that he, at least, was not born into that magic circle, but came into it by degrees, and in ways which he had rather not remember.

Mr. Stephen Harper did not like retrospection; he would have said: "Don't tell me what I have been, but tell me what I am *now*." He did not even like to think of his brother, the miller, at Harper's Mill; and still more sensitively he would flinch from the idea that away off in an obscure country town, there was once a miserable old farmhouse, with its shattered roof and tumble down chimneys, and empty barns and granaries, where he, Stephen Harper himself, first opened his eyes on this changeable world. He did not love to remember that his eldest brother, the miller, had impoverished himself to take his widowed mother, and his younger brothers and sisters, into his own family; had given Stephen his first start in life, and had given the two feeble sisters and bed-ridden mother that assistance which Stephen, in his wealth, had never thought of sharing with him. All this was perfectly true; but Stephen Harper, Esq. never believed it. He ignored the very name of Harper's Mill—still more that of Harper's farm, the dilapidated place where he was born; and had so often told the story of his being an only son, and of his parents dying in his boyhood, in easy circumstances, that all his friends received that version of his life.

Like old Colonel Thornton, who made himself the hero of many battles, until he came really to believe in his own exploits, Mr. Harper at last began to put faith in the statements he had manufactured so often. All this I heard from my friend, and it did not stimulate me at all to wish for a renewal of intercourse with the family of my uncle. And yet there was the long-cherished image of my cousin Ida rising fresh, and bright, and beautiful on my vision, as I remembered her in her angel childhood.

Surely, surely, I thought, so fair a promise must ere this have realized as fair a noon. Ida Harper could not be very different to the being I had known in my boyhood. I remembered our last parting. I was at the venerable age of fifteen, and she was some two years my junior. Ten years had elapsed, and her father had grown rich and powerful, while mine still bore the appellation of the miller of Harper's Mill. How would she look at my presumption, should I ever dare to address her again as my "little wife?"

What though I was nothing but a poor tutor, and Caroline had married the son of a merchant prince, did that place me in fact upon any point beneath that on which Frederic Sumner stood? My heart answered no, and I obeyed the impulse, and set out the next morning for town; and in two hours after my arrival, I was in the presence of my cousin Ida.

Dear soul, she had not kept me waiting one moment; but in the simplest of morning dresses had flown over the stairs, with the card still in her hand, which I had sent up by the servant, and on which I had written "Gilbert Harper, of Harper's Mill." She had remembered me, then, through all these long years, and she now came up to me with a charming frankness, that made me despise myself for the doubts I had cherished respecting her. Our interview was long and pleasant, and we parted with the promise of speedily meeting again. I contented myself with merely asking after her father and Caroline, thinking I would wait for time to develop the way in which they would receive me.

I pass over the subsequent interview which I had with Ida. It is enough to say that our affections were irrevocably engaged; but while the spell which united us seemed to be drawing closer and closer around us, still the dread came stronger upon us both of the opposition that might be expected from her father. I dreaded it even more than Ida, for I felt I could not ask her to disobey her father, although my heart told me she, with her present feelings, would cling closer to me than ever, if his consent was denied.

Time brought me at length into the presence of Stephen Harper, and I learned instinctively what favor I might expect when my engagement to his daughter should be known. In his behaviour towards me in his own house, there was too little of the ceremony due to a stranger, and too little familiarity which might be expected from a relation. Altogether it was deeply offensive to me; and it must be confessed, that I paid little of that court which he might reasonably expect from one who aspired to his daughter's hand. All that I could at present obtain from Ida, was an assurance of undiminished affection, and a promise of correspondence, and with this to console me for the want of her presence, I returned to Harper's Mill.

I tried to be content with Ida's letters, but still there was an uncertainty about my fate which distressed and annoyed me. Sanguine as I was, I could see no prospect of ever marrying her, except against her father's consent, and this was painful to think of. Restless and discontented, I soon found my way back again to town, where, with the means which my father supplied me, I established myself in a business which would leave me half the year to visit Harper's Mill, or to go abroad, as I might choose.

This time I saw more of my uncle; and emboldened by what I fondly hoped was increasing kindness on his part, I one day almost bluntly asked him for the hand of his daughter. He looked surprised, and briefly answered, that any man who would become his son-in-law, must show his enterprise by amassing a fortune, as he himself had done.

"And how is it, Mr. Harper?" I asked. "Has nothing else any weight with you? Do you consider the acquisition of wealth the only good in life? Are talents, qualifications, perseverance and energy of no account in your estimation?"

He frowned and bit his lips. "If a man lays claim to all those in reality," he said, "he will show that he possesses them, by acquiring the wealth of which I spoke."

"That may be partly true, Mr. Harper," I answered; "but we read that 'the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' Undoubtedly you can remember many persons who started with you in the race of life, whom you considered as men of enterprise, who have fainted by the way in the pursuit of wealth."

He could not but own the truth of what I said, although seemingly unwilling to do so. "Even you yourself, Mr. Harper, may not always enjoy the wealth you have attained."

He looked daggers at me. "Do not name it," he said. "I have not so lightly laid my plans—no danger of that kind can be apprehended."

I went back to the subject matter of our discourse, and asked him if I might consider that as his ultimate decision.

"Certainly," he answered, and we parted.

Slowly, but surely, for the next three years my business progressed. Everything on which I laid my hands seemed to be transmuted at once into gold. It gave me no joy, excepting so far as it assured me that through its means I might win Ida. Ida, whose beauty had already begun to fade under the influence of anxiety and hope deferred, I strove to comfort with the hope of my success. She listened with a mournful smile. Her hopes had withered under long continued expectation.

"You will marry some one younger than myself, Gilbert," she would say. "One whose youth has not been sacrified to a father's love of gold." I would try to cheer her then with the hope of brighter days. * * * * *

I had gone home on a visit to Harper's Mill. I walked up to the post-office one night, hardly daring to hope for a letter from Ida. The boy at the window awkwardly shuffled over a package of letters, and told me there were none for me; as he put them back again, my eye caught sight of a delicate envelope, which I could not help hoping might have come from the only correspondent from whom I cared to hear.

"Let me see that letter, my boy," I said, as I pointed to the one in question.

The boy muttered, and unwillingly passed over the letter. There it was, in Ida's fine Italian handwriting, Gilbert Harper, Esq. I opened it then and there. The paper seemed to swim before my eyes, as I read the following words:

"Come to me immediately, dear Gilbert. We are in the greatest confusion imaginable. Officers in the house, Caroline and my father almost distracted, and I sick at heart witnessing their distress. I have a vague feeling that your presence will restore us to something like peace and order again. But come at all events, and that speedily. IDA."

I got the boy at the mill to drive me to the station, whence I took the night train, and at nine o'clock was in town, and at the door of my uncle's house. I rung and asked for Ida; she came to the door on hearing my voice, pale but collected.

"I am glad you are come, Gilbert," she said, mournfully. "My father is almost out of his senses, and Caroline is, if possible, still more so. The firm has failed, and Frederic says we are all completely ruined. I do not care for money, you well know, Gilbert; but it will be hard to see my father's gray hairs steeped in poverty, when gold has been his idol so long."

It was but too true; they were irretrievably ruined. Everything was brought forward and given up to the creditors; for my uncle, though grasping, was at least not dishonest. A day was appointed for the sale of their effects; but before it came around, I had hurried Ida and her father down to Harper's Mill, where my father gave them a most cordial welcome.

Back I went to town to attend the sale, at which I purchased Ida's harp and piano, all the plate which was marked with the family name, a few of the most valuable pictures, and my uncle's favorite arm-chair and writing-desk. I procured Frederic Sumner a lucrative situation as clerk, and saw him established, with his wife and father, at a comfortable boarding-house, and then went home to join Ida. Already my father had begun to love her as a daughter. For herself, she was in raptures with the mill, the old homestead, and all the scenes which she had remembered so well from her childhood.

"Would you be content to live here always, Ida?" I asked her one night, as we strayed by moonlight down to the old mill.

"I should ask no greater happiness," she answered, "than to know I should never again behold the busy town. Here I could live and die in peace."

No more opposition could reasonably be expected from Mr. Harper; and while I pitied his misfortunes, I could not but feel that they were calculated to make him wiser and better. In another month, then, Ida will become my wife, without waiting for any additional delay to our joy. The clouds which had hitherto rested upon our lot, seem to have passed away. The future seems brightening before us; and although we have waited beyond the glowing period of youth, still I do not despair that, after all, we shall enjoy a fair portion of happiness.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

O, WHENCE FLIES MY SPIRIT?

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

O, whence flies my spirit, elastic with gladness?
The breath of such air is aroma of wine!
Then why on my soul lies this load of deep sadness—
When heaven, air and earth are no less than divine?

O, whence flies my spirit, elastic with gladness?
High poesy—goddess! I've thrown down thy lyre—
But laved not in Lethe—a Phlegethon's madness
My heart-strings consume with unquenchable fire.

But whence flies my spirit, elastic with gladness,
From the rich, sunny dales where it took such delight?
Abandoned—I'm left here to all trials and in sadness—
I conjure thee back, thou weird minstrel of night!

I spurned thee, my lyre—for stern poverty claimed me!
I vowed I would shun thee henceforth to the goal:
I spurned thee for riches—but now I reclaim thee—
Enchained have I found thee to chords in my soul!

We'll part not, my lyre! e'en though poverty claim us;
Anon thou dost torture—anon thou dost soothe:
But while upon earth the Fates longer detain us,
We'll while away care with the lays that we love.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

BY BELL BRAMBLE.

"Well, 'tis 'an ill wind that blows nobody good,'" said my Uncle Caustic, brushing the ashes from his cigar, on reading in a New Orleans paper of the appointment of the Hon. Paul Clement to some post of trust and emolument abroad. "I remember Paul Clement—as noisy and unpromising a scamp as ever headed a row in 'old South Middle,' in my college days. There were four of us, known to tutors and professors well, as *mauvais sujets;* and never referred to by Fresh or Soph, save with a not very commendatory valediction, as "The Quartette Club." Three of the worthy confreres hailed from the South, while the fourth, Latham, belonged to the North. Fred Selbourne, a noble young fellow, belonged to an aristocratic old Mississippi family, while Clement, like myself, was a Creole of Louisiana.

While pursuing his studies in a preparatory school in New Haven, Selbourne, who was the son of a wealthy cotton planter in the vicinity of Vicksburg, formed a friendship for his classmate, Robert Latham, which lasted unchanged during the whole of his collegiate course. Talented, and of peculiarly winning manners, Latham had so fully ingratiated himself in the warm feelings of the young Creole, to whom his society had become indispensable, that on his migration to New Orleans the following winter, the old bond was renewed by Selbourne inviting him to spend the Christmas holidays with him at "The Oaks"—the name of his plantation home—where the family at the time resided, and where he soon became a favorite with the whole household; added to that matter-of fact sort of education, which most Northerners give their sons, fitting them to act well their part on life's stage, wherever in after life that stage may be.

With the prestige of a successful collegiate course, a fine person, and agreeable manners, young Latham had become the favored suitor, when a student in the New Haven law school, of a Miss Dashcroft, long toasted by juniors and seniors as the college belle; but his circumstances forbidding the idea of marriage at the time, he migrated to New Orleans, where an injury received by a railroad accident, followed by ill health and depressed spirits, so won upon the sympathies of Fred Selbourne, that he prevailed on his father for permission to invite his former classmate to make "The Oaks" his home until he might be enabled with renewed health to resume his profession.

During his stay at "The Oaks," Latham's attentions to Selbourne's sister Eulalie were always characterized by an open frankness, that would have precluded any one less susceptible from imagining that he felt a preference; but she, poor girl, thought otherwise, and she soon became to him in the stead of society, friends, everything. Born beneath the burning sun of a tropic clime, her feelings had imbibed a portion of their warmth; and if, under other circumstances, she had felt admiration for the brilliant and elegant Latham, how much a dearer object had he become as an invalid dependent on her care and sympathy!

Reading, drawing, singing, driving out with him, was just the situation to draw forth, in all its fervor, the warm love of her impassioned nature. It might be that Latham was incapable of tampering with her affections; or it might be, incapable of comprehending them, since he must have observed that his constant attention had established an interest in her heart (for men soon discover this), long before her own sensitive delicacy would admit, even to herself, that she loved him. A look, a word casually spoken, and to which he possibly attached no importance, would afford ground for hope in her romantic nature; and as often would an averted look, or careless word, spoken with us little thought to wound, send her to a sleepless pillow, tortured with doubt of whether her love was returned—wherein, could she have read his cold, calculating, selfish nature aright, she would have seen he had no love to give—at least to her.

Could men but see how often their attentions, slight though they may be, are translated;—could they but know the agony of hopes raised but to be wrecked;—could they but note the pale cheek, the quivering lip, the pulse's accelerated play when some slight compliment was paid by them, and to which they perhaps attached no meaning;—or could they see the blanched lips, from which the color had fled to support the fainting heart, or the tear-dewed pillow when a night of unrest had followed as slight a mark of admiration for another, when their long-continued assiduities had made the *seriousness* of their intentions no longer a matter of doubt, they would pause to reflect whether it was right to longer play the trifler's part.

The family had come for the season to their winter's residence in New Orleans. Days had become weeks, and weeks had glided into months, and still Robert Latham lingered near the side of Eulalie Selbourne, her constant escort in her rides and to all places of public amusement; while she, pleased with the dangerous proximity, lavished her whole wealth of love on her brother's friend, until ministering to his slightest expressed wish by day, and dreaming of him by night, had become a part of her being.

The winter had passed, and Eulalie was roused from her bright dream of hope and happiness, by Latham informing her that he had received letters from the North relative to the disputed will of his Uncle Sheffield, that would compel his immediate return for an indefinite period. Alas, for the poor dreamer! So closely had her love become inwoven with every thought of her existence, that the bare possibility of separation from him had never occurred to her. Hitherto, the spoiled child of affluence, the pride of fond parents, the pet of a darling brother, her life had been but as a summer's dream; her now only relief, solitude and tears. Summer came, and the family once more returned to "The Oaks." For a time her brother received letters from Latham; and though her name never occurred therein, save in a casual or commonplace way, still it gave the satisfaction of again meeting him when the lawsuit that had taken him to the North had terminated.

Only those who have had their dearest hopes overthrown, and then again re-illumined, can form any idea of the excitement, amounting to wild delirium, with which she devoured the contents of the letters her brother occasionally received, and without a suspicion of the value placed on them by his romantic sister, would carelessly hand them to her for a perusal; or the agony with which the last hope in life was crushed from out her young heart when they ceased altogether. The summer had passed, and the tall sycamores that shaded their plantation home had donned the gorgeous drapery of the autumn, when with the dews of death on her brow, round which her dark hair clung in moist and wavy masses, her dream of tranquillity and solitude was disturbed by removal again to their town residence, when stretched wan and emaciated on her couch, the sweet, pale face of the yielding, broken-hearted girl was laid on her pillow, where the last blow aimed at her peace was that of hearing of his arrival in the city, accompanied by his bride. In vain would she argue, as a check to her rebellious constancy, that she had no claim upon him. What reeked it? She had shipwrecked her all of earthly happiness in the hope of his return; and now to hear that he had come, accompanied by one who bore the name, and held the place in his heart she had fondly believed would have been hers, rang the death-knell to her hopes, extinguishing them forever. The mere knowledge of his presence in her vicinity when another bore his name and claimed his heart, but helped to prostrate and accelerate her doom.

The friends of the Selbourne family, little dreaming that every word rankled a barbed arrow in the torn breast of the stricken one, often spoke, when admitted to her darkened, silent room, of the wealth, beauty and accomplishments of Mrs. Latham—none, save her brother, noting the deadly pallor of her cheek when that name was spoken; and none, save he, felt that the sun of her earthly happiness had set forever. Premonition of consumption, an alarming cough set in, and the late beautiful girl, who a year before had left the boarding-school in the pride of her radiant loveliness, begged, as the last request, to return to the tranquil shades of "The Oaks" to *die*.

Her request was complied with. She was taken to her Mississippi home the shade of her former self; yet with the shrinking delicacy of her nature, closely allied, as it was, with a high-souled woman's pride, had the gentle girl so schooled her feelings, as never to allude to him. Yet was the memory of Robert Latham ever present, even unto her dying hour, and his name the last articulate sound that passed her sweet, pale lips ere her gentle spirit winged its way to where disappointment and the heart blight come not.

If, with the knowledge of her fervent romantic nature, Latham had wilfully tampered with her affections, a fearful expiation was before him. It afterward transpired that a college friend of Latham's, Paul Clement—he who had first informed Fred Selbourne of Latham's engagement to Miss Dashcroft, and of his repulse when it was yet uncertain how the lawsuit respecting old Sheffield's will might terminate—had himself long been on the list of the New Haven belle's admirers, and indeed supposed her favorite suitor, until old Sheffield's will placed Latham's more prosperous circumstances in the ascendant.

Paul Clement was decidedly the preferred swain of the college belle at the time Latham migrated to New Orleans to push his fortune in that then Peru of the South. Not being of the cast and calibre to remember that the woman who could waver between two objects was unworthy of either, no sooner had his uncle's legacy enabled him to aspire, than he proposed to Miss Dashfort and was accepted. Accepted the more readily, that she was beginning to be considered somewhat musty by the succeeding classes of sophs and juniors of Yale, having flirted with the members of every graduating class, until placed on the shelf with those designated by Yalensians as "students' widows," and fearing to become a judgment of an old maid among them, she eagerly grabbed at the returned limb of the law; while young Clement was at the time not sorry to be rid of her. But when the next winter he again met her in New Orleans, where she was quite the fashion—that is, among the gentlemen; her bold, dashing manners not being to the taste of the dignified matrons of the South, who cut her society at once—he renewed his assiduities, and report said, was not frowned upon.

One morning, about a month after Eulalie's death, he called upon her brother, and taking a letter from his vest, said:

"I have come to you, Selbourne, to act for me in this affair. That fool, Latham, has seen fit to send me a challenge."

"And you fight him, of course?" asked Selbourne.

"Not I! I'm in no particular hurry to be ushered where I have doubts of my credentials passing muster respectably—perching myself to be shot at for Latham's amusement, in particular, and the edification of my friends generally—not I!"

"Then, in what way am I to understand that you want me to serve you?"

"By going to the duelling idiot, and smoothing matters over, if you can; for if his infernal wife's name gets mixed up with mine, it will injure me some with the governor, or I'm mistaken."

"Really, Clement, I seldom see Latham of late—moreover, I scarcely comprehend how I'm to serve you."

"Well, to come to the point, he has got hold of some of my billets to the infernal jilt, and—"

"The lady, if you please," interrupted the fastidious Southerner.

With something that sounded like the ghost of a strangled oath in reference to being punctilious, Clement began his story "at the beginning," with his first introduction, when a fresh, to the New Haven belle, ending with a not very commendatory valediction of himself for being such a donkey as to have been inveigled into a second flirtation with the quondam Miss Dashfort.

Aware of what might be considered the palliating circumstances of a case, Selbourne promised to call on Latham, and propose that the high-flown notes on both sides should be returned, engaging that Paul Clement should leave immediately for Europe—proposing, too, that Mrs. Latham, for the sake of her infant child, should return to the protection of her father, avoiding all newspaper publicity, in the hope that time might heal the memory of his domestic wrongs in the memory of his irate husband.

But Latham was in no mood to listen—as he called it, "to be dictated to"—literally applying the terms scoundrel and coward to the naughty Paul Clement; when, as his wrath waxed "fast and furious," he added that of liar to the catalogue, Selbourne, Creole-like, impulsive and high-spirited, forgot he was only a second, not a principal, in the affair—and after administering a proof on Latham's eyes that his college boxing-lessons were not forgotten, repaired direct to the pistol-gallery, to make preparations for any further satisfaction his friend might require.

As might have been foreseen, he was challenged; and the two collegians met next morning at daybreak a short distance from the Bayou, on the Meterie Road, where Selbourne's bullet reached his heart, who, whether he had trifled by design, or by only pursuing a course of unmeaning attentions towards his impulsive, gentle-hearted sister, had left her to die—too sensitive to prate of wrongs, too proud to acknowledge neglect, too forgiving to complain, too gentle, all too gentle to upbraid where she loved—to die of a broken heart. Selbourne went abroad, and has never returned; the dead were soon forgotten by the fashionable world, and now Paul Clement's star shone bright in the ascendant.

Still magnificently beautiful, the dashing Widow Latham seemed no bad spec., whereby the young limb of the law was to rise in the world. No longer fearing the governor's wrath on seeing his name associated with that of the wealthy widow, he soon succeeded in persuading her to adopt his. And often, in after years, when the former college belle would be pointed out to me, circled with a crowd of followers, whether blazing in jewels at the opera, or in her stylish equipage dashing along the lake road, her haughty features set off with magnificent attire and radiant with rouge, and when I have heard her beauty and the faultless taste of her stylish surroundings commented on, I have always turned away with a sigh, to the memory of "The Collegians."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Westward Empire. By E. L. Magoun. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 445.

The object of this work is to demonstrate the westward movement of civilization, by linking together the great leading events of time. The design is well executed, and the book cannot fail to convey instruction, and awaken thought. For sale by Redding & Co.

Harpers' School History. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 450.

A well-defined outline of ancient and modern history, with questions to each paragraph, illustrated by 150 maps and engravings. It is written in a plain style, and may be placed in the hands of quite young children. It is a valuable addition to our list of school books. For sale by Redding & Co.

New Music.—From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, we have "Root, Porcine Animal, or Expire," one of Ordway's songs, "I bade thee stay," "Amusement Waltz," for the piano, "The Merry Sleigh," a song, and the "Morning Hymn," from the oratorio of Eli.

A Child's History of Rome. By John Bonner, author of "A Child's History of the United States." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 18mo. 2 vols. pp. 307—305.

A very well-written and well-arranged compendium of Roman history. The author never forgets that he is addressing youthful readers, while the publishers, by their liberal illustrations, all well engraved, have completed the efficiency of the work. For sale by Redding & Co.

The Iowa Hand-Book for 1856—with a new and correct Map. By Nathan H. Parker. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 187.

An excellent and reliable account of Iowa, its climate, soil, cities, towns—in a word, everything the emigrant needs, besides being a valuable addition to our statistical history.

The Minnesota Hand-Book. By Nathan H. Parker. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 159.

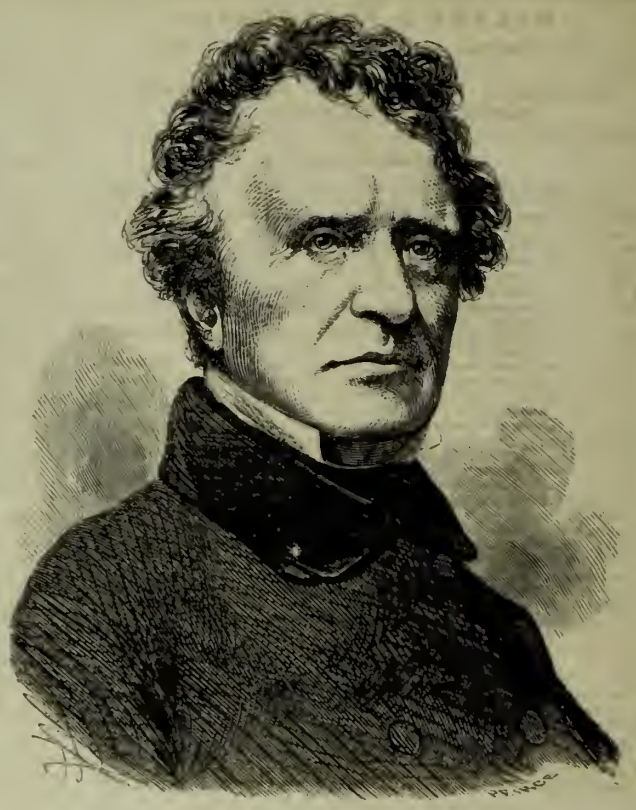
Uniform with the last mentioned work, by the same author, and crowded with reliable details. These works will have an extensive sale.

The American Poulterer's Companion. By C. N. Bement. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 4to. pp. 304.

Mr. Bement is reliable authority on the subject of fowl-breeding, and his treatise is comprehensive, thorough and practical. The work before us is finely printed, and has 120 beautiful illustrations on wood and steel. Every man who has a poultry-yard should own this book. For sale by Redding & Co.

JOHN NEAL.

The accompanying portrait, from the pencil of Barry, after an admirable photograph by Messrs. Masnry, Silsbee & Case, of this city, is a reliable likeness of ono of the most distingnished American writers of poetry and prose. John Neal was born in Portland, about the year 1794. In 1815, he went to Baltimore, and engaged in bnsiness in partnership with John Pierpont. Tbe disastrons results of their commercial enterprise induced Neal, who was a man of genius, and spirit, and energy, to turn his attention to literature, for which he had a peculiar aptitude. He mado his debut as an author in the "Portico," a monthly magazine, to which he contributed a series of vigorous critical essays on tho works of Lord Byron. These essays were very favorably received by the public. In 1818, he published his first novel, "Keop Cool," and the next year he produced tbe "Battle of Niagara, Goldau the Maniac Harper, and other Poems, by Jehn O'Cataract," acknowledging the authorship in a subsequent odition. In the same year was published "Otho, a tragedy," from his pen. In 1821, appeared Allen's "History of the American Revolution," a large portion of which was from Neal's facilo and busy pen. In 1822, ho wrote "Logan," his second novel, published in Philadelphia, and reprinted in London. The next year appeared "'76," perhaps the most popular of his stories, and "Randolph," a book which derives peculiar interest from its graphic sketches of the most prominent characters of the day. We believe that "Errata, or the Works of Will Adams," is referable to the same date. All of these compositions bear evidence of rapidity of execution, for Neal at that time was almost an impromptu writer. There are passages both in his poetry and prose which remind us in brilliancy of Wilson, and he wrote with tho same facility. "Randolph," a work in two volumes, was written in the short space of a month, and "'76," his best novel, in three weeks, and this while engaged in professional business. These various publications gave him a litorary reputation abroad, for at that time American writers were few and far between, and the debut of a man of undoubted genius on this side of the water, was hailed as an auspicious event by the more generous of British critics. It was thus heralded, that Mr. Neal went to England, where he met with a very warm reception. His career was an exemplification of the Horatian adage: "Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt." At that time, this country, its institutions and society were very little understood in England, and John Neal took up the cudgel, in defence of his native land, with spirit and effect. His various articles in periodicals and newspapers, correcting these prevalent misrepresentations, did us "yeoman's service." The columns of Blackwood's Magazine were opened to him hy Professor Wilson, and he contributed there some valuable papers on American topics, as well as miscellanies. It was during his four years' residence in Europe that his "Brother Jonathan" came out, and after his return to Portland, his native city and present residence, he published "Rachel Dyer," the "Down Easters," "Ruth Elder," and "Authorship." He also edited the "Yankee," a weekly journal for two years, and has contributed largely to our leading periodicals and papers. Mr. Neal has written much, both poetry and prose, that deserves to live, and we sincerely trust that a selection of his works, revised by himself, will he given to the public by some enterprising publisher. Since his principal works were published, a new generation of readers has sprung up, and the fire, imagination and sound sense of Neal would not appeal to them in vain.



JOHN NEAL, ESQ.



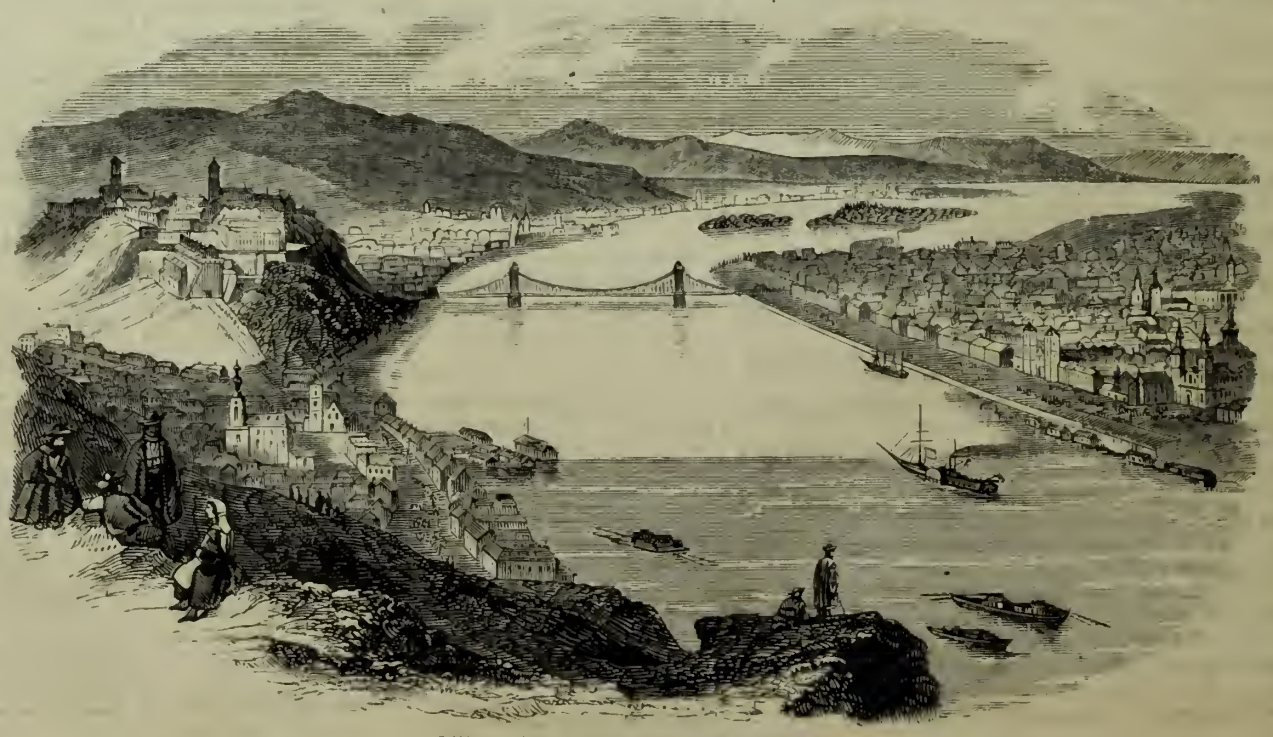
THE NEW MISSIONARY PACKET, MORNING STAR.

THE MISSIONARY BRIG "MORNING STAR."

We present herewith a fine representation of the Missionary Brig "Morning Star" nnder canvass, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Hill. She was recently launched at Stetson's yard, Chelsea, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, some of them attracted by curiosity, but the greater part by the deep interest they felt in the missionary cause. She is a noble specimen of American naval architecture. She is brigantine built, 90 feet in length, 24 feet in breadth, and nine feet in depth. She has a house on deck, with accommodations for her crew, and four state rooms for passengers. Her cabin extends from the stem to the mainmast. It is commodious, and very beautifully fitted up. Her stern has a fine specimen of basso-relievo carving, gilded, and represents an open Bible, resting on a cnshion, with tassels on the corners. This central figure is supported hy olive branches, and a gilded star radiates from the expanded page. On the bow is a carved figure of a female, carrying the word of God in her hand as an offering to tho benighted heathen. Rev. S. L. Pomroy, corresponding secretary of the Board of Missions, in tho remarks ho mado at tho launch, explained to the Sunday school children assembled to witness the spectacle, that she was called the "Morning Star," because, when it arose, the morning star indicated that the sun was about to shine upon mankind, and morning and light were coming; so wherever this vessel sailed, it would annonnce the dispelling of darkness and the dawning of the Sun of Righteousness. This fine little vessel has been built by the united contribntions of the Sunday school scholars of the country. Her capital stock amounts to $12,000, divided into 120,000 shares of ten cents. The little ship-owners who watched the first meeting of tho "Morning Star" with tho element which, we trust, she is destined to traverse in safety for many and many a year, manifested the deepest interest. She is commanded hy Captain Samuel G. Moore, of New York, and the first land she makes will be tho Sandwich Islands; thence she will sail to various other islands in the Pacific. May prosperous gales waft her over the two oceans she must cross, and may her future career realize all those pure hopes and designs which gave rise to her creation!

BUDA AND PESTH, HUNGARY.

The two cities delineated in the engraving at the foot of this page are most romantically situated on the banks of the Danube, one of the most picturesque of European streams. They are connected together by the beautiful suspension bridge seen in the centre of our picture. This bridge, five hundred yards long, cost the enormous sum of $3,250,000. Previous to its erection, the only communication was by means of a bridge of boats. The suspension bridge was not fully completed until 1849, but previous to its being opened to the public, its strength was tested in an unexpected manner, for it bore the weight of the whole force of the Hungarian army pouring over it, hotly pursued by the Austrian troops. For nearly two whole days the platform of the bridge was densely crowded with masses of soldiery. Buda is a free city of tho Austrian empire, and the capital of Hungary. It is 130 miles southeast of Vienna, and is built on the right bank of the Danube, which, it must he remembered, occupies the *left* side of our picture. The city is situated on the slope of a hill, and is amphitheatrical in its shape. In its centre is tbe citadel, an old fortress, enclosing the royal palace, in which are preserved tho insignia of Hungarian royalty, and the buildings of the central administration. Tbe other principal edifices are the cathedral, the garrison church, various convents, and the palatial residences of the Hungarian nobility. It is the residence of the viceroy or palatine of Hungary, the seat of a lieutenant-general of the administration of the royal treasure, and of a commander general. The observatory on the Blocksburg, connected with the University of Pesth, is one of the finest in Europe. A type foundry, a gymnasium and several libraries on this side of the river, are also connected with the same institution. A cannon foundry and powder mills are connected with its arsenal. There are some manufactories of cloth, leather, silk and velvets in the city, and wino of excellent quality is produced in its vicinity. There are hot sulphur springs, which have led to the erection of extensive baths. Buda is snpposed to derive its name from Buda, a brother of Attila, who resided here. Old Buda, a little further up tho Danube, Sicambria of the Romans, was a place of some importance in their time. Buda was taken by the Turks, under Solyman the Magnificent, in 1541, was garrisoned by jannissaries, and became the seat of a pacha. It was retaken by the Austrians in 1685. It was made the Hungarian seat of government in 1784. Crossing the suspension bridge to the left bank of the Danube, the *right* of our picture, we find onrselves in the city of Pesth, a considerable portion of which is seen in our engraving. Unlike Buda, it is situated on level ground, and is about seven miles in circumference. It is a large place, with at least 100,000 inhabitants. The older portion of tho city is not very attractive, hut the modorn part is finely built. The principal edifices are the theatre, the casino, the artillery depot, together with various convents, churches and hospitals. It has good accommodations for travellers in the way of hotels, and many of the private residences are elegant and costly. It has the only university in Hungary. Here also are a botanic garden, a veterinary hospital, a very valuable national museum with a fine library and cabinets of antiqnities, coins, medals, etc., a Hungarian academy of sciences, schools under the charge of various religious denominations, and charitable institutions. Pesth is tbe seat of the Royal Board of Council and the Septemviral Tafel, together forming the supreme court of appeal. Various manufactures are carried on in the place, hut the principal is the manufacture of meerschaum or pipe bowls from the rough material brought from Constantinople. The city is immediately surrounded, on the land side, by the "Rahosfield," a wide plain, on whicb the Hungarian Diet, the great national assemhly of Magyars, was held for many centnries. The gathering together of the deputies, with their vast retinue of vassals, the nobles in splendid attire, and all in picturesquo costume, must have presented a most striking spectacle. More than ono hundred thousand men, a vast army, assembled on these occasions. The present employment of this field clashes with its grand historical souvenirs, for it is now only nsed for horse races. Pesth is supposed by antiquaries to occupy the site of the ancient *Transacincum*. In the 13th century, it was walled in. The Turks held possession of it for more than a century and a half. The inundations of the Danube, in 1838, it will be remembered, occasioned heavy losses of life and property both in Buda and Pesth. Buda is a station for steam packets, one of which is shown in our engraving. The view of Buda and Pesth, from a high point, with the curving Danube, and bold hills in the distance, as we have shown them, is remarkably striking.



BUDA AND PESTH, ON THE DANUBE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. W. E.—The slave trade, from the coast of Africa, was first begun by the Portuguese in 1481. England was engaged in this traffic up to the year 1807.

H. Y. C.—Tobacco was first discovered at St. Domingo, in the year 1496, and was freely used by the Spaniards.

ELLEN H.—At the commencement of the new year we shall do very nearly as you mention, and introduce into *The Flag of our Union* a "Floral Department" for our lady readers.

A D.—The potato is a native of Chili and Peru.

W. C. A.—The English gold coin, the guinea, was so called from the fact that it was made from gold brought from the coast of Guinea.

B. B.—When the tulip mania raged in Holland, years ago, as high as $2000 was paid for a single bulb!

LUCY B.—Lace is mentioned in great perfection as early as 1320. It was most lavishly worn in the reign of Elizabeth. Dresden, Valenciennes, Mechlin, and Brussels have long been famous for their fine lace.

D. F., Saco.—Lafayette was but nineteen years old when he first came to this country. He raised a corps at his own expense and fought bravely for our independence. He was wounded at Brandywine.

BOOK WORM.—The library of Harvard College contains a trifle over one hundred thousand volumes and manuscripts.

R. B. H.—The first queen invested with authority as a ruling sovereign, was Semiramis, queen and empress of Assyria, 2017 years before Christ. She made Babylon her capital, and embellished it until it was acknowledged to be the most superior city in the world.

ALEX C.—Madeira is so called from its woods. There is a pleasant romance told about its discovery by two lovers in a boat, which was wafted to its shores by chance, about A. D. 1345.

W. D.—Miss Adelaide Phillips, the young and successful prima donna, is a Bostonian, and was for years attached (in juvenile parts) to the Boston Museum theatrical company. She is an excellent actress as well as vocalist.

G. O. W.—We have an admirable portrait of Mr. Vaudenhoff already in hand, and shall bring it out in a couple of weeks. His engagement at the Boston Museum was eminently successful.

A. C. B.—The guillotine was named after its inventor, Dr. Guillotin, in 1785. He introduced it as a substitute for the more cruel gibbet, and his name was applied to it at first from mere waggishness.

M. W.—Harvard College was the first endowed in this country, in 1638. The second was William and Mary, in Virginia, 1698. The third, Yale, at New Haven. Harvard is still the first and best endowed in America.

B. B.—August is named after Augustus Cæsar, because in this month he was born, was created consul, or chief magistrate, thrice triumphed in Rome, etc.

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR, AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

This is the title of a highly dramatic and absorbing story, with which we shall commence the new year in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. It is entirely different from any novelette we have ever published, and must prove vastly popular, from the wonderful intricacy of its plot, the vivid character of its tableaux, the startling spirit of the story, and altogether, the excellence and finish of its narration. An experienced critic, to whom we submitted its pages in manuscript, remarked:—"You have never printed so interesting a novelette as this in your paper—indeed, I have never read one more so."

TO EVERYBODY.—Read our prize offer on another page of this paper, and act accordingly.

SPLINTERS.

.... The foundling hospitals in France are some one hundred and fifty in number. The infants are well cared for.

.... We hope no more exploring expeditions to the North Pole will be undertaken—they are quite too perilous.

.... Excellent sugar and molasses have been made at the West from the sugar millet, a plant easily raised.

.... "How shall I fill the theatre?" asked Sheridan, when he was manager. "Invite all your creditors," was the answer.

.... There is not a single money broker in Wheeling, Virginia. Of course the people of Wheeling shave themselves.

.... A henpecked husband declared very recently, that the longer he lived, the more he was smitten.

.... Miss Florence Nightingale is so modest, that she took passage from Constantinople for England as Miss Smith.

.... It is only the individuals with "piercing eyes," who have the ability to "look daggers" at their foes.

.... No less than seventy-one million newspapers pass through the London post-office annually.

.... Cheat the physician by leading a temperate life, and the lawyer by keeping out of debt.

... No discrimination is made by our government between the volunteer and regular service in regard to bounty.

.... A pigmy placed on a pedestal is only a pigmy still—a warning to little men who are ambitious.

.... The Masonic Board of Relief, New York, is a new association of Masons to relieve the widows and orphans of members.

.... Dr. Digg asserts as a positive fact, that mariners can always tell Long Island by the *Sound*.

.... We do not think, after recent demonstrations, that the alliance of France and England will last forever.

.... Professor Morse has been created a knight of the ancient order of Danneburg by the king of Denmark.

. On the Calais and Baring Railroad, the engineer ran down a fine buck, and killed him with his jacknife.

.... More than ten thousand young men under 18 years of age are annually committed for theft in Great Britain.

A war of extermination is threatened by the Chippewas, in Minnesota Territory, against the Sioux.

.... The creed of fashion, that idleness is a privilege, and work a disgrace, is among the deadliest errors.

.. The life of the Emperor Napoleon has been publicly threatened in placards posted in the streets of Paris.

.... A second line of first class propellors between New York and Glasgow is to be inaugurated, it is said.

THE USE OF ENGRAVINGS.

Pictorial representations of persons, plans and things, are no longer regarded as mere ornaments, or as affording simply amusement or gratification to the eye; they are rightly considered as a means of education. No school book which admits of illustrations, is now thought complete without them—and works on geography, history, biography and science would not command a sale, were they not embellished by engravings. No one would think of purchasing a cyclopedia that was not amply illustrated, and yet five-and-twenty years ago, a voluminous cyclopedia would be issued without a single explanatory engraving. The popularly diffused portraits of Washington serve a better purpose than the gratification of a mere idle curiosity; the contemplation of those mild and benignant, yet dignified and firm features, keep up a conception of the character of the Father of his country. So, without we had studied the mingled energy and sweetness of Napoleon's head, we should be at a loss to understand the power and the fascination which his presence exerted over the firmest men.

Vivid representations of striking scenes of history serve to fix events indelibly upon the memory; here the pencil aids the pen and perfects the images of the past. In the sciences, in botany, ornithology, and the other branches of natural history, the aid of the artist is indispensable, as it is in the study of mechanics. Pictures are the labor-saving machines of mental culture—the stenography of literature. The devotional feelings of many a child, like those of Doddridge, have been quickened by even rude illustrations of scriptural events—such as the old tiles representing Scripture history that used to form the ornaments of old-fashioned fire-places. We remember very well a set of these, illustrating the affecting history of Joseph, that used to grace an old fireside in this city, and we recall with pleasure the boyish delight with which we used to trace his pictorial career. This series was the production of an artist of Delft, and the patriarch, as a matter of course, was an indubitable Dutchman, like many of the personages in Rubens's Scripture-pieces. Now-a-days even our children have more tasteful guides. The Tract-Society's publications are elegantly embellished. This general appreciation of the importance of engravings has led to the development of high artistic talent among us. We no longer depend upon European designers and wood engravers, but fully rival them, notwithstanding the youthfulness of the art among us. Our progress in these branches has been remarkably rapid, and has excited the surprise of our European friends, utterly confounding those theorists who have been in the habit of asserting that democratic institutions are utterly unfavorable to the development of the fine-art talent.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF NEW YORK.

On our last page we have placed a fine engraving, representing various characters to be met with in the streets of the imperial city, drawn from life for us by that clever artist, Mr. Barry. The engraving is by Pierce. In the centre, and over the title, we have the bouquet vender, a well known personage, not quite so attractive as the flower girl of Paris and Florence. To the left is the little boot-black, a representation of an out door trade of recent adoption. The number of these peripatetic polishers in New York is so great as to awaken sad thoughts of the want of work among the humbler classes of the great city. On the other side is the "ginger-nut vender," another local feature. The "Broadway swell" may be met with at any hour of the day after eleven A. M. He is the "glass of fashion and the mould of form" in his own estimation—a perfect exquisite, an all conquering Adonis. Pity he cannot hear the remarks on him that the ladies whisper to each other. On the other side of the page we have the well-known "Bowery boy," in his fighting or fire costume, equally ready to "run wid der masheen," or to plunge into the perilous mazes of a "muss." On the lower line, we have the itinerant glazier, and the itinerant vender of letter paper, both faithful and characteristic types, and the blind beggar with his dog—a touching sketch, appealing strongly to the feelings. New York presents as many subjects for the sketcher, almost, as Paris or London, and certainly as many choice originals.

PARK BENJAMIN, ESQ.—We are pleased to see that this gentleman has commenced the lecturing campaign with his accustomed vigor and success. He always interests and amuses his audience by his subject matter, while he charms them by his fine elocution. We perceive that he still continues his literary agency, securing publishers for authors, and making purchases of books for individuals and societies. His address is 49, 7th Avenue, New York city.

HARD TO PLEASE.—One of the guests of the Montreal jubilee, who had been ridden hundreds of miles, feted like a prince, and treated like a nabob, all for the pleasure and honor of his company, grumbled because he had to pay the sum of two shillings for cab hire.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR HENTZ.—Professor Hentz, a French gentleman of varied accomplishments, and long a successful teacher, died lately in Florida—not a year from the death of his accomplished wife, Caroline Lee Hentz, the distinguished authoress.

CINCINNATI.—Ballou's Pictorial, which has heretofore been sold in Cincinnati at *ten cents* per copy, will henceforth be furnished at retail for SIX CENTS. R. A Duncan, agent, 162 Vine St.

PUN BY A SHOPKEEPER.—If Mr. Delane of the London Times continues to bark at this country, we shall think of muzzlin' Delane (muslin de laine).

GENEROUS.—A certain Irishman blasted rocks, and received board and half the noise for pay.

BIG SHIPS.

The tonnage of vessels has been enormously increased in two centuries. The vessels built that length of time ago would seem mere cockboats alongside of the inanimate monsters that now float the deep, and of which the poet may well sing:

"Like leviathans afloat
Lie their bulwarks on the tide."

It is in the tonnage of merchantmen particularly that the increase is apparent. Many of our business men remember when a vessel of six hundred tons was looked upon as a large ship, and now it is not unusual to launch a vessel of nineteen hundred and two thousand tons. In the beginning of the 17th century, a line-of-battle ship of 1400 tons was looked upon as a marvel. "This year, 1510," says an English chronicler, "the king built a most goodly ship for war, the keel whereof was 114 feet, and the cross beam 44 feet in length; she will carry 64 pieces of great ordnance, and is of the burthen of 1400 tons. This royal ship is double-built, and is most sumptuously adorned within and without with all manner of carving, painting and rich gilding, being in all respects the greatest and goodliest ship ever built in England; and this glorious ship the king gave unto his eldest son Henry, Prince of Wales." It seems as if we moderns had reached the acme of ship-building, and made the most of navigation, remembering what old Purchas said of the ocean: "The sea covereth one-half of this patrimonie of man—thus should man at once loose half of his inheritance, if the art of navigation did not enable him to manage this untamed beast, and with the bridle of the winds and saddle of his shipping, to make him serviceable."

REMEMBER!

One more number of our paper will complete the volume for the present year; and all whose subscriptions end at that time, will confer a particular favor upon us, by renewing at the *earliest moment*, in order that we may print an edition equal to the demand. We discontinue all subscriptions at the date to which payment has been made; therefore, to ensure an unbroken receipt of the paper, *immediate* renewal is necessary.

The forthcoming volume of our illustrated journal shall be *the best that has ever yet appeared from this establishment*. We have engaged some new and finished artists, who are added to our already large corps of designers, and several new and popular contributors to the literary department. Fresh spirit and new life will be imparted to our pages.—"Ballou's Pictorial" and the "Flag of our Union," sent together to one address, for $4 per annum.

MARINE HOSPITAL.—The new hospital for sailors at Chelsea, Mass., is progressing rapidly. It will be a fine structure.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. Edward D. Wadleigh to Miss Sophia M. Hussey; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. Ernest Horn to Miss Elizabeth Burnside; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr Daniel Donohue to Mrs. Honora Collius; by Rev. Mr. Studley, Mr. Charles S. Graves to Miss Lydia E. Emerson; Seth G. Hodges, Esq. to Miss Louise C. Fairchild, by Rev. Mr. Bartol, Dr. George Hayward to Mrs. Mary Ann Binney; by Rev Mr. Skinner, Mr. Isaac W. Abbott to Miss Clara M. Lamson.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Barry, Mr. E. W. Glover to Miss Elizabeth A. Mayo.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hempstead, Mr. Chester Collins, of Sau Francisco, to Miss Martha J. Noyes.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Samuel Payson, Jr to Miss Abbie B. Morse.—At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Teele, Mr. Jeremiah T. Hunt to Miss Sophia M. Beal, of Boston.—At Wilmington, by Rev Mr. Tolman, Mr. Everet Harndeu to Miss Julia A. Clemens, of Andover.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Chaffin, Mr. Albert H. Silvester, of this city, to Miss Caroline L. Johnson.—At Marlboro, by Rev. Mr. Alger, Mr. Joshua Francis to Miss Eliza C. Butler.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Horton, Mr. Timothy Holland to Miss Susan Lyle.—At Salisbury, by Rev. Mr. Byram, Mr. George W. Osgood, of Amesbury, to Miss Mary A. Woodman.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Obadiah W. Richardson to Miss Sarah A. Webster.—At Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Bowers, Mr. James Todd to Miss Jane Gray.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Sally, widow of the late Mr. Lebbeus Stetson, 72; Widow Eunice Cook, 75; Mrs. Nancy B., widow of the late Mr. Fitzhenry Homer, 48; Mr. James J. Rutledge, 20.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Elizabeth L., wife of Henry Washburne, Esq.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Mary F., wife of Mr. William Calder, 23.—At West Cambridge, Mr. Joseph Pearson, formerly of Ipswich, 56.—At Watertown, Mr. Richard Sarger, 88.—At Cohasset, Mrs Deliverance, wife of Capt. Henry Snow, 75.—At Swampscott, Mr. Foster Parrott, 57.—At Salem, Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Mr. William H Parker, 20.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, 28.—At Boxford, Jacob Peabody, Esq., 78.—At Worcester, Mrs. Pamelia, wife of Mr. Charles Carlisle, 53; Mrs Elizabeth Defose, 38; Miss Sarah G Chamberlain, 31.—At Leicester, Mr. Austin Sprague, 24; Mrs. Ann Woodcock, 55.—At Spencer, Mr. Lewis Bemis, 59; Mrs. Lucy K. Hale, formerly of Leicester, 34; Widow Thankful F. Woodis, formerly of Rutland, 89.—At Medfield, Col. Johnson Mason, 89.—At Grafton, Miss Sabre Leland, 67.—At Fitchburg, Mrs. Abby B. Thompson, 27; Miss Susan Louisa Haywood, 26.—At Lunenburg, Mr. John Goodrich, 45.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Mary Brownell, 51.—At Springfield, Mr. Hiram Houghton, 92; Mr. Daniel Farrell, 93.—At Pittsfield, Mr. William H. Thompson, 40; Widow Sarah Francis, 89.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DECEMBER.

BY FREDERICK J. KEYES.

He's come! he's come! December's come!
In the track of the waning year;
And coldly whistle his chilly winds
Through the forests so lonely and drear.
The autumn flower that in beauty bloomed,
Through the Indian summer day,
In silence has folded and scattered its leaves,
And passed from the earth away.

He's come! he's come! December's come!
With his sceptre of faded leaves—
With his rustling robe and his frost-gemmed crown,
Which the storm and the tempest weaves.
While he rushes by on his pinions of wrath,
Nor stops on the blighted plain;
For dark are the clouds that loom on his path,
And short is his dreary reign.

He's come! he's come! December's come!
He hastens through forest and bower;
To scatter forward upon his track
The remnants of leaf and flower.
The old oak tree and the stately elm
Bow low as he passes on.
With murmurs like sounds from shattered harps,
Whose music is dead and gone.

He's come! he's come! December's come!
On his war-horse of wrath and strife;
And many a flower at his touch shall fade
From the beautiful garden of life;
And many a lamb shall be missed from the fold
Of affection and friendship true;
Nor o'er be found by the meadows green,
Where the river of death runs through.

He's come! he's come! December's come!
O'er the chilling earth he steals
Like a spirit borne from the icy north,
With the winter at his heels.
While far from his youth in the desert of time,
Man findeth the fountain of tears;
And mourns from the lonely depths of his heart,
O'er the gloomy December of years.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SISTERS OF A KING.

A TALE OF THE NINTH CENTURY.

BY PHILIP HARRIS, JR.

In the *Rue de la Harpe*, in one of the oldest "quartiers" of Paris, and not far from the renowned University of the Sorbonne, stand the ruins of the Palace of Julian—one of the many monuments of Roman skill and splendor which travellers in Europe may still admire. A hoary, wicked, old ruin falling away in fragments, as it stands there grimly shivering through the long winter nights, doorless and roofless, and deserted.

Like all human greatness, it had its day, and a long and tedious one it was. One shudders to think of the crimes done within those walls. Julian the Apostate did perhaps the only great and virtuous deed that palace ever knew, when he resolved to rescue the empire from the tyranny of his own kinsman, and answered the call of his legions, who loudly proclaimed him emperor. Here were done the dark crimes, the fathomless turpitudes of the two first races of Gallic kings,—deeds to be told in whispers, and in Christian charity, to be soon forgotten. See! it was once a noble structure; it is now an empty ruin. Even the towers that defended it have passed away. I think they were conscious that now they had grown useless; so they shook, and tottered, and stood a little longer, nodding at each other across that vast deserted garden, till, one by one, they too fell, and men have almost forgotten them.

I wander about in the Thermae, the spacious baths of the imperial household; I can even see the niches where the old marble bathing-tubs stood. As I stand surrounded by this desolation, fancy (willing artificer!) is busy about the men and women of long ago, who used to revel and quaff their Falernian in mirth and jollity at night, and bathed here the next morning—for the sick headache, perhaps. Tastes differ; we of a better age laugh at the ancients, and, for our part, much prefer soda water or small beer to the strigil. Our posterity will use us no better, I dare say; our likes and dislikes will not be theirs; our sublime will, perhaps, be their ridiculous.

We are thinking of times long, long gone by. Ah! since those days, history has turned many a fresh leaf in the record, and covered it oftenest with blood, and tears, and shame: how seldom with the golden annals of public and private virtue!

When I visited the *Palais des Thermes*, in 18—, it was with my learned friend L——e, a man devoted to literature, and an enthusiastic antiquarian. We went over the ruins and the neighboring *Hotel de Cluny*, that quaint old mouse-hole that all antiquity has contributed to fill with curious old rubbish; and when we emerged again into the street, L——e said:

"You have now seen a ruin which a Roman emperor's heart would bleed to look upon. Who knows," he added, musingly, "but that may be their punishment in a world of retribution."

"Come, L——e," said I, "you are a dreamer. We have yet an hour before our evening walk on the Boulevards; you, who know all antiquity by heart—have you no legend of this old palace, to while it away pleasantly?"

"That I have," answered my companion, who has a true Frenchman's love for telling a story. "Come over to yonder *cabaret* with me, and, over a bottle of old Burgundy, I will tell you a legend of the *Palais des Thermes*."

When the buxom bar-maid had brought us our wine, and we had pledged each other—only once, my dear madam, I assure you,—my friend began as follows:

"Good old Charlemagne was dead and buried, and his son and heir, Louis le Debonnaire, was daily expected in the capital, where, one fine evening in February, in the year 814, a large crowd of burghers was collected in front of this old palace, even then called the *Ancien Palais*. People went into the street in those times, as they now make a point to read their morning paper, for the sake of keeping up with the events of the day. Every one asked his neighbor that evening, not without some visible anxiety, when the king might be expected to arrive.

"While the crowd was still on that subject, and a few others of lesser importance—a little of love-making, a good deal of gossip, and a very little bargaining, for we Frenchmen are adverse to business out of hours—"

"Which being interpreted," I put in, "means from cock-crow to curfew."

"Bah! don't be disagreeable. Burgundy?" and he pushed the decanter over to my side of the table. "Well, while this respectable crowd was thus variously engaged, two horsemen were seen riding towards the palace at a furious speed. Though they were clothed in complete armor, their raised vizors revealed countenances both handsome and manly. In those eventful days, when the honest burgher might, at any moment, see war at his very door, it needed only the clatter of hoofs to bring trades-people to their shop-doors, and the old women to their windows. They now stood on either side of the street, holding torches, and lighting the way for the strangers as they rapidly sprung by to the palace gate. At their heels ran a ragged mob—the scum of Paris—eager for the news, and more still for their wonted dole at the hands of the new monarch. Meanwhile, the burghers indulged in every sort of curious conjecture as to this remarkable arrival.

"'Our good king comes at last,' said a corpulent old draper,—'the best king that ever wore a crown.'

"'Marry! you forget Charlemagne,' answered his neighbor, an old man-at-arms in the late king's service.

"'Charlemagne is dead and buried; God rest his soul! I say, long life to good King Louis!'

"As this dialogue was going on in one part of the crowd, another group were as intently engaged in their own speculations, at the opposite end of the façade.

"O, see, mama, how handsome our king is!' exclaimed a pretty maid all in blushes.

"'Which one do you take to be the king, my pretty?' asked an old veteran, standing near her.

"'The fair-haired one, with the scarlet scarf.'

"'You've missed it for once, *petite:* it is only a knight.'

"'*Mon Dieu!* when *will* he come?' asked the girl, impatiently.

"Now there stood just in front of her an honest jeweller, who had come out to air his politics, and had brought his better, and, by a good hundred-weight, his larger half with him. He heard the girl's exclamation, and desirous of showing how much he knew of the profound secrets of the state, he forthwith began talking *at* her to his wife.

"'He will soon be here,' said he; 'these knights precede him but little.'

"The woman did not see her lord's stratagem.

"'O, you want to seem to know everything,' she said, somewhat spitefully. 'Did you not tell me those four horsemen who passed through our street yesterday came to announce that the king was at hand?'

"'My dear,' returned the jeweller, losing none of his composure, but with the air of one who has not forgotten his 'swashing blow,'—'my dear, you make me blush for your stupidity. Those four were nothing but men-at-arms; these two are barons. I can assure you I have sold them jewelry more than once, and of a sort, too, that only suits your rich and noble young courtiers.'

"'And pray, sir, who are they?' timidly asked the little maid.

"It was what Monsieur l'Orfevre wanted; he turned to her with his blandest smile, and said, complacently:

"'The one on the black charger was Lambert Odier, the three others—'

"'I didn't mean the men-at-arms, stupid! I meant the two barons who buy so much jewelry of you.'

"'O—ah—I—I don't know exactly. You see, one has so many customers, one doesn't—one can't—'

"The girl turned away with an air of vexation, and left our poor jeweller wishing his wife ten times as large as she was, so he might hide in a fold of her gown.

"The knights had already alighted in the court of the palace. Thence they ascended wearily into the body of the building, where they were met by the grand seneschal of the palace—an officer then not yet called by a wrong name. He commanded the doors to be closed behind them, and himself led the way into the interior chambers, signing to the young men to follow him. His manner was so extraordinary and almost ominous that the knights looked at each other in amazement at such a strange reception. Reassured, however, by the recollection of the unusual favors the king had shown them, and by the royal letter of which they were the bearers to the seneschal, they followed him in silence. A long dark vaulted passage, with a very sensible descent, brought them to a low arched hall, dimly lighted by the torches of the attendants. Here the seneschal seated himself, and proceeded to ask the young men their names.

"'Paul de Ligi,' spoke the younger. And the other, in a manner and tone which showed he was not ashamed of his kindred, 'Robert Count de Guerci, my lord.'

"'The king,' said de Ligi, 'tarries not long; he bade us announce his coming, and we have not rested a moment since we first put foot to stirrup. So, my lord seneschal, you see before you two men as weary as a long ride could make them, and as hungry as wolves. Be pleased, therefore, to give orders for our entertainment, and let us have convenient apartments wherein to rest awhile. I promise you the king our master will not grudge you his thanks.'

"The seneschal smiled grimly, without raising his eyes from the king's letter, which he had been perusing.

"'De Ligi is right,' added Guerci, beginning to have doubts as to the meaning of this man's conduct; "and, if we are to judge from the unusual favors our king has designed to show us—'

"'You are my prisoners, my lords!' broke in the seneschal, rising abruptly.

"'Prisoners!' exclaimed the young men, at one breath. 'Why, and for what?'

"'Question your own consciences.'

"'But the king's letter—'

"'Is an order to guard you closely in separate dungeons.'

"'Divide us?—never!' exclaimed the two friends. 'Dost thou hear him, Guerci? They wish to divide us! We, who have lived thus long together! But we will rather die together!'

"The seneschal would be obeyed, however; so the guards tore the young men apart, and led them each to a separate cell in the subterranean prisons of the palace.

"Left alone in that prison, over whose vaulted roof the gardens of the royal residence extended, the thoughts of Paul de Ligi were anything but pleasant. He had left Paris only a year before, full of hope and in high favor with the monarch; a daughter of Charlemagne had even smiled on his love. Now he returned to be cast into a dungeon, where he had expected a far pleasanter durance. Did Rotrude know he was languishing in a prison? Perhaps at this very moment the princess might be walking over his living tomb, and thinking of him, little dreaming he was buried alive beneath. Nor was this all his trouble. To be separated, at such a moment, from his sworn brother-in-arms, made still dearer to him because he loved Rotrude's sister—this it was that added the keenest poignancy to his grief. 'O that he at least were here,' exclaimed De Ligi, 'that we might speak of them, and with our last breath mingle together their names and our sorrows!'

"He rested his head on his hand, and remained long absorbed in bitter thought, from which a sudden sound of footsteps aroused him. The door opened, and Robert, leading a veiled lady by the hand, stood before him.

"'What means this?' exclaimed Ligi, in surprise.

"Gilla—for it was she—raised her veil, and stood before him pale and trembling.

"'Not a moment must be lost—'

"'But Rotrude?'

"'My sister is near by; we knew your condition, and are here to save you.'

"'Come, Paul,' put in Guerci, 'help me, for Heaven's sake, to remove this slab. Behind it is a secret door, and Rotrude shall pay you for the trouble.'

"'But for love's sake, lords, depart quickly. Should the king know of this, we are all lost.'

"'Alas!' cried the count, bitterly, 'the ashes of Charlemagne are yet warm in their urn, and Louis rules us already with a rod of iron. Accursed is he who only knows how to punish!'

"'Traitors!' cried a terrible voice, as the door swung open, and from the secret passage, the king strode forth, leading the trembling Rotrude by the hand.

Paul and Robert stood aghast; the princesses had fallen on their knees, and raised their suppliant hands towards their brother. He stood over them, in an attitude of cold scorn. The king spoke at last:

"'Ha! Count de Guerci, you doubt our clemency?' and he laughed that bitter laugh of his. 'And you, sister Rotrude, pay me a poor compliment by flying in such horror at my approach. But come, we will be merciful. Your loves have not escaped me. Count de Guerci, you love Gilla; De Ligi, you, too, have the plighted faith of a daughter of Charlemagne. The altar awaits you. And now,' continued the king, regardless of their expressions of gratitude,—'now, my bravo knights, you shall don the rich armor which your king is pleased to offer you as a proof of his regard. You, my sisters, may go for the nuptial wreaths my foresight has provided.'

"He motioned to the esquires who had brought in the armor to harness the knights.

"You may suppose Gilla and Rotrude were not long in returning. They found the two friends clothed in magnificent armor, and seated in two large arm-chairs. At their approach, they stirred not; at their call, they made no answer; at their touch, they no longer thrilled with pleasure. Paul and Robert were dead!

"In the year 1560, in excavating some of the ruins in the old garden, there was found a helmet of such peculiar construction that, on touching a spring on the outside, the vizor would shut hermetically, while the throat-piece closed upon the victim who wore it, producing immediate strangulation. Within this helmet was found the skull of a young man. A legend of a Venetian monk reveals this mystery; but, whilst it tells this horrid tale, it goes on with the utmost serenity to give the son of Charlemagne the usual name of Louis the Good-natured!"

"*Lucus a non lucendo*," said I.

"Exactly. And now, how do you like it?" asked L——e, draining his glass.

"Capital Burgundy, by Jove!" said I, looking over my glass at him.

"Humph!"

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The expenditures of the quartermaster's department for the army, for the last fiscal year, amounted to nearly $7,000,000. —— In the reign of Queen Margaret, of Scotland, the parliament passed an act, that any maiden lady, of high or low degree, should have the liberty to choose for a husband the man on whom she set her fancy. If a man refused to marry her, he was heavily fined, according to the value of his worldly possessions. —— James D. Porter, of Lonisville, Ky., stands seven feet nine inches in his stockings, and is said to be the tallest man in America. —— A gentleman residing in North Weymouth has a dog in his possession that will betake himself to the water and secrete himself among a number of decoys arranged for the purpose, until a flock of wild ducks alight near him, when he will seize upon one of their number with his mouth, and convey it ashore to bis master. —— In Greece, at the present day, so Mr. Baird tells us, the birth of a daughter is as much the subject of condolence, as the birth of a son is one of congratulation. —— Eighty-six Peruvian llamas arrived recently at Havana, having been imported for the Cuban authorities, by M. Rohen, a French naturalist. A considerable reward had been offered to the first person who should succeed in introducing these useful animals into the island, where they are designed for beasts of burthen. —— Just out of the city of Mecca, where Mahomet was born in the year 751, is pointed out the hill, where, it is said, Abraham went to offer up Isaac, in the year 1871 before Christ. —— This section of Minnesota, says the Henderson Democrat, is alive with the finest varieties of game. Deer, turkeys, geese, prairie chickens, etc., abound to an extent satisfactory to the most eager sportsmen. Almost every day wagon loads of wild fowls enter that place. —— The bird of paradise is a native of North Guinea, near the equator. They emigrate to Aroò in flights, but will not live in confinement. —— The Hartford Courant is informed by several correspondents, that there are no less than twenty faro banks in full operation in that city, and that there is more gambling carried on there than in any city of its size in the Union. —— Boston glories justly in her schools. Her seventy-eight school-houses have cost $1,602,333, of which $149,733 was expended last year. —— Eight thousand returning emigrants have embarked at New York for Europe in the last six months—a considerable number of them, however, to visit their friends and induce them to return with them to this country. —— A locomotive was thrown from the track the other day, in Maine, by coming in contact with a moose which weighed a thousand pounds. —— The world is indebted to the Russian empire for one event of great importance. Religious toleration is proclaimed throughout the Turkish empire, and equal civil rights accorded to the Christians and the Mohammedans. —— Charles Dickens was once a strolling actor. —— The Circassians only consider a woman as of one half the value of a warrior; our fair readers will be shocked to hear, that the legal fiue for slaying one is only one half the fine for killing a mau. —— Throughout Italy horses are fed on good baked barley and coarse wheat bread, which is sliced with a knife, and given to them several times a day, when travelling. —— The noted post-office robber, Townsend, has again broke out of Newcastle jail. He cut his irons, and broke a passage through the floor of the cell and is now at liberty. This is his third successful escape.

GROWTH OF NEW ORLEANS.

The commerce of New Orleans, for the past year, has been larger than for any previous year. We also learn from the Crescent, that a large number of buildings are in the course of erection in that city, involving an expenditure of more than two millions of dollars. Among them are two splendid churches, two orphan asylums, one Jewish and one Catholic, a Mechanics' Institute, one medical school, a Jewish Synagogue, a cotton press to cost about $150,000; a house for James Robb, to cost $75,000; several other houses, costing from $12,000 to $35,000 each, and a large number of stores, costing from $10,000 to $20,000 each. The new custom house will not be completed in several years; it will cost $3,250,000. We are happy to record such unmistakable evidences of the prosperity of New Orleans, one of the most patriotic and enterprising of American cities.

Searching the Scriptures.—It has been asserted that no one ever read the Scriptures regularly and thoroughly without being, or becoming, not only religious, but sensible and consistent. Dr. Johnson said that Hume owned to a clergyman in the bishoprie of Durham, that he had never read the New Testament with attention. People are very ready to attack what they do not understand.

Dying Confession.—The infamous Cæsar Borgia, on his death-bed, exclaimed:—"I have provided, in the course of my life, for everything except death; and now, alas, I am to die, although entirely unprepared."

Language.—Language is the amber in which a thousand precious thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. So says Trench—and you can't "open that trench" without digging up something valuable.

Little Sins.—A little hole in a ship sinks it; so a little sin sometimes produces a man's utter ruin. We should guard against "small vices," as well as great errors.

True Philosophy.—Joseph Bonaparte wrote to his brother, the emperor, "All is vanity except a good conscience and self-respect."

Wayside Gatherings.

A woman in Salem, Mass., recently died in four hours from the effects of a spider bite.

Mrs. Ruth Pennington died from the effects of a severe fit of sneezing, in Baltimore.

The London Daily News thinks it probable that Queen Victoria will soon visit Canada.

The pacha of Egypt has made a contract with a French house to light Alexandria with gas.

Mdlle. Taglioni, younger sister of the great dancer, has appeared successfully at Berlin as an actress.

The Prussian government, by a new decree, pronounces death against any one selling poison, by which life is lost.

Gov. Clark has pardoned Sylvanus Butler, of Utica, who was sentenced to three years in the State prison for passing counterfeit money.

A man named S. H. Patterson was shot in the streets of Charleston by Robert Lynes. The shooting was caused by an ordinary quarrel.

Miss Louisa Reeder, the actress and authoress, is no longer Miss Reeder, having married a wealthy gentleman in Baltimore. She is now Mrs. Doctor Wright.

Joseph Ockes recently shot and killed his step-brother, William Sylvester, in Baltimore, for insulting his sisters and a young lady who was paying them a visit.

It is a mistake to suppose that newspapers are printed for amusement, and that printers deem it a compliment when a friend begs half a dozen to give away.

A farmer returning home in his wagon, after delivering a load of corn, is a more certain sign of national prosperity, than a nobleman riding in his chariot to the opera.

The first bank was established by the Lombard Jews, A. D., 808. The word bank is derived from *banco*—a bench, which was erected in the market-place for the exchange of money.

A man of sound mind and temperate habits recently hung himself in the woods near Poughkeepsie, New York, because of some hard words with his family about sleeping accommodations.

A little son of Mr. J. D. Martin, of Greene county, Ill., was so badly gored by a vicious beast, lately, that he died from his injuries. The horn of the animal penetrated his skull just above the left eye.

A Washington letter says that contracts for deepening the Mississippi have been concluded with Messrs. Craig & Righton, of Kentucky. They contract to execute the work, and maintain it four years and a half, for $320,000.

Charlotte Smith and Louis Hines—the former twenty and the latter fourteen years of age—have been sentenced in Pittsburg, Pa., to nearly three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary, for setting fire to one of the dormitories of the House of Refuge, in which they were inmates.

Jack Cross, alias Jack Morrison, who has for several years past resided at Madison, Orange county, Texas, and whose hands are stained with the murder of some half dozen human beings, including one William Sutherland, of that parish, three years ago, was lately arrested in an interior town of Louisiana.

One of the first young men in Paris has been obliged to fly the country in consequence of heavy losses—a million of francs, it is said—by gambling at one of the fashionable clubs—debts his family refuse to pay. He is said to be *en route* for the Fifth Avenue. Surely, some New York lady will take pity on him.

M. Cabet, founder of the Icarian community at Nauvoo, died at St. Louis, of an attack of apoplexy. M. Cabet's name has been brought prominently before the public within the past four or five years, in connection with his new socialistic enterprise, and he has been subjected to much criticism and animadversion.

A powder horn was discovered lately on one of the "Hunting Islands," near the mouth of the Morgan River, in South Carolina, marked "Randolph." It is the only trace ever discovered of the revenue cutter Hamilton, Captain Randolph, which was lost, with all hands, off Charleston Bar, in 1853, and never heard of.

A most singular suicide is mentioned by the Eastport (Me.) papers, as having occurred in that city. A Mr. Nortou, butcher, had been missing for some hours, and after a diligent search was made, he was found in a hogshead of water, with his hands tied behind him. In this position he had terminated his existence.

A Pittsburg (Pa.) paper calculates the loss to the merchants, manufacturers, mechanics and mariners of that city, since last June, by the suspension of river navigation, is not less than $1,500,000, and pertinently inquires, "What might have been done with that much money, if applied to the improvement of the Ohio River?"

The Parisians have been amused of late by a man who walks on the water. He is supported by small air-tight boxes strapped to his feet, and has a pole in his hands, with a bladder at each end, with which he touches the water, and restores his equilibrium when about to tip over. He walks with the greatest apparent ease up and down the Seine.

In Camden, N. J., a Mr. and Mrs. Frost have been arrested on the horrible charge of causing the death of one of their own offspring. They had been interrogated, it is said, on several occasions, in reference to the disappearance of their child, and failing to give any satisfactory answer, search was instituted, and an infant answering the one in questiou was found dead in a basket on the Cooper's Creek Road.

A German in Patterson, N. J., named Frederick, committed suicide by drowning, on account of disappointment in love. He made money enough in this country to send for his girl from Germany; and after her arrival here postponed his marriage till he had money enough for a nice wedding. Meantime, his lady-love became acquainted with another German, and got married, whereupon Frederick drowned himself.

Some "man of the world" gives the following rule for the observance of young married ladies:—"Loll in bed until eleven, A.M., and have your toast and coffee *a la Grecque*. Rise at one, and adorn yourself to attend the most fashionable church. Be sure everything you wear is of the very latest style, otherwise there is no necessity for your going. A person who does not create surprise and numberless remarks in passing up the aisle, is not worthy of notice from any one."

A scuffle in Trenton, N. J., lately, resulted fatally. Joshua Rawnsley, the deceased, and George Rotherham, were rompiug good-naturedly, but roughly. Rawnsley ran into a tavern, where Rotherham followed him. In going out, Rotherham gave him a push backwards; he fell and struck his head on the curb-stone, causing concussion of the brain and death. Rotherham, as soon as he heard of Rawnsley's death, immediately left the city. If captured, he will probably be exonerated from all criminality in the case, it being accidental.

Foreign Items.

Carlyle is about to write a life of Washington. He could not select a nobler subject.

Jules Gerard, the lion-killer, has been robbed of 70,000 francs confided to him by a friend to buy land in Algeria.

Suicide has been extremely prevalent the present season, in France. Six persons killed themselves in one day in Paris.

The accounts of the recent earthquake in Egypt were exaggerated. At Cairo, however, much alarm was felt. Among other incidents, Mdlle. Rachel rushed from the house in her night dress.

The "Schiller Society," in Germany, has purchased the house in which the poet lived, in Gohlis, for a sum of $2000; the building is an old tumble-down tenement, and has long been offered for sale.

It is said that Maximilian, of Bavaria, has recently shown a great interest in geological matters, and under his auspices, in the various quarries of his kingdom, many curious and beautiful petrifactions have been brought to light.

New apples of extraordinary excellence have been discovered in the Crimea—one of which keeps until July, and an autumn apple, thought to be the best ever tasted in any country. They will doubtless find their way to America and England.

Some soldiers, who were firing a Minie rifle at a target at Magdeburg, at a distance of 1000 paces, hit and mortally wounded a laborer at work 700 paces beyond. A sheep was accidentally killed in England with the Enfield rifle, from a distance of 2500 yards.

The Journal de Constantinople announces that in a battle fought on the river Kuban, the Russians left 16 guns and 800 prisoners in the hands of the Circassians. It is also announced that the Russians have been driven back from the river Kuban, with the loss of many men and guns.

Sands of Gold.

.... No good writer was ever long neglected; no great man overlooked by men equally great. Impatience is a proof of inferior strength, and a destroyer of what little there may be.—*Landor.*

.... It is sometimes quite enough for a man to feign ignorance of that which he knows, to gain the reputation of knowing that of which he is ignorant.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Of all studies, the most delightful and the most useful is biography. The seeds of great events lie near the surface; historians delve too deep for them. No history was ever true.—*Landor.*

.... The proverbial wisdom of the populace at gates, on roads, and in markets, instructs the attentive ear of him who studies man, more fully than a thousand rules ostentatiously arranged.—*Lavater.*

.... To me the progress of society consists in nothing more than in bringing out the individual, in giving him a consciousness of his own being, and in quickening him to elevate and strengthen his own mind.—*Channing.*

.... Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable. However, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.—*Chesterfield.*

.... Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please, that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him; this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a command over the passions.—*Addison.*

Joker's Budget.

There is one evil that doctors in length of time do effectually cure us of—and that is, the faith we place in their nostrums.

The lady whose dress was too dirty to wear, and not dirty enough to be washed, had a matter of serious import to decide.

A newspaper was started not long ago, the first number of which contained a letter from a correspondent, who signed himself "a constant reader."

An Irishman, who lived in an attic, being asked what part of the house he occupied, answered:—"If the house were turned topsy-turvy, I'd be livin' on the first flure!"

We see advertised as for sale by a certain firm, "Candles for City Consumption." This, we presume, is a new method of preparing cod liver oil as a remedy for consumption.

Wise persons, when they take advice, go to a physician, but fools go to a quack—and the large disproportion between the two classes explains why so many quacks make their fortunes, whilst many a clever physician starves.

A friend of ours says that he has been without money so long, that his head aches "ready to split" when he tries to recollect how a silver dollar looks. He says the notion that "we live in a world of *change*," is a great fallacy.

A late celebrated judge, who stooped very much when walking, had a stone thrown at him one day, which fortunately passed over him without hitting him. Turning to his friend, he remarked:—"Had I been an upright judge, that might have caused my death!"

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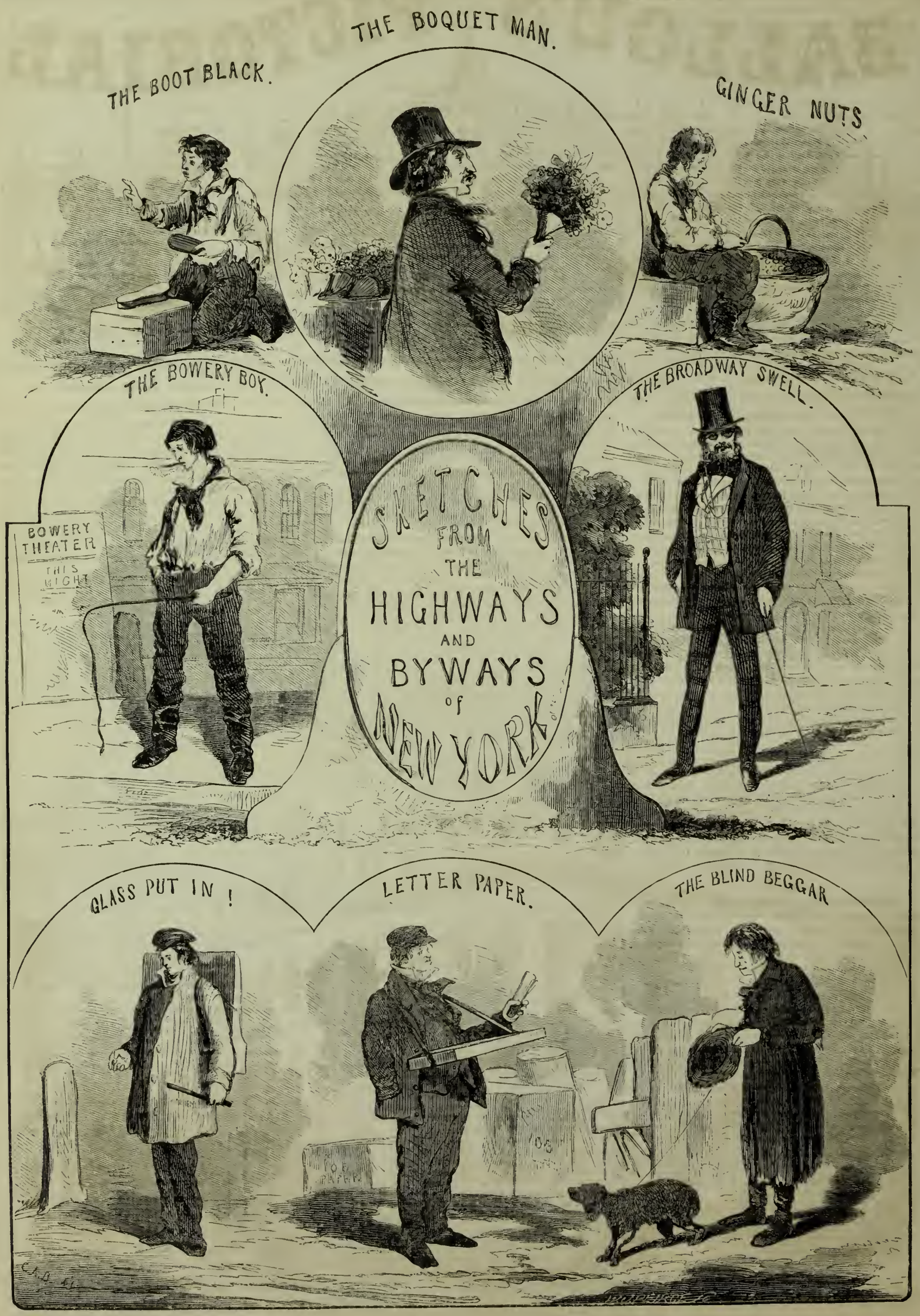
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THE BOQUET MAN.
THE BOOT BLACK.
GINGER NUTS
THE BOWERY BOY.
THE BROADWAY SWELL.
BOWERY THEATER
THIS NIGHT
SKETCHES FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS of NEW YORK
GLASS PUT IN !
LETTER PAPER.
THE BLIND BEGGAR

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1856. | $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XI., No. 26.—WHOLE No. 286.

MERCHANTS' BANK BUILDING, STATE STREET.

We present below a very fine view of the exterior of the Merchants' Bank building, corner of State and Exchange Streets, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Waud, and mathematically correct in all its details, besides having a fine artistic effect. The building which occupied the site of the new edifice was massive and enduring, but it was removed to give place to a more commodious and splendid structure. The old columns of Chelmsford granite, the most conspicuous feature of the old bank, have been recut and fluted, so that the whole front now present a uniformity of color. The first story and a portion of the basement above the sidewalk are combined to form a plain and solid substructure for the second or principal story, and the third story, which are formed into an arcaded order. On the State Street front, this is divided into five compartments, the two angle compartments projecting somewhat beyond the three central. These have two attached columns of the Ionic order, and the whole is surmounted by an attic with projecting pedestals over the columns below. On these pedestals are urn-shaped finials. The offices of the Merchants' Bank are on the second or principal floor. The new façade on Exchange Street consists of four compartments, treated similarly to those at the angles of the State Street façade. The whole of the work is executed in Concord granite, a material which, as regards color and durability, is not excelled by any building-material yet found. It is nearly white, having a very slight tinge of warmish gray, contrasting favorably with the bluer Quincy granite. The completed building reflects great credit on all concerned, and will be a conspicuous ornament to State Street. This street has changed astonishingly within half a century, the only landmark of the olden time, when it was King Street, being the Old State House. Long may it be before that veteran sentinel is removed—though we dare say there are innovators who would be glad to see it cashiered. As it is, it divides the stream of travel, and compresses it into two very narrow channels on the north and south. But though modern exigency is imperious, there are certain exceptional cases which ought to be conscientiously considered. The Old State House is identified with the history of the city and the nation; the silent and venerable witness of deeds recorded in imperishable annals,—deeds that will reverberate forever through the arches of time. It has looked down on many a patriotic meeting,—on many a scene of danger, glory and triumph. At its base was poured out the life-blood of the people, on that memorable moonlight winter night of 1770, when the British troops and the people of the city came into collision. It has survived many a trying political and financial crisis.



THE NEW MERCHANTS' BANK BUILDING, STATE STREET, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XIX.

A CHAPTER OF INCIDENTS.

"Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together.
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After our flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty and not to banishment."

"How is my prisoner?" said Colonel Dupre, that afternoon, as he entered Herbert Yancey's room. "Prisoners, I should have said though, gentlemen, for here are two of you."

Herbert frankly related the occurrences of the preceding night, at which the colonel laughed heartily.

"Who ever heard," said he, "of a prisoner's going forth to capture another, to keep him company? Jesting aside, Mr. Ordway, I doubt if you are fairly taken, and shall not therefore report you."

"Is General Montgomery really dead?" asked Yancey.

"I regret to say that he is. The first discharge from our battery at the column which he commanded, killed him and his two aids-de-camp. Arnold was also wounded as he led on the other storming party, or we should have another story to tell. As it was, this Major Morgan and his Virginia Riflemen came very near capturing the place. But I have overstaid my time. *Au revoir!*"

Before nightfall, Ordway grew ill, for, like Herbert Yancey, his wound acted upon his brain, and the next morning when Estelle came with her attendant, she found her patient totally unconscious. He lay thus for a long, long week, during which time Herbert and Estelle were much of the time at his bedside, striving to alleviate his anguish, though their hearts grew fainter and fainter at the daily visits of the surgeon, who would merely say, "No better—failing fast—all you can do is to make him comfortable."

Yet nature did triumph; and as the invalid gained strength, his tell-tale eyes would so follow the movements of his lovely nurse that Herbert could easily read the feelings which prompted the earnest gaze—gratitude, but above that, a higher, holier passion. The semi-civilized heart of the maiden was evidently equally filled with admiration for the daring, stalwort young mechanic, who, like herself, scorned the effeminate restraints of society, and worshipped at the shrine of freedom. Their position was such as to foster the growth of their passion, which could put forth leaf and flower, without an adverse wind to retard its growth. Day by day would they bask in the sunlight of each other's smiles, without even thinking whether the glad warmth would ever ripen it to perfect fruition, introduced alike by the chill of officious friendship, or the sneer of insidious envy. Neither vows nor declarations, promises nor plighting of troth was thought of, and they floated along on the full current of affection, unconscious of its depth, and regardless of rocks or whirlpools to be encountered.

One morning, the two young men heard the firing of minute guns, and soon the music of a full band, as it passed the castle, pealed forth a funeral march. Just then, Estelle came on her daily visit, but this time she was accompanied by Madame de Frontenac. After the usual salutations had been exchanged, Herbert inquired what was transpiring without.

"They are interring General Montgomery's remains with martial honors," said Madame de Frontenac. "Nor does it seem a year since Wolfe and Montcalm received the same honors."

"That was ten years ago, was it not?" inquired Yancey.

"Ten!" replied Ordway; "it is fifteen. I never shall forget the time, for it was while a sermon was being preached in honor of Wolfe's memory that a French vessel called the Saint Anne was wrecked on Plum Island. Crowds of the Newburyport people went down, and stood on the beach, but they could render no assistance."

"What!" eagerly exclaimed Madame de Frontenac. "Did you see the Saint Anne wrecked? And did all on board perish?"

"Not all," answered Frank Ordway. "I believe that some of her passengers and crew, who made a raft before the vessel drifted through the breakers, were able to get ashore at Ipswich. But only one living soul was saved at Newburyport."

"And that was—"

"It was a little girl, about whom my friend here can tell you more than I can, for I have often heard her say that a gold cross she always wore was the only distinguishing link between her life before and after the wreck. If I have not seen that very cross as Herbert has stooped over me in his night attire of late, my eyes deceive me."

Madame de Frontenac, with an hysterical laugh, sprang towards Herbert, and he, as if divining her desires, detached the cross from his neck. Seizing it with a convulsive movement, she gave it a twist, gazing on it the while as if her destiny was locked up within it. Ah! it moves—it opens, and the astonished spectators beheld the cross separated into two, opening on a pivot, with an inscription on the inner side of each. One half bore the name of Jules de Bourg Frontenac, the other that of Marguerita d'Artois.

"And she?" exclaimed the overjoyed mother. "Does my daughter live?"

A long explanation ensued, frequently interrupted by the overpowering happiness of Madame de Frontenac, who now began to yearn for the long treasured idol of her heart. While they were thus happily conversing, there was a knock at the door, and Colonel Dupre entered. He was evidently downcast and embarrassed from some cause, and seemed unwilling to speak. But at last he said:

"You well know, Mr. Yancey, that I considered you a victim to that villain Holbrook, and ever regretted having made a prisoner of you under such circumstances. Now—"

He paused, and all gazed at him as if his silence was ominous of bad news.

"Let me know the worst," said Herbert, in a tone which showed how difficult it was to control the terrible misgivings of his heart, "even if I am standing on the brink of a spy's grave."

"Nay—I hope that you will be rescued from such a position. But your misguided countrymen seem determined to keep up the siege, and the governor feels constrained to adopt harsh measures. You, unfortunately, were captured while on an expedition not recognized as entitling you to the humanity of war, and, I regret to say, a court martial has been ordered to try you to-morrow. The appearance of your friend here has not only given rise to unfavorable rumors about you, but he is also to be put on trial as your accomplice."

With a low bow and a look which expressed his sorrow at having been the bearer of such tidings, the colonel left the room. A dead silence reigned, and it seemed as though a funeral pall was already hung over the two young men, who sat buried in thought. But the effect of the news was most evident upon the Indian girl, who was untutored in those arts which refinement has adopted to conceal the wildest passion of the soul. Rising, she went up to Madame de Frontenac, and knelt before her.

"Mother," said she, "you have rescued the fawn from captivity, and she has grown up beneath your care. But another now shares her love. With him is one who has the affection of your own daughter—she of whom you have ever spoken. Shall we leave these young warriors here, perhaps to die like dogs? or shall we not go with them to their own land, that we may see them free, and thus you can gladden the daughter of your love and the unworthy child of your adoption?"

* * * * *

That night, Major Morgan, who was quartered at the Intendant's Palace, had invited the officers of his Rifle Battalion to sup with him, and the table was laid in the conservatory, now shorn of its vernal glories. The attendants had fled into the city on the approach of the continental forces, and the plants, deprived of artificial warmth, wore the gorgeous livery of the winter-king. Several balls from the city batteries had also made sad havoc with the glass roof, but it was nevertheless a capital place for a feast, and right merrily were the Virginians enjoying themselves.

All at once, and as if by magic, two men wearing the uniform of the Royal Canadians stepped from the large clump of palm trees in the centre, causing no small consternation. All sprang to their feet, and Morgan exclaimed:

"Turn out the guard! Have the long roll beat! If we are surprised, let us die like men!"

"For'rd, boys,—for'rd!" exclaimed one of the intruders.

And Morgan, gazing at him for a moment with a blank expression of astonishment, fairly shouted:

"Herbert Yancey, by the fates! and here is that Newburyport man, too, who was returned as killed! Are any more dead men with you?"

"No," replied Herbert, "but here are two ladies, and we ask for them, to whom we are indebted for life and for liberty, your respect."

It would be a difficult task to describe the scene that followed, after the ladies had been escorted to the room in the Intendant's Palace, which Madame de Frontenac had so long occupied. When they had been made as comfortable as circumstances would admit of, the two escaped prisoners returned, and inquiries and replies were interchanged like the volleys of musketry during the unsuccessful attempt to carry the city by storm. Major Morgan concocted a potent bowl of punch, and a scene of jovial revelry ensued that showed how those who had been considered dead—for such had been the official record against each name,—were esteemed by their comrades. True, the army was in a disabled condition, with nothing to encourage any hopes of success, and all respect for Colonel Arnold had vanished, since he refused to let Morgan take command when within the city on the night of the attack. Many, too, who had enlivened the last social gathering, were now in their silent resting-places; but in war—as a gifted writer has truly said—the last shovelful of earth upon the grave buries both the dead and the mourning. Events so strikingly opposite in their character and influences succeed so rapidly one upon another, that the soldier's mind, kept in a whirl of excitement, accustoms itself to change with every phase of circumstances, regarding their succession as natural as that of the seasons.

The next morning, Yancey and Ordway reported themselves for duty, and reported a furlough, with leave to return to Massachusetts—a favor which Arnold could not refuse to grant them. It was evident to Herbert that he felt guilty, but no opportunity for apology was given, and they separated, never to meet again. A detachment of the wounded was returning to Albany, and the quartette accompanied the sleighs, passing through the forests without meeting with any remarkable adventure.

A month from the day on which they left Quebec, they entered Newburyport, and drove at once to the rectory, where Madame Ordway received her son with great joy; but alas! Mabel Gwynne was not there, neither did any one know where she was.

* * * * *

There was a wedding at the rectory, and the old house was crowded with spectators, eager to see their townsman, who had returned as it were from death, and brought a forest-flower to grace his home. The Sons of Liberty presented the bride with a heavy silver tea pot (yet preserved as a heir-loom by her descendants), and Madame de Frontenac settled a handsome dowry on her protege.

How all wished that good old Parson Gwynne could have performed the ceremony, but no one could even give a clue to his whereabouts. A few weeks after the expedition left for Quebec, he sailed with his ward for St. John's, to join Judge Upham and other loyalists, who had there formed a colony. Certain it was that the vessel had never arrived there, and many speculations were afloat as to the probable fate of those on board.

As Herbert Yancey and Madame de Frontenac stood side by side at the wedding, their calm, strong natures—so different in the love-tempests within, so alike in the forced quietness without—were thrilled by thoughts of another. Both secretly hoped that the day would come when one of them should lead Mabel Gwynne to the altar, taking her "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death should them part."

CHAPTER XX.

UNION OF HEARTS AND HANDS.

"O absence! by thy stern decree,
How many a heart, once light and free,
Is filled with doubts and fears!
Thy days like tedious weeks do seem,
Thy weeks slow-moving months we deem,
Thy months, long-lingering years."

A MERE sketch of Herbert Yancey's brilliant career through the remaining years of the revolutionary war, would be a history of that glorious struggle, for his sword flamed like a meteor wherever Washington directed the fight, and in more than one official despatch was his name mentioned with such praise as made his mother's heart leap with joy, while she thanked the God of battles for his preserving care. Attached to the staff of the illustrious chief who was "first in war," he enjoyed rare opportunities for witnessing the lights and shades of that protracted contest, which never could have been sustained by the revolting colonies had not a sacred love of liberty inspired the continental troops.

But while the young soldier's ear often heard the distant boom of the hostile gun, the nigh thunder of field batteries, the rolling of musketry, the tread of columns, and the clash of engaging squadrons, there were other sounds for which his heart longed—sounds that would have been even more welcome than the shouts of victory. His mother was never forgotten, and pleasant memories of Mabel Gwynne, his plighted bride, cheered him on the march and in the fight, in the hard-fought battles contested beneath the sultry rays of summer suns, and in that icy cantonment at Valley Forge, where, if a sentry ceased his march, drowsiness would hurry him into the sleep of death. It was this double love which encouraged him to action, and which enabled him, with unwearied perseverance, to perform his arduous duties.

Yet he had his moments of depression. Whenever he saw any one who, by some similarity of form or voice, reminded him of Mabel, he felt an irresistible pang that, for the time, embittered even his very existence. Often did he endeavor to imagine where she was, for he had never obtained tidings of her, and a thousand wild speculations alternately chased each other through his brain.

Madame de Frontenac, by the kind intercession of Colonel Dupre, transferred her ample fortune to the States, and was welcomed at Evermay by Madame Yancey, who loved her as the deliverer of her son from death. She spared no pains in having inquiries made throughout the British provinces, for Parson Gwynne and his ward, her daughter. The result was ever the same, yet the fond mother hoped on.

At length came the decisive struggle at Yorktown, where the flower of the British army, under Lord Cornwallis, held a defensible position selected with consummate judgment, and strengthened by art. Washington, reinforced by the French allies under Lafayette, made an equal display of military knowledge in besieging the place, and his personal heroism was never more conspicuously displayed than in the coolness with which he approached so near the enemy's lines when reconnoitering, as to attract the fire of their sharpshooters on several occasions. Naturally humane, the great chieftain wished to spare all useless effusion of blood; but it was so evident that two redoubts must be carried by storm, that at last he issued his orders. One party selected for this daring duty was from the continental line, headed by Alexander Hamilton; the other was composed entirely of Frenchmen, under the command of Baron de Viomeuil, to whom Herbert Yancey was assigned as special aid.

The two columns—"brothers in arms, yet rivals for renown"—were formed immediately after sunset, and without ammunition! Cold steel was to do the work, and every man felt that now was the time to display his gallantry. At last, a rocket shot up from before Washington's marque, and the columns started, diverging towards the redoubts, which poured forth a galling fire of grape shot.

Yancey, accustomed to the rapid, irregular movements of the Americans, could but admire the steady coolness with which the French grenadiers moved forward, as if passing in review. As they approached, the grape shot ploughed through their ranks, but the veteran Viomeuil did not quicken his step. Going before the leading company, and facing them as if giving a drill, he moved forward, back to the enemy, exclaiming, coolly: "Left—left—left—dress up on the right—left—left!" And it was not until he was within ten paces of the redoubt, from which the red flames danced wildly and the balls whistled fast, that he gave the command:

"Halt! On, first company deploy into column! Pioneers and fascine carriers to the front!"

At this moment, up dashed Major Barbour, aid to General Lafayette, who had accompanied the other column.

"Baron," said he, "we have taken our redoubt."

"Not by the regulations," replied the baron, with a sigh at the unprofessional neglect of tactics. "But we will honor your bill at sight." Then waving his sword, he shouted: "*En avant, mes braves,—en avant!*"

"*En avant—en avant!*" burst from every Frenchman; and without any heed to rank or order, they plunged into the ditch, made their way through the abbatis, and rushed into the redoubt like a mountain torrent. There was a sanguinary struggle, but ere many minutes had elapsed, the white flag waved in triumph, and Herbert was despatched to Washington's marquee with the gratifying intelligence of success. Never, it is said, was Washington more profuse of congratulations than after the splendid termination of this twin assault.

Encouraged by success, the American army now advanced steadily towards the town, and Cornwallis in vain endeavored to drive them back by sorties. The veterans of England, under cover of their artillery, would advance towards the Americans with dauntless bearing, but would as often be repulsed, leaving the ground on which they had fought covered with the slain. Resistance at last became madness, and the drums of the British grenadiers, which had so often been insolently beat throughout the land, now called for a "parley." Cornwallis capitulated. America was free!

Herbert Yancey seemed to bear a charmed life throughout the siege, as he galloped to and fro with orders, often joining in a chargo, or covering a retreat. Lafayette was especially attracted by his bravery, and at his marquee, he found, to his surprise, his old college instructor, Professor de Bourg. The vivacious old botanist, after studies were interrupted at Harvard, had been persuaded to serve on the staff as interpreter, and was thus of great service when the French troops first arrived, ignorant as they were of the English language.

One pleasant evening, after the capitulation was signed, Herbert —now Colonel Yancey—was sent by Washington with orders to Lafayette, and as that general was away making arrangements for the next day's surrender, tho professor asked his old pupil for a recital of his Quebec campaign. From the questions which the old gentleman had to ask, it was evident that he was familiar with Quebec. Then he manifested a deep interest in the story of Holbrook's villany, and when Madame de Frontenac's name was mentioned, he became very much excited.

At once, and by one of those mysterious mind-workings which all have experienced and none can explain, the truth flashed upon Herbert's mind. Why had it never occurred to him before?

"By the way, professor," said he, "is your first name James or Jacob?"

"Neither," pettishly replied the old gentleman. "It is Jules. Pray go on with your story."

"Yes," exclaimed Herbert, taking the cross from his neck, opening it, and reading: "Jules de Bourg Frontenac!"

"Mon Dieu!" cried the astonished listener. "*Il a mon secret!*"

Herbert was sufficiently acquainted with the family history of the Frontenacs to convince the repudiating husband that he had been led, by Holbrook's villany, to cast from him a true heart—a heart which was well stored with generous faith, unfailing constancy, and womanly love. Bitter tears, too, did the afflicted father shed, to think that he had been, during so many years, within one day's journey of his daughter, yet now could not see her. Before General Lafayette returned, he wrote a long letter to his wife, asking her forgiveness, and begging that he might again see her. This letter Herbert promised to forward without delay, and returned to his quarters.

When he went over the next morning, he found that the mental exertion of the night had so overcome Professor de Bourg, or rather De Bourg Frontenac, that he was in a raging fever. The surgeon shook his head gravely, yet said that if he could be removed to some quiet house in Yorktown, and carefully nursed, he might recover. Herbert sent off the letter of penitence, writing his mother to accompany Madame de Frontenac, if she came; and no sooner did the "stars and stripes" replace "St. George's cross" on the flag-staff of the captured town, than he entered it, in quest of the desirable lodgings. For a time he was unsuccessful, but at last he was directed to the house of a strange old gentleman, who was, his informant said, a clergyman. He lived alone with a female relative, who had acquired the name of the Protestant nun. Apparently dead to the pleasures of the world, she was alive to deeds of charity and good works.

As Herbert rode up to the quiet cottage where he thus hoped to find a refuge for the invalid, he was struck with its neatness. A servant opened the door, and said that she would call "the lady of the house," for Herbert had not learned her name. Soon a female form, dressed in black, entered the room. There was a mutual recognition—a mutual cry of surprise. It was Mabel Gwynne!

Herbert, folding her to his heart, gazed with speechless tenderness upon the loved face that had for so many years haunted him in visions by day and in dreams by night. There had been some change, time having added dignity and maturity to her beauty, but her cheeks again glowed with the unutterable language of steadfast and sacred love. That moment's joy, before either had spoken, compensated for years of absence, and mourning, and despair. Each had thought the other dead, but neither had ever doubted that the other's last thought had been of his or her plighted love. Their sun of happiness, which had so long been clouded, shone forth with dazzling brilliancy, and their tears of happiness, like rain drops on the forest after a summer shower, but added to the bright hues of their perfect joy.

Why prolong this chronicle, when its chequered events are all to be harmonized, as brawling brooks flow into deep, quiet streams? Professor de Bourg Frontenac, nursed by his daughter's tender care, was forgiven by his wife, even as he forgave her, and they forgot the remembrance of their long estrangement in the love of their long-lost child. Parson Gwynne could but manifest some feeling at seeing strangers thus step in between him and his adopted child, but he soon became reconciled to it, and received with complacency the never-ceasing thanks of Madame de Frontenac for his fatherly care.

* * * * *

Once more the old church of St. Paul's was opened for religious services, and although it was a week-day, there was not a vacant seat within the time-honored walls. Again the solemn tones of the organ were heard, and then the venerable rector—paler, thinner, feebler than when he last officiated—ascended the sacred desk. Slowly and solemnly did he read the morning prayer from the sacred volume which had so long remained closed, following it to the letter until he came to the collect which had been such a bone of contention in years gone by.

Drawing a paper from his pocket, one side of which was covered with writing, while on the other gleamed four scarlet wafers, he said, in a voice trembling with emotion:

"Providence having blessed the arms of this people, and our late sovereign having recognized their independence, let us henceforth, as before, acknowledge a temporal supremacy, and 'render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.'"

Then moistening the wafers, he fastened the manuscript over that portion of the open page which contained the prayer for the king, and read, from the manuscript, a fervent prayer for those who ruled the "United States of America."

A thrill of satisfaction appeared to pervade the entire assembly; but there was even more joy manifested on the many familiar countenances upon whom the good pastor gazed, when, at the conclusion of the service, Colonel Herbert Yancey and Mabel Gwynne de Frontenac advanced to the altar, "to be joined together in holy matrimony, which is commended by St. Paul to be honorable among all men."

There are those living who remember the feasts which followed, especially the dinner given by Squire Tracy to the Rifle officers, who came to congratulate their comrade, and the party at the rectory, where Frank Ordway and his wife for many years contributed to the comfort of the old rector. But the great rejoicings were at Evernay, where old Virginia hospitality was dispensed with a lavish hand, and Morgan himself made barrels of punch for the scores of riflemen who came to see their old quarter-master and his bride. Washington himself wrote a warm letter of congratulation, and invited, not only the happy couple, but Herbert's mother and Mabel's parents to visit Mount Vernon.

"What more—what more? O, why need we pursue
Unto its close a tale of love so true?
Calm in its holy depths their future lies,
Scarce visited by aught save angel eyes.
Yet, if you *will* know all—they loved and died;
And slept, at last, pale lovers, side by side;
Mourned by their only child, who made his way,
To fame and fortune in an after day.
So ends the tale. There stares from off their stone
No praise of self, no skull, nor crossed bone;
But from their rainbow love a lustre glows
Which leads us on—like fragrance from the rose—
Which bids us love, and hope, and trust to truth,
And see age radiant through the tears of youth"

THE PRISON OF BREST.

Adjoining the arsenal may be seen a vast building of considerable architectural pretensions, to which the Englishman is admitted by merely showing his passport and entering his name in a book. This is the famous Bagnes, or prison, to which the worst description of criminals are consigned. Though I was prepared for a painful exhibition, the reality was blacker than the anticipated picture. Having complied with the required formalities, I was conducted by a *garde* through extensive passages into a hall about three hundred feet long and fifty broad, furnished with a great number of sloping wooden platforms, about four feet apart and so disposed as to allow free passage around the room. These form the beds of the convicts, who, at night, and when not at work in the dockyard, are secured to them. Those under the heaviest sentences are also chained in pairs. They are attired in a loose red serge coat and yellow trousers. When I entered the hall, they had just been chained to the platforms, and those I saw, with few exceptions, possessed physiognomies of the most forbidding nature. To intimidate and suppress revolt, cannon loaded with grape are placed at the ends of the room, and so adjusted as to sweep the entire apartment. Talking is strictly forbidden; and during the periods of labor, which are extremely long, the prisoners are overlooked by hard task-masters, who compel them to work without any relaxation. I had seen quite enough; and many hours elapsed before my mental vision of fierce passions chafing in chains became dim. At the time of my visit, the Bagnes contained about 4000 prisoners, but there is chain-accommodation for double that number.—*Weld's Vacation.*

HISTORY OF A DRINKING CLUB.

Some years ago, in a large town in the west of Scotland, there existed a drinking club of upwards of twenty members, all of whom belonged to the middle classes of society. This club had a great influence in municipal affairs, and several of its members were elected to fill posts in the town council. The drinking was carried on to a fearful extent in the tavern where they met. The members were to be found often in the club at all hours of night and day. Their drinking was often connected with such noisy mirth as to attract the attention of the passers by. The club was broken up. Two of its members were sent to a lunatic asylum; one jumped from a window and killed himself; one walked or fell into the water and was drowned; one was found dead in a public house; one died of delirium tremens; upwards of ten became bankrupt; four died ere they had lived half their days.—*Buxton.*

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEND.

Do you really need the article? It is probably a pretty trifle in dress, in furniture; but what solid benefit will it be to you? Or it is some luxury for the table, that you can as well do without? Think, therefore, before you spend your money. Or you need a new carpet, new sofa, new chairs, new bedstead, or new dress; you are tempted to buy something a little handsomer than you had intended, and while you hesitate, the dealer says to you, "It's only a trifle more, and see how far prettier it is." But, before you purchase, stop to think. Will you be the better a year hence, much less in old age, for having squandered your money? Is it not wiser to "lay by something for a rainy day?" All these luxuries gratify you only for the moment; you soon tire of them, and their only permanent effect is to consume your means. It is by such little extravagancies, not much separately, but ruinous in the aggregate, that the great majority of families are kept comparatively poor. The first lesson to learn is to deny yourself useless expenses; and the first step towards learning this lesson, is to think before you spend.—*Economical Hints.*

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DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

We are indebted to the kindness and liberality of Messrs. Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia, for the pleasure of presenting our readers with the fine wood engravings on this and the following page. They are extracted from the splendid work in two 8vo. volumes, of which the full title is "Arctic Explorations; the second Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, 1853, '54 and '55. By Elisha Kent Kane, M D., U. S. N. Illustrated by upwards of 300 engravings, from sketches by the author. The steel plates executed under the superintendence of J. M. Butler, the wood engravings by Van Ingen & Snyder." An effort was made to induce Congress to publish Dr. Kane's narrative; but that having failed, recourse was had to private enterprise, and the spirit with which Messrs. Childs & Peterson assumed the task, and the perfect style in which they have accomplished it, places them in the front rank of American publishers, and will forever connect their names with the memorable expedition they have thus heralded to the world. Their book will compare favorably with the finest works of the kind issued by the European press. We are happy to learn that their services are appreciated, and that, after obtaining thirty thousand subscribers in advance, they are meeting with more calls for the work than they can keep pace with. Our paper of to-day contains fair specimens of the wood cuts; the steel engravings are numerous, and in the highest style of art. The frontispiece of the first volume is a fine likeness of Dr. Kane; that of the second, a striking portrait of Henry Grinnell, the liberal New York merchant, whose name is associated with two of the most memorable Arctic expeditions on record. Dr Kane, it will be remembered, held a subordinate position in the Grinnell expedition, which was commanded by Lieut. De Haven; but he was its historiographer, and the experience he obtained on that voyage, together with energy and honorable ambition, admirably fitted him to take command of this second expedition, the primary object of



METEK.

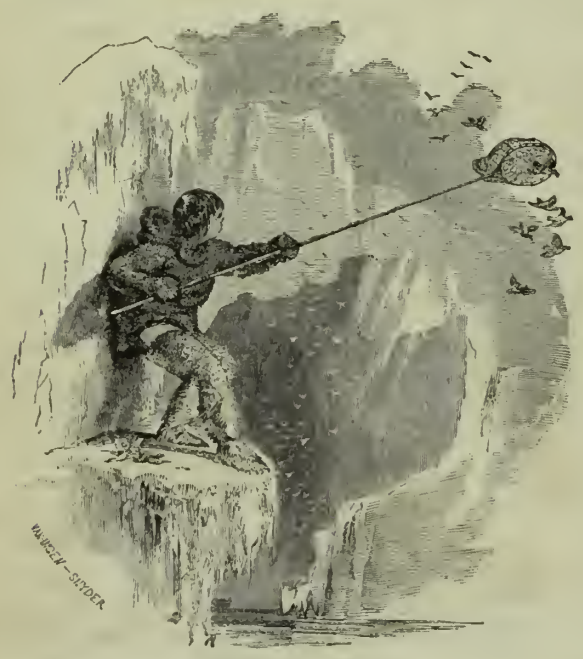
which was the discovery of Sir John Franklin, while the attainment of important scientific results was also anticipated from the voyage. Dr. Kane's vessel was the "Advance," belonging to Mr. Grinnell, in which he had previously sailed, and which was generously placed at his disposal for the cruise. Mr. Peabody, the American banker, of London, contributed liberally to the outfit; and a number of American scientific associations afforded assistance to the adventurers in various ways. Dr. Kane and nine others of his party were under orders from the U. S navy department, the remainder were shipped for the cruise on moderate salaries, and all were volunteers. The principal regulations adopted, as laws for this special service, were subordination, abstinence from intoxicating liquors, except when dispensed by special order, and the habitual disuse of profane language. The "Advance" sailed from New York, May 30, 1853. In eighteen days, she made the harbor of St. Johns, Newfoundland, where Dr. Kane was handsomely received by Governor Hamilton, who gave him a noble team of Newfoundland dogs. The brig reached Baffin's Bay without incident. On the 23d of August they had reached north latitude 73 deg. 41 min. On the 10th of September, they reached a bay which they named Rensellaer Harbor, where they spent two winters. A sketch of Rensellaer Island will be found among our engravings. They were finally compelled to abandon the brig, and to make a journey of 1300 miles to the Danish settlements of Greenland, where they were relieved by Lieut. H. G. Hartstene, in command of an expedition fitted for their relief. Dr. Kane's narrative, embracing all that befell them, describing their various journeyings in search of Franklin, making an aggregate of 3000 miles, under every imaginable difficulty, the discovery of the "Iceless Sea" in the extreme north, the strange aspects of nature in the polar regions, the natural history, the geology, the people of the frozen north, has all the interest of the most thrilling romance. Nothing can be more modest than the manner in which the author speaks of himself; yet the simple record of his acts proves him to be a hero, such a one as Europe loads with titles, crosses and wealth—such a one as America delights to honor with heartfelt applause. Whatever may be his worldly fortune, Dr. Kane has succeeded in establishing an imperishable name. Let us now glance at the pictures before us. The first engraving is a head of Metek, an Esquimaux, who made the acquaintance of Dr. Kane at Rensellaer Harbor. "He was," says Dr. Kane, "nearly a head taller than myself, extremely powerful and well built, with swarthy complexion and piercing black eyes. His dress was a hooded capote or jumper, of mixed white and blue fox-pelts, arranged with something of fancy, and booted trousers of white bear-skin, which at the end of the foot were made to terminate with the claws of the animal." The entire costume is seen in another picture, on the next page —"Nessak in his travelling dress." An Esquimaux of fourteen is seen in the sketch of Paulik, Metek's nephew, described as "fine-looking," that is, for an Esquimaux, we suppose. That our readers may form some idea of an Esquimaux beauty, we present a portrait of Anak, the wife of Nessak, one of Dr. Kane's northern friends. It will be observed that the style of *coiffure* is not very unlike that adopted by our fair countrywomen a few years since. The second engraving represents an Arctic sledge, loaded and drawn by nine men in their bear-like costumes. "I named her the 'Faith,'" says Dr. Kane. "Her length was thirteen feet, and breadth four. She could readily carry fourteen hundred pounds of mixed stores. This noble old sledge, which is now endeared to us by every pleasant association, bore the brunt of the heaviest parties, and came back, after the descent of the coast, comparatively sound. The men were attached to her in such a way as to make the line of draught or traction as near as possible in the axis of the weight. Each man had his own shoulder-belt, or 'rue raddy,' as we used to call it, and his own track line, which, for want of horse-hair, was made of Manilla rope: it traversed freely by a ring on a loop or bridle, that extended from runner to runner in front of the sledge. These track ropes varied in length, so as to keep the members of the party from interfering with each other by walking abreast. The longest was three fathoms, eighteen feet, in length; the shortest, directly fastened to the sledge-runner, as a means of guiding or suddenly arresting and turning the vehicle. The cargo for this journey (the first), without including the provisions of the party, was almost exclusively pemmican. Some of this was put up in cylinders of tinned iron with conical terminations, so as to resist the assaults of the white bear; but the larger quantity was in strong wooden cases or kegs, well hooped with iron, holding about 70 pounds each." Another picture of the "Faith," with a group unloading her, and a polar bear lying dead beside her, appears on the next page. On this page is a picture of the boat called the "Faith" also, which did Dr. Kane "yeoman's service," and which is now at the Brooklyn navy-yard. The third picture on this page represents the sledge called the "Little Willie," with its team of four Newfoundland dogs, Dr. Kane, in his Arctic costume, driving. "My dogs," says he, "were both Esquimaux and Newfoundland. Of these last I had ten: they were to be carefully broken, to travel by voice without the whip, and were expected to be very useful for heavy draught, as their tractability would allow the driver to regulate their pace. I was already training them (this was at the commencement of his adventures) in a light sledge, to drive, unlike the Esquimaux, two abreast, with regular harness, a breast collar of flat leather, and a pair of traces. Six of them made a powerful travelling-team, and four could carry me and my instruments, for short journeys around the brig, with great ease. The sledge I used for them was built, with the care of cabinet-work, of American hickory, thoroughly seasoned. The curvature of the runners was determined experimentally: they were shod with annealed steel, and fastened by copper rivets which could be renewed at pleasure. Except this, no metal entered into its construction. All its parts were held together by seal-skin lashings, so that it yielded to inequalities of surface and to sudden shock. The three paramount considerations of lightness, strength and diminished friction were well combined in it. This beautiful, and, as we afterwards found, efficient sledge, was named the 'Little Willie.'" Following the picture of this sledge, is a representation of the manner of catching awks, birds which the Esquimaux relish highly. They breed in low cones of rubbish among the cliffs. The Esquimaux, perched in a convenient station, employs a purse-net, made of seal-skin, and fastened to the end of a tusk of the narwhal, sometimes spliced, to give it the requisite length, and so scoops up his feathered prey as they fly by him in startled numbers. We



SLEDGE DRAWN BY MEN.



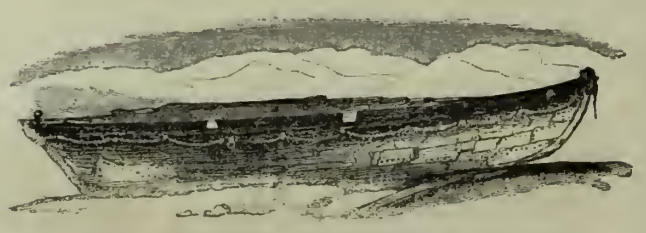
LITTLE WILLIE AND NEWFOUNDLANDERS.



CATCHING AWK.



EIDER ISLAND.



THE "FAITH," NOW AT BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.



DECK BY LAMPLIGHT.



RENSELLAER ISLAND.

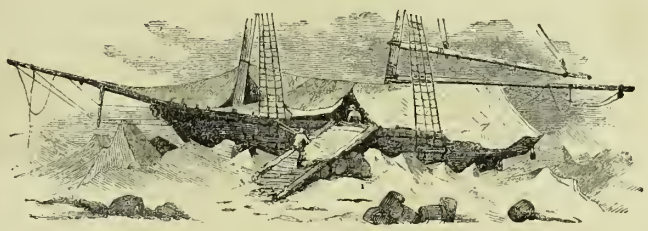
have next a picture of "Eider Island," with an eider duck and her brood of young ones. Near the Littleton Island of Captain Inglefield, "we saw," says Dr. Kane, "a number of ducks, both eiders and hareldas; and it occurred to me that by tracking their flight, we should reach their breeding-grounds. There was no trouble in doing so, for they flew in a bee-line to a group of rocky islets, above which the whole horizon was studded with birds. A rugged little ledge, which I named 'Eider Island,' was so thickly colonized that we could hardly walk without treading on a nest. We killed with guns and stones over two hundred birds in a few hours. It was near the close of the breeding season. The nests were still occupied with the mother-birds, but many of the young had burst the shell, and were nestling under the wing, or taking their first lessons in the water-pools. Some, more advanced, were already in the ice-sheltered channels, greedily waiting for the shell-fish and sea-urchins, which the old bird busied herself in procuring for them. Near by was a low and isolated rock-ledge, which we called 'Hans Island. The glaucous gulls, those cormorants of the Arctic seas, had made it their peculiar homestead. Their progeny, already full-fledged



ANAK, WIFE OF NESSAK.



NESSAK, IN TRAVELLING DRESS.



THE BRIG CRADLED.



PAULIK, METEK'S NEPHEW.

and voracious, crowded the guano whitened rocks; and the mothers, with long necks and gaping yellow bills, swooped above the peaceful shallows of the eiders, carrying off the young birds, seemingly just as their wants required. A more domineering and insatiable rapacity I have never witnessed. The gull would gobble up and swallow a young eider in less time than it takes me to describe it. For a moment you would see the paddling feet of the poor little wretch protruding from the mouth; then came a distension of the neck, as it descended into the stomach; a few moments more and the young gulls were feeding on the ejected morsel." Our next picture represents the deck of the "Advance" by lamp-light. It is built over, to ward off the extreme cold, a stove-pipe passing through the roof. Near the hatchway stands one of the party, lantern in hand, while another is seated, caressing one of the Esquimaux dogs found such valuable auxiliaries in their journeyings. The next picture is a sketch of Rensellaer Island. On this page we have a picture of the brig cradled, the decks protected by canvass from the cutting wind. She was lifted with double chains passed under at low tide, both astern and amidships. In this position she is frozen in, high and dry, to "pass an Arctic winter over an Arctic ice-bed." The next engraving presents a sketch of a group of walrusses sporting among the field-ice and icebergs. Until the thermometer sinks below zero, these bulky monsters find water enough to sport, and keep in between the fields of drift-ice as they open with the tide. Besides these, they work out holes for themselves. The walrusses swallow gravel and even large stones, but for what purpose, it is not known. Another picture on this page is a curious group of Esquimaux huts, which Dr. Kane found in one of his excursions from the brig. "They are four in number, long deserted, hut to an eye unpractised in Arctic antiquarian deductions, in as good preservation as a last year's tenement at home. The most astonishing feature is the presence of some little out-huts, or, as I first thought them, dog-kennels. These are about four feet by three in ground plan, and some three feet high; no larger than the pologs of the Tchuschi. In shape they resemble a rude dome; and the stones of which they are composed are of excessive size, and evidently selected for smoothness. They were, without exception, of water-washed limestone. They are heavily sodded with turf, and a narrow slab of clay-slate serves as a door. No doubt they are human habitations, retiring chambers, into which, away from the crowded families of the hut, one or even two Esquimaux have hurrowed for sleep—chilly dormitories in the winter of this high latitude." Our last engraving but one represents a polar bear at bay, rearing to his full height, surrounded by hunters with their long spears. In speaking of one of his expeditions, Dr. Kane says:—"Our whole journey had been an almost unbroken and scarcely-varied series of bear hunts. They had lost for me the attractions of novelty; but, like the contests with the walrus, they were always interesting, because characteristic of this rude people (the Esquimaux). The dogs are carefully trained not to engage in contest with the bear, but to retard his flight. While one engrosses his attention ahead, a second attacks him in the rear; and, always alert and each protecting the other, it rarely happens that they are seriously injured, or that they fail to delay the animal until the hunters come up. Let us suppose a bear scented out at the base of an iceberg. The Esquimaux examines the track with sagacious care, to determine its age and direction, and the speed with which the animal was passing when he passed along. The dogs are set upon the trail, and the hunter courses over the ice at their side in silence. As he turns the angle of the berg, his game is in view before him, stalking probably along with quiet march, sometimes snuffing the air suspiciously, but making, nevertheless, for a nest of broken hummocks. The dogs spring forward, opening in a wild wolfish yell, the driver shrieking, 'Nannook! nannook!' and all straining every nerve in pursuit. The bear rises on his haunches, inspects his pursuers, and starts off at full speed. The hunter, as he runs, leaning over his sledge, seizes the traces of a couple of his dogs, and liberates them from their burthen. It is the work of a minute; for the motion is not checked, and the remaining dogs rush on with apparent ease. Now pressed more severely, the bear makes for an iceberg, and stands at bay, while his two foremost pursuers halt at a short distance, and quietly await the arrival of the hunter. At this moment, the whole pack are liberated; the hunter grasps his lance, and, tumbling through snow and ice, prepares for the encounter. If there he two hunters, the bear is killed easily; for one makes a feint of thrusting a spear at the right side, and, as the animal turns with his arms towards the threatened attack, the left is unprotected, and receives the death-wound." "Many wounds are received by the Etah Bay Esquimaux in these encounters; the bear is looked upon as more fierce in that neighborhood, and about Anoatook and Rensellaer Bay, than around the broken ice to the south. He uses his teeth more generally than is supposed by systematic writers. The hugging, pawing and boxing which characterize the black and grizzly bears, are resorted to by him, only under peculiar circumstances." The last engraving represents the "Forlorn Hope," the whale-boat in which Dr. Kane, with a small boat's crew, left the "Advance," to prosecute his researches. We trust that the extracts we have made will induce many of our readers to possess themselves of the splendid work from which we have taken our text and illustrations. The curiosity excited by this expedition abroad is scarcely less than that felt here with regard to it, and editions of the narrative are already going through the German and French presses. Dr. Kane himself has been received in Europe with distinguished consideration, and his gallantry in offering his services to Lady Franklin for another search after traces of her husband, is highly lauded.



WALRUSES SPORTING.



THE "FAITH."



ESQUIMAUX HUTS.



THE BEAR AT BAY.



THE FORLORN HOPE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN AUTUMN MURMUR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

The earth is heavy with the autumn airs;
Man's heart is like it with his many cares;
And oftentimes grief's strokes come unawares.

I watch the dry leaves borne before the wind,
And solemn shadows steal across my mind,
Leaving a withered souvenir behind.

The dead leaves tell of summer's swift decay!
They—like man's being—are but for a day,—
And then? Behold, the burial comes alway.

The dead leaves whisper of the summer fled;
And as we look, our thoughts are backward led
To muse upon the many summers dead;

When we, with those whose faces met our own,
With looks familiar, walked without a moan,
The shore of time, which now we tread alone.

We hear the echoes of the loves that kept
Our hearts in ecstacy. Hope's hand then swept
The lyre of bliss. But now? It long hath slept.

O, silent all! alas, December's gale
But typifies the spirit's wail
In sadness following on sorrow's trail.

December on the earth and in the heart!
The links are loosening—the chain will part,
And then? How do we to the churchyard start?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TRUST IN GOD.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

The fire burned dimly on the hearth of the Widow Romaine. It was a bitter cold day—the night before Christmas. Two children were hovering over the feeble blaze, and shivering with the fierce cold that was creeping on their limbs. Willie, the eldest, was trying to warm little Addie by putting his arm around her, while the mother took down the Bible, lighted an inch or two of candle that remained, and read to them the beautiful story of the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, the angel coming to them and the glory of the Lord shining about them. The little ones listened, almost forgetting the cold; and then the mother passed over many pages, until she came to the touching words of the Saviour, when "he had not where to lay his head."

"Then he was worse off than we are, Willie," said little Addie, as she crept from her brother's arm to the poor and ill-covered bed, where the three huddled together for warmth.

The candle went out in the midst of her readings, and Mrs. Romaine and Willie lay down, one on each side of the little girl The children slept, but the mother lay for hours, tossing in painful thought of how she was to live through the cheerless winter and keep these children alive.

She rose the next morning, and made a fire with the last wood which she possessed, spread her table with the last loaf; and then, waiting for her children to awake, she sat down and wept. They were the first tears she had shed for months, and she felt relieved by the flow; but she would not let the children see her, and she dried them up quickly before they awoke.

Catherine Romaine was the daughter of a once wealthy and enterprising merchant. She had married Mr. Romaine, who was much older than herself, when he was in business with her father. He was a widower with one son. She loved the little Herbert with all but a mother's love, and the child returned it fully. He was twelve years old when his father married, and it was six years after that when Willie was born. Herbert's unaffected interest in the little one repaid Catherine for all the love which she had given him. Two years afterwards little Addie came to bless the happy household, and the measure of their bliss seemed complete. Herbert was one of the head clerks in the firm, and although only twenty years old, was distinguished for his attention to business.

It was a sudden and terrible shock to the whole community when it was reported that the firm of Thatcher and Romaine had failed. There were people involved in their difficulties whose every dollar had been invested with them. Old men, who had lain by a small sum, perhaps to be called in when sickness should come upon them—widows who had saved a scanty pittance by needle-word—single women who had been at service until their laboring days were over—all these had trusted their small earnings with the great firm that was as "good as the bank."

The firm that was "good as the bank" failed, however, and then came poverty, distress and sickness. Mr. Thatcher was found in his room, with a bottle of laudanum in his clenched hand, perfectly dead; and not many months after this, Mr. Romaine, worn out by repeated shocks, sunk into the grave.

They had given up all to the creditors, keeping not even the bridal presents of Mrs. Romaine, nor those which had been made to the children. A small, mean house in the lower part of the city, held Mrs. Romaine and her children, and after her husband's death, and Herbert had gone away, she underlet all the rooms but one.

Sad indeed was her heart when the night of her husband's death brought the finishing stroke. She sat in mute anguish, gazing upon the beloved face, and then upon the helpless little ones by her side.

"Trust in God, Katy, dear," said the dying man. "He will not leave you utterly desolate."

Herbert staid until after his father's funeral, and then sailed for Africa.

"Sometime, I shall return, dear mother," said the affectionate son, "and then, believe me, you shall not want."

O, the grief of those partings! They were like the bitterness of death to Mrs. Romaine, for they seemed to contradict her husband's assurance that she should not be left desolate.

She succeeded at first, in obtaining a little sewing of the coarsest kind; but it would hardly pay for the candles by which she worked after her children had gone to bed. She would not apply for work from those who had known her in her prosperous days; and she dreaded going to the shop, where a hard and unfeeling man was grinding the faces of the poor for a few miserable pence. She would not send Willie, for her mind revolted at exposing him to the danger and contamination of the streets.

She wore the coarsest clothes herself, and dressed her children in similar ones, and yet, so neatly were they made and put on, that there was something almost elegant in their appearance.

Sometimes she recognized in the street those whom she had known in better days; and then she would start aside and turn away her head, forgetting, for a moment, that they could never discover the elegant Catherine Romaine in the poor, haggard woman that was bearing her bundle of cheap work from a shop.

One person only had known her when meeting her thus, and that one did not dare to approach her, because he saw that she avoided him. This was a Mr. Russell, who had known and loved her husband as a brother. He followed her at a distance until he saw her enter the poor dwelling in which she lived—took the number of the house and the name of the street, and then returned to tell his wife what he had seen. All Mrs. Russell's womanly tenderness rose up at his recital, and she begged to go and see her.

"No, Mary," said her husband, "that will not do; you may write her that you will visit her if she wishes it, but you must go no farther until you know how she would receive you."

The note was written and sent, but no answer obtained, and the generous couple were obliged to give up all thoughts of helping her.

Day after day, Mr. Russell met her, with her two children, each carrying a package. The sight melted him to pity; and yet her step was so proud that he could not stop her, as he wanted to do, and offer her assistance.

The house in which Catherine lived was inhabited partly by an Irish family, whose good feelings were all excited by the evident poverty of their neighbor.

Norah Dolan was a kind-hearted woman, neater than most of her class, and with great respect for what she called "real born gentry," among which she classed Mrs. Romaine and her children. Mrs. Romaine had allowed little Patrick and Maggy to come in and learn to read with her own little ones; and she had tended Mrs. Dolan herself when she was sick, and her gratitude was unbounded. It so happened that Mrs. Dolan's husband worked for Mr. Russell, and he, in the plenitude of his joy at his wife's recovery, related the kindness of their neighbor, "Mistress Romaine," a real born lady, he said, and ought to be in a grand castle instead of the poor little place at home.

Through Dolan's means, Mr. Russell had partly gratified his benevolent heart, by sending Mrs. Romaine various articles of food and clothing, which he directed to her address and charged him to lay privately on her table, and, on no account, to say to her that he sent them.

In vain she questioned Dolan and his wife. They would know nothing of it, unless the fairies were at the bottom of it.

"Sure it's the fairies, ma'am," said Dolan, when she wanted him to take a bundle away, which she was sure that he must have placed there, because she saw him coming from the room, as she was entering it. "Sure it's the fairies, and wouldn't they be cross if yees did not take their prisents? And didn't I see the bundle on yees table whin I wint into yees room? Faith, thin, I did, ma'am, and it's no use in the wurld for yees to quistion me and Norah, for it's little we know, any way."

And Mrs. Romaine, grateful to her unknown friend, and yet with a great pain at her heart, would undo the package, and appropriate the sugar and tea, or bread and butter, as it might be, to the wants of herself and children.

Once, little Willie, in helping her empty the sugar into a wooden box—their only sugar bowl—had discovered a silver dollar; and the tea was often productive of dimes and even quarters. These were helps indeed—but small in comparison to the wants of a family of three. Her handful of meal and cruse of oil were often wholly exhausted. The work which she carried home was not always paid for at the time; and many nights she was obliged to go to bed with the children at dark, because her wood and candles were all consumed. Often she feared that she would be forced to ask aid, to keep them from starving; but until the actual hour came, she would struggle on.

There were times when logs of wood, which she missed at once from Mrs. Dolan's wood pile (never very large or high), would find their way mysteriously to the expiring embers on her hearth, and kindle up a cheerful blaze, by which she would assemble the four children, her own and the little Dolans, and teach them to read and spell.

Among the few things which she had saved from the wreck of her luxurious home, was a mutilated copy of Shakspeare—the only book except the Bible which her father had given her when she was married. The Shakspeare had lost its covers, and many leaves, but she would sometimes take it up and find in its pages, so strangely fitting to every phase of life or circumstance, something that was applicable to her own. These two books were her solace and comfort. The pictures contained in each, formed the initial letters to her children's love of art, and the beautiful manner in which she read impressed the contents of the books upon their minds, or at least, such parts of them as they could understand. It was hard to wake up from the absorbing perusal of her books, to the dreary reality of the poverty around her,—to come from the gorgeous descriptions of Shakspeare, into the dim light of the actual life that she was enduring,—but she was possessed of that rare courage and fortitude that cover up and conceal the inward pangs of the soul. To outward appearance, she was contented, if not cheerful.

Sometimes—but rarely—she would indulge herself in going backward into the past, and remember what she was in years long gone by. The retrospection which showed her to herself in the dimmed and broken mirror of memory,—first, as the gay and beautiful Catherine Thatcher, followed alike for her own beauty and her father's wealth—then, having turned from this crowd of selfish flatterers, she saw herself the happy wife of the good and honored Romaine, dispensing to his motherless boy all the kindliest offices of maternal care, if not the perfect fulness of maternal love. Then came thronging in the memory of that blessed time when two children, fair and beautiful as angels, were in her luxurious home, caressed and waited on by friends and dependents, and the pride and joy of a father's loving heart.

These were not healthful remembrances for Catherine to indulge in. They made her harder and more unquiet in her present situation; and there were times when her good angel seemed almost to forsake her. O, these depths of poverty and desolation! They are hard to bear. Truly we have need to remember that the sacred head of Him who loved us, was once destitute of shelter, to reconcile us to these hard experiences of life.

But not always did Catherine's heart sink into these states of unrest. There were times when her sorrow seemed uplifted into serener skies, and the anguish of her daily lot turned into divinest peace, when her poor apartment seemed like the habitation of angels, from the presence of those who had gone before.

And now, indeed, came a trial. Willie was taken ill. She exhausted her skill in trying to subdue the fever which had fastened upon the little patient boy. Now it was that Norah Dolan proved invaluable as a friend. Never, in the days of Catherine's brightest prosperity, did she value any service so much as this poor woman's heartfelt and willing sacrifices for her sake. She took little Addie away from the affected room—for her practised eye told her truly that it was the dreaded small pox—and leaving her and Maggie together, she devoted herself to the sick boy and his mother. Norah's whole family had experienced it, so that there was no danger to be apprehended except for Mrs. Romaine and Addie. Her neighbor's experience proved invaluable indeed to Catherine, and saved her the trial of asking the services for which she could not have paid. Those were anxious nights when the two women sat up with the little sufferer, whose reason gave way under his disease. It was touching enough to hear him call for his mother, not knowing that it was her hand that bathed his burning forehead. Then he would fancy that Addie was dead, and would weep because he too could not go to his father.

One night, he seemed near death. His mother had been watching Norah's face, and she saw nothing there from which she could draw a single ray of hope. Norah had seen others die, and she knew from her countenance that she thought Willie dying. Catherine groaned in spirit, and the words came up from the deepest recesses of her almost broken heart, "if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." She tried to add the rest, but she could not. Half an hour after, when she saw the poor child's struggles with the cruel disease, she could utter them more easily.

Just at midnight, Willie's eyes closed. Catherine thought he was gone, but Norah laid her hand upon her shoulder, and seated her by the bedside.

"Hush!" she whispered, "and watch for his waking."

They did watch all through that long night. Norah drew up the curtain a little just as the sun rose. Somehow, the bright gleam that came into the room, brought also a glimmer of hope into Catherine's heart. Norah dropped the curtain quickly, lest suddenly waking, the strong light might destroy Willie's eyes forever.

He lay still,—so still that they could hardly see that he breathed. The morning and forenoon passed, and still he slept. Catherine thought he would pass away without waking.

"O, that I could see those dear eyes once more!" she whispered, just as the clock was striking twelve; and, as if in answer to that whisper, the "dear eyes" opened, and the weak voice murmured:

"Mother!"

Willie was saved! Those only, whose hopes are narrowed down to the life of one or two dear objects, can imagine the rapture of Catherine Romaine as she bent over her child, and saw by the dim, uncertain light that he saw and knew her. That long, long twelve hours' sleep had brought him back to life.

The kindly eyes of the Irishwoman overflowed with tears as Catherine wept upon her shoulder, and poured out her gratitude to her humble friend.

"I will love you always, dear Norah," she said, as soon as she could speak, and Norah wept the more.

It was long before they would see little Addie, lest she should contract the disease which, doubtless, still lingered in the walls of the room; but Norah's husband took good care of her, and she was contented with Maggie, though longing for mother and Willie.

After Norah had made a thorough fumigation, and Catherine, afraid to trust it, had made another, the doors were opened, and the children all admitted to see Willie, who, scarred and feeble, was yet only permitted to sit up a little while.

But this sickness had made sad inroads upon Catherine's small

resources. Her work was stopped, of course, and her health had suffered from anxiety and watching. From long staying in a dimly-lighted room, her eyes had become affected so much that she could not see to mend Addie's clothes, which had suffered for her care while Willie was ill, and the thought continually tormented her that she was going blind.

The bundles which used to be placed upon her table were no longer found. She did not know the reason, but Norah and her husband did. They knew that Mr. Russell and his family were gone abroad, and would not return until December.

She had parted with everything but the merest necessaries of life. She had even taken away the andirons that supported her wood fire, in order to buy with them a few sticks of wood. The few pieces of crockery followed, and half the straw from the miserable bed. She took in a little washing, but her own irons were gone long ago, and the washboiler too, and she had to borrow both from Norah.

"Come and wash in my room, Misthress Rummin," said Norah. "There is plinty of fire here to hate your wather, and yees may look after little Maggie's spelling to pay for it."

There was delicacy in the Irishwoman's mode of giving favors. She would always make it appear that "Misthress Rummin" had obliged her in some way, and that her services went only to pay for something she was receiving.

But the cold weather was approaching. November, dark, dreary and gloomy, with its chilling winds, and the sad looking piles of dried leaves that lay, brown and sere, upon the pathways, and rustled under the footsteps with such a melancholy sound, was fast giving way before December, with its piled snow-drifts and howling storms. Sad and gloomy enough, they sometimes think, who sit in richly-curtained rooms, where the thick carpets give back no answer to the footfall; where light and warmth come stealing in from invisible sources; where the dainty viands crowd together on the table, and the wine sparkles red in the cup; where loved ones are sheltered from the biting storm, and little children are asleep in beds that seem covered by the work of fairy hands; where music and painting and sculpture address themselves to the ear and the eye, and all the senses receive the ministry of luxury and art. What must it be, then, to those who are shivering over the fitful blaze that only tantalizes the chilled and perishing limbs —those whose cupboards are empty and whose clothing is scanty —whose children creep into their pallet of straw to sleep away the feelings of hunger that gnaws at their vitals?

It was thus with poor Catherine on the evening and morning of that terrible Christmas in which we found her and her helpless little ones. The sears had faded from Willie's face, leaving it pale and haggard, and his eyes had that unnatural brightness so painful in a child. He suffered more from privation than Addie, who was strong and healthy.

We left her watching the awaking of her children. She bent over them, and saw Willie's pallid look with dismay.

"Must I lose him after all?" she exclaimed. "Was he saved from that cruel disease, only to waste away with hunger?"

At that moment, a loud knock was heard at the door, and she hastily dried her tears and answered the summons. No one was there, but as she opened the door, a large bag fell inward, marked with her own name in large letters. As she drew it in, and was about to close the door, she saw the shadow of Norah's husband flitting around the corner of the house. She knew it by the ragged hat, of which one half the brim was gone. She called after him, to know if he saw any one leave the bag.

"Faith, and how could I, whin I've jist come out of the house? But I'll be afther asking Norah—perhaps she saw the thafe himself!"

Catherine opened the bag, and found everything for a Christmas revel, as she said to Norah, when she wanted to share with her. But Norah had had a bag, too, inscribed, in the same writing as Catherine's, "To Mrs. Norah Dolan;" and her husband told her that Mr. Russell had arrived in the steamer, but did not tell her that he and Mr. Russell's man had brought up the bags.

"Sure," he told her, "it must be St. Nicholas himself, who could not get the great bags down the chimney."

Great was the astonishment and joy of Catherine's children when they opened their eyes upon the table loaded with chickens, boiled and roasted, great loaves of bread, and piles of small brown paper parcels, marked, each with the name of some useful article. In the parcel of sugar was a piece of gold as large as a half dollar.

There were joy and deep thankfulness in the heart of Mrs. Romaine as she saw the children devour the abundant Christmas breakfast. Poor Willie had to stop from weakness, and his mother warned him to be moderate, and he might have a little, and eat oftener. As for Addie, she was deep in the mysteries of a vast plum pudding, and threatened to eat herself into a fever, but for the careful checking of her mother.

Catherine borrowed the wood unhesitatingly of Norah, to-day, for she knew she could repay it to-morrow, and redeemed her andirons also. Her poor room shone by two o'clock in the afternoon, from the effects of her rubbing and blacking and polishing; and then the three sat round the nice Christmas fire, and the mother told them stories which they had never heard before, nor indeed had she. The afternoon sun shone in, too, lighting up the poor, mean furniture with the same glow it was bestowing in rich apartments; and the snow, which was blackened and dirty around the other doors in the small court, lay spotless and unsullied round Mrs. Romaine's.

"I hear sleigh-bells," said Willie, starting up, "and they are coming right up the court. And see, mother, see, Addie, what a fine horse! And a gentleman all wrapped up in fur!"

And true enough, there was the gentleman holding the long reins and knocking at their own door. Willie opens the door and presents his poor, little, pale and scarred face to the stranger's anxious and earnest gaze. He does not recognize the boy, and yet it is the very child he is seeking; for Herbert Romaine has come home, and is trying to find his lost mother and her children.

"And is it here, in this poor place that I find you, dear mother?" said Herbert, after Mrs. Romaine had cried and laughed a dozen times, in the alternations of her nervous excitement. "Not another day nor hour shall you stay here! Come to the hotel where I am stopping. I will find you beautiful rooms, and you and the children shall spend a happy Christmas."

"I want none other than your return gives me, Herbert; and I must not forget that our coarse and shabby clothing would not correspond with any other room than this."

"You shall have better clothing. I will go myself to procure it for you."

"But you can't," said Willie, who had sat quietly on his brother's knee, without speaking, "the shops are all shut up Christmas days, and you can't buy any cloth to make them of." And Willie renewed his study of his brother's face.

Herbert was obliged to be content until to morrow, then—but he sat and related the story of his wanderings since he left her.

"One object which I had in view, dear mother," he said, "was the restoration of some property which I knew had belonged to the firm, and which lay in the West India Islands. I heard fabulous accounts of its value, although I knew that my father had always considered it of no account. I will not trouble you, to relate all the tedious processes by which I circumvented the agent, one of the greatest swindlers I ever knew, and brother to that rascally lawyer whom my father trusted so much. You will be satisfied that I wrested the whole from his grasp, and that it far exceeds all that I had heard of it. There is enough to pay off every creditor, restore every one to his own, and leave a handsome property, one third of which is yours, of course, and the rest belongs to me and these little ones. Why don't you speak, dear mother?" he asked, playfully, as she turned pale and red by turns.

She recovered herself by a strong effort, and whispered:

"O, if your dear father could have lived to know this!"

"He does know it," said Herbert, reverentially. "It cannot be that justice or injustice can walk the earth, and the spirits above the earth ignore their existence. I believe in this, dear mother, and so do you. Now I will leave you, and come again to-morrow."

Dolan brought home a paper that night which contained an advertisement of a sale which would take place the day after Christmas, of a house and furniture next to Mr. Russell's.

"No. 240! Why, that was our own house," said Mrs. Romaine, to herself.

Herbert did not come the next day, and Catherine wondered and expected. Towards evening, he came, with his fine face glowing with excitement.

"I have got it, dear mother," he said; "I have bought our own house, and most of our furniture still remains there—well kept and almost as good as ever. I thought you would prefer it to having all new. You know Mr. Eaton bought it, and now he is going to Europe. It was by mere accident that I rode by, and saw the bills at the window. The people were assembling for the sale. I stopped my horse, and went in with the air of a man determined to purchase, and there was not a bid made against me. I have come now to take you all home once more."

He now produced from the sleigh a basket of nice clothing for them all; for, he remarked, that as he had already procured servants, and appointed them to come that evening, he would like them to appear as became their position.

Before they were all dressed, a close carriage stood at the door. Herbert would not let them enter until his mother had introduced him to the Dolans, to whom he left all that had belonged to his mother, and a handsome sum of money.

"And wont yees forget Norah and me, whin yees are a great lady?" asked Dolan, as she put out her hand to bid him good-by.

"Never—never, my good friend," she weepingly uttered; and she kept her word.

"I have come home to live with you, mother," said Herbert, as he showed her the rooms he had selected for himself. "I shall never marry, and your new wealth will have this drawback and encumbrance—a bachelor son."

"Thank God!" said Catherine, "then I shall have you always —always, at least, until you break your resolution."

Who can describe the delight of the little children? They were so happy that the pale, anxious look had left their mother's face, and that she need no longer worry about their wants. And then Willie was so pleased to have good clothes and a nice cap; and Addie smoothed down her clean muslin dress and black silk apron, and they were so happy! They went to school now, and their mother's teachings were the cause of a good many praises from their teachers.

Norah came often to see Mrs. Romaine in her new home; and when Herbert bought some land behind the house, and turned it into an extensive garden, his mother said:

"Why not have Dolan for a gardener, and give him the little gothic lodge at the other side of the garden, to live in?"

"Just the thing!" said Herbert, and engaged him that very day.

The gothic lodge was repaired, neatly fitted up with plain new cottage furniture, and in four weeks Norah stood at the door, admiring her husband in his new gardening suit, and the children in their clean frocks, playing with Willie and Addie among the flowers.

"Trust in God! He will not leave thee desolate," were the words which Catherine caused to be inscribed over the entrance to her beautiful summer-house. They were already engraved on her heart and her life.

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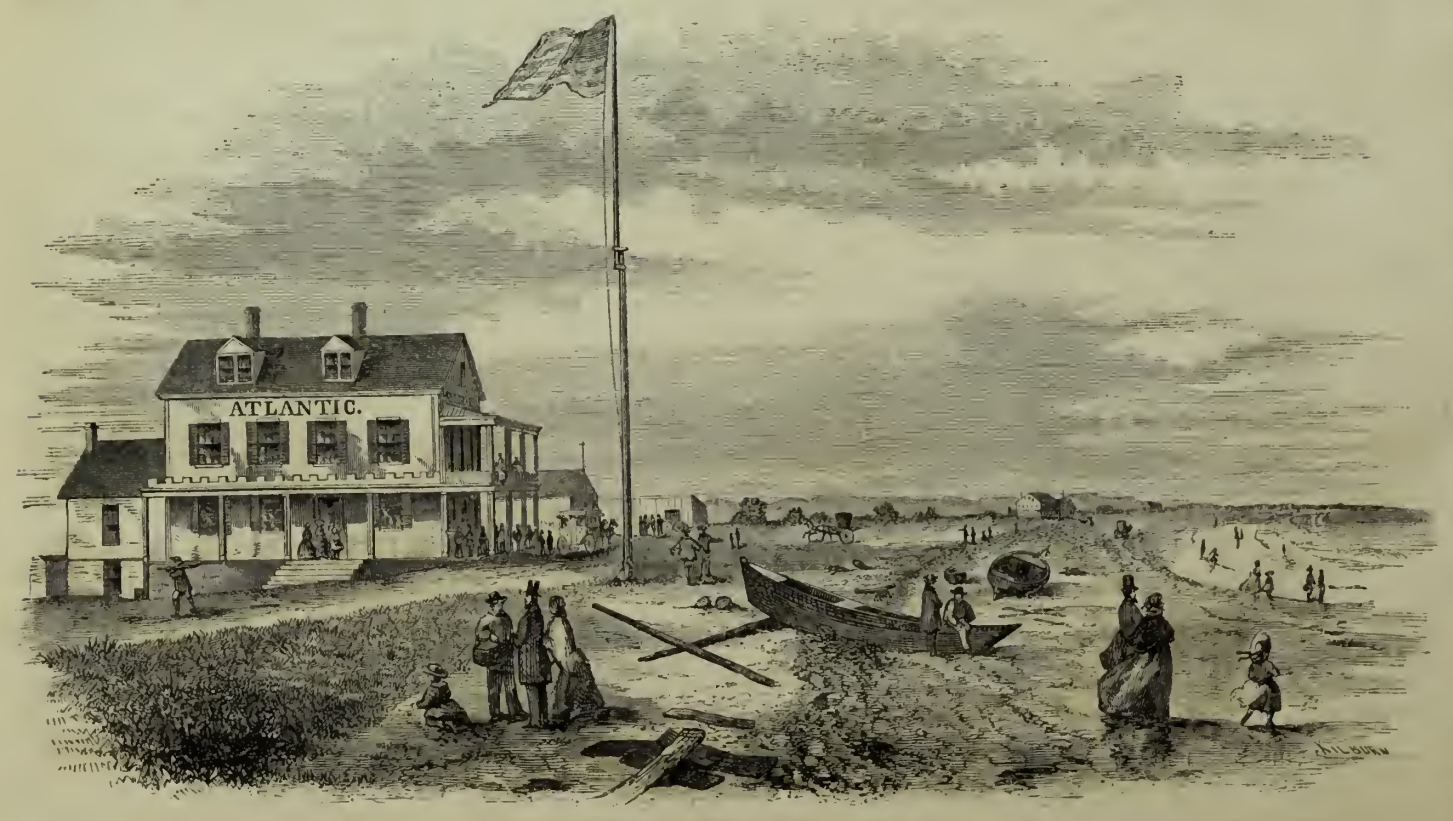
OLD FISH HOUSE, END OF CHELSEA BEACH, MASS.

SEASIDE SKETCHES NEAR BOSTON.

Our artist, Mr. Kilburn, on this and the next page, has given us some of the fruits of his professional midsummer rambles. The good people of Boston are not entirely exempt from obedience to that impulse which leads mankind to see the greatest attractions in the remotest scenes. Many hie away to the White Mountains and the Kaatskills, who have never climbed Blue Hill or Powder-horn Hill. Persons see beauties in the Bay of Naples, who never detected the charms of our own Boston harbor, or, very like, go into extacies on little strips of British sand, utterly forgetful of such glorious places for rides or rambles as Chelsea and Nahant Beaches. Still, there are enough to appreciate home beauties; and now and then, when the tide of fashionable immigration sets forth to Newport, Coney Island and the Rip-Raps, there may be found some editor bold enough to insinuate that Boston is itself a watering-place, and there are localities within easy walking or riding distance, well worthy of being patronized. Well—with these pictures before us, we again go back, in imagination, to the shore of that sounding sea, which has been falsely charged with monotony, but which, even in a calm, has its dimples, its smiles and frowns—its thousand modes of expression. We listen to the plaintive murmurs of the waves as they die in music on the beach, to the wild battle-music of the billows when the ire of old Neptune is raised, and he sends his crested warriors to storm the barriers against which he wages an undying warfare. Or we loll in some shady nook, the shallow pretence of reading abandoned, and gazing out on the face of the waters, follow the course of the white sails, and giving a loose rein to the fancy, conjure up a thousand pleasing visions. We attach ourselves to some white-winged bark, and try to imagine who are on board—what little society thus segregated from the mass of humanity, and seeking a far fortune by a pathway ever perilous. We call up the images of the daring navigators who have gilded the page of history with their great deeds. We think of those fierce Northmen, the Vikingrs, who swept the broad Atlantic with their adventurous galleys, and cast their anchors in the farthest havens. Or we think of the gallant Genoese steering towards immortal fame in a frail caravel, such as the boldest pilot of to-day would hardly venture in. The romance of the sea and of the sea-shore is inexhaustible. They have their superstitions, their legendary tales, their history, and, above all, their poetry. But if there are those whom neither poetry nor association nor beauty move, still against the dear delights of bathing, fishing and fish chowders few are proof. Hence our illustrations of to-day, we think, cannot fail to prove acceptable. The first in the series is a sketch of the old fish-house at the end of Chelsea Beach, which, by the way, is five miles long, and one of the longest, if not the longest, sea beach in the Atlantic States. The building in our sketch has certainly an "ancient and fish-like" odor about it, but it, nevertheless, is a spot around which many pleasant associations cluster. In front of it are a group of men coopering casks, while the shore is lively with pleasure seekers. Our second view is of the Eutaw House, Long Island, a commodious building and a pleasant resort. The view is sketched from the headland on which the lighthouse stands. On the right is a schooner, and a party of men are engaged in wheeling ballast on board. The next view is a very pretty scene, in which the most prominent feature is the Atlantic House, kept by J. Moran. It is the first house on the beach, and the stopping-place of the omnibus from Boston through Chelsea and North Chelsea—a very pretty village, by the way. The next engraving represents Long Island Head Light, sketched from the steamboat wharf, a part of which is seen in front, covered with figures. The fifth view delineates the Neptune House, kept by E. Hayes. It is the next house beyond the Atlantic. In front of the house is a swing in full blast. Our last picture is the Robinson Crusoe House, Chelsea Beach, kept by Amos Talton. It is the last hotel on the beach. The boat-house, summer-house, and all the surroundings are accurately sketched.



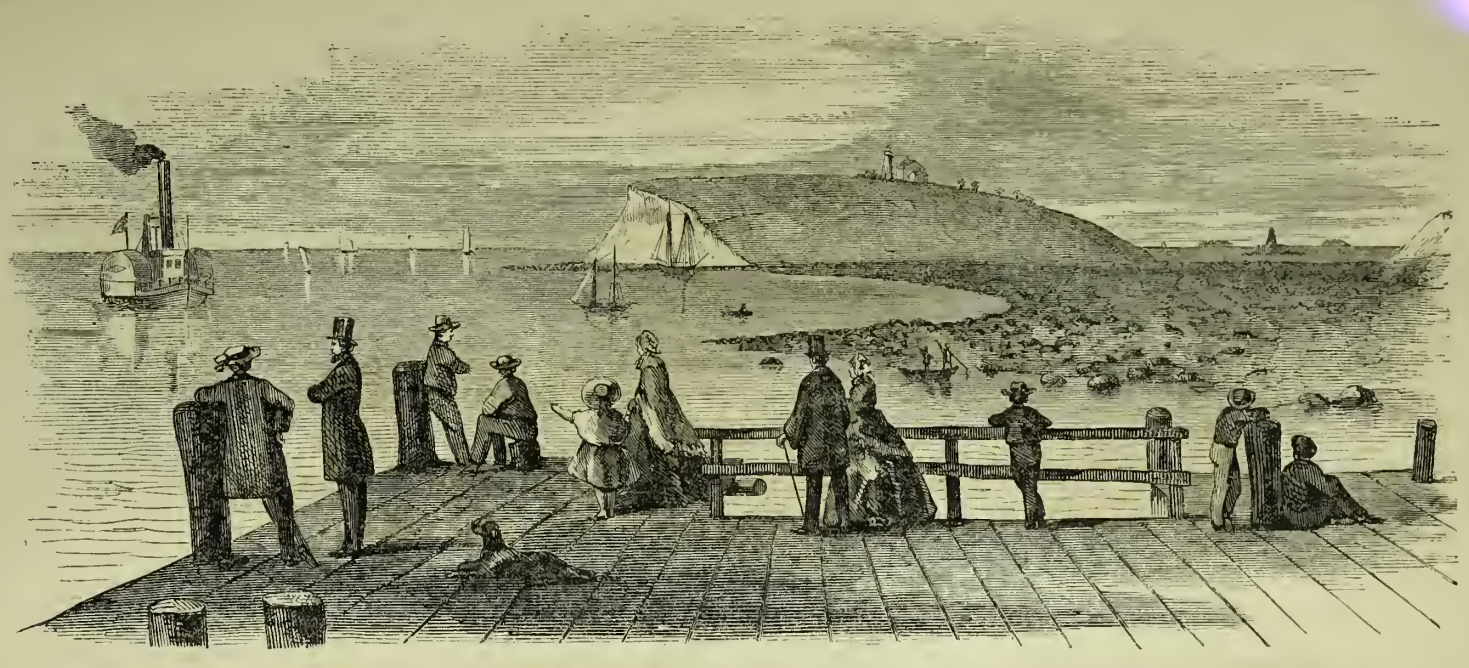
EUTAW HOUSE, LONG ISLAND, BOSTON HARBOR.



ATLANTIC HOUSE, CHELSEA BEACH.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

A contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1795, thus describes an amusement practised on Christmas Eve, at the mansion of a worthy baronet, at Ashton, near Birmingham, down to the end of the last century. He writes: "As soon as supper is over, a table is set in the hall. On it is placed a brown loaf, with twenty silver threepences stuck on the top of it, a tankard of ale, with pipes and tobacco; and the two oldest servants have chair behind it, to sit as judges if they please. The steward brings servants, both men and women, by one at a time, covered with a winnow-sheet, and lays their right hand on the loaf, exposing no other part of the body. The eldest of the two judges guesses at the person, by naming a name, then the younger judge, and lastly the oldest again. If they hit upon the right name, the steward leads the person back again; but if they do not, he takes off the winnow-sheet, and the person receives a threepence, makes a low obeisance to the judges, but speaks not a word. When the second servant was brought, the younger judge guessed first and third; and thus they did, alternately, till all the money was given away. Whatever servant had not slept in the house the preceding night forfeited his right to the money. No account is given of the origin of this strange custom, but it has been practised ever since the family lived there. When the money is gone, the servants have full liberty to drink, dance, sing, and go to bed when they please." "At York," says Stukely, only a century ago, "on the eve of Christmas-day they carried mistletoe to the high altar of the cathedral, and proclaimed a public and universal liberty, pardon, and freedom to all sorts of inferior, and even wicked people, at the gates of the city, towards the four quarters of heaven." "In the Isle of Man," relates Waldron, "on the twenty-fourth of December, towards evening, all the servants have a holiday; they go not to bed all night, but ramble about till the bells ring in all the churches, which is at twelve o'clock, when prayers being over, they go to hunt the wren; and after having found one of these poor birds, they kill her, and lay her on a hier; bring her to the parish church, and bury her 'with a whimsical kind of solemnity,' singing dirges over her in the Manx language, which they call her knell; after which Christmas begins." At Dewsbury, Yorkshire, one of the church bells is tolled as at a funeral, on Christmas eve; and any one asking whose bell it was, would be told it was the devil's knell. "The moral of it is, that the devil died when Christ was born." This custom was discontinued for many years, but was subsequently revived by the vicar of the church in 1828.—*Sharp's London Magazine for December.*



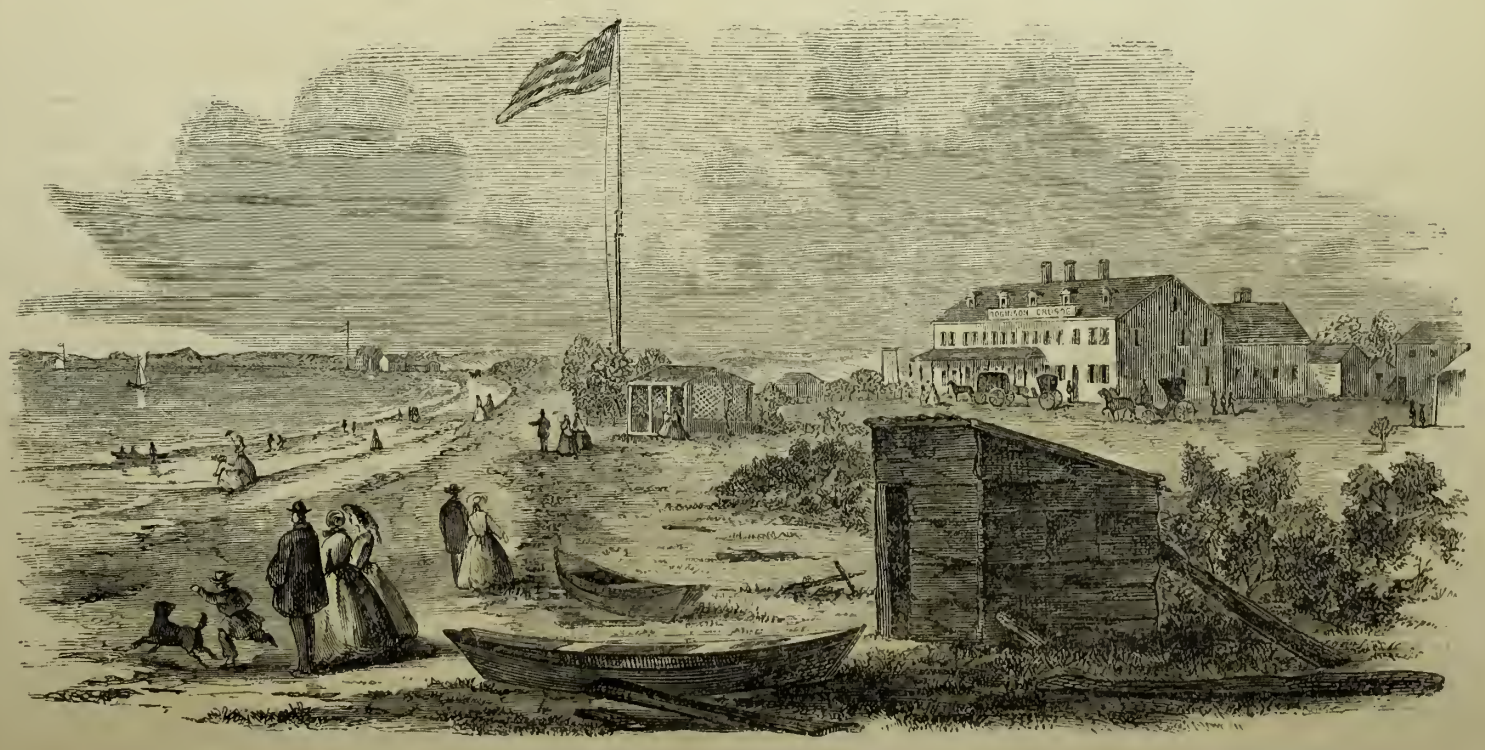
LONG ISLAND HEAD LIGHT, BOSTON HARBOR.



NEPTUNE HOUSE, CHELSEA BEACH.

CANINE SAGACITY.

William Dredge lives about five miles from the town of Trinity, Cal., at the base of the mountain which towers north of that place. A short time after midnight on one of the days of the last winter, he was aroused from his slumbers by the howl of a dog. No menace on his part could rid him of the presence of the strange intruder. The dog continued to walk around the cabin, still repeating his dismal, moaning howling, occasionally making efforts to effect an entrance through the closed doorway. Surprised and somewhat alarmed at this singular demonstration, Mr. Dredge at last hastily dressed himself and unbolted the door, when a large mastiff rushed in. The dog at once caught hold of his trousers and employed every gentle means to induce the man to accompany him outside. Dredge's first impression was that he was mad; and yet so peculiar and earnest were his dumb entreaties that he finally yielded and proceeded without the cabin. A joyful yell was the result, and the delighted brute, now capering and wagging his tail before him, and now returning and gently seizing him by the hand and trousers, induced Dredge to follow him. Their course was up the precipitous side of the mountain, and soon they were forcing their way through a snow-drift that had settled in one of its numerous fissures. Here comes the wonder. Upon the snow lay the body of a woman, who had evidently perished from cold and exhaustion. Her limbs were already stiffened in death; but what was the surprise of Mr. Dredge to see that faithful dog ferret out, from a bundle of clothing that lay by the side of the woman, a young child, about two years old, still warm and living. A little inspection, aided by the starlight and the brightness of the snow, enabled him to discover that the person of the woman was nearly naked. With a mother's affection, she had stripped her own person in order to furnish warmth to her exposed infant. The trusty dog had completed her work of self-sacrifice. Mr. Dredge immediately conveyed the child to his cabin, and, arousing some of his neighbors, proceeded again to the mountain to secure from the attacks of the wild beasts the person of the unfortunate woman.—*California Times.*



ROBINSON CRUSOE HOUSE, CHELSEA BEACH.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SERENADE.

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

O lady, wake! The stars of night
 Their silent vigils now are keeping;
And, guided by their twinkling light,
 I find the place where thou art sleeping.

O lady, rise! The day is gone;
 The risen moon is sweetly glowing;
And forest, garden, hill and lawn
 Are lighted by the beams she's throwing.

O lady, list! I'll wake the strings
 Of my guitar, with song or story;
While Philomel in answer sings,
 I'll sing to thee of love or glory.

O lady, sleep! The midnight hour
 Doth fast approach, and stars are paling;
Rest sweetly now! For every flower
 Doth sleep while night is still prevailing.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GOLDEN DEATH.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

Very many of the older inhabitants of our "Modern Athens" will remember a broker's sign, displayed in one of the by-streets of the city. The building itself was demolished long ago, and in its place stands an elegant store.

The particulars of the fearful story connected with that building, are, I think, known to very few. But if it is a fearful story, it has, at least, its moral, which deserves to be recorded.

There never was a better man for business than Hanson the broker, as he was familiarly called. Early and late he was at his post; and there was a floating rumor in the neighborhood that he had already acquired a considerable property. It was certainly true, that the sight of gold cheered his heart more than anything else in the world would have done. Little and old and greedy was Hanson the broker.

Mrs. Hanson was a careless, simple woman, who never took any sort of pains to make things go right. If household affairs went wrong, there was no alternative but to sit down and cry till they righted themselves. She hated all trouble, and cared nothing about hoarding money, thereby being the very opposite of her husband.

The only children of the household were two boys, George and William, George being two years the elder. These two boys differed as much in their dispositions as did the father and mother. As a child, George displayed the miserly habits which years only had developed in the father. With a rare cunning for one so young, he always gained the advantage over all with whom he came in contact. Not a toy or a piece of money did William delight in, but what it soon graced the pocket of his greedy brother. The rare talents of George for trading were early seen in his successful barters of marbles, tops and other toys. He always made the best bargain, either by threats or persuasions, and bore off his winnings triumphantly, in the face of a dozen opponents, who were entirely unable to cope with him in the weapons which he used.

William, the younger son, while he had neither the health nor the strength of his brother, differed from him in all other things. He liberally gave whatever he possessed, and was accounted to be the most generous boy in the neighborhood. His genius, such as it was, displayed itself in the rude drawings which were scattered in every part of the dwelling. But though rude they were, they bore the marks of powers of no humble order.

Time went on. The broker's sign still caught the eye of the passer-by; and within, a little, old man plied his business from morning till night. Our sins grow with our years, it is said, and Hanson the broker's avarice grew with his years. His avaricious, greedy, grasping spirit developed itself more and more. Gold, gold, gold, was his constant cry, and many a face turned itself in despair from the little shop, and the stony-hearted, inexorable miser within. There was a rumor that the pitiless broker had driven more than one to that last resort of despairing humanity—a suicide's grave.

George, as he grew up, became his father's delight. He was the son after his own heart. The boy's insatiable love for gold rivalled his father's; and already George looked with pride upon the treasure he had collected, if not dishonorably, at least in a questionable way.

About this time, a change occurred in the household. Mrs. Hanson had one sister, who lived in the country, having married an architect. They had no children, and at length determined to adopt one. Accordingly, Mrs. Fletcher proposed to the broker and his wife to take one of their sons to educate as her own. The broker had no objections, as long as they did not take George, the pride of his heart. But William was only a useless incumbrance to him, and he would gladly get rid of the expense of maintaining him. Mrs. Hanson liked the idea, because there was a prospect of less trouble to her; and even her blinded eyes could not but see that William would be benefited by the change. So William became the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher.

His quiet, country home suited better the boy's disposition than the noisy streets in the city. And here, too, he had an opportunity of acquiring the education which the avaricious spirit of his father would have denied him.

Mr. Fletcher had a fine education bestowed upon his adopted son, and felt himself repaid a hundred fold by the rapid progress which the boy made, and his generous, affectionate disposition. His singular taste for drawing was discovered, and cultivated, and promised to develop itself into a rare talent.

No longer uncared-for and neglected, but loved and appreciated, William exerted himself to please those with whom he had found such a pleasant home. As he grew up, it was decided that he should become an architect like his father, for which business his wonderful taste for drawing peculiarly adapted him.

In the meantime, George, from being his father's delight, had become absolutely indispensable to him, by his sagacity and cunning. He showed himself even more greedy than his greedy parent. It was at length decided that these two worthies should enter into partnership together, and that the enormous profits of the business should be shared equally. Things went on very well, only, if anything, more despairing faces than ever turned from the place, where even a more pitiless spirit than Hanson the broker's reigned.

William, by his steady industry and his prudence, had acquired a little property of five hundred dollars. He had already settled in his mind that when this was increased to a certain sum, he should be able to marry. At present, both himself and his promised bride were too poor to think of it. But if the sum which he had earned, were increased so as to afford him a capital to start with, and his adopted father was able to give him the assistance he had promised, he would be enabled to carry out the plans which he had formed, and would have the pleasure of knowing that his fair prospects in life had resulted from his own energy and perseverance. At present, his thought was how to dispose of his money to the best advantage, and in some place where it could be easily forthcoming when wanted. After mature deliberation, and by the advice of Mr. Fletcher, William decided to place the sum with his father, the broker, feeling confident that it would be perfectly safe in such hands. The broker received it willingly, and assured his son that it would be much increased when he should want to use it.

Time went on; and gradually the business of the broker's shop fell off. People began to dislike to go there, as the character of both father and son became widely known. Many rumors were afloat concerning their practices, and suspicion of dishonest dealings having once been circulated, the place began to be avoided.

George proposed a plan to his father, one day, as they sat in the shop. Having had only one or two customers during the forenoon to attend to, they found the time to hang heavily upon their hands. It was this suggested the plan which George unfolded.

He proposed to gather in all the money which they had trusted out, change it into gold, and conceal it in some secure place in the house. In order to make the place of concealment as secure as possible, he proposed that his father and himself should dig a place in the cellar, construct a sort of brick wall, as a division between the cellar and the vault, and in this vault to place their money. The banker readily agreed to this plan, delighting in the idea of having his cherished gold close at hand, where he could look upon it daily. And accordingly they went to work, conducting themselves with as much secrecy as possible, and so well did they manage, that not even Mrs. Hanson knew that anything unusual was transpiring. The place in the cellar was dug, and with some difficulty the brick wall was completed; but so natural did it look that no one could have told but what it was the legitimate cellar wall. Just over the vault was a small room, used as a deposit for rubbish. In the floor of this room a trap door was constructed, and thus the initiated could make a very easy descent into the money vault. But a stranger could not easily have discovered the door, so effectually was it concealed by the accumulated rubbish.

The money was collected together, placed in bags and boxes, and secured in the vault. The mania which possessed both father and son led them daily to descend to this place of concealment to hoard and count the gold. It was all the happiness of their lives; and a strange fascination it was that the yellow metal possessed for them.

William, who from time to time had added to his little property, which still remained in the hands of his father, found the time drawing near when he should be able to realize the plans which he had marked out for himself. Accordingly, he asked from his father the money which he had entrusted to him a year before. The temptation was too strong for the old broker to resist. With many expressions of deep sorrow, he told of the falling off of the business, of heavy and severe losses which he had sustained, and the consequent loss of nearly all his property. It would not be in his power to return more than half of the sum entrusted by William, and even that would impoverish him. Though intensely disappointed, William begged his father not to think of returning any portion of the money, but to keep it for his own support. He was young and strong and could work. Old Mr. Hanson, the broker, felt a few twinges of conscience, but they were quickly smothered by the thought of his beloved gold, the yellow metal for which he sacrificed everything.

William, in the meantime, had commenced to tread cheerfully the same path, hardly regretting what he felt had been a comfort to his father. Many a one would have lent him the requisite amount, but he refused it, deeming it best to rely on his own exertions. It is needless to say that the marriage was again postponed. * * * * * *

"I tell you, George, you have not given me my full share—two hundred dollars of that is mine."

"You are mistaken, father; the whole amount is mine," said George Hanson, coolly.

"That such a cheating villain should be a son of mine," muttered the old man, angrily.

"Like father, like son," was the only answer.

"I tell you, George Hanson, this very day your money shall be separated from mine. You shall take it and begone from my sight. I will make a new will and leave everything to William. Not a cent shall you have from me." And the old man paced across the room angrily.

George Hanson was enraged at this threat of making a new will, and in his anger he struck his father a blow. The old man fell, striking the stove in his descent. As George, conscious stricken, stooped to raise him up, he discovered that he was dead. Either the blow, the fall, or his rage, had killed him.

For a long time the guilty son sat, his face covered with his hands, indifferent for once to his own fate, as his father's murderer. But gradually a thought of himself came back. His own life or freedom must not be parted with easily—they were too precious; and perhaps the blow had not been the cause of death. If it had, there were no witnesses to the fact. So George Hanson, smothering the only natural feelings of penitence he had ever had for anything in his life, raised his father's body, and then went forth to startle the neighbors with the information that Mr. Hanson, the broker, had died in a fit. And startling indeed was the announcement; but then, everybody said they always knew he would die in a fit.

George, in the meantime, calm and self possessed, answered all the questions and conducted all the business. Mrs. Hanson cried, because that was her invariable remedy for what could not be helped. The only really sincere mourner was William, whom the dead man had so cruelly wronged.

'Out of sight, out of mind,' and Hanson, the little old broker, once buried was soon forgotten.

George, of course, succeeded to his father's property, the amount of which no one but himself dreamed of. Hours and hours he spent in the place of concealment, counting the gold—now all his own. He was rather glad than otherwise, that his father was not alive to dispute the treasure with him.

William, who had never had any expectations of money from his father, and who, besides, believed that he had died poor, troubled himself not it the least about the will, except to see that his mother was comfortably provided for.

In the course of time, George began to think that his mother was too great an expense to him. He wanted to get rid of her in some way, and finally proposed that she should seek a home elsewhere, as the house was sold.

"I thought your father owned this house," said Mrs. Hanson, thunderstruck at the proposal.

"He sold it before his death. I am really sorry, mother, that you cannot remain here, but I think William will be glad to have you come and live near him."

"I shall not leave the house until I am certain it is sold," said Mrs. Hanson, for once aroused to indignation.

"Very well, mother, I will prove it to you."

The next day he showed her a deed by which the house was transferred to a stranger. The whole, of course, was a forgery, but Mrs. Hanson was apparently satisfied.

When William learned the particulars of the interview, he insisted that his mother should immediately leave a place where she was exposed to such treatment. A place in the country was found where she could be boarded, and William paid all the expenses, rather than call upon his brother to bear any share of them. Although this would delay still longer his marriage, William felt it was his duty, as well as a pleasure to him, to make his mother comfortable in her old age. In the meantime, all intercourse ceased between the two brothers.

George still revelled unmolested amid his gold. He grew more and more absorbed in the contemplation of his riches, and it was noticed that he very seldom left the house. At length there came a time when he was not seen for two whole days. On the third day a neighbor ventured to try the door of the shop and found it unlocked. Everything inside appeared as if he had left the room with the intention of soon coming back again. His absence was so very singular that on the afternoon of that same day a messenger was despatched to William with the information. On his arrival, a search was instituted with but little result. Everything in the house remained as usual. A chair in the shop was pushed back as if the occupant had but just arisen. Some half opened papers were lying upon the counter. Nothing showed that any preparation for a journey had been made, though that seemed at first to be the only solution of the mystery. But no one had seen the missing man start on this journey. No one had ever known him to go on one before; and the idea seemed improbable when they remembered his habits. As the fourth day wore on and no traces of his brother were discovered, William, assisted by Mr. Fletcher, commenced another and more thorough search. In passing through the rubbish room, William stooped to pick up something he had dropped, and in so doing discovered the trap door. Surprised at discovering something the existence of which he had never known before, he lifted the door cautiously up. As the rays of light penetrated below, a horrible sight presented itself.

There lay the missing man, crushed by the weight of a number of iron-bound boxes, which had fallen upon him whilst in the act of stooping. He had gone to count his gold as usual, leaving the trap door partially opened by means of a stick; the stick had given away, and the trap door coming down suddenly, had disturbed the pile of heavy boxes. Life seemed to have been crushed out instantaneously, and one of the boxes having burst, a complete shower of the yellow metal for which he had lived and died, had covered the miserable man from head to foot. His hands clutched his treasure even in death, as if he wished to carry it with him wherever he went. It was literally a golden death.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GIVE ME BACK MY LYRE!

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

Tell me not the laurel's dying,
Though the lyre be long unstrung;
Tell me not the Muse is flying,
Till her dying song is sung;
Tell me not the day is wasted,
Till the night pall darkly down;
Tell me not life's hopes are blasted,
Till we've lost the golden crown.

Tell me not the laurel's dying,
Though the lyre be long unstrung—
When the pent-up soul is sighing
Thus to breathe away in song,
Think ye I can wait for glory?
Tune my trembling lip for fame,
When a human heart's my story,
And my breath its funeral flame?

Tell me not the laurel's dying,
Though the lyre be long unstrung!
Seize the Muses while they're flying—
Breathe the soul away in song.
Golden Riches—I defy ye:
I defy thee—sounding Fame!
But my lyre—O hang beside me;
Leave me *that*—though blot my name.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHASE.

BY FRED. W. SAUNDERS.

"It is white as milk, sir!" exclaimed one of the men, rushing into the cabin in a high state of excitement.

"What is white as milk?" asked the captain, who, together with the chief mate, stood, compasses in hand, poring over a chart that lay spread out upon the table.

"The water alongside, sir. I think we must be shoaling very rapidly."

"Just as I feared," muttered the captain, gloomily; "the bank is right before us."

"And we must go over it?" said the mate, inquiringly.

"Yes, or lay our bones upon it," responded the captain. "But come, let us get on deck. It is useless looking at the chart any longer; we know our position only too well."

Ascending the companion-ladder, the sailor's statement was fully verified, the water all around presenting that peculiar appearance which indicates a sandy bottom at no great depth; while the ship, under a cloud of canvass, was flying through the foam with the speed of a racer. The crew were grouped about the deck with anxious faces as they looked ahead, where the waves curled and combed over the bank, or glanced astern, where, at a distance of less than three miles, a heavy frigate, with the blood-red cross of St. George at her peak, was steadily and relentlessly pursuing, like a bloodhound on the trail.

"I think she has gained upon us slightly since we went below, Mr. Midships," said the captain, addressing his first mate.

"I think she has somewhat; but not so much but that we might keep out of her way until night, when we could easily dodge her in the dark, if it were not for this confounded bank," returned the mate, with an anxious look ahead. "I never crossed this shoal but once; and then, although we were in a light schooner, drawing less than half the water we do now, it was a narrow escape for us. In my opinion, we must strike before we are half way over."

"Well," replied the captain, with an air of fixed determination, "if we must strike, there will be an end of it. The only alternative is to surrender to the Englishman; and then come the prison ship, starvation, disease and death. If she strikes, let her strike. By running, there is at least a chance; and I shall trust to that chance sooner than surrender."

"They are going to try the range of their bow-chasers, I reckon," said the mate, directing the captain's attention astern.

A slight commotion was observable upon the frigate's forecastle; the muzzle of a gun protruded from her bridle port; a cloud of thick white smoke shot in a circling ring from beneath the knightheads, and rolled up against the belly of the foresail. The next instant the report was borne down upon the wind, and a round shot came skipping over the crests of the waves, and passed the ship within half a dozen fathoms to leeward.

"With a little better aim, their irons might trouble us," remarked the mate.

"Yes, it might, but we have very little to fear on that score; they will scarcely deaden their headway by firing at this distance. The only anxiety I feel, is in regard to this bank. Just step below, if you please, Mr. Midships, and ascertain at what time we have high water here."

The mate descended the companion ladder, and soon returned with the information, that the Nautical Almanac reported the flood tide to make upon that bank at six o'clock.

"Six o'clock," repeated the captain, thoughtfully, "six o'clock. It is now five, and the middle and shallowest part of this shoal is at least fifteen miles distant. If we could pass that point before the tide begins to ebb, our chance would not be so very desperate; but if not, we are no better than dead men. We must make more sail, Mr. Midships, and at once."

The ship, with something more than half a gale of wind on the starboard quarter, was under whole topsails, courses and topgallant sails, a spread of canvass which would have been considered too great for prudence in such a breeze under ordinary circumstances, for the spars and rigging evidently felt the strain severely; but now that life or death depended upon the vessel's speed, it was no time to think of favoring the top hamper.

"Set the foretopmast studdingsail," said the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the mate, and walking forward to the waist, he issued the order.

"Reeve the foretopmast studdingsail gear; rig out the boom, and get the sail along," repeated the boatswain from the forecastle.

The men sprang aloft with the end of the tack and halyards, and having rove them through the blocks, the boom upon the foreyard was rigged out through the boom and quarter irons far beyond the yard-arm, and the sail bent on.

"Hoist away," shouted the captain, who had been waiting for a favorable lull; for with the breeze then blowing, it would have been fitter to shorten than to make sail, and there was great danger of the sails blowing to ribbons before it could be set.

At the word, the men swayed down upon the halyards, and the sail rose from the deck. But no sooner did it reach the top of the rail, than catching the wind, it swung far out ahead, and passing in forward of the foresail and foretopsail, it thrashed and beat upon the yard and sails with a force that threatened to demolish everything with which it came in contact, and almost rendered ineffectual the efforts of the men to hoist it to its place. But the hardy crew, urged on by the evident necessity of the case, bent strongly to the work, and the fluttering sail was at length hoisted to the block on the topsail yard arm, where it hung slatting and flapping, threatening every moment to go to pieces. The tack was now taken to the capstan and hove steadily in, the long, slender boom twisting and bending with the strain until its continued existence seemed little less than a miracle. Contrary to the reasonable expectations, but much to the joy of all hands, the straining clew was at length drawn slowly out to the boom end, the sheet trimmed down to the rail, and the huge sail, now fairly steadied in its place, drew strongly in the rising gale.

The good ship, feeling the increase of canvass forward, lifted her bow in the water, and with every sheet and brace ringing like the strings of a mammoth wind harp, dashed through the angry, leaping waves, driving the spray far before and on either side in her headlong course, and burying her forecastle in a smother of foam.

"Try how fast she's going, Mr. Midships," said the captain, who with uneasy steps was pacing fore and aft on the quarter-deck.

"Lay aft here, a couple of ye, and hold the reel," said the mate.

Two men sprang upon the poop, and got the apparatus in readiness—one man holding the reel, and the other the glass, while the mate tended the line.

"Watch," said the mate, casting the log over the lee quarter rail.

"Watch, sir," responded the man, promptly.

"Turn," said the mate, sharply, as the log passed astern out of the influence of the dead water, and the line began to pass rapidly through his fingers, while the reel spun swiftly round.

"Turn, sir," echoed the man, quickly reversing the half minute glass, and carefully watching the running sand as it poured through the opening; while the reel, with a constantly accelerated motion, continued to spin on its axis, and the line to pass over the rail.

"Hold," said the man, as the last grain of sand disappeared from the upper part of the glass.

The mate suddenly checked the line, and examining the knot that last went over the rail, he left the line to be hauled in and coiled up by the men, while he walked over to the weather side of the deck to report.

"Well?" said the captain, inquiringly, as he approached him.

"She marks eleven knots and a half by the log line," replied the mate; and taking into account the set of the sea, which sends the log home, I should say she was going through it something more than twelve."

"Not fast enough," said the captain. "We must knock fourteen or fifteen out of her, or we shall never work over the bank. We must crowd more sail on to her, Mr. Midships."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the mate, with astonishment. "She can hardly bear what she has now. As it is, I expect to see something part every minute. Do you see?—the weather fore brace and studdingsail tack is fairly smoking with the strain."

"Can't help that. You must reeve preventer braces, and get the lower studdingsail on her."

"Very well, sir," replied the mate. "But we shall have the boom coming inboard by the run before we can boom-end the jackyard."

The captain made a gesture of impatience, and he went forward to issue the necessary orders.

The lower studdingsail is an immense square sail, half as large as the fore course, and is hoisted to the end of the foretopmast studdingsail boom—the tack coming down through a block on the end of a long swinging boom, which juts out some twenty-five or thirty-five feet from the vessel's side. The strain upon this sail is enormous; and though increasing the vessel's speed materially, it tries the strength of the booms and rigging to the utmost, when it is set in a heavy breeze.

With almost incredible effort the sail was hoisted to its place without any accident, though the boom whipped and bent like a rattan, instead of the stout, heavy spar it was. With this additional spread of sail, the ship darted onward to her work—almost seeming to leap clear of the water as she sprang from wave to wave; now lifting her bows high in the air, and again plunging heavily into the yielding billows, churning the waters into foam, and deluging the deck with spray.

While this was being done on board the ship, the frigate was by no means idle. With a larger crew, the same sail had been made upon her in much less time, and the distance between them had very perceptibly diminished. With a torrent of foam and spray dashing far before her and flying clear to her foretopsail yard, she held on her course as steadily and resistlessly as a cannon-shot.

It was now near the turn of the tide, and the highest portion of the bank was yet three miles distant. The gale, which had been steadily on the increase for the past hour, had now reached such a pitch, as to cause serious fears for the safety of the masts. They would gladly have relieved the spars, by taking in the studdingsails, but it was now too late—any attempt to start them would have ensured their destruction, and perhaps the loss of one or more yards; and still the gale piped fresher and stronger, singing through the strained rigging with a sharp, ringing sound. The stretched and swollen sails gaped ominously at many a starting seam, and semi-transparent patches began to make their appearance at the clews and about the reef band. The jib-stays bellied over in wonderful bights to leeward, and the poor ship, quivering in every plank and ropeyarn, fairly howled through the seething foam that shot like lightning by, beneath her lee.

With the most intense anxiety, each man on board the ship awaited the critical moment. The dreaded point was almost reached; the water evidently grew more and more shallow every instant; the waves combed and broke as on a lee shore.

"We are almost on the spot," said the captain, in a hoarse whisper.

The flying ship rose upon a billow and plunged heavily forward; there was a slight grating beneath her keel. Again she rose and fell with the surging wave; the shock was harder, and a quiver ran through her entire frame. A third time she settled in the trough, striking her stern-post heavily upon the bank, driving the lower rudder pintle from the gudgeon, and sending the wheel spinning round with the velocity of light, throwing the helmsman high into the air. Once more she rose upon the swell; each man grasped some object for support, and with set teeth and suspended breath, awaited the catastrophe. An instant she hung upon the crest of a wave, as if in dread; then plunging forward, settled in the water. There was no shock. Again she rose and fell, and still the expected crash was delayed—the water was perceptibly deepening.

"She is over!" shouted the captain.

"She is over!" cried the men, exultingly, "She is over!"

"Stand by to shorten sail there for'ard!" vociferated the mate. The order was obeyed with remarkable promptitude. A strong puff of the still rising gale swept through the rigging. There was a rending crash, and the foretopmast and lower studdingsails, bursting from their boltropes, flew far away to leeward like white gulls; the lower, swinging boom came in against the rail with a loud bang, and the ship, relieved from the unusual strain, held on her course with easier motion, though with diminished speed.

All eyes were now turned upon the frigate, which, less than two miles astern, was dashing onward through the foam, with her snowy canvass and towering spars—a gallant sight, indeed. A short fifteen minutes brought her to the spot where the ship had struck; but that fifteen minutes was of the utmost importance. The tide was falling, and the frigate drew more water than the ship. As she neared the bar, it was evident they were becoming aware of the danger; the studdingsail gear and the topgallant sheets and halyards were let go by the run, and with everything flying, the yards were braced sharp up, and the vessel hauled on the wind.

But their precautions were taken too late. Rising on the heaving swell, she rolled to leeward, and sinking in the trough, struck heavily broadside on to the bank, pitching her three masts over the side, and fairly dragging her bowsprit out by the roots. The next wave swept her over the bank, and she lay wallowing in the trough of the sea, with her hull undamaged, but with never a spar upon which to stretch an inch of canvass.

The frigate was now fain to beg assistance from the vessel she so lately hoped to make a prize, and gun after gun flashed through the twilight, and boomed over the waters; but it is treason to render aid and comfort to the enemy in time of war, and the ship, hauling on the wind, stood full and by for Yankee town on a taut bowline.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE RIFLE, AXE AND SADDLE-BAGS, AND OTHER LECTURES. By WM. HENRY MILBURN. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 309.

This volume embraces a number of leetures on various topics, but chiefly devoted to western history and phases of social life and adventure in the West. The author has labored usefully to society, in spite of the impediment which a partial blindness placed in his path. His lectures exhibit energy, truthfulness, originality and great descriptive powers, and are quite a valuable contribution to our literature. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

WHALING AND FISHING. By CHARLES NORDHOFF, author of "Man-of-War Life" and the "Merchant Vessel." Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach & Keyes. 1856. 18mo. pp. 383.

As entertaining as a novel. The life of a whaleman, with his trials, adventures and "hair breadth 'scapes," is herein vividly depicted. All who have a relish for maritime adventure will find ample enjoyment in these pages. For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

VIOLET: or, *The Cross and the Crown*. By M. J. MCINTOSH. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 448.

This story, by a lady writer not unknown to fame, is well-written and deeply interesting, while its moral and religious tone is unexceptionable. It is full of incident, and ends happily. We shall not disappoint our readers by giving an analysis of the plot.

STUDIES OF THE FIELD AND FOREST. By WILSON FLAGG. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1857. 12mo.

The object of this work is to foster a taste for the observation of nature, and to aid in the culture of a love of it. Mr. Flagg is himself a keen observer, and a warm lover of nature, and withal a fine writer. In his charming work, he causes the panorama of the months to move before us, pointing out the various objects of interest that present themselves in animate and inanimate nature. The vicissitudes of the seasons, the habits of birds, the changes of trees, the variety of insect life, a thousand rural topics, are discussed gracefully and well. We cordially welcome the appearance of this work, and wish it the great success its merit should command.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, we have received No. 1 of Dr. Watts's Songs for Children. "Vorrei ch' il tuo," from Rossini's "Otello," the "Jubilee Polka," the "Yungfrau Polka," and the "Early Flower," a song.

FAMILIAR SCIENCE. By DAVID A. WELLS, A. M. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. 1856. 8vo pp. 566.

One of the most useful works we have for a long time met with. It is arranged in the form of question and answer, and explains the principles of natural and physical science, and their practical and familiar applications to the employments and necessities of common life. No work of this kind is complete without illustrations, and this has over a hundred and sixty well executed engravings.

MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF.

The accompanying portrait of one of the most distinguished ornaments of the modern stage was drawn expressly for us by Barry, from a photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case. George Vandenhoff is the son of the celebrated tragedian, John Vandenhoff, and was born in the city of Salisbury, Wiltshire, England. He was destined by his father for the legal profession, and received a finished education at the college of Stonyhurst, the alma mater of the elder Vandenhoff, and a favorite institution with the higher classes of English society. As a proof of his scholarship, we may mention that during his collegiate career, he received no fewer than six prize medals for English, Latin and Greek composition. He also distinguished himself greatly as a debater and declaimer. He commenced his legal studies at Liverpool, and, after being admitted to practice in the high courts of Westminster, returned to the former city to begin his professional career. He was soon recognized as a young man of the highest ability, employed as solicitor and secretary of the Liverpool Reform Association—a powerful political body, selected to deliver Lord Brougham's lectures before the Mechanics' Association, and subsequently elected solicitor to the Trustees of the Liverpool Docks, an office requiring great legal acumen and industry, and strict integrity of character, as the income of the estate committed to his management amounted to two millions of dollars. In the employments thus conferred on him, he acquitted himself with high honor; and a brilliant future, rich with the promise of fame and wealth, opened before him. But he chose to renounce it for the stage. He made his first appearance in London, at Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of Charles Matthews and Madame Vestris, in the character of Leon, in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," with complete success. The public and the press emphatically ratified his choice of a profession. His fine face and figure, his cultivated mind, his melodious voice and finished elocution, completed the conquest of the audience. From London he went to Liverpool, where he was hailed with enthusiasm. After a professional tour of some extent, making daily advances in power and popularity, he returned to Covent Garden in 1842, and, at the close of a successful season, took passage for this country. He made his first appearance before an American audience at the Park Theatre, New York, in September, 1842, as Hamlet—a character in which he had prepared himself by long and conscientious study. His performance was a complete triumph, to which the name he bore contributed no part; for we Americans are no believers in hereditary fame. With us the bearer of an historic name is subjected, for that very reason, to a severe ordeal. Mr. Vandenhoff was equally well appreciated in Boston, Philadelphia, and the other large cities of the Union. In 1848, he sustained the severe test of supporting Mr. Macready in a series of characters. Every year that Mr. Vandenhoff has remained among us has added to his professional reputation, and to the esteem in which private society holds him as a gentleman. Among his most popular characters, we may mention Hamlet, Othello, Falconbridge, Romeo, Reuben Glenroy, Creon (in the *Antigone* of Sophocles), Charles Surface, in the "School for Scandal," and Rover, in "Wild Oats." The diversity of these characters shows sufficiently the versatility of Mr. Vandenhoff, which is adequate to all the exigencies of the higher drama. Mr. Vandenhoff, during his many engagements in our principal cities, has been greeted, not only by full houses, but by floral tributes, valuable presents, and other unmistakable tokens of popular enthusiasm, while the press has been unanimous in his favor. In 1852, after an absence of ten years, Mr. Vandenhoff re-appeared on the English stage, and was most warmly welcomed back. He played Henry V. in Liverpool thirty-five nights; and his London engagement at the Haymarket was brilliantly successful. Both the London Times and the London Morning Post were unqualified in the approbation they bestowed on his performances. The Post said:—"We have no hesitation in declaring Mr. Vandenhoff's Hamlet to be, not only by many degrees the best at present on the stage, but also better than any that has been seen since the days of John Kemble." During this London engagement, he played Benedick, Evelyn, Claude Melnotte, Cardinal Wolsey, and Bob Handy, thus running through the scale from the highest tragedy to the most eccentric light comedy. Returning to America for a brief period, in 1855, he married Miss Makeah, a lady of New York, and after a short and successful engagement at the Boston Theatre, took his bride with him to England, and played with her successful engagements in the principal theatres of the United Kingdom. Mrs. Vandenhoff, we may remark, was highly spoken of by the English press, as a lady of promising histrionic ability, and a fine specimen of American beauty. After having gathered a harvest of gold and laurels on the other side of the Atlantic, they have returned to America to become, we believe, permanently located in this country. Mr. Vandenhoff has just concluded a brilliant engagement at the Boston Museum, and is at present engaged in delivering lectures and readings before the principal literary institutions of New England. He has recently published a work on Elocution, in London, of which we have seen highly laudatory notices in the leading English journals. In this brief outline of Mr. Vandenhoff's career, we have not left ourselves space to speak, as we should like, of his characteristic merits as an actor. We have briefly adverted to his physical and mental qualifications. Let us add, that he is still an arduous student of his art; that applause, however grateful, only stimulates to higher effort; that the truth of nature is his pole-star, and that he never sacrifices his pure and cultivated taste to secure the noisy plaudits of the hour. Had we the space, we might easily crowd our columns with commentaries corroborating what we have advanced respecting the histrionic genius of Mr. Vandenhoff. A very well-written article in the New York American—a high authority—after speaking of the apparent spontaneity of his performances, thus compares his style of Shakspearian reading with that of Mrs. Kemble:—"There is an essential difference in the manner and method of these two great vocal interpreters of Shakspeare. Mrs. Kemble's manner at the table is severe and solemn, almost stern, as if she deemed herself engaged in a high and sacred office—the priestess of the temple in the exercise of her holy functions at the altar. Vandenhoff, on the other hand, enters on his work as if it were a pleasure and a delight to him to pour out the treasure of Shakspeare's verse; he warms, he glows, as if he felt the presence of the god whose oracles he so vividly expounds. Mrs. Kemble excites our *respect* for the woman, our *admiration* of her talent, our wonder at her power. Vandenhoff carries us away by the vividness of his own imagination and the intensity of his execution. We forget *him*, we see only Hamlet, the *Ghost*, the *guilty King*, the erring *Mother*, the hapless *Ophelia*, the garrulous Polonius; and it is not till the book is closed, that we think of the *man* who has carried us away. They are both great artists at the head of their distinct schools, and worthy to be named together as the fit interpreters of the immortal poet's mind to the ear and heart of a people." Few judicious critics will dissent from this conclusion.



MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF.

THE VILLAGE SMITHY.

The beautiful engraving below is thoroughly English in its character. There is not a building in view that is not venerable and time-honored. The "smithy," on the left, is old, and will stand for ages yet under the shadow of the luxuriant trees. Its cheerful ruddy fire is seen blazing through the window. The bridge that crosses the river, the church, spire, the cottages backed by wood and hill, are all old, crumbled and moss-grown. The figures are highly characteristic. On the left, in front of an old cottage with porch and latticed casement, two children are sharing their breakfast with a favorite dog. By the window of the blacksmith's shop, two boys, who have brought a little colt to be shod, have permitted a barefooted gentleman in petticoats to take a seat on the animal; and he sits there as proud as Napoleon crossing the Alps, and far more happy. Further on, the smith is shoeing a sturdy farm horse. On the stone, to the right, an aged man is sitting, and with a market-woman, who has rested her basket for a moment, is listening to a stalwort farmer, who is discoursing vehemently on some exciting topic of the day.



THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.—AN ENGLISH RURAL SCENE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C.—Gas stoves are a Boston invention, quite new. They are very clean and neat, requiring no funnel. They are as cheap as any other means of heating.

S. H. W.—In sending us money, where it is of any considerable amount, a draft payable to our order, either on New York or Boston, is the best mode. You may deduct the exchange.

C. H.—If the horse had given no evidence of illness up to the hour you sold him, though he died the next day, as you admit, still no share of the loss should fall upon you. We are sorry that you named us as umpire; it is never a desirable office.

RODERICK H.—The enormous depth of six statute miles has been lately found in the ocean, north of Bermuda. This is exactly double the depth you name.

L. L.—We can only say that your verses evince a very sad condition—both of mind and body. A *severe dose* of Lindley Murray would do you good.

T. H. S.—You are very wide of the mark. Æsop's fables were written more than five hundred years before Christ.

LYDIA M.—The daisy and cowslip are English plants, that is, though profusely growing in the fields of Great Britain, they are not to be found with us. We have read so much about them, that they seem like old friends of our childhood.

TEACHER.—Late calculations make the average number of inhabitants to the square mile in the United States to be seven.

INSTRUCTOR.—The word "Punjab" is a compound Indian word, and signifies five waters, relating to the rivers Indus, Jhelum, Chenab, Ravee, and Sutlej.

QUERIST.—Nebraska covers 400,000 square miles.

W. B.—It would not be a bad idea to furnish beds on the night trains over our railroads. This is done in France.

C. E. F.—The population of the United States is doubtless thirty millions; that of Russia is sixty-three millions.

F. S.—Postage stamps have been in use over thirty years. They were invented by a Swede, named Trekenber, in 1823.

A. C. T.—The Azores, or Western Isles, were settled by the Portuguese in 1448.—Fayal is named on account of its profusion of beech trees.

HORACE B.—Backgammon is the oldest game known to our times. It was common 1224 years B. C. in Greece.

M. D. C.—There are eight hundred and sixty distinct languages spoken in the world, from which there are about five thousand branches or dialects derived. America has four hundred and twenty-three.

W. B. S.—Boiling to death was a legal punishment in England. It was especially invented as the punishment for poisoners. In 1541 Margaret Davie, a young woman, suffered this death for poisoning.

LUCY D.—Bread can be and is made out of a great variety of compounds, besides grain. In Iceland, codfish beaten into powder is made into a bread. Potato bread is very common in Ireland.

L. D. F.—North Carolina has more than double the number of inhabitants that New Hampshire numbers.

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR, AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

This is the title of a highly dramatic and absorbing story, with which we shall commence the new year in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. It is entirely different from any novelette we have ever published, and must prove vastly popular, from the wonderful intricacy of its plot, the vivid character of its tableaux, the startling spirit of the story, and altogether, the excellence and finish of its narration. An experienced critic, to whom we submitted its pages in manuscript, remarked:—"You have never printed so interesting a novelette as this in your paper—indeed, I have never read one more so."

BINDING AT THIS OFFICE.—Besides our own publications, we bind other magazines, pamphlets, old books, etc., in the very best manner, and at the lowest rates, with promptness. Those who have this class of work which they desire to see done, in a manner much better executed than usual, will please call, or send their orders to this office.

SPLINTERS.

.... A Philadelphia writer complains of the extreme homage paid to ladies in this country—a bachelor, of course.

.... It is estimated that there are more than 9,000,000 gallons of whiskey sold in Cincinnati, yearly.

.... A man turned his son out of doors, lately, because he wouldn't pay his rent. What a pay-rent!

.... The death of Elisha Smith, Jr., chief engineer of our Fire Department, was a severe loss to the public.

... Mr. Delane, of the London Times, says that "Boston is thoroughly and solidly English." It is rather so, we think.

.... Young man in New York married rich man's daughter—received $5000 to release her, and kept the girl.

.. Little Cordelia Howard, the child-actress, has gone to Europe to play, with P. T. Barnum as director.

.... The Baltimoreans mean to keep their harbor open this winter by means of an ice-breaker and tow-boat.

.... They had quite a smart specimen of earthquake in Memphis, Tennessee, lately—shook the folks up some.

.... An advertiser in a provincial paper says he has a cottage to let, containing eight rooms *and an acre of land.*

... They had a mule-race on Long Island, lately—four entered. Three wouldn't run—the fourth one took the purse.

.... A Miss Mitchell, at Ossian, New York, was cruelly torn by a fierce dog while milking its master's cows.

... The new wife of Senator Douglas, Miss Ada Cutts that was, is described as a beautiful and accomplished lady.

.... Apples this year are apples of gold. The few farmers that have any are coining money by them.

.... A young lady attired in the breadth of the present fashion, is entirely isolated from society.

.... A little girl in Woburn fell asleep in church, lately, and slept there all night into Monday morning.

.... Carlyle says each man carries under his hat a "private theatre," where a great drama is acted.

.... Solomon Juneau, the first white settler of Milwaukee, died, lately, at the Indian settlement, Shawano county.

.... The Boston Theatre has done a great business, lately. The Ravel troupe was the last great card there.

AMERICAN SOCIETY.

There seems to be a prevalent notion that modern society in America has become so smoothed and levelled by the polishing process of civilization, that all its picturesque salient angles have been worn away, leaving no strong points for genius to grasp in making up pictures of the present time. The men and women of to-day, we are told, are all alike; there is no peculiarity, no originality about them; and this has been alleged as the reason why we have no American comedies, holding up the mirror to nature, and giving us the actual life of our countrymen and countrywomen. We have always dissented from this view, and insisted that the world around us is full of materials—is, in fact, a perfect mine of wealth to the artist who has learned the first rudiments of all art—how to see and to observe.

We are not alone in this opinion. Our shrewd and lively contemporary, the French "Courrier," of New York, says:—"The hourly movement of Broadway brings before us one continual succession of striking characters, and the panorama of a world whose manners and whose morals give to its external appearance an idiosyncrasy as peculiar and prominent as ever individualized a race or a nation." "Hamilton," the piquant dramatic critic of the New York Albion, says:—"The types of American life are as sharply cut, as instantly cognizable, as eloquent of meaning, as the world ever saw. You look abroad in vain for their analogues, and you have to content yourself with saying that the Hollander and the Belgian, the Marsellais and the Parisian, the Scotchman and the Londoner, are not more sharply accentuated with impressive differences, than are the model Bostonian and the unimpeachable Philadelphian, the elaborately elegant Southerner and the dashingly courteous New Yorker."

In surveying the wide field of American society, we are startled at the richness of its characters and contrasts, at the manifold varieties of life and circumstance that it presents. We may boldly assert that the harvest has never been reaped. Now and then some adventurer has gone into it, and brought back a sheaf as a trophy, but thousands might fill their garners from the exhaustless stores. Look over a file of newspapers for a year, and reckon the strange social incidents, the singular vicissitudes of fortune, the marvellous impostures, the prodigious isms therein recorded, and you will acknowledge that a Dickens or a Scribe would find materials for volumes of novels and plays in a source which we almost utterly neglect.

That there is undeveloped talent enough among us to profit by this unmined wealth, it were both unpatriotic and irrational to deny. What we have done is ample assurance of what we can do. The mischief has been that hitherto novels and plays have not "paid," and the lively genius of America is so commercial that it will not exert itself for mere fame alone. But now that it has been demonstrated that the public are willing to regard literary men as something better than drones,—as real "laborers worthy of their hire," it is time to be up and doing. To naturalize our literature, to naturalize our drama—this is the mission of our writers. What we have done for our historic past, let us do for our social present. Let us not import characters three thousand miles, while living originals crowd about us waiting to have their portraits taken. As our scenery is matchless in grandeur and beauty and originality, so our people are sufficiently striking for all the purposes of art.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

Next week we shall issue number one of the new volume, being the twelfth volume of "Ballou's Pictorial." It will be a superb number—new type, new head, but same style, fresh and bright in every line. This number will contain one of our elegant *mammoth pictures*—the finest and most effective we have yet published, covering two entire pages of the paper. Among many other illustrations, it will also contain a most unique and original allegorical design for the new year—a gem of a picture, curious and significant. The new novelette, which we also commence in number one of the forthcoming volume, is a *little in advance* of anything yet presented in these pages, as it regards vivid interest and intricacy of plot. Renew your subscriptions at once, in order to secure complete sets of the "Pictorial."

THE PRIZES.—Those persons engaged in getting up clubs for the prize offer, in another column of this paper, should lose no time in commencing to send in the names and money as fast as they obtain a dozen or more names. We are thus enabled to register their names, and credit them regularly with the number they send. Each addition to the clubs thus sent will be credited to the one sending in the subscribers. By sending as fast as the names are obtained, we are sure to print enough papers for all.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.—The New York Dutchman was right in calling this the age of science. The editor saw some burned peas put into the hopper of a mill, the other day, and in two minutes afterwards they were in a store window, labelled "Best Old Government Java."

HEART-CHANGES.—The heart of a man weighs about nine ounces; that of a woman, eight. As age creeps on, a man's heart grows heavier, and a woman's lighter, after thirty.

SIMILE.—Strong passions under a cold exterior are like the working of water under a crust of ice.

TO EVERYBODY.—Read our prize offer on another page of this paper, and act accordingly.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

1856 is on his last legs; his existence cannot possibly be prolonged much longer; the winds of December already wail his requiem, striking the bare branches of the trees, those harp-strings of the woodlands, as if he were already dead and buried. Poor old fellow! It is strange how fast these years run through their career. The child of an hour grows superannuated in a twelve-month. How they sweep along, these years, in wild and weird procession, driving past like the flying scud in the tempest, or falling leaves before the gale, or foam on the waters, or witches on their broomsticks careering through the midnight sky to meet their evil master. This apparent speed in the flight of time increases as we grow older. A year is a vast period to the child. Duration of time is measured by events, and in our tender age, the simplest incidents are events. Further on upon life's journey, only wonderful incidents make their record on memory's tablet, and there are so few that we seem to be hurried onward at a frantic pace. The bark of youth glides almost imperceptibly between flowery shores, lingering long at grassy points and by attractive curves, while the whole landscape is bathed in a golden faery light. Anon, the current grows stronger and deeper—sterner scenes arise on either hand—the clouds mutter ominous thunder, and flashes illuminate the distant horizon. Sometimes, through the battle-storms of manhood, we emerge into a clearer atmosphere and more tranquil waters; but as the voyager grows gray, whether he ride upon turbulent waves, or is borne along by smoother waters, his course is swift as an arrow or a shooting star, to that great ocean from which no traveller returns. The pauses in the voyage in which we foot up our reckoning, are at the close of each year. They are the "waits" between the heats on the great race-track of existence; the "waits" between the acts in the great drama of life. The drop curtain of 1856 is nearly down—it will soon rise again on other scenes.

"Life's a brief candle—then play out the play!"

REMEMBER!

The present number completes Volume XI. of the PICTORIAL; and all whose subscriptions end at this time, will confer a particular favor upon us, by renewing at the *earliest moment*, in order that we may print an edition equal to the demand. We discontinue all subscriptions at the date to which payment has been made; therefore, to ensure an unbroken receipt of the paper, *immediate* renewal is necessary.

The forthcoming volume of our illustrated journal shall be *the best that has ever yet appeared from this establishment.* We have engaged some new and finished artists, who are added to our already large corps of designers, and several new and popular contributors to the literary department. Fresh spirit and new life will be imparted to our pages.—"Ballou's Pictorial" and the "Flag of our Union," sent together to one address, for $4 per annum.

BINDING.

We are now prepared to bind up the past volume of "Ballou's Pictorial" in an elegant and uniform style of full gilt, adding an illumined title-page and index, the whole at a charge of one dollar. The value of the work thus preserved will be very great as a book of reference in years to come. We can supply any lost or torn numbers from the commencement of the work. We have also complete sets of the bound volumes in uniform style. The ten volumes, containing a vast fund of delightful reading and valuable information, with nearly *ten thousand* illustrations, are sold for $20.

BALLOONING.—Where hasn't "Communipaw"—Pliny Miles—been? He once wrote a note to the Boston Post in the car of a balloon, in which he ascended from Cheltenham, dated "Sky high—two miles up."

AGRICULTURAL.—Mr. Augur, of Woodbridge, Ct., raised four bushels of California potatoes from a single tuber. He made 72 hills out of as many eyes. The yield *augurs* well for his plan.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. David E. Bently to Miss Alice Parker; by Rev. Mr Skinner, Mr. Seth W. Lewis to Miss Pamelia W. Cate; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Ingersoll Bowditch Endicott, of Salem, to Miss Ann Caroline Dennett; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. John G. Spear to Miss Sarah F. Chase; by Rev Dr. Cushman, Dr. Addison Davis, of Lynn, to Miss Emily L. Alden; by Rev. Mr. Boyden, Mr. Samuel B. Hodgkins to Miss Mary A. Hawkins; by Rev. Mr. Sampson, Mr. Ephraim Randall to Mrs. Emily Fletcher, both of Charlestown.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Rufus S. Doane to Miss Abby S. Stevens.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Sessions, Sewell F. Parcher, M. D., of East Boston, to Miss Mary E. Libby.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. William E Alley to Miss Lydia A. Henderson.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Briggs, Mr. Edward Peirce to Miss M. Elizabeth Arrington.—At Danversport, by Rev Mr. Chaffin, Mr. Charles McIntire to Miss Sarah B. Jacobs.—At Essex, by Rev. Mr Prince, Mr. Elisha B. Annable to Miss Livonia H. Tiney.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Parmenter, Mr. Daniel L. Merrill to Miss Elizabeth L. Blatchford, of Rockport.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. George Niles to Miss Lydia M. Pulsifer, both of Georgetown.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. George W. Kingman, of Boston, to Miss Lizzie Bartlett.—At Granby, Conn., by Rev. Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Nelson O. Dibble to Miss Emily L. Wilcox.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Mary E. Hodges, 20; Widow Lucy Cole, formerly of Winthrop, Me.; Mr James Barry, 61; Mr. Robert A. Hayden, of Stoughton, 49; Lieut. James O. Edgerton, 40; Dr. J. W. Chapman, 53.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Jane B., wife of Mr Daniel Jones, 49; Widow Ellen Fenerty.—At Dorchester, Mr. Joseph Foster, 84.—At Milton, Mrs. Sarah W., wife of Mr. Wm Crehore, of Boston, 69.—At Newton, Mr. George Wiswell, 24.—At Salem, Mr. Daniel E. Abbott, 26.—At Beverly, Edith, wife of Mr. Joseph Woodbury.—At Hamilton, Mr. Isaac Francis Dodge, 22.—At Gloucester, Mr. James A. Bray, 54.—At Lowell, Mr. Samuel Allen, late of New York, 29.—At North Andover, Mrs Rebecca, wife of Col. Moody Bridges.—At Taunton, Mrs. Clarissa H., wife of Hodges Reed, Esq., 68.—At Clinton, Miss Mary F. Eaton, 15; Mr. Jonas B. White, 62; Mr James G Rich, 24.—At North Fairhaven, Widow Elizabeth Wilcox, 80.—At Scituate, Mrs Deborah C. Marsh, 48.—At Plymouth, Mr. Oliver Vaughn, 47.—At New Bedford, Mr. Joseph F. Hammond, of Mattapoisett, 35.—At West Townsend, Mr Nathan Whitney, 52.—At Leominster, Mrs. Sally, widow of Col. Luke Joslin, 78.—At Great Barrington, John O'Brien, Esq., 72.—At Nantucket, Mr Samuel Carey, 83.—At Vershire, Vt., Mrs Phebe T. Fuller, formerly of Pepperell, Mass., 92.—At Castine, Me., Mrs Dorothy P. Little, 77.—At Philadelphia, Mr Charles H Averill, formerly of Medford, Mass., 36.—At Chicago, Rev. G. W. Perkins, formerly of Meriden, Conn.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTUMN.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

My soul is rife with poesy!
I cannot breathe it forth on this rude lyre,
Nor yet can t endure its seething fire.
Earth seems so fair to me!
Autumn's elixir floating on the air
In thrilling effervescence, makes my wild!
O, when I gaze on scenes so bright and fair,
Methinks I am at heart again a child.
Yet would I fly the load—
Th' oppressive beauty that now bows me down.
Ye dazzling rays of Autumn's glittering crown,
Lift up my soul to God!
Autumn—grand Autumn! thrilling all my brain,
My heart, my whole existence—O remain!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALMOST A MISTAKE.

BY WALTER DANFORTH.

"Well, young gentleman!" was the salutation which Harry Morley received, as he entered the drawing-room at Ridgewood, "pray what brings you here?"

Harry was struck dumb, and it was very natural he should be.

"I believe your father has died a beggar! Under such circumstances do you hope to wed my niece?"

If Morley had before respired with difficulty, his breath at this remark was utterly taken away.

"Young gentleman, I wish to be explicit with you; young woman should mate with their equals; you are no equal for my niece; so a good morning to you!"

The straightforward churl after the last remark, walked out of the room, leaving the door open, that Morley might have sufficient room for egress.

Harry was a young man of spirit, and he kept up his heart, though his ship seemed all at once going down. The moment he recovered a little from his astonishment, he rang the bell.

"Tell your master I wish to see him in the parlor!" said he to the servant who answered it.

The man went up stairs and instantly returned.

"My master's orders are that you quit the house immediately, and he has given me instructions never to admit you again!"

Harry, as I before said, had a stout heart, but this was almost too much. It needed but the straw now to break the camel's back. He had known Rose Clavering from the time when she had to mount a chair to make her little face come opposite to his. When he was fourteen and she twelve he used to dandle her on his knee, call her his little wife, and exchange juvenile vows of unutterable affection and constancy. Whenever he returned from college at vacation, he always visited the Claverings before he thought of going to his own father's house, and Rose was always the first to welcome him, and offer the dimpled cheek for the inevitable salute.

Little Rose was proud of being called Harry's wife because everybody spoke in praise of him, and as the frankness of girlhood vanished, and the diffidence of young womanhood began its blushing reign, though less familiar and explicit in expressing her feelings, she still continued to be proud of him. Morley's addresses were sanctioned by the parents of Rose, and the wedding day had been fixed, when a blighting disease appeared in the town, and Miss Clavering was left an orphan at eighteen. Her uncle had been appointed guardian in her father's will, and in a week after her dreadful bereavement she had taken up her residence with him at Ridgewood.

Her sole consolation now was such as she received from the letters of Harry. But Harry soon needed consolation himself. His father was attacked by the same terrible fever that had taken off the Claverings; he died, leaving his estate in the most inextricable embarrassment, owing to imprudent acceptances made for the accommodation of speculating friends. This was a tremendous blow to Morley; but he was not fully aware of its weight until the moment at which we have placed him before the reader. It was his first visit to Ridgewood since his father's death, and his reception was such as would have borne down a haughtier spirit even than his.

"I must see Miss Clavering!" he replied to the brutal message borne by the servant.

"It is impossible, sir!" said the man respectfully; "for though there is not a servant in the house, Mr. Morley, but is sorry for you, and would do anything for you, my lady is locked up at present in her room. However you can send a message to her!" he added, in a whisper.

He did send a message, and in ten minutes was seated by her side in the summer-house in the garden, where long ago he had used to support on his knee his little wife of old. But how different did Rose appear from then. The summer of her eighteenth year now beheld her bursting into womanhood. Her expanding thoughts, from a bounding, fitful current, began to run a deep, broad and steady stream. A spirit of unutterable tenderness, as she reflected upon the welcome she well knew Harry had received, diffused itself through her heart, and she would willingly have submitted to any sacrifice to have restored his peace of mind.

"I am sure we shall disappoint this surly old gentleman!" she observed, confidently.

"Don't say disappoint, say thwart him!" said Harry, haughtily.

"Well, no matter about the expression, so long as we prevent him from causing our separation!"

"Rose, I shall not offer you a beggar's hand! I shall ask you to remain true to me for a year! Meanwhile I shall go to London. People have given me credit for some ability; there I shall avail myself of it!"

Harry had founded his hopes of fortune and fame in London upon the energies of his pen. His education was finished; and if his father had not left him a fortune, he had at least provided him with the means of making one for himself. So he meditated. At an early period he had discovered a talent for dramatic composition, and having devoted himself more sedulously to that branch of literature than to any other, he now resolved that one bold and strenuous effort should place him at once on the pinnacle of fame, or induce him to abandon this road to honor forever.

The play was written, accepted by the manager, cast as satisfactorily as Harry could have wished, and advertised. The momentous evening of its representation came, and Morley, seated in the pit by the side of a friend, with a throbbing heart saw the curtain rise. The first and second acts went off smoothly, without any marked demonstration favorable or otherwise. Two men with sagacious eyes, evidently of the *corps critique*, sat in front of Morley.

"What d'ye think?" asked one of the sagacious eyes.

"Rather slow!" replied sagacious number two.

"Will it do?"

"Doubtful!"

But it did do, though. The third act decided the fate of the play. The interest became intense; people in the second and third rows of boxes rose up and vied with each other in demonstrations of applause; "bravos" resounded from every part of the theatre; the curtain fell amid roars of approbation, though the author had not a dozen friends in the house, and the skepticism of sagacious eyes one and two very suddenly vanished.

Morley slept little that night, though contentment answered all the purpose of rest. The fiat of a London audience had dubbed him dramatist, the road to honor and wealth was clear, and Rose Clavering was to all intents and purposes his wife. After a night of reflections like these he rose in the morning, and seizing a paper, proposed to himself rather complacently to see what the critics said. Theatre Royal met his eyes; he thought what would be Rose's feelings when it met *her* eyes; and what indeed would have been her feelings, to have read Harry stamped as a plagiarist (though without a word of proof of it), and torn limb from limb, in an article three quarters of a column long; and all done in so general a way that it could only be answered by direct refutation, and not by convincing proof.

"A very singular criticism!" said Morley.

"Very!" rejoined a friend, dryly; "I thought you said the play was your own, Morley. I see here that there are half a dozen other plays and novels founded on the same story!"

"I never read a line upon the same subject. Why does he assert so broadly without a word of proof!"

"So as not to commit himself! He does not believe you are a plagiarist, more than I do!"

"Then he is certainly a liar!" said Harry, emphatically.

"Undoubtedly!"

"And I shall flatly contradict it to-morrow morning!"

"Certainly not!"

"Why?"

"Because the stamp of malignancy is so strong upon it that it is utterly harmless among those whom you would least desire to be affected by it. Have you an acquaintance among the press?"

"No."

"Then this contemptible tissue of falsification is complete proof that you have succeeded!"

Harry found salve for his lacerated feelings in looking over some of the rest of the morning papers. He was, however, in no danger of being spoiled by their praises. One paper was somewhat enthusiastic, two were very calm and respectable in their criticisms, and the remaining two were of the class which "damned with faint praise."

The play on the whole had a good run. It was not a brilliant success, but it was an unusual one. The audience continued to be respectable, but they did not increase. The management paid its expenses, with a creditable stipend to Morley—and that was all.

Harry had now been in London eight months. He had written a successful play and acquired many valuable acquaintances, but his purse was quite as light as when he first entered the great metropolis. He had bills, however, drawn on his manager to a considerable amount, which became payable in a day or two, when he proposed to run down to Ridgewood, and if possible, by the assistance of the servant who was in his confidence, have an interview with Miss Clavering. On the day when the bills matured, they were both returned to him dishonored. The manager had become bankrupt.

"Fortune is in her moods," said Harry, with considerable resignation. "Let her have her humor out."

He was engaged upon a melodrama, and notwithstanding this reverse, determined to pursue his original intention and ride down to Ridgewood, to obtain the encouragement of a smile from Rose, in the prosecution of his dramatic efforts. The first paragraph that met his eyes as he took up the paper to ascertain the hour for the coach, was, *Splendid Fete at Ridgewood*—the country seat of Sir Thomas Atherton. The account stated how the young lord of the manor opened the ball with the lovely and accomplished Miss Rose Clavering—that the fête had been given by Sir Thomas to commemorate the birthday of his fair niece, and the editor took occasion to observe that a pair so eminently adapted by nature for each other as Miss Clavering and the young lord, would unquestionably join in a longer and more momentous dance, eventually.

All this to young Harry was very much like gall and wormwood. For a half hour he saw nothing but hall rooms, and glittering lights, and young lords of manors leading lovely and accomplished Roses down contra dances. Then, when the set was over, he saw them promenading in the garden, arm-in arm, and at supper he saw them seated side by side. His fancy then changed the scene to the country church. Rose was standing at the altar with the delighted young lord of the manor at her side. The questions and responses rang upon his excited tympanum, and he was on the point of forbidding the banns in a loud tone, when a servant brought him a letter. It was from Rose. A thousand times before he opened it he blamed his stupidity in doubting her for a moment, and then broke the seal and read:

"Harry,—I am too well informed of the futility of your efforts to carve out your fortune by the end of the year, during which I consented to reserve my hand. Why should I continue to keep it for you? You will interpret what I must utter briefly. To you I look as the guardian of my happiness. Friday, with your consent, shall be my wedding-day. Rose."

Harry in his answer did not condescend to complain, nor elucidate, nor expostulate. He simply wrote:

"Rose,—You are free! H. M."

When he had done so he folded and sealed the laconic missive, and, under the impression that he added it to a pile of letters which he had prepared for the post, threw it under a heap of manuscript, and resumed the pleasant reflections which the arrival of Miss Clavering's letter had disturbed.

His feelings on the second day after the receipt of the letter were insupportable. He was here, there, everywhere. No spot furnished him rest. Finally he determined to sail for America. In a day he had made every preparation. The packet sailed on Friday, the day of Rose's wedding. Meanwhile he continued to experience the dreadful restlessness of the mind upon the first shock of thwarted affection. He turned every way for the solace which he felt he could no more meet with, except in the entire extinction of consciousness. Nothing gave his soul the least consolation but the thought that he might once more look upon Rose. At last he resolved to do so.

"It can but drive me mad, or break my heart," was his consolatory reflection.

He sprang into the coach, and in a few hours was at Ridgewood. It was Friday morning. He approached the house of Sir Thomas. It wore a gala appearance, as if arrayed for some festivity. His resolution faltered as he approached the door, and he turned into the garden. By a natural impulse he entered the summer-house, where he had last parted with his betrothed. There sat Rose in the very spot where he had last seen her. The moment she recognized him, with a slight scream she threw herself into his arms.

"Why did you wait so long, Harry? At least, why did you not write? I have been so miserable!"

"Why did I come at all?" inquired Morley.

"Did I not write that we were to be married to day?"

"No; you wrote that *you* were to be married to-day."

"And whom should I marry but you?"

"I interpreted your letter as a request for a release from any obligations I might hold of you."

"Harry!" said Rose, with such a look of affectionate reproach, that he was compelled to pacify her—in what manner, the reader will conceive.

"I was intending to sail for America, to-day," said Harry. "I surely mistook the import of your letter; it nearly drove me mad!"

"A week ago I discovered a codicil to my father's will—which my uncle had suppressed—in which he sanctions my marriage with you in explicit and undeniable terms. As soon as I had made the discovery, I despatched a letter to you, in which I declined postponing my happiness any longer, merely to allow you the opportunity of gratifying your *penchant* for pantomimes. Since then, I have neither heard from nor seen you, and my wretchedness has been complete."

"I entirely misinterpreted your letter, my dear Rose, and in a paroxysm of misery, I determined to sail for America. I could not leave the country without first seeing you again, however. With that object I came down here this morning."

"You came very near making a sad mistake," said Rose, naively. "How we should look—one in America and the other in England!"

It is needless to assure the reader that the projected pilgrimage was abandoned. They were married on that day, as Miss Clavering had arranged; and it was Rose's invariable caution in future to all marriageable young ladies, to be explicit in their communications, to avoid mistakes.

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

In Bangor, the other day, an intensified broker offered to accommodate a friend with $100 for fifteen minutes for $12. —— At Paris, lately, the Comtesse Charles Fitz James, in passing through a room when in full dress, stepped upon a lucifer match lying upon the floor, by which her clothes were set on fire. She was so badly burned, that after several weeks of sickness she died. —— A most remarkable case has just been brought before the courts of New York, in which an individual charges that his brother endeavored to induce him to commit murder. —— Col. R. L. Baker, a gentleman of great experience in the manufacture of arms of all descriptions, having had the superintendence of government arsenals for nearly forty years, and until recently been president of the Ordnance Bureau, at Washington, has been elected president of the Sharpe's Rifle Company, Hartford. —— Cato, the elder, was wont to say that the Romans were like sheep—a man were better to drive a flock of them than one of them —— Gerald Massey, the peasant poet of England, has lately published a second volume of poems. They are much less revolutionary and radical than their predecessors, a change which is ascribed by the critics to his recent aristocratic intimacies. —— A vein of coal, six feet in thickness, has been discovered at Edwardsville, Madison county, Illinois, at a depth of thirty feet from the surface. —— J. Payne Collier, the Shakspearian commentator, has written a volume purporting to give seven lectures on Shakspeare and Milton, delivered by Coleridge, in 1812, and of which Mr. Collier took short-hand notes that were misplaced and not discovered until 1854. —— The senior editor of the Pittsburg Dispatch lost his beard, a crop of five years' growth, on the recent election! —— Thomas Ellwood, an intelligent and learned Quaker, who was honored by the intimate friendship of Milton, used to read to him various authors in the learned languages, and thus contributed as well to his own improvement as to solace the dark hours of the poet when he had lost his sight. —— A few years ago, old flour barrels could be purchased from 12 1-2 to 25 cents; now, rough old barrels readily bring 48 cents, and dressed, 64 cents. —— De Quincey says "If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking, and from that to incivility and procrastination." —— The British whale fishery has been unusually profitable this year—so much so, that in Dundee dividends of £100 per share are to be paid by the Union Company on shares which might have been bought lately under £40. This success has led to the proposal that steam power should be employed as a means of giving Arctic fishermen increased command over the fishing ground. —— There is little doubt that William A. White, formerly of Watertown, Mass., who disappeared mysteriously, in Milwaukie, has been murdered for his money. —— Prince Albert, they say, is getting unpopular. On several public occasions lately, he has been received with marked coldness, almost amounting to disrespect. The queen has by degrees become a mere cipher, and relies, it is said, implicitly upon her husband. The consequence is, that a complaint is raised about his royal highness' interference. —— Le Miroir Face et Nuque is a new patent toilet glass, which reflects the back of the head, enabling a lady to arrange her back hair with the greatest ease and precision.

GAS STOVES.—The gas stoves invented, patented and sold by Wm. F. Shaw, No. 174 Washington Street, are truly admirable contrivances. They are of various patterns, adapted either for simply warming rooms, or for cooking purposes. The economy of gas for fuel, by means of this invention, has been satisfactorily demonstrated; but the convenience, cleanliness and neatness of these stoves can hardly be too highly commended. We are using one of Mr. Shaw's "Library Stoves" in our editorial office, and are delighted with its performance. The temperature of the room can be raised to any desirable degree almost instantaneously, and there is no deleterious gas, or even unpleasant odor, arising from it. It is certainly one of the most ingenious inventions of the day.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.—The Irish language is expressive and beautiful. Every word accurately describes the thing signified, as in the English words, *buzz* of bees; *crash* of falling timbers, etc. It is highly poetical. The Irish scholar translates "serpent"—the "father of poisons;" and "reconciliation" by "second friendship."

ZOOLOGICAL —A panther escaped from the cars on the Stonington Railroad, three years since, and was lately "dropped" by a rifle shot in West Greenwich, R. I. He measured 7 feet from his nose to his tail, and 7 feet from his tail to nose—making fourteen in all; as the showman says.

VANDALISM.—Some rascal lately stole six valuable landscapes by old masters from the Earl of Suffolk's gallery, in London. We hope they were not such valuable "old masters" as we see in our auction rooms.

THE CLOCK BUSINESS.—Only 140,000 clocks will be made in Connecticut this year. As time is money, we suppose the clockmakers do a fine business. It is one that goes on tick, however.

TRAGICAL.—The favorite sultana of Abdul Medjid lately fell in love with a young Armenian, was detected, bowstringed, put in a sack and thrown to the fishes in the Bosphorus.

MADAME AUGUSTA.—This splendid dancer is teaching her art in New York, where, some twenty years ago, she made such a sensation in the Bayadere.

THE ADRIATIC.—We regret this steamer did not visit us before sailing for Europe; she will have the gloss off when she gets back.

Wayside Gatherings.

Sugar cane has been successfully raised in Minnesota.

Valuable coal mines have been discovered on the Pacific coast.

A large business is being done in Sacramento, Cal., in the curing and smoking of salmon.

Quite a number of deer have recently been killed in the lower counties of West Jersey.

During the past year, the precious metal coined at the eight mints of Mexico, amounted to $16,337,255 in silver, and $956,222 in gold.

The City Bank of Quebec, was robbed lately, but fortunately, it contained but $4000. The entrance was effected by undermining the vault.

At Middlebury, Vt., a man by the name of Arnold was killed by a large vat which he had been building, being seized by the wind and thrown upon him.

Hon. William Sturgis has presented to the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, a copy of "Audubon's Birds of America" in five volumes, four volumes plates, folio edition.

A gentleman in the American Agriculturist states that he thoroughly cured a fine young mare afflicted with the heaves, by feeding her on cornstalks, and that the disease never returned.

A lad about thirteen years of age, son of Benjamin M. Stanley, was accidentally shot in Troy, N. H., by a younger lad, who was playing with a loaded gun. The contents passed directly through his brain.

John Kelley of Shelburne, N. Y., killed his brother with an axe, in a dispute between the deceased and the prisoner's wife. On entering the jail, Kelley found one of his sons, twelve years of age, confined there on a charge of burglary and theft.

Two curious cases of intermarriage have occurred in Newton county, in Va. Mr. Stephen Daniel, aged 56, married a daughter of N. Rogers, who was 15, and N. Rogers, aged 62, married a daughter of Stephen Daniel, who was 14 years of age.

Jay Bassett of New Haven, caught two eels a few days since, one of which was nearly four feet long, and measured eleven inches round the middle; the other was three feet three inches, and measured nine inches, and the two weighed *thirteen pounds*.

The town of Mapami, Durango, Mexico, has lately been the theatre of a dreadful scene. About one hundred and fifty savages attacked the place, killed ten men, and carried away five children and two women as prisoners, besides a quantity of mules and four horses.

A plan is on foot to purchase the entire salt property in the Kanawha, Virginia, Salines, and to place all the furnaces under the management of one company. They yield three hundred thousand bushels of salt per annum. The purchasers are Eastern Virginians, and will raise one million of dollars.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the celebrated Prussian traveller, who visited Boston in 1855, is about visiting Madagascar. A committee of the British Association made her a grant of twenty pounds to assist in making researches in the natural history of the island, and Prince Albert sent her ten more.

A singular and fatal accident happened in Wells Street, Hartford, a few days since. A boy fifteen years old, son of Mr. Rowell, was starting for school, and stopped a minute in the doorway, to play with his sister, when he tripped, as is thought, and fell down the steps, breaking his neck.

They do not trifle with defaulters in England. Robson, the secretary of the Crystal Palace Company, has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to twenty years imprisonment. Within half an hour of sentence having been pronounced, he was stripped of his ordinary habiliments, and clothed in a convict's dress, and became the associate of half a dozen other transports.

A party of four Americans, consisting of David Nichols, Dr. P. B. Cabell and Messrs. Collier and Kennedy, were recently surrounded and attacked by a party of sixteen Camanche Indians, about one hundred and fifty miles north of Zacatecas, Mexico. Dr. Cabell was killed. The remainder of the party escaped without injury.

Mr. S. N. Botsford of Whitneysville, has laid all the little boys in Christendom under lasting obligations, by his invention of a toy locomotive, which winds up like a clock, and will run across a room, or perform sundry circuits around the carpet, with great speed, to the everlasting delight of "Little Breeches," who is conductor, fireman and engineer.

The Staunton (Virginia) Spectator, says that a man named Church, aged eighty-two years, arrived in Augusta county a few days ago, from Pendleton, with a team for a load of corn, and stated that his father and mother were both living—the one being one hundred and twelve and the other one hundred and seven years of age.

As a general rule, short pieces are liked best. A gentleman in a bank once said, when asked to subscribe for a certain Quarterly Review:—"Read a review! why, I never read anything longer than a telegraph despatch! But I will take it and send it to my brother, who is a minister in the country." The public like a short article, when it is a condensation.

It is generally admitted that coal is the product of a buried vegetation—mostly trees. How thick they must have grown in the coal period! It is calculated that an acre of coal three feet thick is equal to the produce of 1940 acres of forest. There is now raised five times as much coal in Great Britain as in any other country; and it is estimated that there is in these isles more than 4000 square miles of coal fields yet to be cut out.

An improvement has been made in propelling boats, consisting in an arrangement and combination of the ordinary endless chain horse power, with paddle wheels, whereby the raising and lowering of the paddle wheels to suit the various depths at which the boat sinks in the water, also produce a variable inclination of the endless chain horse-power, so as to enable the horse to exert a power in proportion to the weight of the load.

The condensers of the ship Adriatic, invented by Mr. Allen of the Novelty Works, New York, cool the steam by means of *twenty-one miles* of brass tubing, through which cold sea water is made to pass constantly by two pumps. The condensed steam is thus led back into the boiler *fresh*. The brass tubing is cut up into sections twelve feet long, so that the cooling power of the water passed through them must be nearly the same as if it were mixed with steam jets.

A letter from Constantinople says: "The European taste for music has of late made immense progress here. The sultan has at present, for his harem, an excellent orchestra, composed of women alone. One, in particular, is remarkable for her performance on the violin, her style of execution resembling that of Theresa Milanolo. Very few harems are now without a piano forte, and many of the Turkish ladies are excellent performers. The sultan has signified his intention of building a theatre."

Foreign Items.

In London, one thousand per week is the average number of deaths.

The whole literary production of Russia, in 1855, consisted twelve hundred works.

A large number of iron paddle-wheel steamers are now building at Walker-on-the-Tyne, England, to run on the River Nile in Egypt.

More than one hundred public fairs are held annually in different sections of Russia, at each of which, business to the amount of $40,000 is transacted.

Lieutenant Saunders, an English officer of one of the cavalry regiments of the German Legion, was lately publicly dismissed from the service at a parade at Colchester, England.

It appears from the marshal's report that, during the Crimean war, 309,260 men were sent to the East from France. The losses by casualties in battle and sickness amounted to 69,229.

The stocks were lately put in requisition at Broomsgrove, Worcestershire. A man named Stanton was placed in them for six hours, for refusing to pay a fine in a case of assault.

The journals of Lombardy, conducted under Austrian inspiration, show themselves increasingly hostile to England. The Bilancia, of Milan, every day attacks Lord Palmerston as "the firebrand of Italy."

The Queen of Spain lately gave a grand ball on the occasion of her birthday, at which all the distinguished personages at Madrid were present. She was particularly gracious to Marshal O'Donnell, with whom she opened the ball.

The supply of fish has doubled in Paris since 1817, but it is not equal to the demand; and the price, except of very inferior kinds of fish, is enormous. Fish in that capital, and indeed throughout almost all France, is still a luxury.

Italy has just lost two enlightened men. Dr. Braun, secretary of the Archæological Society, founded by the king of Prussia at Rome, died in that city, recently. The death of Luigi Cannia, president of the Museum and Gallery of the Capitol, is also announced.

Sands of Gold.

.... There is no virtue like necessity.—*Shakspeare.*

.... He who makes religion his first object, makes it his whole object.—*Ruskin.*

.... The best poets are the most impressive, because their steps are regular; for without regularity, there is neither strength nor state.—*Landor.*

.... To contradict and argue with a total stranger, is like knocking at a gate to ascertain if there is any one within.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Those who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think with themselves.—*Colton.*

.... The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich.—*Saadi.*

.... Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in without injury to their moral or religious feelings.—*Addison.*

.... The stream of vice will flow as naturally into palaces, as the common sewer flows into the river, and the river flows onward to the sea.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Give me the poetical mind, the mind poetical in all things; give me the poetical heart, the heart of hope and confidence, that beats the more strongly and resolutely under the good thrown down, and raises up fabric after fabric on the same foundation.—*Landor.*

.... The ancients pretended that nations were civilized by music, and this allegory has a deep meaning; for we must always suppose that the bond of society was formed either by sympathy or interest, and certainly the first origin is more noble than the second.—*Madame de Stael.*

.... He that has energy enough in his constitution to root out a vice, should go a little further, and try to plant in a virtue in its place, otherwise he will have his labor to renew; a strong soil that has produced weeds, may be made to produce wheat, with far less difficulty than it would cost to produce nothing.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

Why are violinists twice as prudent as any other men? Because they have *four* strings to their bow.—*Pasquin.*

"What time is it, Tom?" "Just time to pay that little account you owe me." "O, indeed! Well, I didn't think it was half so late."

A lady in Calcutta asked a colonel for a mangoe; as he rolled it along, it fell into a plate of kiss-missts—a species of grape. "How naturally," exclaimed the colonel, "*man-goes to kiss miss!*"

A singer in the opera chorus, who formerly had a very good chest voice, sings now altogether in falsetto. He ascribes it entirely to the dentist, who, he says, gave him false set o' teeth.

The Tribune, speaking of the custom prevalent among the German fishermen, who attach small bells to their shad-fishing nets, says, that our own fishermen, in the spring, will try the *cast-a-net* system, as the one most likely to be successful.

Dr. Johnson, being once in company with some scandal mongers, one of them having accused an absent friend of resorting to rouge, he observed:—"It is, perhaps, after all, much better for a lady to redden her own cheeks, than to blacken other people's characters."

An elderly Portuguese lady, having pledged herself to make a pilgrimage to a distant shrine barefoot, her friends persuaded her that the fatigue would prove fatal. She persisted, however, in going to the shrine, and in going barefoot—but she went in a sedan-chair.

"Pat, you have dated your letter a week ahead; it is not so late in the month by one week, you spalpeen." "Troth, boy, indade an' it's jist miself what is wanting swate Kathleen to get it in advance of the mail. Sure I'll not care if she gets it three days afore it is written, me darlint."

A shoemaker received a note from a lady to whom he was particularly attached, requesting him to make her a pair of shoes; and not knowing exactly the style she required, he despatched a written missive to her, asking her whether she would like them "Wround or Esq. Toad." The fair one, indignant at this rich specimen of orthography, replied, "Kneether."

THE EX-QUEEN OF OUDE.

The gorgeously got up lady on this page is the mother of the ex-king of Oude, a lady who recently undertook a Quixotic expedition to England to ask a restitution of her son's kingdom, which Great Britain has recently absorbed—we were about to say annexed, but we remembered in time that the British are opposed to annexation as a species of spoliation, while they regard absorption as a legitimate mode of appropriation. This lady, the ex-queen, is quite good-looking, and her splendid gold and pearl ornaments and rich dagger give her, in an engraving, quite a theatrical air. She looks like the queen of a stage ballet. When, in former days, the dynasty of the six Tartar Moguls was supreme in India, Oude formed only a province of their far-extending empire, and was governed by a viceroy. Gradually, the Mogul dominion, shattered by contact with the English arms, and enfeebled by vice and luxury, dissolved, and was split up into a crowd of inferior states. The Viceroy of Oude took advantage of the general confusion to constitute himself a king; but so early as the reign of his son, in the middle of the eighteenth century, the kingdom was powerless, and began to lapse under the political influence of England. But the sort of protection thus afforded was of a very equivocal character. The prince was protected against the people, but not the people against the prince. Accordingly, an odious tyranny was established, under the sanction of the East India Company. Villages were burned, to punish the inhabitants for delays in the payment of taxes; bands of riotous soldiers swarmed in the towns and robbed the bazaars; men were flayed alive for attempting to escape plunder by concealing their possessions; the country was desolated by the avarice of the king, and the villany of his agents; and Lucknow the capital, became a centre of dissipation and luxury. This beautiful city, the residence of the queen who has visited England, contains many noble buildings, and is situated on an imposing elevation overlooking the Goomty River, which pours into the mighty Ganges. Notwithstanding, Oude has gradually declined in importance. Though situated in the healthy north of India, with an uniformly level surface, a rich soil, and an area of more than twenty-four thousand miles, or nearly half the area of England, its population is considerably less than three millions. The climate is generally healthy, though hot and dry. The soil produces rice and other cereals, cotton, hemp, tobacco, opium, an abundance of luscious fruits, and many of the rarest products of the East. In former days there were large manufactures of cotton, gunpowder, soda, saltpetre, salt, glass and fire-arms; but an army of fifty thousand men robbing the people instead of protecting them, brought to their lowest ebb all these sources of national prosperity. Though five noble rivers, including the Ganges, flow through Oude, destined by nature to be a garden of fertility—though, throughout its length of 270 miles, and its width of 160, scarcely a barren tract is to be found—it exhibits a deplorable contrast with some British provinces not possessed of half so many natural advantages. At one period it is known to have been renowned for riches. Its former capital, Oude—the oldest city in Hindostan—which gives the kingdom a name, is said to have been founded two thousand three hundred years ago, and to have had a population of one hundred thousand, is reduced at present to less than a tenth of that number. Finally the East India Company resolved to deprive Wajib Ali Shah, the reigning prince, of his sovereignty, and take the government into their own hands. No personal injury was sustained by Wajib Ali Shah, or his numerous family, consisting of four principal wives, a harem crowded with handmaids, and a vast variety of princes and princesses. The king was left in the enjoyment of his personal estate, and treasures in gold and gems, amounting to nearly a million sterling, while the British Government undertook to administer justice, carry out a scheme of public works, and collect the taxes. For a time, the dethroned monarch contemplated a visit to England, bringing with him £200,000 ready money, and directing his income of £120,000 per annum to be paid, through an agent, in London. He fancied, in his ignorance of English history, that he had nothing to do but arrive at Buckingham Palace, demand an audience, and fall at the feet of the queen praying her to restore his crown and kingdom. He expected her to say, as though she were an Oriental despot, "Rise, unfortunate prince. I will order the restitution of your dominions!" It was represented to him, however, that his mother would have a better chance of popularity in England, and, accordingly, he sent that lady, with the prince, formerly heir apparent of the throne, a gorgeous retinue, a collection of rich Eastern gifts, and abundance of money, to plead his cause. Including the ex-queen herself, a hundred and ten of these Orientals arrived, about the middle of August, at Southampton. The Oudeans rise early; the men go out all day shopping; the women—in London—never stir abroad without being closely veiled; the whole train appears like a party at a masquerade. Gold and silver mace bearers stand at the doors of the royal apartments, guarding them from all profane intrusion; but if we pass within, the scene is truly Oriental. The heir apparent wears a cloak of scarlet and gold, a coronet decorated with jewels, a scimitar in a gem-encrusted scabbard; but, within still more jealously guarded precincts, sits the queen herself, represented in our engraving. She is robed in splendid shawls, and, when only in the presence of women, sits on a sofa, with her head, neck, and one or both arms, uncovered, displaying two massive earrings, and other jewelry, and rather short hair, brushed back in the Chinese fashion. She is stout, and good looking, not near so dark as might be expected, and, in appearance, still far from aged. Her voice is pleasing, and her manners indicate an amiable disposition. The Oude Mission is at present located in Brunswick House, New Road, London. The men are frequently seen abroad in the neighborhood; the women rarely venture out. It is not known how long they may continue their stay. In addition to a box of jewelry, worth £10,000, which was lost during the voyage, the expenses of this royal visit to England will, no doubt, amount to an enormous sum, while the ex-queen has no chance of fulfilling her son's desires. The lion never lets go his prey.



THE EX-QUEEN OF OUDE.

